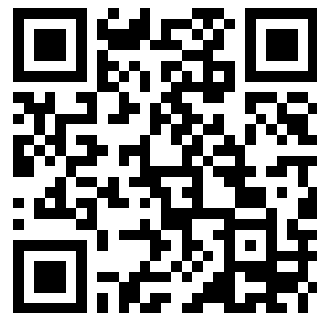

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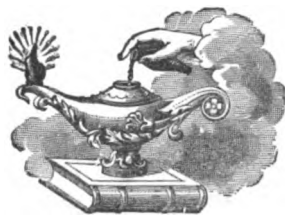
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THE ACADEMY.

*A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE,
AND ART.*

J A N U A R Y — J U N E,
1888.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1888.

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THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscripts.

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LITERATURE.

Memories and Portraits. By R. L. Stevenson. (Chatto & Windus.)

MR. STEVENSON has collected into a little volume some sixteen essays, many of which, he tells us, have appeared already in various publications; but, to the present reviewer, they are most of them new discoveries, and he must ask the reader's indulgence if he calls his attention to what is already familiar.

The first essay is on "The Foreigner at Home," by which is meant especially the Scotchman in England. Both the scenery and the manners of the English are strange, it appears, to Scotch immigrants; and to neither do they, even in a life-time, wholly reconcile themselves. Mr. Stevenson describes in several charming pages a Scotch boy's first impressions of English scenery.

"The change from a hilly to a level country strikes him with delighted wonder. Along the flat horizon there arise the frequent venerable towers of churches. He sees at the end of airy vistas the revolution of the windmill sails. There are, indeed, few merrier spectacles than that of many windmills bickering together in a fresh breeze over a woody country; their halting alacrity of movement, their pleasant business, making bread all day with uncouth gesticulations, their air, gigantically human, as of a creature half alive, put a spirit of romance into the tame landscape. When the Scotch child sees them first, he falls immediately in love; and from that time forward windmills keep turning in his dreams."

When he comes to describe the Scotchman's impression of English manners, the English reader will be less pleased with Mr. Stevenson and with himself. With much of his inditement of us there is no disagreeing. There is no doubt that the average of education is far higher in Scotland than in England. The English peasant is undoubtedly "sunk in matter." He has no metaphysical leanings, and little interest in his ancestors. But charges follow which will be read with some dismay. We are, it seems, as a nation, reserved; our speech too often lacking in generous ardour; the better part of us withheld from the social commerce, and the contact of mind with mind evaded as with terror. Now, granting that the English have a (perhaps unworthy) delight and capacity for small jests, which is not shared by their northern brethren, this does not make them any the less ready to declare their whole mind when occasion serves; and, surely to pit the English against the Scotch for characteristic aloofness is to invert the common experience of mankind. The ordinary Englishman quite recognises the readily expansive type of Scotchman whom Mr. Stevenson describes; but he knows also that there is another type,

quite as widely disseminated in England, with as remarkable powers of contraction. Certainly in Oxford, if a reviewer may put his own university experiences against those of his author, while there were several brilliant specimens of the cordial Scotchman, reserve was inferred to be a North British attribute.

Far more satisfactory, however, than any disquisition on national characteristics, which cannot fail to be overcoloured by personal experiences, are the essays which deal professedly with Mr. Stevenson's own recollections—his memories and confessions. There are, first of all, a series of papers on his college life at Edinburgh, with memories (rather than portraits, say some) of certain contemporary students and professors; an unflattering analysis of a spirit which in those days drove him among the tombs; and the story of a short-lived college magazine. Then come two sketches of two old friends—a gardener and a shepherd—who may not have been such delightful people to know as they are to read about; and then recollections of his father and a clerical grandfather. This biographical and autobiographical work is of course beyond criticism; it is also beyond praise. There remain certain essays, on talking, on the character of dogs, on the juvenile drama, on romance. They are all well written and sparkling, and all very readable, except, perhaps, the first essay on talking. Of the essay on romance we shall have a word to say presently.

Meanwhile there is one piece of autobiography to which special notice should be drawn in a literary journal. In his essay on "A College Magazine" Mr. Stevenson lets us into the secret, much as the conjurers do, of how he learned to write. His method was twofold. In the first place, he was ever practising description:

"As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words. When I sat by the roadside I would either read, or a pencil and a penny version-book would be in my hand, to note down the features of the scene or commemorate some halting stanzas. . . . And yet this was not the most efficient part of my training. . . . There was perhaps more profit, as there was certainly more effort, in my secret labours at home. Whenever I read a book or a passage that particularly pleased me, in which a thing was said or an effect rendered with propriety, in which there was either some conspicuous force or some happy distinction in the style, I must sit down at once and set myself to ape that quality."

In regard to the first part of this method, the reader may remember that on the solitary occasion when the Laureate broke through his admirable reserve, and condescended to explain how he worked, he confessed to the same practice of photographing scenery, as he called it. Probably all capable artists have been in the habit, with more or less intention, of doing the same; though they may not, like Scott and Mr. Stevenson, have carried a notebook for the purpose. In the other branch Mr. Stevenson is probably an originator. The result of this indefatigable imitation has probably been, as Mr. Stevenson himself points out, that great variety of turns of phrase by which his style is distinguished; another is as certainly his very large vocabulary; but is not a third result a certain want of repose, a touch of the modern malady of self-conscious-

ness, the suggestion of an audience, which haunts Mr. Stevenson's essay writing, and is only banished when he is well on the war-path?

In the critical essays with which the volume concludes Mr. Stevenson contrives to say a number of good things. "That heat and height of sane emotion which we agree to call by the name of poetry" seems to me, notwithstanding the alliteration, to be one of them; "the obvious is not of necessity the normal" is another; "Drama is the poetry of conduct, romance the poetry of circumstance," is a third. Indeed, the whole section which opens with this last aphorism is so happy (except for one barbarous hybrid), that space must be found for some of it:

"The pleasure that we take in life is of two sorts—the active and the passive. Now we are conscious of a great command over our destiny; anon we are lifted up by circumstance, as by a breaking wave, and dashed we know not how into the future. Now we are pleased by our conduct, anon only pleased by our surroundings. It would be hard to say which of these modes of satisfaction is the more effective, but the latter is surely the more constant. Conduct is three parts of life, they say, but I think they put it high. There is a vast deal in life and letters which is not immoral, but simply a-moral; which either does not regard the human will at all, or deals with it in obvious and healthy relations; where the interest turns, not upon what a man shall choose to do, but on how he manages to do it; not on the passionate slips and hesitations of the conscience, but on the problems of the body and of the practical intelligence, in clean, open-air adventure, the shock of arms or the diplomacy of life. With such material as this it is impossible to build a play, for the serious theatre exists solely on moral grounds, and is a standing proof of the dissemination of the human conscience. But it is possible to build, upon this ground, the most joyous of verses and the most lively, beautiful and buoyant tales."

The essay in which this passage occurs—"A Gossip on Romance"—is all through up to Mr. Stevenson's high-water mark of essay writing. Much of it is excellent criticism; and a good deal that is too much coloured by personal habits and preference to be good criticism is most interesting as autobiography. And this leads to a remark about a habit which Mr. Stevenson shares with one who cast over him, as he confesses, "a passing spell"—Mr. Ruskin. He is too much given to hasty generalisation, especially from his own particular. To appreciate this in Mr. Ruskin's case you have only to open a "text-book" in which dogmas chosen from his writings are arranged for all the days of the year. Each contains the kernel of existence for everybody, the root of the whole matter, the "one thing needful"; and yet strangely enough, and distractingly enough for him who would frame his life by them, all are different. Mr. Stevenson is less given to formulating the whole duty of man, so that he may escape the fortune of a textbook, but he is scarcely less fond of universal propositions. For instance, "It is not character but incident that woos us out of our reserve" (p. 258). Is it? or is it always, and for all men? Surely there are people, and they no fools, who find *Robinson Crusoe* insipid and "Hamlet" engrossing. Or again, "And this is the particular crown and triumph of

the artist—not to be true merely, but to be lovable; not simply to convince, but to enchant." Mr. Stevenson develops this universal from the statement a moment before that he is in love with Dumas's D'Artagnan.

Not to end with fault-finding, the reader's attention should be called, in conclusion, to the last paper in the book, entitled "A Humble Remonstrance," and particularly to pp. 283-5. The unphilosophical reader may be puzzled by the use of the word "life" without warning in a disparaging sense, and by an absurd misprint of "discreet" for "discrete"; but these pages are well worth reading carefully.

H. C. BRECHING.

Lord Carteret: a Political Biography, 1690—1763. By Archibald Ballantyne. (Bentley.)

By birth and by personal characteristics Carteret was the stuff that prime ministers are made of. As a Carteret, he was the representative of the family whose career during the seventeenth century is written in the history of the Channel Islands. Through his mother he was the grandson of Grenville, the first Earl of Bath—Mr. Ballantyne is surely not correct in saying that this peer was by birth Sir John Grenville—and the direct descendant of Sir Bevil Grenville, the noblest cavalier that came out of Cornwall, and of Sir Richard Grenville, the hero of the *Revenge*. A boy with a birth like this must have been inspired from his youth by the traditions of his race into playing a part in history no less prominent than theirs. He was sent to Westminster at a time when the school was at the height of its fortunes, and within its buildings he associated with many of those whom in the politics of later life he was destined to assist or oppose. From its lessons and from the academic training of Christ Church he carried away more learning than was possessed by any of his contemporaries. There were many good classical scholars among the politicians of the last century—the names of Pulteney and Mansfield rise at once in the memory in proof of that—but Carteret carried away the palm of learning from the whole of them. At his entrance into the world of London he held his own among the wits and scholars of the day. In the closing year of his life the official who called at his house on state affairs was often tempted into lingering while the dying statesman discussed the orations of Demosthenes or the poems of Homer. Two glimpses are afforded to us of Carteret's last days. In one he delighted his visitor with an apt quotation from the *Iliad*; in the other, when already delirious, he gave an imaginary clerk of the House of Commons an account of recent events "with infinite wit, accuracy and humour." A classical scholar of distinction, a narrator of rich humour, an orator "so honoured in the House of Lords," imbued for great part of his life with the spirit of intense application—his life still fell short, in spite of all these endowments, of the high aims with which he entered upon his career. He was ousted from the leading place by Walpole, he was forced into resignation by the Pelhams. Men with talents infinitely less than his own trampled on him while he was alive; and his name, as Mr. Ballantyne plain-

tively acknowledges, is now all but forgotten. It is the aim of his biographer to rescue Carteret's name from this undeserved oblivion, rather than to throw fresh light on the general history of the age. The story was worth telling, and it is well told. Mr. Ballantyne may be congratulated on the production of a volume in which the narrative is lucidly set out, and with a due sense of proportion.

The Granvilles had long been among the fiercest partisans of Toryism, but Carteret took his seat among the Whigs in the House of Lords in 1711, when he was only a few weeks over age. His early advancement to the peerage was in itself a detriment. More and more every year was power slipping into the hands of the lower house, and Carteret was some years short of fifty when both Pulteney and Walpole realised that their entry among the peers meant the decay of their power. The Whigs were, at Carteret's entry into public life, dwelling in the cold shade of opposition; and, in the presence of their victorious foe, any symptoms of internal dissension were promptly quelled. When their turn came for power, Carteret threw his influence upon the side of Sunderland and Stanhope, who rewarded him, on their acquiring the undisturbed control of public affairs, with the post of ambassador to Sweden in 1719, and by advancing him in the early months of 1721 to the all-important position of secretary of state. Sweden had been involved in constant troubles with her neighbours on the Baltic, and the troops of Russia threatened to seize Stockholm itself. It was the aim of Carteret to resist the advance of the Czar, and to induce the rulers of Sweden to come to terms, by judicious concessions, with the rest of their opponents. He succeeded in both objects; but the task was surmounted with difficulty, and more than once seemed to be destined to failure. The victory of Sunderland and Stanhope over their rivals, Townshend and Walpole, had given Carteret his mission to Sweden; and, when the bursting of the South Sea bubble placed the latter pair of Whig statesmen at the head of the Government, it was Carteret's good fortune to profit by the fall of his friends. The death of one secretary of state, the forced retirement of another, had created two serious gaps in the ranks of the Whig politicians capable of filling high offices in the state. And, as the success of his mission in Sweden had proved his fitness for the discharge of delicate negotiations, Sunderland suggested, and the king at once adopted the suggestion, that Carteret should be entrusted, as secretary of state for the southern department, with the guardianship of England's interest in the more important parts of the continent. The threads of continental politics were hopelessly entangled at this epoch, and it required all Carteret's abilities to unravel them in such a way that the influence of England should not be impaired. Conference succeeded conference, and treaty was followed by treaty; and if the life of each treaty came to an abrupt end in a few short months, and the congresses dragged their slow length without arriving at any definite conclusion, the peace of Europe was maintained by these means, and the internal prosperity of our country was slowly

consolidated. In a ministry which the jealous Walpole presided over, a politician of abilities and ambition could not long retain a place. Carteret's intimate acquaintance with the politics of the continent and his influence over the king had long been distasteful to his leading colleagues, and they aimed at his expulsion from power. The failure of his satellite, our ambassador at Paris, to obtain an advancement in the French peerage for the future husband of a relation of the king's favourite mistress, afforded them the opportunity for Carteret's dismissal. A few short years before Townshend had been driven from a secretaryship of state to the vice-royalty of Ireland; and it was now Carteret's turn to exchange the same post for that dignified banishment.

The earlier portion of Carteret's six years (1724-30) of rule in Ireland was troubled by Wood's patent for a new copper coinage. Like most of the English projects which have disturbed our sister kingdom, it was the manner, rather than the matter, of the scheme which gave offence. An increase of copper coin in circulation was greatly wanted—complaints on that point had been rife for years; and through the influence of the Duchess of Kendal, who had secured for herself a good round sum out of the profits, the patent for supplying the money was entrusted to Wood, an iron-founder in the Midlands of England. Rumours of the bribe which the duchess had secured soon became prevalent in Ireland; the coin was at once pronounced to be unduly debased, and the whole proposition was denounced as favouring the English at the expense of the Irish. Swift, fretting in his Irish hole, saw his opportunity for revenge on the hated Whigs; and the *Drapier Letters* fanned the resentment of the populace to fury. Never has a nation been so stirred over a projected alteration in the currency. Even the indignation of the Scotch a century later, when the Southron attempted to lay a rude hand upon their beloved one pound notes, though it brought forth Sir Walter Scott's talents on the popular side, was but a faint echo of the excitement in Ireland over Wood's patent. Carteret landed in Ireland when the hubbub was at its height; and he soon found that, although he could hold his own with the Irish wits in social converse and could prove a match for Dean Swift in compliment or epigram, he was forced to acknowledge the popular leader's supremacy over the natives of Ireland. The patent was withdrawn, and England had her first serious fall in her wrestles with Ireland. The rest of Carteret's viceroyalty passed happily away in the gaieties of social life, where he stood unrivalled.

After his return to England twelve weary years (1730-42) were spent by Carteret in open opposition. He was then in the prime of life, and his faculties were as yet unclouded; but Walpole resolutely refused, even under royal pressure, to act in any way with the ex-viceroy. Carteret was perforce driven into the ranks of Walpole's opponents, and with them he worked so zealously as to become the leader of the Whig opposition in the House of Lords. History has rendered scant justice to Carteret's vigorous attacks in the upper house. Two figures alone, Pulteney and Bolingbroke, loom large among the

politicians in opposition. It was in the Commons that the battle was fought and won, and among the combatants there the abilities of Pulteney were pre-eminent. When the spoils of office at last fell to the lot of Walpole's opponents they quarrelled, according to the recognised custom, over their division; but to Carteret's share was given the chief prize, the Northern secretaryship of state. The position was surrounded with difficulties, for Maria Theresa was at war with both Russia and France, and their armies seemed likely to overrun her territory. The new secretary assured the hapless queen of his support; and, while aiding her with money and troops, succeeded in inducing her to make peace—though with an inevitable loss of territory—with Frederick. This was the turning point of Carteret's fortunes. It was recognised in all the centres of European life as his work, and as securing Austria's territory against the ambitious designs of France. Carteret was present at the victory of Dettingen, and for once in his life rioted in the noisy enthusiasm of the London populace; but his efforts were often frustrated by his colleagues at home, and he was accused of humouring the Hanoverian prejudices of the second George and of aiming at a despotism akin to that formerly exercised by Walpole. Much to the chagrin of the king, the command of the Pelhams was laid upon him, either that they would resign or that Carteret must be dismissed from his secretaryship. Reluctantly, with many an objection, with many an outbreak of indignation against Newcastle and his associates, the king accepted the latter alternative. From that time the deposed minister, who had now succeeded to his mother's title of Granville, remained in comparative obscurity. Once, indeed, the king did endeavour to shake off the toils of the Pelhams, and for four days in 1746 the secretaryship of state was again held by Granville; but this effort for liberty proved a failure, and the old clique re-entered upon office. In 1751 the Pelhams again took Carteret into their cabinet as president of the council; but although he held that post until his death, and was twice offered the position of prime minister, his active influence in public affairs had ceased.

Why, with these brilliant qualities of mind, this commanding eloquence, this complete knowledge of foreign politics, did Carteret's career prove a comparative failure? The answer is clear: he stood aloof in isolation from his fellows, and his talents, conspicuous as they were, proved insufficient without the presence of less showy, but more practical, faculties. The influence of the borough-monger had become an indispensable assistance for most statesmen; and there were some who, like the fussy Duke of Newcastle, kept themselves in high office all their lives through the delicate manipulation of the constituencies. Carteret's ancestors, the Granvilles, had vast influence over the electors in the pocket-boroughs of the West; but the feelings of that family were cast on the side of Toryism and High Churchism, and when he enlisted in the ranks of the Whigs the political friends of his ancestors were estranged from him. No prominent statesman of that age had so little borough-influence as Carteret. In the pride of his independence he resembled the first Pitt; but even that

marvel of power over his fellow citizens was supported for the greater part of his life by the parliamentary influence of Lord Temple and the Lytteltons. The main reliance of Carteret's position lay in the king's favour, and his enemies turned even the royal partiality to his disadvantage. They insinuated that he was imbued with Hanoverian sympathies; and, while the Tory hated the very name of the Electorate, the Whig could not look with favour on a connexion which proved so damaging to his party cause.

In physical qualities and in mental characteristics the figure of Carteret stands out prominently in the long roll of English politicians; and Mr. Ballantyne has shown a sound instinct in the selection of his subject.

W. P. COURTNEY.

The Pioneers of the Alps. By C. D. Cunningham and Capt. Abney. (Sampson Low.)

THE mass of published matter dealing with Alpine climbing issued during the last twenty-five years is appalling; but the number of good books on the subject is relatively insignificant. *Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers*, "by Members of the Alpine Club," was the first comprehensive treatise on mountaineering to attain popularity. The different points of view of the various writers contributed not a little to the charm of those still delightful volumes. Mr. Cunningham has done well to follow the example thus set in bringing together a series of lives of the great guides of the Alps, written, so far as possible, each one by the amateur in whose company the guide most frequently worked.

The title of the volume is perhaps a little misleading. At least half the guides described belong not to the generation which first opened up the mountains as the "playground of Europe," but to the next. With the ascent of the Matterhorn in 1865 the years of discovery were brought to a close. Up to that time the craft of climbing was in process of invention. The use of rope and axe had to be found out; the right way to attack a mountain had to be learnt. Peaks now known to be easy of ascent repulsed their assailants again and again in the early days; and that, not because climbers were less strong or bold than they are now, but because the craft of climbing was in an undeveloped condition. The modern guide is a product of at least three generations. He has learnt to know what can be done and what cannot. He has learnt, and so have the more intelligent of his employers, to judge at once, by the aspect of a mountain, the best line of attack to take. He has lost all memory of the old dread of the unknown. He does not waste time in attempting impossibilities, neither is he to be turned back by illusive appearances of difficulty or danger. So soon as this kind of knowledge had been acquired the impediments against making a first ascent were removed. The method of attack was known; and therefore the remaining virgin summits fell one after another, and new routes up mountains already ascended were discovered in incredible number. A few peaks, such as the Aiguille du Dru, the Meije, or the Dent de Géant, held out for a long time against all attempts; but this was because of their extreme difficulty. The general run of mountains, it was

discovered, could be ascended in suitable weather by almost every ridge and face. To accomplish all these ascents will take years. It is needful that each should be done in order that the fittest routes may be known and the less fit abandoned. At the present day it may be questioned whether half the possible ascents in the Alps have been made.

From what precedes it is clear that guides admit of division into two classes: the true pioneers, that is to say, the men who invented guidecraft; and the modern class of instructed guides, who learn a craft already developed, and whose goodness depends upon their strength and skill in execution. Guides have arisen in the last ten years who, by continual practice upon rocks of extreme difficulty, have acquired powers of actual climbing such as were not dreamt of twenty-years ago. In this respect they may be said to have improved the craft, but in all others it remains what it was made in the pre-Matterhorn period.

A strict classification would only have admitted into the ranks of the pioneers men who were flourishing as guides before the year 1865. The Balmats and other well-known Chamonix names would have found place, and so would the Andereggs, the Laueners, old Almer, Franz Andermatten, and a few more, but not Jaun, nor Imboden, nor Pollinger, nor Imseng, nor Rey. Such exclusions, however, would have been a great loss, and the editor has done well to give a more elastic interpretation to his title.

The time is propitious for the appearance of such a work. Many of the true pioneers still survive both among guides and amateurs. Living people can remember the time when the remoter valleys of the Alps were little better known than the regions of Central Africa are now. The wonderful change that has taken place in the course of some third of a century was accomplished by a remarkable set of men. Without the guides far less would have been accomplished. To the guides a large share of credit is due. The leading amateur climbers are tolerably well-known men, though a corresponding volume about them would not lack of interest. In a few more years the old guides would have gone into forgetfulness. Their memory is now secured. In every case the description of a guide has been written by one of his employers, and, therefore, in most cases, by a devoted admirer and friend. Little criticism need then be expected. The portraits are, perhaps, somewhat flattered. But such men as Melchior Andereg, François Dévouassoud, Franz Andermatten, and Andreas Maurer, it would, indeed, be hard to flatter. They are types of a noble class of men, who, without ceasing to be peasants, have earned the right to be numbered among the bravest gentlemen of any age.

The volume in question would be but half noticed if we omitted to mention the remarkably fine series of portraits, and other illustrations with which it is embellished. It is enough to say that these are process prints made from negatives taken by Capt. Abney. The likenesses are in almost every case good, and the photogravure plates are of remarkable excellence. The little tail-pieces, and other minor illustrations of details in Alpine work, are often remarkably happy. On page 126 is

the very best representation of a rock-climbing incident that I have ever seen.

The volume is opened by some eighty pages of interesting introductory matter dealing with the growth and development of mountaineering. Here and there certain controversial matters, interesting to members of the Alpine Club, but of no wide or permanent importance, are referred to which it would have been better to omit in a work intended to have a lasting value.

A few misprints should be removed in later editions. The Matterhorn accident (p. 238) occurred in 1865, not 1864. The initials T. M. of the author of the article on "Jaun" are not those of any gentleman in the list of contributors. They doubtless pertain to Mr. T. Middlemore. It is matter of regret that no likenesses of the dead guides are given. In almost every case more or less satisfactory ones could have been found. As a whole the work is a great success, and the editor is to be congratulated upon it.

W. M. CONWAY.

The Invasion of the Crimea. By A. W. Kinglake. Vols. VII. and VIII. (Blackwood.)

(Second Notice.)

THE command of the French army was transferred to Pelissier in the third week of May, 1855. By this time the army of reserve, which Napoleon III. had intended to lead, had arrived upon the theatre of war; and, including the Turks and the Sardinian troops, the forces of the allies actually in the field were not far from 200,000 men, while the Russians, exhausted by the sufferings of the siege, and by the enormous waste of immense marches, were scarcely more than 100,000 strong. Mr. Kinglake has stated the figures truly; but he does not clearly bring out their significance, or indicate how completely they changed the situation in front of Sebastopol. The superiority of strength which, up to April, had decidedly been on the Russian side, was now as distinctly on the side of the foe; and this fact ought to be borne in mind in estimating the operations that followed, Mr. Kinglake's account of which, we think, is, in many respects, unjust and misleading.

Mr. Kinglake has given us an excellent sketch of the qualities of Pelissier and of his outward man; and he hints that Pelissier was a great chief, apparently because the French general was usually in accord with Lord Raglan. Undoubtedly, too, this fierce soldier was an improvement on Canrobert's weakness; and it was, on the whole, well for the allied cause that, bad as Pelissier's plans were, he vindicated his ascendancy in command, and was allowed to carry them out on the spot. But when Mr. Kinglake asserts that Pelissier was a strategist in any sense of the word, and that his projects for the siege were able and sound, we venture to say no experienced student of the art of war will agree with him. The French commander was, no doubt, right in tacitly condemning his predecessor's slackness, and in refusing to give Todleben a free hand to make counter approaches; but his general conception of the operations to be undertaken against Sebastopol

assuredly displays neither skill nor judgment. His idea was that the siege should be pressed at all costs against the one front assailed; that an attempt at investment should not be made; that no effort should be tried to cut off the reinforcements poured into the place, by a movement against the enemy's rear, and that the contest should resolve itself into a duel between the besiegers in their lines and the besieged in their great fortified camp, with their retreat, in the event of defeat, open. It is unnecessary to say that this strategy was contrary to plain military rules. It "took the bull by the horns," so to speak, imperilling the attack, and facilitating the defence. By leaving the fortress open, and not seeking to intercept the troops being dispatched to it, it made the prospects of the siege indefinite, and nullified the superiority of the allies in the field; and it reduced the issue to a mere trial of strength, in which the enemy had every advantage. The plan, in a word, was essentially bad; and, if it be alleged that it succeeded at last, this was owing to a purely accidental circumstance. Sebastopol fell after a desperate contest, which cost the allies many thousands of lives; but the Russian army effected its escape. And the war was only brought to a close because—Fate avenging the campaign of Moscow—the losses of the Russians had been so prodigious in moving troops into this distant region that the Czar was unable to prolong the struggle. In the case of the attack and the defence of Sebastopol, as in the case of the attack and the defence of Richmond, the vanquished bear off the palm of generalship; but Lord Raglan, it is only fair to say, disapproved in some respects of his French colleague's strategy.

Pelissier's method of carrying on the siege brought him into collision with the French emperor. Mr. Kinglake describes at undue length the controversy between the chief and his sovereign, and in his usual way takes care to hold up Napoleon III. to the contempt of history. It was well, we have said, that the French commander was at last allowed to act as he chose; for the direction of war by an amateur strategist—and Louis Napoleon was little more—thousands of miles away was perilous in the extreme. Yet few will deny that the general view of the emperor, that the allied armies ought to be employed in surrounding the fortress and in operating on the communications of the foe, was superior to those of his rough lieutenant. It should be observed, besides, that, to a certain extent, Lord Raglan concurred with the imperial plans, though he did not convince his obstinate colleague. He certainly wished that a powerful diversion should be made on the rear of the hostile forces being brought up to join in the defence, and that Sebastopol should be in some degree isolated.

Mr. Kinglake's account of the third bombardment is graphic, though in his usual manner; and we agree with him that it had become necessary to master Todleben's counter-approaches, if the fortress was to be ever reduced, enormous as was the cost of success. We pass on to the grand effort made by the allies on June 18. Mr. Kinglake has fully and fairly described—false as his style occasionally is—the effects wrought by the fourth bombard-

ment, and the heroic but ultimately fruitless attempts to storm the defences and seize their works made by the French and the English armies; and he has clearly indicated the causes of the failure. It is absurd, however, to ascribe the result to a temporary eclipse of Pelissier's faculties. This is a mere invention to excuse the statement that the Frenchman had great military parts, and it is simply unworthy of a grave historian. The plain truth is that Pelissier was a resolute but unscientific soldier, trained in a bad school for European warfare; and he risked an assault on a first-rate fortress without understanding its powers of resistance or properly distributing his own forces. He made three capital mistakes at least, each sufficient to account for the allies' defeat: he underrated the effects of Todleben's ordnance; he launched his columns of attack over exposed spaces completely swept by a destructive fire; and he did not know how to employ his reserves. It must be matter of regret that Lord Raglan appears to have assented to faulty tactics of this kind.

We have commented on the faults of Mr. Kinglake's style, most objectionable in the case of a history of war, which ought to be a simple, rapid, and dramatic narrative. The following, evidently borrowed from a passage in Victor Hugo's "1793," is a specimen of one of the purple patches he often tacks on to the stuff of his work, and seems to us to be in very bad taste:

"Not only does a cannon-ball seem to be armed with a mighty will, but somehow to govern its action with ever ready intelligence, and even to have 'a policy.' The demon is cruel and firm, not blindly, not stupidly obstinate. He is not a straightforward enemy. Against things that are hard and directly confronting him he indeed frankly tries his strength, and does his utmost to shatter them and send them in splinters and fragments to aid in the havoc he brings; but with obstacles that are smooth and face him obliquely he always compounds, being ready, even on slight challenge to come, as men say, to 'fair terms' by varying his line of advance, and even, if need be, resorting to crooked, to sinuous paths. By dint of simple friction with metal, with earth, and with even the soft, yielding air, he adds varied rotatory movements to those first enjoined by his mission; he improves his fell skill as he goes; he acquires a strange nimbleness, can do more than simply strike, can wrench, can lift, can toss, can almost grasp; can gather from each conquered hindrance a new and baneful power; can be rushing, for instance, straight on in a horizontal direction, and then—because of some contact—spring up all at once like a tiger intent on the throat of a camel.

"So far, one may say, his devices are not unfamiliar to men versed in war, and some of his changes indeed, as, for instance, his flight by ricochet, they can indicate at their own wish and pleasure; but under special conditions he sometimes will toil in a way that is much less commonly known. When encountering things that are tough (such as gabions or sandbags well-filled), which do much towards obstructing his course, yet have not the required strength of numbers with which to withstand and defeat him, he plays the conqueror over them, he presses them into his service, he compels them to forget their inertness, and sends them hurled this way and that against all they can reach with their blows."

Mr. Kinglake describes in minute detail the successful expedition of the allies to

Kertch, and the negotiations of the spring of 1855. These are episodes, however, of the main narrative, and we cannot do more than refer to them. This history closes with the death of Lord Raglan, and it is to be regretted that an arbitrary limit should have been set to a work of the kind. Mr. Kinglake's account of the last moments of the warrior is written with good taste; and in some respects we agree with his estimate of the commander-in-chief of the Crimean army. Lord Raglan was not a really great general, and as an administrator he stands in a low rank; but he had something of Wellington's eye in the field; he retained traditions of a grand age of war; he was beloved by all who came in contact with him, and he towers high above his French colleagues. His peculiar excellence, however, was that he kept an alliance liable to be strained together; and, with Mr. Kinglake, we do not refuse him the sagacity and fine tact of a statesman.

Mr. Kinglake does not attempt to describe the last scenes of the siege; and this was well for his theories. Sebastopol, as we have said, fell, after a murderous and protracted struggle; but the allies gained a ruined nest only, from which the Russian eagles had safely flown; and, had the Czar been able to continue the war, the contest would have only begun. In that event the siege would have been an obviously wasteful and tedious effort to master an advanced post at the outset of a campaign; and this is decisive against Pelissier's generalship, though he was an able and energetic soldier. The West, however, showed little genius for war in this campaign, or in that of 1859; and beyond dispute the one real chief the occasion produced was the renowned Tottleben. The grand examples of the first years of the century appeared again, for the first time, in the terrible Civil War of America, not studied nearly enough in Europe; and Lee imitated with extreme brilliancy, in his operations around Richmond, the rapidity and scientific skill of Napoleon. Meantime a patient and profound genius had devoted a life to the study of war; and Sadowa and Sedan revealed to astonished Europe what could be accomplished by great commanders ably wielding the power of well-prepared armies.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

The Heroic Enthusiasts (Gli Eroi Furori).
By Giordano Bruno. Part I. Translated
by L. Williams. (Redway.)

THE growing fashion of veiling an author's Christian name under an initial merits reprobation. One can readily understand the modesty which suggests blank anonymity; but the confession of a surname and place of residence, coupled with a letter as vague and "unknown" as an algebraical x , seems a gratuitous piece of perversity. I am loath to accept the suggestion of a cynical friend that names so written stand for women "who want to be taken for men." I cannot bring myself to believe that in times like the present, when "the nobility and pre-eminence of the female sex," as Agrippa styled his treatise, forms the first article in the creed of every woman of culture, any female could be found who would adopt a device involving, if only as a contingency, such a profound degradation.

But, whatever be the sex of the translator (I assume, as a matter of courtesy, that she is of the gentler sex), she must be congratulated on the choice of a book worthy of translation into English. I wish I could add that the execution of the work was on the same high level as the good taste which prompted its selection. Unfortunately this is far from being the case. The author starts on her subject with the laxest notions of her obligations as a translator. She not only omits the second part of the dialogue, which is absolutely necessary for its continuity; but a still more unpardonable offence—she leaves out Bruno's characteristic dedication to Sir Philip Sidney, which contains a synopsis of the argument from its author's own point of view. Nor is this all. I find omissions of words, phrases, and sometimes paragraphs, even in the truncated remnant actually Englished. To go no further than the second page of the translation (p. 36), the argument of Bruno is maimed by the omission of a whole paragraph. Apparently the author did not understand the classical allusions in the couplet—

"Non mancaranno, O Flacco, li Maroni
Se penuria non è de Mecenati,"

which is Bruno's version of Martial's verse—

"Sint Mecenates, non deerunt, Flacce, Marones,"

and, therefore, left out the whole passage in which it occurs. This is bad enough, but worse remains to be told. The translator has in many cases not only perverted, but absolutely inverted, Bruno's meaning. One instance of such perversion occurs in the passage following the omitted paragraph just mentioned. Another startling example occurs a few lines further on (Wagner, vol. ii., p. 314), where Bruno's "instituendo gli animi eroici per la filosofia speculativa e morale" is grotesquely rendered "substituting heroic souls for speculative and moral philosophy." I had marked more than a dozen blunders of a similar kind within the compass of a few pages, but have no space to refer to them. Their frequency seems to prove that the author was inadequately equipped for her task both as to her knowledge of Italian and her acquaintance with Bruno.

Spite of these drawbacks, however, there are portions of the dialogue which are rendered with a fair amount of accuracy—sufficient, perhaps, to give the English reader some notion of Bruno's spirit and teaching. The luminous intensity of the Nolan philosopher is transparent through its imperfect English setting as the sun is discerned through clouds. *Gli Eroi Furori* is indeed one of the most important of Bruno's constructive dialogues. Its title, "Heroic Transports" or "Enthusiasms," was the name he gave to the mystical raptures, the passionate aspirations of the seeker for truth, wisdom, and intellectual beauty. Much of his teaching and no small portion of his fervour he derived from Plato and Plotinus, and more generally from the spiritual side of the Greek doctrine of *Eros*; but he also found points of sympathetic contact in the thought of his time. The Italian Renaissance was a period of sublime and restless aspiration in every direction of human energy—a time when there was small discrimination between excited craving and mad passion. Thus, as the wild projects of

chivalry were best described under the character of an Orlando Furioso, so intense intellectual cravings secured the fitting name of "Heroic Furores," or "Transports."

The full significance of this yearning of Giordano Bruno for truth and beauty has been underestimated by his biographers. In truth, it was the guiding stimulus of his thought and life. It was the mental unrest which was at once the source and analogue of his physical restlessness. It represents the scorn for mere finality which found partial expression in his contempt for all dogmas as definitive assertions of truth; for like every thoroughgoing skeptic he preferred search to attainment. It indicates the life of pure aspiration which ever looked upward and onward, and refused to be satisfied with the present, excepting as a standpoint for future energy. Lastly, it has a final and pathetic reference to his death. Long before the stake had been prepared for him in the Campo dei Fiori, Bruno foresaw that his fervently aspiring life would be consummated on the martyr's pyre, and recognised the singular fitness of such a termination. His death by fire appropriately closed a life whose burning restlessness he thus described:

"L'incendio è tal, ch'io m'ardo, e non mi sfaccio."

I have described the object of *Gli Eroi Furori* in order to draw the attention of English readers to the striking sublimity of its contents, and the general loftiness of Giordano Bruno's speculations. To L. Williams I would recommend a starting on her task *de novo* with a fuller equipment, both philosophical and linguistic, than she (if it be she) now possesses. JOHN OWEN.

NEW NOVELS.

The Wrong Road. By Major Arthur Griffiths. In 3 vols. (Blackwood.)

Saddle and Sabre. By Hawley Smart. In 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Born in the Purple. By Maxwell Fox. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Gilbert Freethorne's Heritage. By W. G. Alvary. In 2 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

Love and Theology. By Celia Parker Woolley (Boston: Ticknor; London: Trübner.)

The Fox and the Goose. By the author of "Spavin Hall." (Ward & Downey.)

A Swallow's Wing. By Charles Hannan. (Sonnenschein.)

In the Web of Destiny. By Arthur Lee Knight. (Sampson Low.)

Luck at the Diamond Fields. By Dalrymple J. Belgrave. (Ward & Downey.)

Better Dead. By J. M. Barrie. (Sonnenschein.)

MAJOR GRIFFITHS has, in *The Wrong Road*, devoted himself absolutely to the work of mystifying his readers in regard to his plot; and he has attained complete success. The problem which he propounds in his first chapter is—Who is it that has poisoned Sir Carysfort Lezaire, the young owner of Straddlethorpe Hall? and it is not until the reader has digested two of Major Griffiths's three volumes that it dawns upon him

that he is mistaken in his belief that the murderer is Colonel St. Evelyn, Carysfort's guardian and brother-in-law. He appears in the character of a selfish adventurer. He has an interest in the death of the young baronet, in virtue of the "expectations" of his wife on that event taking place. He is in debt. A person wearing a cloak of his is proved to have purchased the poison which, there is every reason to believe, killed his brother-in-law. His mother-in-law, who had hoped to be his wife, implicitly believes him to have been guilty. A clever detective is taken in. At last, however, suspicion is diverted from the Colonel to Mrs. Leleu, one of the inmates of Straddlethorpe Hall, who takes a deep and mysterious interest in Hubert Podifat, a cub who, up to the time of the death of the young baronet, had been known chiefly as his "bad companion." It would be unfair to say more of a story which is plot *et præterea nihil*, than that Hubert Podifat is permitted to posture for a time as Sir Hubert Lezaire, and the St. Evelyns are reduced to poverty, before poetical justice is done and Mrs. Leleu is tracked to her lair—on the other side of the Atlantic. Major Griffiths is thoroughly at home, it is unnecessary to say, in his detective and trial-by-jury business; and Gibbings, a faithful retainer of Colonel St. Evelyn, looks as if he were drawn from the life. Hubert Podifat is, however, too much of a brute. Such a man could never have played the rôle of a baronet—he would have been found out as an impostor the first day he attempted it. Altogether, however, *The Wrong Road* is Major Griffiths's masterpiece.

Saddle and Sabre is in Mr. Hawley Smart's better style, and is a decided improvement on certain of his recent stories, which seemed to indicate that he had written himself out. Not that there is in it much that is original—as regards either plot, or incident, or character—except, perhaps, the introduction of the Burmese war, with its dacoity. We have here the old society of sharps and flats, hawks and pigeons, hard-up heroes and butterfly heroines, from whose minds a new costume, or a glass of champagne, or a well-run race, can at a moment's notice expel a debt or a death. But Mr. Smart has taken more than his usual—or at least more than his recent—pains in sketching these folks; and his Letties and Gilberts, and Charlies look uncommonly life-like. The two sporting hawks—Major Kynaston and Ralph Furzedon—are well matched and well drawn. The feud between Furzedon and his enemy Sam Prance, which slumbers through three volumes, to awaken into terrible tragedy at the end, is managed with great skill, and, for Mr. Smart, with extraordinary patience in points of detail.

Born in the Purple is an ambitious yet tedious and essentially conventional story, with a great deal of mystery and far too much millinery in it—the ladies are always dressing, though happily most of them are partial to high bodices. The characters are mostly disagreeable—from Bruno, the Mephistophelian violinist, and Luna Treadgold, the mischievous actress, to Egbert Dundas, the poor young squire who is willing to sell himself in matrimony for money, and Sir Charles Hall, the chronically tipsy baronet to whom he is will-

ing to sell his sister Hermia. Philip Blacklock, the good genius of the story, whose love and lead discoveries come to the rescue of everybody in the end, is meant to be a "typical," yet reasonable Radical. His portrait is somewhat blurred, however. The author of *Born in the Purple* ought, also, to have taken more pains than she has done—the costumes in the story make one inclined to say "she"—with Fedora Tenniswood's early and unfortunate marriage, and still more with the improvement in Fedora's character. A moral transformation does not take place in the turning over of a page.

Mr. Alvary has put too much into his Scotch story of *Gilbert Freethorne's Heritage*—Scotch hills, Scotch thunderstorms, Scotch drink, Scotch elections, Scotch divinity students, Scotch "infidel" blacksmiths, Scotch heresy charges, and a good deal of mystery, seduction, illegitimacy, and selfishness, which are cosmopolitan, perhaps, rather than Scotch. But Mr. Alvary's haggis, though in certain chapters it is a trifle too "sappy"—in Burns's, not Mr. R. L. Stevenson's, sense of "sappy"—and in others tries terribly hard to look like an English mince-pie, is a sound, saleable, and, on the whole, digestible compound. It takes two volumes, closely packed with accidents, reveries, drinking bouts, exercises in the Scotch dialect, illustrations of Scotch character, gossip, remorse, and heart disease, before the Rev. Gilbert Freethorne discovers that he is not only not the son of Daniel Freethorne, but is the son of the exemplary and respectable Mr. Abbot. But Mr. Alvary, though too much given to packing, is blameless of padding. He means well—he is terribly conscientious; and his "landscapes," even if they look too much like undergraduate attempts at high-class composition, are true to nature and Wordsworth. *Gilbert Freethorne's Heritage* is not so much an achievement as an earnest of what Mr. Alvary will do some day.

Love and Theology proves that the less theology has to do with love the better, if not in real life, most unquestionably in fiction. Miss (?) Woolley writes like a lady of culture; she has an eye to character; and the solvent influence of the modern spirit on American Puritanism is an eminently interesting subject to write upon. But, as Miss (?) Woolley demonstrates to others, if she has not discovered for herself, it is no easy matter for a "progressive young man" like Arthur Forbes at one and the same time to embrace a creed redolent of "Darwin and John Fiske," and a charming and theologically conservative young woman like Rachel Armstrong.

There is even more of rough writing than of rough riding in *The Fox and the Goose*—the action of the plot is far too spasmodic; and there is not one of the author's heroines that is perfectly satisfactory. But it contains an abundance of Irish naïveté, slapdash, impetuosity, imperviousness to misfortune, and—to use Southey's phrase—bibulous clay. The sporting scenes, at Punchestown and elsewhere, have a thoroughly realistic look, and, whether they are true to the life or not, are depicted with unquestionable vigour. The suppressed feud between the Fox and the Goose, which ends fatally for both, is almost too well told.

Would Mr. Charles Hannan have written his "Tale of Pekin," had not Mr. James Payn, some years ago, published a powerful story, in which he reproduced the tortures inflicted on an Englishman who had flouted Chinese superstitions? Whether or not, there is a delightful amount of Christmas improbability in the idea of an Englishman who, in Brussels, captures a swallow with a message attached to its wing, starting off for China, to rescue another Englishman, who is disclosed by that message to be in trouble of some sort there. The plot and the incidents in *A Swallow's Wing* are everything; the characters, with one exception, are nothing. Mr. Hannan unquestionably works up the rescue of Norris with considerable skill; and most of that wretched man's experiences, including a peculiarly revolting torture—to which he is subjected at the hands of the Chinese priests, to whom he has rendered himself hateful—are given in artistic though not inordinately detail. The exceptional character in the story, and the true hero of it—the ostracised Chinaman Chin-chin-wa—somehow recalls Mr. Haggard's great Zulu alike in his physical and in his moral strength. But whether or not Mr. Hannan is indebted to Mr. Payn or to Mr. Haggard or to both, he has produced a powerful and essentially original story.

In the Web of Destiny is either an elaborate farce, or it is the *reductio ad absurdum*—none the less notable that it is unconscious—of latter-day spiritualism. In any case, Mr. Knight has spoiled what would otherwise have been a good story of naval adventure—with dashing cutlass play, the rescuing of a heroine, and all the rest of it—by the letter which Victor Fairlie discovers in his father's handwriting informing him that it is probable a hereditary madness will appear in him, and by the mysterious voice which keeps perpetually telling Victor "Embrace thy fate: Isabel awaits thee," and puts him on the track of a burglary. The love-making in *In the Web of Destiny* is also of the most conventional character, consisting of little but "My dear old Victor," "All right, my darling," "My darling smiled," and "I caught her in my arms and covered her face with kisses." But Mr. Knight would, no doubt, manage even a love story passably, if he would refrain from playing tricks with what he chooses to term Destiny. He is no conjuror.

There is a good deal of Mr. Bret Harte's realism in the collection of stories to which Mr. Belgrave has given the title of *Luck at the Diamond Fields*—a little of Mr. Bret Harte's grim pathos, but practically none of his imagination. There can be no doubt that the diamond discoveries in South Africa have attracted to that region a remarkable and heterogeneous host of pariahs, swindlers, and adventurers, in some respects resembling the men who were drawn by gold to California and Australia, and yet in others showing a special character of their own. Both these similarities and differences are well hit off by Mr. Belgrave in such stories as "The Farm Boschfontein," "A Queer Race," "Jumped," and "A Vaal River Heiress." Besides, Mr. Belgrave shows, in his pathetic story of "Kitty of the Frozen Bar," and in his eerie history of "A Fatal Diamond," that there are in him veins both of tenderness and

tragedy, which he ought some day to work to good purpose.

In *Better Dead* Mr. J. M. Barrie stands revealed as a new, genuine, and medium-dry humourist—though only to those who have not been let into certain of the more open secrets of anonymous journalism. It is not merely that *Better Dead* is the best skit that has appeared for a long time—that would be but a poor compliment—but it even encourages the hope that the shilling laughable will in time supplant the shilling dreadful. The central idea of Mr. Barrie's *jeu d'esprit*—the existence of a society whose business it is to get rid of people who for the sake of their own reputation were "better dead"—recalls, if, indeed, it has not been suggested by, Mr. Stevenson's Suicide Club. But Mr. Barrie, although he is not a stylist like Mr. Stevenson, is thoroughly original; and there is not a spark of affectation about his fun. The interview between his grotesque Scotch hero, Andrew Riach, and Mr. Labouchere, with a view to inducing that gentleman to make away with himself, and Riach's attempt on the life of Lord Randolph Churchill, are perfect in their way; yet that way is one which may be eulogised, but cannot be described. *Better Dead* is a book that is sure to be enjoyed, but for that very reason cannot be minutely criticised. The only positive weakness is the introduction. It is forced and too farcical. WILLIAM WALLACE.

SOME VOLUMES OF SERMONS.

Faculties and Difficulties for Belief and Disbelief. By the Rev. Francis Paget. (Rivingtons.) Canon Paget explains, in an introductory essay, that these sermons deal with the difficulties occasioned by "the discouraging influence of uncertainty in matters of religion," which now-a-days prevents many from "enjoying that sense of security which is attached to the recognition of a Divine and final revelation." The ten sermons included in Part I. call attention to certain "elements, instincts, powers, senses, in man's inner being, presumed and addressed by Christianity"; the nine sermons of Part II. point out some of the "very serious difficulties which beset the position of unbelief." The sermons will be read with profit by all thoughtful readers. The preacher's learning and culture, the eloquence and finish of his style, his candour and fairness will be recognised even by those who do not accept his conclusions. In the first sermon, which is called rather oddly "the Virtue of Self-assertion," Canon Paget insists on the difficulty of finding time for self knowledge in the hurry of modern life. He seems to think such self-knowledge specially necessary to teach us what sin is; but if for sin we read salvation, the reasoning is just as cogent, and some of the subsequent sermons receive valuable illustration. The love of Christ is a stronger constraining force even than the blackness of sin, but this fact theologians can never be brought to accept. The two sermons on love of beauty in nature and art may be mentioned as specially good, though we consider the passing criticism on Rossetti essentially mistaken. In the second part the sermon called "The Transformation of Hope" strikes us as the finest. Throughout the volume the quotations from other authors are admirably chosen.

Godliness and Manliness. By the Rev. J. W. Diggle. (Macmillan.) This "miscellany of brief papers touching the relation of religion to life" consists of extracts from sermons and other papers in which some one train of

thought is clearly stated and closely reasoned out in such short space that it can be "read in snatches of time when longer essays would be impracticable." The book might, therefore, be described as a volume of sermons with the padding left out, and the omission constitutes the special charm of the volume. If all preachers but the very great ones would publish their sermons in a similar form the gain would be immense, both to authors and readers. In one or two of his papers Mr. Diggle is feeble in argument and unfair to opponents; but he writes always clearly and vigorously, with considerable felicity of phrase, and frequently the argument and thought are original and valuable. The paper on "Christianity and the Individual" is the weakest in the collection, and those suggested by Bishop Butler's *Analogy* are, perhaps, the most interesting. But why does Mr. Diggle treat the second chapter of the *Analogy* as an argument for eternal punishment? Butler points out that carelessness is punished in this life as inevitably as vice; but such punishment is quite irreconcilable with the existence of a just God, unless it is purely corrective. And, again, Butler insists that the consequences of sin endure as long as life endures, and Mr. Diggle remarks that this fact "appears to shed some light upon the vexed question of punishments after death"; but a more obvious comment is that it makes Christ's promises of forgiveness and peace to the penitent of very little affect.

Sermons New and Old. By Richard Chenevix Trench. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) The late Archbishop of Dublin was not a great preacher. His delivery was affected unpleasantly by indistinct articulation; and the unvarying solemnity, if we ought not rather say gloom, of his manner was oppressive. It is not as a pulpit orator, but as an expositor of Holy Scripture, that Trench will be remembered. Yet, though never rising to the higher flights of eloquence, there is enough of simple earnestness and tender thoughtfulness about these discourses to make the volume a memorial that will be gratefully received by many of those who knew and valued the archbishop. It should have been indicated that the interesting and warmly appreciative lecture on "Baxter and The Saint's Rest" had appeared in the first series of *Companions for the Devout Life*, lectures delivered in St. James's, Piccadilly, in 1875.

Rational Aspects of Some Revealed Truths. By the Rev. Edward B. Otley. (Rivingtons.) These six addresses were delivered "to a mixed congregation during two Quiet Days in Holy Week." They deal from a Churchman's point of view, but with much more candour and knowledge than is possessed by most Churchmen, with "modern doubt and unbelief." The first address is perhaps the best in the series, while the last is the most readable. It is entitled "Christianity and Culture." Mr. Otley startles us somewhat by beginning with the assertion that "human life, is externally pleasanter now-a-days than it was, and that 'unparalleled success has attended men's efforts to make themselves comfortable'; but we find before reaching the end of his address that he has read Mr. William Morris on modern civilisation, though he has scarcely realised the facts which Mr. Morris deals with. We object also to the statement that Comtism "is notoriously a refined system of pure Atheism," which Canon Westcott has sufficiently refuted; but Mr. Otley's main contention, that Christianity is concerned both with science and art, is ably and eloquently maintained. He quotes, from Dr. Abbott's *Through Nature to Christ*, the maxim that "if a man desires to live resolutely in the Whole, the Beautiful, and the Good, or, in other words, to render due homage

to science, to art and to morality, he cannot do this better than by striving to live in conformity with the Spirit of Jesus of Nazareth"; and his enforcement of this truth is well put and much needed. Mr. Otley shows a tendency now and then to be too discursive; but much rigour of logic and method cannot be looked for in devotional addresses. "Doubt and Unbelief" are rarely treated in Mr. Otley's spirit, so that his book will be valued.

Tolerance. Two Lectures. By Phillips Brooks. (Macmillan.) It cannot be said that these lectures—animated and eloquent as they are—contribute much to our existing knowledge of the duty of tolerance. The author has not begun at the philosophical starting-point of his subject, viz., the genesis of belief. He speaks of "conviction" as if it were always uniform in degree and in kind. He has evidently never subjected his own beliefs to the searching analysis which most men of intellectual power deem it right to bestow on their *credenda*, and therefore cannot claim to be an authority, intellectually speaking, on the subject of which he treats. Owing to this defect of preparation, he commits himself at starting to the singular paradox that "so far from earnest personal conviction and generous tolerance being incompatible with one another, the two are necessary each to each." Stated thus, without qualification, a more unfounded proposition could scarcely be formulated, or one more fully contradicted by the growth of dogma whether in churches or in individuals. Doubtless there have been exceptional cases in which persons—Maurice was an example—of profound conviction have been conspicuously tolerant. But this was true in his case on account, firstly, of his possession of a rare amount of many-sided imaginative sympathy; secondly, because his own convictions, even when most earnest, were never square or angular, but had all their corners rounded off and elaborately smoothed, as if to prevent all injury by chance collisions. The author is, however, not consistent. As he progresses in his lectures his first crude paradox of the necessary alliance of absolute certitude with tolerance begins to disappear. If his lectures reach a second edition he had better reconsider this position, which is, indeed, much too narrow for his comprehensive intellect and genial sympathies.

Sermons preached to Harrow Boys in the Years 1885 and 1886. By the Rev. J. E. C. Weldon. (Rivingtons.) Mr. Weldon modestly explains in his preface that the reason for the publication of these sermons is the personal one that they may be presented to Harrow boys on leaving school; but no such apology—if it be meant as an apology—was needed. The sermons are excellent. They do not aim at novelty or subtlety of thought; but they are nevertheless thoughtful, careful, earnest, and, above all, interesting. In preaching addressed to the young this last quality is primarily important, and the neglect of it is the main reason for the disfavour with which sermons are usually regarded by boys. Mr. Weldon's success depends upon his naturalness. He preaches to boys as he would talk to them, and he is used to talking to them unaffectedly and without effort. He does not depend for his interest on his illustrations, and make his sermons a mixture of jam and medicine. The interest is genuine, depending on the quiet, clear manner in which the subject of the discourse is discussed. The volume contains twenty sermons, of which we will mention the twelfth, on "The Natural Body and the Spiritual Body," and the fourteenth, on "The Animal World," as examples of Mr. Weldon's success in treating widely different subjects—the former difficult and the latter easy to bring within a boy's comprehension.

Lessons from the Cross. Addresses given in Oxley Parish Church on Good Friday, 1886. By Stewart D. Headlam. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) A very genuine and arousing reality is the distinguishing characteristic of these addresses. Mr. Headlam hides none of his opinions, and some of them will displease many of his readers; but his frankness gives him great force and freedom. He never beats about the bush, but says his say directly and vigorously. Such a sentence as, "Keep it constantly in your minds, holy brethren, that the Jesus whom we worship is not half man and half God, but perfect man and perfect God," shows him at his best; and his allusion to "the dark Calvinism which in so many ways has cast its slime over English religion," at his worst. But there is much more of his best than his worst in this volume. He puts forward his views on social questions boldly and yet temperately, asking his congregation to

"bring deliberately into your meditations the contrast between rich and poor, between grinding toil and vulgar luxury; and listen whether the voice from the Cross has not anything to say on the fact that those who produce most have least of the good things, whether temporal or spiritual, for their enjoyment."

The only passage in which we find any unreality is the one insisting that "it is impossible for any generation which hesitates to call our Lady blessed in any adequate manner to worship our Lord." We confess to a feeling that this is said only to annoy.

The Scripture Doctrine of the Church: Cunningham Lectures, 1887. By D. D. Banner-man. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.) The subject and scope of this—the eleventh series of the Cunningham Lectures—is sufficiently set forth in the title-page. Displaying a creditable amount of learning and research, and written in a clear attractive style, the book is likely to achieve a considerable measure of esteem from the author's co-religionists of the Scottish Free Church. It seems to us, however, to suffer from narrowness and occasional manifestations of sectarian proclivities. The time has surely come for interpreting the Church in the broadest and most catholic sense of the term, discreetly relegating such questions as "election" and similar traditional technicalities to a befitting background of nescience and reticence.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. J. A. FROUDE's new book, *The English in the West Indies*; or, *The Bow of Ulysses*, will be ready by the end of next week. It will be illustrated with nine sketches by the author.

WE understand that M. Paul du Chaillu has been compelled to postpone till autumn the publication of his work on the History of the Vikings.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN, of Orpington, has in preparation a re-issue of Mr. Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, in 5 vols., uniform with the re-issue of *The Stones of Venice*. The text will be that of the last edition (1873), with the author's subsequent notes. All the original illustrations will be given, the plates having been carefully re-engraved; and, in addition, there will be some unpublished plates, etched by Mr. Ruskin and mezzotinted by the late Thomas Lupton, which were originally intended for the fifth volume.

MR. W. DIGBY SEYMOUR, recorder of Newcastle, has written an essay, entitled *Home Rule and State Supremacy*, which will be published immediately by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co., together with the draft of a bill further to amend the Act of Union and provide for the federal government of Ireland.

OWING to Mr. Paget Toynbee's prolonged absence from Europe, the printing of the dictionary to the *Divina Commedia*, upon which he has been engaged for some time past, has been unavoidably postponed. The work will be completed without further delay now that Mr. Toynbee has returned to England.

MESSRS. LONGMANS announce a cheap re-issue of the Greville Memoirs, in eight volumes, to be issued monthly, beginning in January.

MR. CHARLES MARVIN, who has gone to Russia for a month to attend the International Petroleum Exhibition, will also, while there, undertake researches for a life of Prince Gortschakoff, which he is preparing for Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., to be issued in their "Statesmen's Series" in the spring.

A MEMORIAL volume, entitled *Personal Recollections of Lord Wriothley Russell and Chénies*, by the Rev. F. W. B. Dunne, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHEN & Co. will publish early in the present month Mr. George Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man*, with a portrait of the author, etched by Mr. William Strang, and a pictorial cover designed by M. J. E. Blanche. The same firm announce a cheap edition of Mr. F. C. Philips's *Strange Adventures of Lucy Smith*.

THE next volume in the series of "Epochs of Church History" will be *The Church and the Eastern Empire*, by the Rev. H. F. Tozer.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & Co. will publish an English edition of Prof. J. B. McMaster's *Life of Benjamin Franklin* in the series of "American Men of Letters."

A NEW issue of Cassell's *Popular Gardening*, edited by Mr. D. T. Fish, is in course of preparation. The first part will be published on January 25.

THE parishioners of St. Margaret's, Westminster, have presented a window to the church in commemoration of the Jubilee. The window, by Messrs. Clayton & Bell, contains a full-length figure of the Queen, bearing the orb and sceptre, with scenes from the coronation and the jubilee service, the arms of the colonies, and other details. The memorial lines for the window, written by Mr. Robert Browning, are as follows:

"Fifty years' flight! wherein should he rejoice
Who hailed their birth, who as they die decays?
This—England echoes his attesting voice;
Wondrous and well—thanks Ancient Thou of days."

A REVIEW of Cheyne's recent work on the *Wisdom of the Old Testament*, by H. Guthe, appears in the *Theologische Literaturzeitung* for December 31. After representing very fairly the object of the work, at once critical and educational, which prescribed the method to be adopted, it suggests various points which need fuller treatment with a view to bringing out the special peculiarity of Israelitish religious wisdom. With regard to the Book of Job, it recognises that, however open to question, the author's results are such as historical critics would admit in other literatures, and that they make the book easier to understand.

THE last number of the *Publishers' Circular* (Sampson Low) contains the usual analytical table of books published during 1887. The total number is 5,686, of which 4,410 were new books, and 1,276 were new editions. All these figures, when compared with the preceding year, show an increase, more marked in new books than in new editions; but the total is still far below that of 1884, which was 6,373. The changes that have taken place in the number of books in the several classes during the past six years are remarkable, if we may assume that the classification has itself

remained constant. Fiction now easily heads the list with 990, whereas in 1882 the corresponding number was only 330, or exactly one-third. Theology was at its maximum in 1884 with 929, and at its minimum in 1886 with 752. Educational books have ranged from 691 in 1883 to 525 in 1882. Juvenile works show the extraordinary variation from 939 in 1883 to 445 in 1886. Law, the still more astonishing change of 279 in 1884, and only 33 in 1886. Political and economical books numbered 253 in 1885, and 138 in 1887. Scientific and illustrated works—591 in 1884, and only 138 in 1887. Books of travel—331 in 1884, and 221 in 1886. History and biography—623 in 1884, and 350 in 1886. Poetry and the drama—228 in 1884, and 93 in 1886. Serials—347 in 1885, and 269 in 1882, being the smallest variation in any class. Medical—253 in 1883, and 171 in 1886. Belles lettres—479 in 1886, and only 106 in 1882. The significance of these last figures will be more clearly seen when it is stated that new editions in this class amounted to 351 in 1886 and 235 in 1887, as compared with the insignificant number of 14 in 1882, before cheap reprints had come into vogue. Finally, miscellaneous has increased from 213 in 1883 to 447 in 1887.

TRANSLATION.*

THE LEAF AND THE BREEZE.

(From the French of Arnault.)

"PARTED from thy native bough,
Whither, whither goest thou,
Leaflet frail?"
"From the oak-tree where I grew,
In the vale;
From the woods all wet with dew,
Lo! the wind hath torn me!
Over hill and plain he flew,
And hither he hath borne me.
With him wandering for aye,
Until he forsakes me,
I with many others stray,
Heedless where he takes me:
Where the leaf of laurel goes,
And the leaflet of the rose!"

A. B. E.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

WE have to acknowledge two new periodicals—each of some special interest—appearing with the new year. The *Reflector* is a weekly, containing sixteen pages of large quarto form, both edited and published by Mr. James Stephen, at Lonsdale Chambers, Chancery Lane. The nature of its aims may be gathered from the title—or, better still, from the first number; we find ourselves unable to summarise them. The *Selborne Magazine* is a monthly, also of sixteen pages of the usual magazine size, published by Mr. William Rice, of Fleet Street, at the low price of twopence. It is the organ of the Selborne Society—now, we hope, fairly well known—whose primary object is "to preserve from unnecessary destruction such wild birds, animals, and plants as are useful, beautiful, or rare," and, we should be disposed to add, "harmless." A bird, animal, or plant, may be neither useful, beautiful, nor rare, and yet there seems no reason why it should be unnecessarily destroyed. The society, we may add, will hold a special general meeting for the approval of its rules at 6 Pall Mall Place, on January 26, at 4 p.m.

* The translator claims only to have made a paraphrase of this little poem, some versions of which, by different hands, were given not long since in the *Academy*. It originally appeared in her little volume of *Ballads*, which has been out of print for twenty years and more.

THE *Expositor* for January opens with a hopeful paper on "Characteristics of Modern English Exegesis," by Archdeacon Farrar. "The Use of Mythic Phrases by the Old Testament Writers" is shown and illustrated, with the help of Assyriology, by Prof. Cheyne. Prof. A. B. Davidson is introduced as a teacher and a man to those who only know and respect him as a scholar, by an enthusiastic disciple (Prof. Elmslie), who, with the ingenuity of affection, makes even the master's failings "lean to virtue's side," or, indeed, seem to be virtues themselves. M. Godet, with that smooth but incisive style which we all admire, expounds the present position (as it appears to him) of the questions relative to the Pastoral Epistles; and lastly, Profs. Cheyne and Curtiss notice recent English and American works on the Old Testament. Among the former we observe an American-printed work by Canon Driver, but not Dean Bradley's just published popular lectures on the Book of Job.

In the *Antiquary* for January Mr. R. W. Dixon gives the first part of an account of Thaxted, which promises well. Thaxted is a decayed town in Essex; quaint and picturesque it remains, for modern improvements have touched it but lightly. Mr. A. Stapleton concludes his series of papers on the crosses of Nottinghamshire. We trust that they will be collected and published separately. Mr. G. L. Gomme's paper on the Christmas pantomime is thin. So good a subject might have had much more made of it. Mr. Ainsworth's archaeological recollections are full of interest. The portions which tell of his Eastern wanderings are specially noteworthy.

It would not have been surprising if the December *Livre* had been quite drowned in "Livres d'Etranges"; but the contrary is the case. M. Uzanne has provided two considerable "original" articles. We must indeed say, though with regret, as we have said before, that M. du Pontavice de Houssey is a little to seek in his articles on English men of letters. It is not his fault that the irrepressible French printer has entitled his article on the author of *Pelham* in the list of contents "Edwards Bulwer." But it is his fault that in his text he has spoken of "un éditeur du temps du nom de Colburn." We should not think much in England of a historian of some *romantique* who wrote "a publisher named Renduel" or "named Mame." Much more important is M. Derome's monograph on Perrault, which it will be interesting to compare with Mr. Lang's forthcoming Clarendon Press edition of that worthy, though, of course, M. Derome's point of view is almost purely bibliographic.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- FALIGAN, E. *Histoire de la légende de Faust*. Paris: Hachette. 9 fr.
 NATZMER, G. E. v. *Unter den Hohenzollern. Denkwürdigkeiten aus dem Leben d. Generals Oldwig v. Natzmer. 2 Thl. 1833-1839*. Gotha: Perthes. 6 M.
 SCHATZ, die, d. Goethe-National-Museums in Weimar. *Einführung u. erläut. Text v. O. Ruland*. Hrg. v. L. Held. Leipzig: Titze. 85 M.
 SCHOENKE, A. Ph. *45 Jahre im Luzernerischen Staatsdienst. Erinnerungen u. Akten aus dem kantonalen Leben 1841-1887*. Bern: Wyss. 8 M.

THEOLOGY.

- WOLLEBERG, G. *Die Lehre der zwölf Apostel in ihrem Verhältnis zum neutestamentlichen Schrifttum*. Erlangen: Deichert. 2 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- GESCHICHTE der europäischen Staaten. 49. Bd. 1. Abth. *Geschichte Oesterreichs v. A. Huber*. 3. Bd. 11 M. 50. Lfg. 1. Abth. *Neuere Geschichte d. preussischen Staates v. E. Reimann*. 2. Bd. 18 M. Gotha: Perthes.
 HANDBÜCHER der alten Geschichte. 1. Serie. 3. Abthlg. 1. Halb. bd. u. 4. Abthlg. 2. Thl. Gotha: Perthes. 18 M.

- MARIE-JOL, J. H. *Un lettre italien à la cour d'Espagne 1488-1538. Pierre Martyr d'Anghera: sa vie et ses œuvres*. Paris: Hachette. 5 fr.
 MONUMENTA Germaniae historica. *Scriptorum tomus 28*. Hannover: Hahn. 38 M.
 NAMECHER, Mgr. *Le Règne de Philippe II. T. VIII. Louvain: Fonteyn*. 4 fr.
 RECHTSGESCHICHTE, deutsche, unter König Ruprecht. 3. Abth. 1408-1410. Hrg. v. J. Weizsäcker. Gotha: Perthes. 46 M.
 VOSS, W. *Die Verhandlungen Pius IV. u. den katholischen Mächten üb. die Neuaufrichtung d. Tridentiner Concils im J. MDLX bis zum Erlasse der Indultionsbulle vom 22. Nov. 1560*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 85 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- GLARD, A. et J. BONNIER. *Contributions à l'étude des Bopyriens*. Paris: Dolin. 30 fr.
 KUTTER, E. *Grundzüge e. rein geometrischen Theorie der algebraischen ebenen Curven*. Berlin: Reimer. 30 M.
 SIOWART, Ch. *Die Impersonalien*. Freiburg-L.-B.: Mohr. 3 M.
 THODOR, F. *Das Gehirn d. Seehundes (Phoca vitulina)*. Freiburg-L.-B.: Mohr. 3 M.
 WEISMANN, A., u. O. ISCHIKAWA. *Ueb. die Bildung der Richtungkörper bei thierischen Eiern*. Freiburg-L.-B.: Mohr. 4 M.
 WILD, H. *Die Regenverhältnisse d. russischen Reiches*. St. Petersburg. 30 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- D'EICHTHAL, G. *La Langue grecque: Mémoires et notices, 1861-1884*. Paris: Hachette. 5 fr.
 KREBS, F. *Zur Rection der Oasen in der späteren historischen Gräciat. 2. Hft. München: Lindauer*. 1 M. 20 Pf.
 MÜLLER, A. F. *Gesammelte Werke. 4. Bd. Hrg. v. W. Schellner. Mit e. Nachtrag, hrg. v. F. Klein*. Leipzig: Hirzel. 18 M.
 POWSTON, J. O. *Einführung in das Studium d. Altnordischen. II. Lesebuch u. Glossar*. Hagen: Riesel. 4 M.
 PORTA linguarum orientalium. Pars 8. *Chrestomathia targumica*. Ed. A. Merz. Berlin: Reuther. 7 M. 50 Pf.
 PRYM, E., u. A. SOCH. *Kurdische Sammlungen. 1. Abth. Erzählungen u. Lieder im Dialekt d. Tür Abdin*. St. Petersburg. 2 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WORD "HERENUS" IN CHAUCER.

Cambridge: Dec. 30, 1887.

I believe I have solved yet one more difficulty in Chaucer, viz., the meaning of "Herenus," in l. 92 of the "Complaint to Pity." The line is—

"Have mercy on me, thou *Herenus* quene."

Four MSS. at least have "Herenus," and one "Heremus." Shirley alters it to "vertuouse," at the same time omitting "thou." This otiose epithet is obviously a substituted one. We are bound to take the reading as the right one, even if we cannot explain it.

The printed editions treat it as a proper name, which is probable from the context. The Trinity MS., which has "Heremus," denotes the -us by a mark of contraction, so that there may be a little doubt about the last syllable. We must also observe that the accent falls on the second e, so that it cannot possibly be an error for "hevenus" or "hevenes," i.e., heaven's, which was accented on the first e, and evidently will not suit the scansion.

I was long since inclined to think that it is a mere error for "Herines," i.e., the Erinnyes or Furies; being led to this by the line in the last stanza of the invocation to book iv. of "Troilus," which, in the printed edition of 1561, runs thus—

"O ye *Herines*, nightes daughters thre."

Morris's edition has "Herynes," which is, of course, the same thing.

The peculiar spelling (with H) is noticeable; but still more important is the accentuation of the word. We have only to read—

"Have mercy on me, thou *Herines* quene";

and the line is mended at once, and that with a true Chaucerian word.

But I have always opposed guess-work, and have, therefore, long hesitated to inflict this emendation upon a much-suffering literary public. I made up my mind to wait and see if the *true sense* of the epithet would appear.

Patience has met with its usual reward, as will, I hope, be acknowledged.

The real question, of course, becomes—Why is Pity the queen of the Furies, and who says so? I lately put this question; and a suggestion was made to me, that Pity may fairly be called "the queen of the Furies," because she alone can control them. I think this is satisfactory; but the question remains—who says this? Where did Chaucer get it from?

Well, the answer is—from Statius, just the very author whom Chaucer so closely studied, and from whom he took, among other things, the description of the "Brooch of Thebes" in the "Complaint of Mars," as noted, long ago, by Tyrwhitt (see Bell's *Chaucer*, iii. 312).

The original passage is in Statius, *Theb.* xi. 458-496; but the whole of the context (xi. 1-457) must be also glanced at. The culminating point of the story is precisely here. It was just an even chance whether there was to be peace or war. We find mention of Tisiphone in l. 58, Megaera in l. 60, Erinnyes in l. 343, Erinnyes in l. 383; and we are led up to the point where the Furies have stirred up every evil passion between the hostile armies, just as the third Fury, Alecto, in the seventh book of the *Aeneid*, broke the treaty between Latinus and Aeneas. (It need not be said here how frequently Statius takes his ideas from Vergil).

At this crisis of fate, only one power remains who has a chance of overruling the Furies. This power is Pietas, in English, Pity. She is personified by Statius for this express purpose. She is mentioned in l. 458, and ll. 465 and 466 are thus translated by Lewis:

"Why was I [Pity] formed, O author of my birth,
To sway the sons of Heaven, and sons of earth?"

She is not, indeed, called *regina*, but she is called *diva* (l. 496), which implies her queen-ship.

In the story, even Pity fails, on this occasion, to overrule the Furies; but the necessity of the story so required it. It is clearly understood that her province was to do so, as a rule.

If we now turn to Chaucer's poem, we shall understand the whole a great deal better. In ll. 78-91 the struggle between Pity on the one hand and Cruelty on the other is a fair rendering of the struggle between Pietas and Tisiphone, as told by Statius. This explains such a line as

"Shal Cruelte be your governeresse?"

and again, such lines as

"Ye be than fro your heritage y-throwe
By Cruelte, that occupieth your place?"

For that is precisely what happened in the *Thebaid*. Or, once more, we may compare the first line of the address to Pity, viz.:

"Humblest of herte, hyst of reverence,"

with Statius, *Theb.* xi. 493, 467:

"*pudivundaque longe*

Ora reducentem . . .
Nil jam ego per populos, nusquam
reverentia nostri."

WALTER W. SKEAT.

GUJARATI LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.

London: Jan. 3, 1888.

Students of the ancient language of India are too often apt to neglect or despise vernacular literature as the expression merely of so much culture and erudition as the subject races have been able to borrow from their English rulers. It is natural and necessary that handbooks of Old Testament history and elementary treatises on arithmetic and mensuration should be translated into the dialects understood of the people; and a Bengali poet may occasionally surprise us with a vernacular sonnet-sequence in imitation of Wordsworth. But whether,

before the English first set foot in India, these same dialects may have contained the record of centuries of political change or of religious and artistic development is a question which few even of those whose special studies connect them with India have cared to ask, much less to answer.

It is true that the trained philologist has learned, at least theoretically, to call no truth common or unclean. A fact once established may, in the course of time, lead most strangely to the establishment of other facts; and, with respect to the scientific value of vernaculars, there are the labours of the so-called new school of comparative philologists to prove that the anatomy of the classical languages can no longer yield sound conclusions unless aided and controlled by the vivisection of their spoken derivatives. But, apart from those who are concerned with the forms of a language, there is the class—at least as large—of those who are concerned with its historical, artistic, and religious contents; and, if we confine our attention to India, we shall, perhaps, discover that students of this class, under the influence of an unconscious assumption which there is nothing to justify, have neglected the vernaculars to the loss and detriment of their own science.

In the *Advocate of India* for July 1 of the present year there appeared a leading article in which the popular fallacy as to the mongrel character of vernacular literature was ably exposed in the case of Gujarati. This led to the publication, by Mr. N. N. Dhruva, in the same journal of a series of letters, in which he reviews the history and expounds the beauties of his own language with the zeal of a patriot and the learning of an antiquary.

"It is not only that Gujarati abounds in poems of fancy. It counts among its literature some prose works, translations, grammars, and commentaries on works in Sanskrit and Hindi. Its literature dates its existence far anterior to the period of Kavi Narsinha Mehta, who has been styled the Chaucer of Gujarati. I have been able to find some contemporaries as well as predecessors of that Narsinha Mehta; and so far as my poor inquiries go, I trace the existence of the Gujarati language to so early a period as the reign of the glorious Lion King of Gujarat, Siddharaja, popularly called Sadhra Jesing, and even Vanaraja. Mr. Beames, the author of the comparative grammar of the seven modern vernacular languages of India, is of opinion that this vernacular has perhaps the oldest and earliest existence. My researches point out a wider extension once of the speaking area of the language, which would perhaps embrace Malwa and Rajputana. The close relationship existing between the Harauti and other dialects of Rajputana are too marked to escape notice. Who knows that perhaps the celebrated Prithiraj Rasan of Chand Bardai will head the list of authors of the literature which will be found to be nearly allied to Gujarati? These are problems to be decided by scholars and antiquaries. But they tend to show the importance of the language and the subject."

Mr. Dhruva complains with reason that, while the search for Sanskrit MSS. has been vigorously conducted under Government patronage, the very existence of vernacular MSS. has been officially ignored. For the publication of texts private enterprise has accomplished something; but, compared to the amount of what is still hidden, the result appears inappreciably small.

Not the least interesting result of Mr. Dhruva's researches is the light which they throw upon periods of literary activity hitherto inaccessible to the historian and the critic. By the side of Narsinha Mehta we can now discern and identify at least two poets, Padmanabha, the author of the *Kanhad-de-Prabandha*, and Bhima Kavi, whose *Hari-Liha-Shodasha-Kala* was written A.D. 1485. Besides, there is no lack of MSS. and inscriptions to furnish links

in the evidence both for this period and for others earlier and later.

"An inscription of the ruler of Pavagadh, near Baroda, Jayasinhadeva, dated 1525 v.s. (A.D. 1469), has been found to be in existence, telling its own tale; and so early as v.s. 802 (A.D. 746) I have been able to obtain a colophon or inscription at Patan, at the foot of an image, to the following effect: 'This is the installation of Uma Mahesvara of Vanaraja Rao.' Between these dates I met with inscriptions (v.s. 1715), old title-deeds (v.s. 1686, 1757, &c.), and other scrolls. In the fourteenth century of the Christian era I have found a collection of Gujarati idioms written in the year v.s. 1450 (A.D. 1394), the MS. of which bears date v.s. 1490 (A.D. 1434). It is not simply a collection of idioms of the language, but it is an attempt at a grammar of the language too. As regards the existence of the Gujarati language in the thirteenth century, I have been able to pick up an endorsement in Gujarati dated v.s. 1365 (A.D. 1309) to a palm-leaf MS. of Bhuvana Sundari. Going earlier, we come on the Augustan age of literary life in Gujarat, the prominent luminary of the period being the Jaina writer on almost all branches of literature and science then known, Sri Hemachandra Suri, the *protégé* and contemporary of the Solanki kings, Siddharaja Jayasinha and Kumarapala. His grammar of the Apabhramsa or Prakrit language, or the local dialect, was written in the year v.s. 1168 (A.D. 1112). The MSS. of the work in the possession of the Gujarat Vernacular Society date from v.s. 1499 (A.D. 1443)."

Students will probably be concerned, though not surprised, to hear that the devotion even of a lifetime to a subject, for which bumbledom in its classification can as yet find no place, goes, as things are now, unnoticed and unrewarded.

"An excellent work on the history and philology of the Gujarati language by Shastri Vrajtal Kalidas, written under the patronage of the Gujarat Vernacular Society, has not secured that notice and attention it richly deserves. The wiry old Shastri is a useful man in the field; but who utilises his powers and resources? He saved from ruin several of the choicest old Gujarati MSS. and rare works possessed by the society at Ahmedabad. But that society and the Educational Department, too, have repudiated him. He was teacher of poetry in the Ahmedabad Training College on a pittance of 15rs. or 20rs.; but our departmental finance has found him a burden, and his services were dispensed with long since. He now lives a sturdy rustic life in the village of Malataj, near Neriad."

I pass over Mr. Dhruva's remarks upon the complicated character of the caste-system in the Province of Gujarat, and his endeavour to trace its influence in the popular literature. His proposal to widen the curriculum of the Indian universities so as to include the vernaculars may interest those who are aware of the opposition which a precisely similar proposal excited in Oxford. I cannot suppose that Mr. Dhruva will live to see his dream come true. We must be aware that, when he allows his enthusiasm to carry him to the extravagant length of suggesting that in an Indian university lectures on Hebrew should be few and far between, he offends more official susceptibilities than one. Still, by way of conclusion to the whole matter, the following observations seem harmless, and are probably true.

"The Oriental research of our time and up till now is palaeontological. The dead bones and fossils and remains of human speech are studied, and not the comprehensive geology of Indian or Aryan languages of the East. It is the present that supplies us with a key to the knowledge of the past in all scientific research. The source is to be traced upwards from the mouth of the river, and not always downwards—not wholly, at least, in the study of human institutions, languages, literatures, religions and customs. Both directions require to be followed, and notes compared; and then we can have the truth."

S. ARTHUR STRONG,

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "ACQUIRE, ENQUIRE, REQUIRE."

Oxford: Dec. 12, 1887.

The usual account given of these modern English forms is that they are due to the Latin forms in *-quirere*, either by direct derivation or by a touching up of the Anglo-French form (existing in Middle English), in order to make it more like Latin. The *i* of the English verbs is supposed to be the equivalent and representative of the *i* of the Latin verbs *acquiro*, *inquiro*, *requiro*. Thus Prof. Skeat derives "acquire" immediately from *acquirere*. Of "enquire" he says: "Properly *enquire*, but altered to *enquire* to make it look more like Latin." Of "require" he says: "The word was taken from the French *requerir*, but was influenced by the Latin spelling."

In the New English Dictionary we find the following etymological account of "acquire" (the Middle-English forms of which were *awere*, *acquerre*): "Adopted from Old-French *acquer-re*, *acquer-re*, which is the regular phonetic descendant of Latin *acquirere*; refashioned in the sixteenth century after the Latin."

I think it is possible to show that the French *acquerre* cannot be the phonetic equivalent of Latin *acquirere*, that there are analogies which make it probable that our form "acquire" may be a regular phonetic development from the French verb, and that therefore the *i* of "acquire" is not necessarily due to the *i* of *acquirere*.

Old-French *acquerre* cannot = *acquirere*, for Latin *i* remains *i* in French; Latin *vivere*, *scribere* are in French *vivre*, *écrire* (*écrire*). The verb *acquerre* (*acquerre*) = Late-Latin *acquere* = Latin *ad* + *querere*; the diphthong *ae* becoming in many cases *e* in Romanic, which *e* remains in French when it is in a closed syllable.

The Middle-English representative of the French verb *acquerre* was *awere*, *acquerre*; but we also find in the Middle-English period forms in *-quire*, *-quire* in the cases of the sister compounds. The form "require" occurs in "Syr Gawain" 1036 (E.E.T.S. 4); so "required" in the "Crowned King," 37 (E.E.T.S. 54); "required" in the "Knight of La Tour-Landry," p. 154 (E.E.T.S. 33); "require" in the "Wars of Alexander" (E.E.T.S. xlvii); "enquire," "enquire," "enquire" in *Palsgrave*, p. 536. These forms in *i* do not belong to the period of Latin refashioning. I would suggest another explanation, namely, that "require" (for instance) is the phonetic representative of *requier-s*, the accented stem of *requerre*; the Latin *e* becoming *i* in French when it has the stress, and is in an open syllable. English "require" = French *requier-s*, just as "squire" = *esquier* (*scutarium*), "squire" = *esquiere*, *esquiere* ("esquadra"), and "entire" = *entier* (*integrum*). But it would be quite possible to explain "enquire" as a normal development of Middle-English *enquire* (= Old-French *enquerre*), just as "quire" = Middle-English *quere*, *quere* (= Old-French *quer*, Latin *chōrum*), and "frier" = Middle-English *frere* (= Old-French *frere*, Latin *fratrem*).

I think I have brought forward evidence sufficient to suggest that the verbs "acquire," "enquire," "require" may probably be of French origin, and that touching-up or refashioning is an unnecessary assumption.

A. L. MAYHEW.

ALESSANDRO IN THE "INFERNO."

London: Dec. 30, 1887.

Owing to my absence from England, I have only just seen Mr. Hoskyns-Abraham's remarks (*ACADEMY*, Oct. 22) upon my letter of the previous week, in which I discussed the question of the identity of the "Alessandro" of *Inf.* xii. 107. I there expressed an opinion,

which I supported from Orosius, that Dante was referring to Alexander the Great, rather than to the Thessalian tyrant, Alexander of Phæra, who "was scarcely famous enough to be recognised simply as Alexander, without any further description."

By way of meeting this last objection, Mr. Hoakyns-Abrahall quotes from Petrarch (*Trionfo d'Amore*, vv. 103, 104) the following lines:

"Que' duo pien di paura e di sospetto,
L'un è Dionisio, e l'altro è Alessandro,"

upon which he strangely enough remarks: here Alexander of Phæra is spoken of "simply as Alexander, without any further description."

Now Dante says simply: "Quivi è Alessandro"; but Petrarch expressly speaks of "Alessandro" as "pien di paura e di sospetto." Surely that is a "further description," and a very definite one; for Alexander the tyrant might very fitly be described as "full of fear and suspicion," whereas such a description could hardly apply to Alexander the conqueror of the world.

P.S.—Since writing the above, I have had the opportunity of consulting the newly-published commentary of Benvenuto da Imola. He, I find, emphatically asserts that Dante was referring to Alexander the Great; and he supports his opinion with precisely the same arguments as were used in my first letter (dated from Australia in August last), quoting some of the identical passages from Orosius. His comment is as follows:

"Ad sciendum quis fuerit iste Alexander est notandum, quod aliqui sequentes opinionem vulgi dixerunt, quod autor non loquitur hic de Alexandro Macedone, sed de quodam alio, sed certe istud est omnino falsum, quod potest patere dupliciter: primo, quia cum dicitur Alexander debet intelligi per excellentiam de Alexandro Magno; secundo, quia iste fuit violentissimus hominum."

Benvenuto then proceeds to justify his opinion from Orosius and other authors, and concludes with these words:

"Ad propositum ergo autor ponit Alexandrum hic tamquam primum et principem violentorum. . . et describit eum simpliciter et nude, quasi dicat: cum nomine Alexandrum intellige quod iste fuit maximus autor violentiarum in terris" (*Com. Inf.*, Tom. i., pp. 405-6-7).

PAGET TOYNBEE.

THE ISIS, THE OCK, AND OXFORD.

Nottingham: Jan. 2, 1888.

The proof of my letter in the ACADEMY of December 31 arrived so late that I was unable to return it in time for press. This is rather unfortunate, for the printers, misled apparently by my writing, have needlessly divided "Eocce," "Eoccan," "Æoccen," &c., into "Eo-oc-e," "Eo-occe," &c. In l. 13 "bric" (= *brycg*) has been misprinted "brig." I am responsible for writing "Garford" instead of "Garford."

The descent of "Ock" from "Eocce" may find support in the fact that the neighbouring "Colesiege" has become, not, as we should expect, "Chelsey," but "Cholsey."

Mr. Birch identifies the Isis with "Wasa," which is mentioned in a Fyfield charter of A.D. 956, printed in part 23 of his *Cartularium Saxonum*, which has come to hand since I wrote my letter. Mr. Birch does not explain to us how "Isis" could possibly descend from "Wasa." The identification is altogether wrong, as he might have discovered from the Abingdon history. The passage containing this mention of "Wasa" is as follows:

"of þære sc[e]ortan dic[e] on Ælfryðe dic; andlang [þære] dic[e] on [þone] holan bróc; andlang [þæs] holan bróces on [þá] Wasan; andlang

[þære] Wasan eft to Ydeles ige" (*Cart. Sax.*, iii., p. 168).

That is:

"From the short ditch into Ælfryð's ditch; along the ditch into the hollow brook; along the hollow brook into the Wase; along the Wase to Ydel's island again."

There is another grant of land at Fyfield to Abingdon in A.D. 968; and, although the grant is of greater extent than that of 956, the boundaries are practically the same, commencing, however, at a different point in the circuit. The passage corresponding to the one above quoted is as follows:

"Of [þære] sc[e]ortan dic[e] on Ælfryðe dic; andlang [þære] dic[e] on þære mór; of þam móre on þá ealdan dic; of þære dic[e] on Temese stream; on þá[m] r[í]g; andlang r[í]ges on [þá] Uuase [sic]; of [þære] Uuase on Cyddes ige," etc. (*Chron. Mon. de Abing.*, i. 324; *Codex. Diplom.* iii. 466).

That is:

"From the short ditch to Ælfryð's ditch; along the ditch to the moor or fen; from the moor or fen into the old ditch; from the ditch into the stream of Thames; into the watercourse; along the watercourse into the Wase; from the Wase to Cyddes [= Ydel's] island," etc.

It will be seen that the Thames is mentioned by name in the boundaries of A.D. 968; so it is impossible for the Wase to mean the Thames. It is, moreover, very improbable that, if the Wase and the Thames were two names for the same river, the two names should so immediately follow one another in these boundaries. Joseph Stevenson, the editor of the Abingdon history, has entered the Wasan (?) in his index as "a brook, a boundary" (that is, a brook occurring as a boundary). Now, the Wase is certainly not the Isis, and it is not, I believe, even a brook. There is a fairly common Old-English word *wáse*, wk. fem. Middle-English *wóse*, Modern-English *ooze*, which must be, I think, this Fyfield Wase. This word is recorded in one of our most important glossaries, the Corpus Glossary, No. 386, as "caenum, wase," and it occurs in several of the later glossaries. A tenth-century glossary in Wright-Wülcker, 203, 45, gives us the meaning required in the above passages: "Cenum, i[d est] luti uorago, uel lutum sub aquis fetidum, i[d est] wase uel fan." The Fyfield wase was thus either a fen or a stagnant pool (like the corresponding Old-Norse *veisa*); and it is, therefore, not an early form of the name "Isis."

W. H. STEVENSON.

AL POINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, January 9, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Invisible Stars," by Sir R. S. Ball.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Painting," III., by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Darwinism in Relation to Design," by Mr. G. J. Romanes.

TUESDAY, January 10, 8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: Anniversary Meeting, Election of Council and Officers.

8 p.m. Anthropological: "The Evolution of a Characteristic Pattern on the Shafts of Arrows from the Solomon Islands," by Mr. H. Balfour; "Tattooing," by Miss A. W. Buckland; "On the Occurrence of Stone Mortars in the Ancient (Pliocene?) River Gravels of Butte County, California," by Mr. Sydney B. J. Skerrett.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Use and Testing of Open-hearth Steel for Boiler-making," by the late Hamilton Goodall.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "The Tea Industry of Ceylon," by Mr. J. S. Shand.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 11, 7 p.m. Society of Arts: Juvenile Lecture: "The Application of Electricity to Lighting and Working," II., by Mr. W. H. Preece.

8 p.m. Geological: "The Law that governs the Action of Flowing Streams," by Mr. R. D. Oldham; "Supplementary Notes on the Stratigraphy of the Bagshot Beds of the London Basin" and "The Red-Rock Series of the Devon Coast Section," by the Rev. A. Irving.

8 p.m. Shelley Society: "The 'Prometheus Unbound' considered as a Poem," II., by Mr. W. M. Rossetti.

THURSDAY, Jan. 12, 6 p.m. London Institution: "Material of Music, V., Colour and Callisthenics," by Mr. W. A. Barrett.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Painting," IV., by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: Opening Meeting, Inaugural Address by the President, Mr. E. Graves.

8 p.m. Mathematical: "The Analogues in Space of Three Dimensions of the Nine-Points Circle," by Mr. S. Roberts; "Reciprocal Theorems in Dynamics," by Prof. H. Lamb.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, Jan. 12, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "Railway-Engineering in British North America," by Mr. R. J. Moay.

8 p.m. New Shakespeare: A Paper by Mr. R. G. Moulton.

SATURDAY, Jan. 14, 11 a.m. Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching: General Meeting, Election of Officers—"The Recent Geometry of the Triangle," by Mr. E. F. Davis; "The Multiplication and Division of Concrete Quantities," by Prof. A. Lodge; and "Some Principles of Arithmetic," by Mr. W. G. Bell.

SCIENCE.

Weather: a Popular Exposition of the Nature of Weather Changes from Day to Day. By the Hon. Ralph Abercrombie. International Series. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

No subject is so much talked about and so little understood as the weather. Men are still to be found of excellent education in other respects who connect change of weather with the phases of the moon, and consult their almanacks for rain or fine weather with all the credulousness of Zadkiel. These empirics swear, it may be, by the Shepherd of Banbury, and eagerly watch, like him, in what direction a sheep looks when it first rises, or whether a swallow flies low or high. Others observe the barometer, and perhaps register its figures; but are so little acquainted with the conditions of weather that when the glass rises during rain (owing to the observer being in front of a cyclone) they are inclined to doubt the sanity of their oracle, and to follow the old gentleman's example who, under such circumstances, opened the window and flung his barometer out on the lawn, exclaiming, "Perhaps you will now believe that it does rain!" Yet a third group of the unscientific weather-wise revel in statistics of rainfall, forgetting that these can only show the climate, not prognosticate the weather of any locality, which is due to the distribution of surrounding pressure. To obtain a knowledge of this it is necessary to search the daily charts issued by the Meteorological Office; and to peruse them to advantage the student must be well acquainted with the exact meanings of isobars, anticyclones and hemicyclones, cols, depressions, and gradients. This is one branch of his subject on which Mr. Abercrombie bestows much care. Then he explains the character and value of variations—how diurnal variation modifies but never alters the general character of the weather. Thus his readers are conducted to the methods of forecasting which are at present in vogue. First, are pointed out what helps a "plain man," as Macaulay called an ordinary man of common-sense, has besides his senses to warn him of storms ahead; next the extended wisdom of the public meteorologist is estimated, of him who in his office receives periodical barograms from the Atlantic, puts together synoptic charts, and adds his own knowledge of the nature of the weather and the motion of depressions in his district. Thus, feeling the pulse, as it were, of the approaching weather, the modern scientific meteorologist issues his forecasts, and, it may be, saves much valuable property and many still more valuable lives,

appearing to rival Jupiter or Aeolus in his power over the winds and waves. An exhaustive treatise on modern meteorology has long been desired, and Mr. Abercrombie has herein done his best to supply it. It will not only satisfy the needs of the student; but, as enabling them to appreciate the information supplied to the papers each morning by the Meteorological Department, seafaring men, farmers, and country gentlemen will find their account in reading this book.

After some paragraphs on the use of synoptic charts, the author explains with useful diagrams the seven fundamental shapes of isobars, on the due consideration of which, in juxtaposition with the diurnal influences of the observer's locality, all true prognostication of weather is founded, according to modern meteorologists. An excellent chapter on clouds succeeds, paying especial attention to the cirrus. Following Ley, Mr. Abercrombie attaches especial importance to this form of cloud when considered in reference to its surroundings; indeed, "the most valuable addition of recent times to weather-lore is undoubtedly in the methodical observation of cirrus clouds." In short, with one eye on the clouds and the other on his barometer, even if unaided by telegraphic messages, an observer can, after a somewhat empiric fashion, forecast his own weather fairly well. The author generally points out the grain of scientific truth which frequently underlies popular weather proverbs; and it is amusing to hear with what gravity he draws deductions from the fact of the scalps taken by the New Mexican Indians growing damp before rain. "From this," he says, "we may assume that scalps are slightly hygroscopic, probably from the salt which they contain." It is matter of the commonest observation that all hair becomes damp before rain.

The more advanced chapters of the book give instances of cyclones with their interpretation from barograms, and explain the importance from a national point of view of careful and successive meteograms for any useful weather prognostication. The influences of heat and cold, of wind and storms, upon the climate of any place, as well as upon the weather to be expected, are elucidated, and by the aid of figures, synoptical charts, and meteograms, made clear to the most ordinary understanding. There are two good chapters on the local and diurnal variation of weather, after perusing which, the reader who has thus far followed Mr. Abercrombie should be able, not only to estimate the factors which make up the weather in his own locality, but also the data required for national forecasting. This is mainly a question of money to procure a succession of barometrical readings, and of skilled observers who can read these barograms with a careful eye to local and diurnal variation around them. Meteorology is certainly not at present (although its students hope it is always drawing nearer to it) an exact science. The best prognostics are liable to disturbing influences, which have not been taken into account. Only a percentage of forecasts can reasonably be expected to turn out correct. A much larger percentage, however, when thus scientifically calculated, is claimed as correct by modern meteorologists than would be the case were the weather merely estimated

empirically, and, as it were, by rule of thumb. "Natural aptitude, and the experience of many years' study, are" still "the qualifications of a successful forecaster."

How completely weather can upset calculations was curiously shown when we were reading this book. Throughout autumn the prevailing tone of British weather had been persistently anticyclonic. On the evening of October 21 the conditions were threatening, and the cone was hoisted for a southerly gale in some of the districts. On the next day (Saturday), however, the barometer rose, and some improvement in the weather was manifest. But that evening a cyclone was brewing at the mouth of the Channel and travelling eastward at a great rate; the barometer fell rapidly, and a gale speedily swept over the Channel Islands and the southern coast of England, fraught with some loss of life and much damage to shipping. It has been pointed out that for rapidity of formation and motion very few parallels to this gale exist. It has been compared to those of October 23, 1883, and of November 1, 1872. The swiftness of the career of these gales was so great that they did not allow time for mariners to get out of their way. Unless the officials at the Meteorological Office had been at their posts all night, and been furnished with frequent telegrams of the weather in the southwest, it would have been impossible to forecast these gales. In short, if government is to do its duty by our seafaring population, in order to ensure reasonable correctness in the weather forecasts, more money must be expended. Whether it is worth while doing so may be judged from the consideration that not property so much as lives are at stake.

To return to Mr. Abercrombie, his book is a most useful manual, well put together, and well illustrated. It worthily sustains the reputation of the International Series.

M. G. WATKINS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW INDIAN INSCRIPTIONS.

London: Jan. 2, 1888.

In the ACADEMY of December 24 (p. 427), Dr. Burgess has claimed the discovery of a new historical inscription of the Gupta period, at Madhâ on the upper Jamnâ.

The inscription is an interesting one. And it will be useful to have a full reading of the text and a translation of it, as we may hope will now shortly be the case. But, in claiming it as a new discovery, Dr. Burgess has written under a mistake.

This inscription was discovered in 1849, by Major Dawes, of the Bengal Artillery. A copy of it was sent to General Sir Alexander Cunningham, from which an abstract translation, by Babu Siva Prasad, was published in the Simla *Akhbâr* in the same year. Another copy was sent to England. And an account of the contents of the record—considerably more accurate than that given by Dr. Burgess—was prepared by Prof. H. H. Wilson, and was published in 1858 by Mr. Thomas, in his edition of Prinsep's *Essays* (vol. ii., Useful Tables, p. 245, note).

Among other points—e.g., Harivarman instead of Dêvavarman, and Pradipavarman instead of Pradiptavarman—Dr. Burgess has altogether omitted Jalavarman, the son of Singharvarman, and the father of Yajnavarman; and also Achalavarman, the son of Yajnavarman, and the father of Divâkaravarman.

As regards Dr. Burgess's suggestion that the record may belong to the time of the Early Gupta King Chandragupta II., whose recorded dates range from A.D. 401 to 413 or 414 (not A.D. 382 to 410, as given by him), it will be sufficient at present to state that the contents of the latter part of the inscription differ entirely from his account of them. What is really recorded is that Divâkaravarman's younger brother was Bhâskara; Bhâskara's wife was Jayâvali, the daughter of Kapilavardhana; their daughter was Îsvari; and the latter became the wife of Chandragupta, the son of an unnamed "king," i.e., feudatory chieftain, of Jâlandhara. The religious establishment was founded by Îsvari, in memory of her deceased husband Chandragupta. I may add that the wife of the Early Gupta King Chandragupta II. was Dhruvadêvi.

There is no foundation whatever for Dr. Burgess's suggestion that the members of this family of feudatory chieftains belonged to the Sûryavamsa of Nêpâl. On the contrary, that this was not the case can be distinctly proved.

J. F. FLEET.

DE QUATREFAGES ON PREHISTORIC MAN.

Fulham: Dec. 31, 1887.

I do not think that the overheated atmosphere of Darwinism in which Mr. Grant Allen lives has permitted him to do justice to Prof. A. de Quatrefages's *Introduction à l'Étude des Races humaines*, which he reviewed in the last number of the ACADEMY. The eminent French savant is thoroughly loyal to the facts, he has few equals in Europe for a knowledge of anthropometrical and ethnological data; and these first-rate qualifications are indeed recognised by his critic. Is it, therefore, surprising that M. de Quatrefages should have refused to twist his facts to those of the Darwinian theories with which his facts do not agree? The ages of *magister dixit* are gone, and modern science knows no dogma such as the enthusiastic followers of the great Englishman desire to impress. It is no use concealing that Darwinism has failed to satisfy our present knowledge of the human races from the Pleistocene period to the present day. M. de Quatrefages has not accepted the wild theory of Lemuria, for the simple reason that there is no proof of the former existence of such a continent, and because the facts to be explained do not require such a hypothesis.

Mr. Grant Allen does not correctly represent the book he reviews when he says that the author places the cradle of humanity in the Central Asiatic plateau. M. de Quatrefages, on the contrary, says, pp. 133-137, that it must be sought for elsewhere; and he himself inclines to a *boreal origin*, as the only one that agrees with all the known facts.

TERRIEN DE LACOUTERIE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE general meeting of the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching will be held in the mathematical theatre of University College on Saturday next, January 14. The election of officers and other business will take place at 11 a.m., and at 2 p.m. the following papers will be read: (1) "The Recent Geometry of the Triangle," by Mr. R. F. Davis; (2) "The Multiplication and Division of Concrete Quantities," by Prof. A. Lodge; and (3) "Some Principles of Arithmetic," by Mr. W. G. Bell. All persons are invited to attend who are interested in the objects of the association—viz., to effect improvements in the teaching of elementary mathematics and mathematic physics, and of geometry in particular.

MRS. AYRTON, a graduate of Girton, and wife of Prof. Ayrton, is about to give a course of six lectures to ladies on "The Domestic Uses of Electricity," at 2, Upper Phillimore Gardens, W. The lectures will have special reference to the electric lighting of private houses, will be well illustrated by experiments, and will be adapted to an audience with no scientific knowledge.

MR. THEODORE WOOD has in the press a new work dealing with the various animals which influence British agriculture for good or evil. It will be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co., under the title of *The Farmer's Friends and Foes*.

PROF. PRESTWICH, in recently discussing the classification of the Eocene strata—a subject on which he is the highest authority in this country—has suggested some important changes. Thus, the sands which immediately overlie the London clay at Hampstead and elsewhere near London, and which are now regarded as Lower Bagshot beds, he proposes to remove from the Bagshot series and to place in the Lower Eocene group, with the London clay, under the name of the "London Sands." It is well known that the London clay, as it passes upwards, becomes more and more sandy, and may graduate insensibly into these sands, so that there seems much justification for the suggested change of classification.

THE delegates of the Clarendon Press—to whom English students of botany already owe so many translations of advanced German treatises—have just published the first volume of a series of *Translations of Foreign Biological Memoirs*, edited by Prof. J. Burdon-Sanderson. The memoirs here translated, thirteen in number, all deal with the physiology of nerve, of muscle, or of the electrical organ. They are divided into three parts—(1) researches relating to the law of nerve contraction—by Tigerstedt, Griitzner, and Hering; (2) researches relating to secondary electromotive phenomena in muscles, nerves, and electrical organs—by Du Bois-Reymond, Hering, Hermann, and Biedermann; and (3) researches relating to the electrical phenomena of *Malapterurus* and *Torpedo*—by Du Bois-Reymond. The translators are as numerous as the authors, those who have contributed most being Dr. James Niven, Dr. Aug. Waller, and Miss Edith France.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

PROF. DUESSEN has just published a complete translation of the Vedānta-Sūtras and Sankara's commentary. An English translation of the same work by Prof. Thibaut is advertised as forthcoming in the "Sacred Books of the East"; and the first volume, as we are informed, is actually printed. In India a Bengali translation is being published by Pandit Kahvara Vedantavagis, which includes, besides the Sūtras and Sankara's commentary, the old annotations on that commentary by Vākaspati Miśra. An English translation of the Vedānta-Sūtras, with a commentary in Marāthi, published in *Studies in Indian Philosophy*, has not, so far as we know, been carried beyond the end of the first book, about one-fourth of the whole work.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, December 16.)

A. J. ELLIS, V.P., in the chair.—A paper was read by Herr K. Dornbusch on "Volapük." He explained that Volapük was a new language, proposed for international use, and first published in outline in 1879 by the inventor, Schleyer of Konstanz. The idea of a rational language was far from new, as it had been worked at by Bishop Wilkins, by Leibniz, and by Descartes. Among modern writers, Prof. Max Müller had recognised

the possibility of an artificial language, and had pointed out that such a system might be made far more regular, complete, and easy of acquisition than any existing idiom. There were several significant facts in other departments of life showing the need for an international language. Thus we had the metrical system, now almost universal on the continent, chemical notation, telegraphic and marine signals, musical symbols, etc. It might be objected that an artificial language was an absurdity, and that only the traditional ones were capable of supplying the requirements of society. The answer was that all languages were created by the human mind; but in developing a natural language the mind worked instinctively and without conscious control of its own powers, while in working out an artificial language each step was an intentional calculation. In constructing Volapük, Schleyer formed the vocabulary by borrowing words from several European languages, ancient and modern, but chiefly from English. The choice of English was justified by the enormous number of speakers of this language—over 200 millions. The mixture of roots from various languages was a process similar to that which has always gone on when different nations come in contact, and produce a common dialect, such as the *Lingua Franca* or as *Pidgin English*. But the process is carried out in Volapük far more systematically. Words, moreover, are not always borrowed by Schleyer in their original forms, but are often simplified and shortened. Thus: *Tim* from "time," *lif* from "life," *smal* from "smallness," and so on. Derivatives are formed from roots by adding prefixes and suffixes, thus: *Plan* = "plant"; *as* suffix = "science," hence *planas* = "botany." Similarly *natas* = "nature-science" = physics. Volapük had proved to be a very easy language to learn, and its use was widely spread over the continent. France had led the movement, and in Paris there were Volapük classes in almost every mairie, as well as at the high commercial school. In the provinces branch societies had been formed in most of the towns. After France, the country which next took up the new language was Spain; then, in order, Portugal, Italy, Austria, and South Germany. Russia has a fervent Volapükist in Mr. Harrison, an Englishman residing in St. Petersburg, who lectured on the subject to his fellow-countrymen in that city last March. Denmark and Holland had also joined the movement. There were already eleven journals published in or on Volapük in various countries, and a comic paper in Munich. A congress to settle doubtful questions was held in Munich last August, and an academy was established to maintain the uniformity of the language. Another international congress on Volapük will be held in 1889, in connexion with the Paris Exhibition.—In the discussion Mr. Ellis remarked that Volapük presented a schoolboy's ideal grammar, there being only one declension, one conjugation, and no exceptions. He had been quite fascinated by the ingenuity and regularity of the system, and wished it every success. He thought it would be particularly useful to travellers and business men. Formerly he had believed that Italian might come into use as an international language—a purpose for which Italian was well fitted by its distinct, simple, and sonorous character. But at present the chances were against Italian and in favour of English, which was about the worst that could be chosen; and, indeed, had not been chosen at all, but had spread by the force of circumstances. The primary problem in inventing a new language was to get the roots. Bishop Wilkins founded his vocabulary on a classification of ideas. But that classification was now utterly out of date, and the words, therefore, would have lost their systematic meaning. Schleyer had escaped this result by taking existing roots, or what Leibniz would have called "trivial" roots. The greatest difficulty in the future employment of Volapük would be to preserve its unity; as it would become useless if it split up into dialects. He regretted to see that the Munich Congress had already made alterations in the system, and that the earlier grammars and dictionaries of Volapük were thus at variance with the later. If further changes were adopted, we should ultimately have a new confusion of Babel on the basis of Volapük. In particular, he regretted that the polite form of

the pronoun second person singular had been abolished, as something of the kind appeared to be necessary, and was furnished at present in every existing language. Another great difficulty would be to teach the sounds of Volapük to others than Germans. The sounds of *ä, ö, ü*, and initial *ts*, were exceedingly troublesome to Englishmen. Schleyer had done well to avoid *r*—a very variable letter. In ancient Egyptian there was no distinction between *r* and *l*. On the other hand, Germans could not pronounce English *j*—a sound included in Volapük. When Prof. Max Müller lectured at the Royal Institution, he pronounced *religion* for "religion." Hence Volapük would be of use principally as a written and not as a spoken language.—Dr. Furnival had expected to find a good deal of prejudice against Volapük, and hence was glad that it had been received with so much liberality. The merit of the language was that it was utterly empirical, and had come about naturally among business people. It would be a great relief from the necessity of learning that detestable German. Scientific theorists would of course object to it. Gaston Paris had condemned it, because each word was not constructed so as to show whether it was a verb, noun, or adjective, &c. The great success of Volapük showed there was something in it.—Mr. Lecky regretted that so few members were present, as the subject of a rational language had already been discussed in the society, and had excited much interest. Many students of the question agreed that the construction of such a systematic vocabulary and grammar was the most important practical application of philology—an object to which all historical, phonetic, and psychological researches in speech were preparatory. It was evident that Volapük fell far short of what a rational language should be. The vocabulary was entirely irrational. No word had any connexion with the meaning arbitrarily assigned to it by Schleyer. The root *Vol* would never suggest the idea of the "earth" to anybody. Even on Schleyer's method of borrowing existing words, *Vol* might mean "theft," "flight," "volition," "volume," a "water-vole," "volcano," or a "shutter," &c. Similarly *Pik* might be taken from a "spook," to "pucker" to "puke," &c. If words were not to be rational, they might at least be customary and familiar. But the English "world" was so deformed in making the new root *vol*, that no one could guess that any relation between them existed. Even when a natural descriptive word was already in general use, it was altered and spoiled in Volapük, as in *kuk*, from "cuckoo." A rational vocabulary could be founded partly on imitative sounds, as in "cuckoo," partly on natural exclamations, partly on signal-calls used in various branches of active labour, partly on symbolised definitions. In this last method, each letter of the word would express an element in the character of the object. As these ideas were widely held, they would, in all probability, soon take practical shape, and lead to the formation of a genuinely rational language. In the meantime, it was a waste of energy to learn such an imperfect essay as Volapük.—Mr. Bradley said that if Volapük was to be of any real use its application should be restricted to commercial, mechanical, and purely utilitarian objects. Anything humorous or imaginative would break down the system. Poetry and higher literature generally implied metaphors, peculiar usages of words, unusual forms of phrases, and a general divergence from direct logical expression. This tendency would act differently in each country, and finally produce a variety of national idioms instead of one international system. As regards phonetics, some of the distinctions employed in Volapük were too minute for general adoption: *ä, e*, and *ei*, being identical to an English ear. Moreover, Herr Dornbusch had apparently made no distinction between *k* and *g*, *t* and *d*, *p* and *b* in his reading of Volapük aloud. Hence the use of the system for purposes of speech seemed to labour under great difficulties. Volapük was, however, a creditable invention, and its future career would be followed with interest.—Mr. George Day said that he was, besides the lecturer, the only other active Volapükist in London. In eight days he had learnt enough of the language to write a letter to a French adherent of the system. The well-known journalist, Francisque Sarcey, considered that a

good knowledge of the language could be acquired in a few days. He (Mr. Day) had received letters in Volapük from California. He had never found that any difference of pronunciation prevented him from understanding foreigners who spoke Volapük. German-Swiss and Spanish speakers were quite intelligible to each other.—A visitor remarked that there was another attempt at a rational language called "International," invented by Dr. Esperanto, of Warsaw.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Thursday,
Dec. 22)

Dr. W. KNIGHTON, V.-P., in the chair.—A paper was read on "Petrarch and the Fourteenth Century," by Mr. C. H. E. Carmichael, who began by reminding the society of his attendance as their delegate at the fifth centenary of the death of Petrarch, held at Padua in 1874, and urged as a special reason for bringing forward an Italian subject at the present moment that it was closely connected with the forthcoming Italian Exhibition in London. At this exhibition the reader suggested that at least photographs of the most famous MSS. and early printed texts of the great Italian poets should be made exhibits, as well as photographs of the various commemorations, such as the Padua festival and others. Passing to an account of the life and times of Petrarch, Mr. Carmichael discussed the general character of the age, the poet's own view of it, as shown by his writings; his influence over it, and over later times; his relations with Dante, with Rienzi, and with the popes and princes of his day; and the lasting character of his influence, as of that of Dante, over Italian literature.—On the conclusion of the paper, the chairman, after complimenting the author upon the interesting manner in which he had treated his subject, stated it to be his opinion that the character of Petrarch was somewhat weak and unstable, and that though he was undoubtedly a poet of the highest order, yet that he did not, as in the case of his *quondam* friend Rienzi, use his abilities with the courage that the occasion demanded.—Dr. Phené told an amusing story of a laurel tree at Vaulcuse being held, on the spot, to be the Laura of Petrarch.—Mr. E. Gilbert Highton, the secretary, referred to the serious arguments used by Dr. Fraser Tytler—as published in vol. v. of the *Transactions* of the Royal Society of Edinburgh many years ago—to prove that Laura was an unmarried lady, and defended Petrarch's social and political opinions and conduct on the ground that he looked for reform in Church and State rather from internal than from external regeneration.—Mr. Bone, in supporting a vote of thanks to the reader of the paper, while quite prepared to draw a broad line of distinction between a great poet and the ordinary run of men, would not commit himself to expressing unmixed approval of the sonnets which have made the memory of Laura immortal. He vindicated, however, the character and conduct of Laura as entirely free from reproach.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Olographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—Geo. Raza, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

A History of Miniature Art. By J. L. Propert. (Macmillan.)

UNDER the title of *A History of Miniature Art* Mr. Propert has collected a great deal of information of a somewhat miscellaneous character. First, we have an introductory chapter commencing with the art of the cave-dwellers, and passing through the Greeks and Romans to Cimabue, and then by easy transition to Vasari, Holbein, and Horace Walpole. Next comes a chapter on missals and illuminated MSS., the object of which is, in the author's language, "to trace, in the broadest manner, the main improvements which occurred in its practice (i.e., the prac-

tice of illumination), as time, national tendencies, and artistic development raised it from its first rude beginnings, and led it by imperceptible, but inevitable, steps to the production of the miniature portrait." Then comes the history of miniature art in England, which is treated in seven chapters; then one on the foreign schools. Afterwards the curious art of modelling portraits in wax (an art which has not escaped revival in the present day) has a chapter to itself. The next is devoted to "La petite Sculpture," or miniature sculpture, and then we have one on snuff-boxes, &c. Finally, we have four chapters, or sections as the author prefers to call them, on collectors and collections.

The field or fields occupied by the book are so extensive that it is impossible to do more than touch lightly here and there upon the subject treated by the author and the manner of treatment. It may be said generally that Mr. Propert has gathered together and carefully arranged a large amount of matter hitherto scattered and undigested; and that, especially with regard to miniature art in England, his work, if not exhaustive, is yet a valuable contribution to the literature of a comparatively neglected and interesting branch of art. Mr. Propert's love of his subject, his artistic taste, and considerable personal research, give a greater value, both literary and artistic, to this part of his book than to the rest; but it is a pity that the author does not more clearly distinguish what of new fact or original conjecture he has added to those of former writers. For instance, in chap. iii., which is devoted to Holbein and his time, he speaks of it as compiled and chiefly taken from Wornum, Franks, Nichols, and others; but he leaves the reader in doubt as to the origin of the suggestion that Lucas Hornebolt was the teacher of Holbein in miniatures.

In the next chapter, which deals with the seventeenth century, Mr. Propert records his discovery of the long-disputed dates of the deaths of Isaac and Peter Oliver, or, at least, of their burials—Isaac was buried on October 2, 1617, and Peter on December 22, 1647. Perhaps the record of this century, which extends over two chapters, is, on the whole, the fullest and most interesting section of the volume. All of what may be called the "old masters" of English miniature lived in it, for Hilliard and Isaac Oliver were still at work in its first years. As Mr. Propert points out, there was a distinct British school at least of miniature from the days of Elizabeth to our own; and the roll of the seventeenth century includes the names of Hilliard and the Olivers, of Hoskins and Betts (by this rare master Mr. Propert's collection contains a portrait of John Digby, Earl of Bristol, reproduced to illustrate his book), Gibson and the great Samuel Cooper, not to mention many others. The diaries of Pepys and Evelyn furnish material for enlivening the chronicle of the art of this period, and help to realise the social conditions of its production. It was the time, also, of many distinguished foreigners who made England their temporary home; some of whom, like Vandyck, painted miniatures now and then, while others, like the famous enameller Petitot, confined themselves to the "little" art.

Something like an exhaustive history of miniature painting in the seventeenth century may be accomplished, or at least a history of what is known of it; but when we come to the eighteenth century—especially the latter part of it, when Cosway lived, and nearly every artist painted miniatures—it is not to be expected that Mr. Propert, in such a book as this, could do more than sketch the subject. It might perhaps have been wiser if he had mentioned fewer names and said more about the more notable men, such as Cosway, Edridge, and Hone.

If our remarks are principally confined to one portion of this book, it is because the preliminary history of missal painting seems unnecessary, and the final sections on collectors and collections scarcely sufficiently connected with the main object of the book. A few words would have been sufficient to show the connexion between the "miniature" of the illuminator and the "miniature" of the portrait-painter in little; whereas Mr. Propert, in many pages and with several illustrations, fails to make the connexion clear. A chapter on the growth of portrait art would have been more in place. Taken, however, by themselves, all parts of the book are interesting. The illustrations are also good and well-chosen; but, notwithstanding the use of the orthochromatic process, a comparison of the plates in this book with ordinary photographs of miniatures, such as those in the great historic galleries, is not all in favour of the former. These may represent more perfectly the tonic relation between the colours of the originals, but they certainly have not the same force or delicacy of modelling. COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I.

THE collection brought together this winter at Burlington House is less numerous, and has, so far as the section of painting is concerned, less of novelty than many of its predecessors in the same place; but it is, for all that—perhaps, indeed, because it is comparatively restricted in extent—a singularly enjoyable gathering of works of art. A sad disappointment, however, awaits the students and lovers of the schools of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; for they will, on this occasion, find the room which every year, up to the present time has been devoted to the exhibition of paintings belonging to these periods, closed and barred. On the other hand, the collection acquires an entirely novel interest from the fact that the water-colour room has been filled with a precious and admirably arranged series of sculptures in bronze, marble, and stone, chiefly of the period of the fifteenth and the first half of the sixteenth centuries; to which are added many cases filled with rare bronzes, medals, and plaquettes of the same period, including a large part of the famous collection of Mr. Drury E. Fortnum—one of the highest authorities in this branch of art—besides rich contributions from Mr. Heseltine, Sir J. C. Robinson, Mr. Salting, Mr. Alfred Morrison, and many others. It must be owned that the room contains, interspersed with works of high character, a large number of very inferior productions; some of them mere antique *clichés* in terra cotta and *gesso duro* of the most popular productions of the Florentine studios. But even these have a certain interest, as showing the second-rate—we may say, the commercial productions of that time of wonderful fertility

in art; while what remains, if we eliminate or disregard that which is not of the first order, is deserving of the closest study. Our regret that the Italian schools of painting, of the period corresponding to the major part of these sculptures, should this year be entirely unrepresented must be redoubled, when we consider that here would have been an opportunity almost unique, at the present moment, for closely verifying the inter-connexion of the two sister branches of art, then so nearly related that they actually overlapped and, in many instances, encroached the one on the domain of the other. We propose to return later to this, the most interesting section of the year's show, in which, however, false and overbearing attributions are rather the rule than the exception; as they must inevitably be, so long as the Academy is content to accept, without question, the designations of works of art supplied by their too ambitious owners.

In the section of painting, the earlier schools being entirely wanting, mis-descriptions are fewer and less diverting than usual. Most curious is, perhaps, the attribution to Luis de Morales of a "Virgin and Child" (139), which has all the appearance of being the imitation by a Fleming of a work of the Milanese school of Leonardo; the motive having some relation to that of Andrea Solario's famous "Vierge au Cousin vert," in the Louvre. The "Portrait of a Man" (127), belonging to the National Gallery of Ireland, and attributed to this same school of Leonardo, is rather of Venetian than of Milanese origin. It is a second-rate and inexpressive performance, the style of which approaches closely to that of Marco Bassati in its latest development. Lady Lindsay's so-called Palma Vecchio, "The Painter's Daughters" (124) appears to be an inferior replica, or copy, of a picture, the colouring, the types, and especially the landscape-background of which recall rather one of the elder Bonifazios than their prototype Palma. The inevitable Giorgione, without which no collection of old masters would be complete, is not wanting. It is a "Virgin and Child" (141) from the same collection, in which is attacked with considerable success the problem of dealing with predominant masses of blue of varying hue, unbalanced by any other colour sufficient in quantity or force to keep it in check. The Madonna, robed entirely in garments of warm rich azure, is relieved against a Titianesque landscape and sky, in which other gradations of the same colour predominate. The main difficulty has been overcome, much as Gainsborough met it in the often-cited "Blue Boy," by an exaggeration of the brown and rosy flesh-tints in the face of the Virgin and the nude form of the child, with the aid, too, of an orange-toned halo and a sunset of red gold. This painting, which would appear to belong to the Trevisan branch of Venetian art is, however, too loosely executed, too superficial, to justify for a moment its attribution to the great master of Castelfranco, to whose works it is in style and execution only very distantly related. Mainly some motives of the landscape might serve as an excuse, though not as a justification, for the attribution. Lord Darnley's famous "Europa" (134), one of the most important examples from Titian's brush which now remain in England, reappears here in exactly the same place which it occupied in the gallery some years since. It is a performance of the master's ripe maturity, showing his hand still in its prime, and revealing to the full his unsurpassed power of producing colour-combinations radiant in their seeming simplicity, and yet controlled in their splendour so as to achieve an unfeigned general harmony of tone. Yet, how unassuming, how prosaic in its realism appears this conception of the nymph, if we compare it to the types of female loveliness in that exquisite

early work of the painter, the "Sacred and Profane Love," of the Borghese Palace; or even to those masterpieces of the middle time, the "Venere del Pardo" and our own "Bacchus and Ariadne"! The luxury and sensuous splendour which marked Titian's mode of life in the later years of his maturity here tell their own tale.

Two sufficiently characteristic, though not exactly first-rate, specimens of the peculiar mannerism of Spagnoletto (129 and 140) appropriately bridge over the chasm between Italian and Spanish art.

Velasquez, this year as last, triumphs over all competitors, though, almost in juxtaposition with his two masterpieces, are seen unsurpassed examples of the work of Vandyck and Frank Hals. Sir R. Wallace's famous "Femme à l'éventail" (132) has now become doubly precious, seeing that Berlin has recently robbed us of Lord Dudley's almost equally fine portrait, representing, it may be remembered, a lady, evidently of high rank, young, and—by comparison with the court ladies of the period as presented in their hideous panoply of ceremony—beautiful. Both paintings, with perhaps one or two others, constitute an exception in the life-work of Velasquez, showing, as they do, Spanish women untrammelled by the court formulas and conventionalities which crushed all personality out of them, and rendered their delineation, even to the most genial of portrait-painters, an arduous and ungrateful task. The "Lady of the Fan" is apparently of lower rank than most of Velasquez's sitters, for her walking-costume, national and picturesque in its sober details, denotes rather the citizen's wife than the noble *doña*. She is not, according to modern canons, beautiful; but the smouldering fire of her large dark eyes, passionate yet cold and almost cruel in their intensity, is of irresistible fascination. Nothing can exceed the force with which the suggestion of an ardent vitality, thinly veiled under the fallacious semblance of calm, is conveyed. The unflinching but passionate realist has here offered for solution a riddle, half-hidden, half-revealed, which exercises the imagination, although by altogether different means, yet hardly less strongly than does the problem which Leonardo da Vinci, with a mysterious idealism, presents to us in his "Joconde." This masterpiece of Velasquez belongs rather to his second than to his third manner; and its technique is more sober, if not less masterly, than that of his later work. It has unfortunately suffered considerably from retouches, especially on the breast, the greater part of which appears to have been painted upon. Hardly less masterly, and in better preservation, is Mr. Fraser's "Don Balthazar Carlos" (137)—a full length of the young Prince of the Asturias standing in a splendidly brushed grey-green landscape, under a fig-tree. Murillo is represented by two genuine works of high class: the one, Sir R. Wallace's small "Marriage of the Virgin" (128), a canvas exquisite in line and arrangement, and set off with the usual *sfumato* colour—now somewhat the worse for wear—but singularly devoid of real fervour, and almost insane in its lack of true dramatic instinct. Far better is Lord Wantage's "Virgin and Child" (131), which, apart from its fine technical qualities, shows genuine naïveté and charm. It is one of the painter's more realistic and undisguisedly national presentments of his favourite subject.

The Low Countries are once more splendidly represented at Burlington House. The "Apotheosis of the Duke of Buckingham" (148), sent by his descendant, the Earl of Jersey, and attributed to Rubens and Jordaens, is undoubtedly an imposing piece of decoration, appropriately pompous in design, and both splendid and harmonious in colour. The finest

portion of the enormous canvas is that which includes the two figures of Neptune and Amphitrite, attributed—and no doubt justly attributed—to Jordaens. The rest of the picture, including the equestrian portrait of the brilliant favourite, is conspicuously inferior to these figures, though quite up to the level of similar "machines" issuing from the Rubens studio. The design was, no doubt, originally an invention of the great Antwerp master; but even this appears to have been diluted, and deprived of some of its original energy in the process of realisation. It would thus be unsafe to attribute the actual execution of any portion of the work, as it stands, to Rubens. With regard to the statement contained in the catalogue—that the picture was probably painted at Paris in the year 1625—it is well known that the great series of the Luxembourg decorations, now in the Long Gallery of the Louvre, was not actually painted in the French capital, but was carried out in the Antwerp studio from the preliminary designs made by the master; and it may fairly be assumed that a like process was adopted in the evolution of the present very similar work.

The three magnificent examples of the art of Vandyck which adorn the exhibition happily complete the great series of his works contained in the exhibitions of last winter. It would be impossible to name two finer specimens of the painter's second Flemish manner than Sir Richard Wallace's celebrated full-lengths of Philippe Le Roy and M^{me}. Le Roy (147 and 149). Traces of the so-called Genoese manner still appear in the sombre colouring of both works, characteristic of which earlier phase is especially the somewhat conventional dignity which marks the pose and general conception of the male portrait; but the execution is more delicate, the flesh tones are more in the Flemish mode than in the Italian examples. The portrait of M^{me}. Le Roy is a triumph of subtle execution, and, what is more, of subtle characterisation, in which, indeed, it far surpasses most female portraits of the subsequent English period. Mr. Gladstone's masterly "Sir Kenelm Digby" (121), showing Vandyck's protector and friend wrapped in a dark cloak, and fronting a huge sunflower—emblematic, as has been suggested, of the sun of the royal favour—is, perhaps, the finest of the many presentments of the distinguished courtier and eccentric transcendentalist. It is drawn and modelled with singular firmness and care, and may well have been executed very soon after Vandyck's final migration to England. The large but beautifully formed hand of the knight is evidently very carefully studied from nature; it is in singular contrast with the type generally affected by the master, and fully justifies Sir Kenelm's reputation for extraordinary strength as well as comeliness.

Out of three works which the catalogue gives to Rembrandt, two, at least, are of the first rank, and so well known that only a passing allusion to them appears necessary. Lord Landsdowne's famous "Mill" (74)—a work of the painter's second period (*circa* 1645)—appears here for the second time, and again makes good its claim to rank as the painter's most pathetic masterpiece in landscape. Lord Wantage's "Portrait of an Old Woman" (109), signed and dated 1660, is a pearl of the painter's latest time. The execution is looser, the modelling perhaps less firm than in earlier works; but seldom has even Rembrandt rendered the golden radiance of subdued light with more magical power, seldom has he delineated extreme old age with a more tender sympathy. The picture is in an unusually fine state of preservation. Mr. Humphry Ward's fine "Portrait of a Young Man" (51), furnished with the signature "Rembrandt f. 1646" affords a curious puzzle to those seriously interested in

the great master's work. This signature—of which the "4" is, however, somewhat blurred—bears the appearance of being genuine; and it is stated that it revealed itself while the picture was undergoing a process of cleaning, under a spurious signature of larger dimensions. The work is a fine one, firmly and closely modelled, in greenish flesh-tones such as characterise Rembrandt's first period; and the characterisation of the rather sleepy, stolid countenance is very happily achieved. On the other hand, if we are to accept the date as definitive, it is difficult to believe that the master painted thus in the year 1646, at the period when he was producing the "Woman taken in Adultery" (1644), the "Adoration of the Shepherds" (1646) (both at the National Gallery) his own portrait at Buckingham Palace, and the "Head of a Girl" (1645) at Dulwich. The peculiar greenish half-tones in the flesh are rather such as we find in the "Lesson of Anatomy," Mr. Holford's "Martin Looten," and the Dulwich portrait of the painter—all of the year 1632. On the other hand, it may be pointed out that the portraits of Claasz Berchem and his wife at Grosvenor House—both belonging to the year 1647—are painted in a peculiar blackish tone which differs markedly from that of the works of the same time to which we have referred. Altogether the question must remain open for future elucidation. It must be owned that it would be difficult to point to any pupil or imitator of Rembrandt to whom we could with safety attribute the portrait, save, perhaps, Karel Fabritius, whose rare authenticated works have something of the same peculiar tone. CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

MR. WHISTLER'S LITHOGRAPHS.

A GROUP of lithographs by Mr. Whistler has just been issued by Messrs. Bousso, Valadon & Co. They commend themselves scarcely, perhaps, to the general public, but very specially to the real students of Mr. Whistler's talent—to those who enjoy his flexibility, his happiness of vision, his extreme dexterity of touch. Only a hundred sets of the lithographs are put forth, and the stones are, in all probability, now destroyed. Indeed, we notice that of the hundred different sets, only thirty are endowed with the full complement of impressions: only thirty have the admirable and sombre "Limehouse" which is assuredly one of the best things ever done in lithography. Mr. Whistler's lithographs have been spoken of as "facsimiles," as if his hand had not itself worked upon the stone. As a matter of fact, they are as autographic as his etchings, and this should be clearly understood. They owe, of course, an immense deal to the sympathetic craft of Mr. Way, the lithographic printer whose printing has done, as perhaps none other could, absolute justice to the works.

The works are various in subject, various in attractiveness, various, we think, even in success. If the "Limehouse," which we have mentioned already, is one of the finest, it is perhaps surpassed by the "Nocturne." This is a night scene on the river: the buildings on the further bank massive and grey; the chimneys rising like campaniles into a quiet sky; and a delightful sense of mystery and vivacity—of mysterious activity, shall we rather say?—being produced by the treatment of the river itself with its grouped steamers, puffing and palpitating in the dark. In "Battersea Bridge," lithography practically presents you with a pencil or chalk drawing—a work in "line," in fact—just as "Limehouse" and "Nocturne" present you with drawings in washes of colour. The least attractive of the set is the "Victoria Club." Next to it comes "Gaiety Stage Door"—a lively enough production, which was completed long before Mr. Leslie sang or Miss

Sylvia Grey danced in "Frankenstein." Objection has been taken to the fact that the horse's head in the foreground in Wellington Street is not drawn. But you do not see the horse's head—you are not looking at it; you are looking at the stage door. The drawing must have been made in Mr. Way's office, almost opposite. "Reading"—the sixth of the lithographs, and the only one remaining to be named—is a vivacious and expressive study of a slim young woman in modern attire, with bonnet on, with "fringe" of hair, with legs crossed, and herself entirely absorbed in who shall say what novel? In all these things of Mr. Whistler's it is *la vie vécue* that is recorded: the group at the stage door; the absorption of the young woman in what is certainly light literature; the wonderful poem of the river. We are very glad these things have been issued. F. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ROMAN SCULPTURED AND INSCRIBED STONES.

South Shields: Jan. 2, 1887.

Since my last letter to you there has been discovered, upside down, in the splay of one of the windows in an old pele tower at Newburn-on-Tyne, an interesting inscribed stone of the Roman period. When first noticed it was thickly coated with whitewash, which was carefully removed by Messrs. Spencer, in whose steel works the old building is situate. Mr. Spencer has since taken it out, and has presented it, subject to the consent of the Duke of Northumberland, the owner of the property, to the museum of the Newcastle Society of Antiquaries.

The stone is about 14 in. long by 11 in. broad, and is thus inscribed—

LEG XXV
CHO IIII
LIB PRO
TER MA

which Dr. Bruce expands and translates "The century of Liburnius Fronto and the century of Terentius Magnus of the 4th cohort of the 20th legion surnamed the Valerian and victorious [erected this]." On each side is a standard, that on the left being inscribed with the number of the legion, LEG XX. On the inner top corner of this is what appears to be an eagle (partly covering the letter L), perched. In the centre, between the names of the centuriae, is an eagle with a garland in its mouth. The names Marcus Liburnius Fronto occur on an altar found at Benwell (*Condercum*) (*Lapid. Sep.*, No. 16, *C. I. L.* vii. 506).

ROBERT BLAIR.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. FULLEYLOVE has made great progress with the important series of water-colour drawings which record Oxford, and which the Fine Art Society will exhibit later in the season. To begin with, his largest drawings are, it is pretty evident, of a quality he has not hitherto attained on a scale of the same magnitude. Then, the quality to which one is accustomed in his work of medium size and in small drawings, is, at the very least, well maintained. A drawing of Iffley Mill is a bit of landscape of curious freshness, vivacity, and, as some say, "first intention." There is a very fine representation of St. Mary's, and the dome of the Radcliffe. The "quad" of Hertford is excellently rendered. Among the smaller ones, a bit of Peckwater, with the end of the library of Christ Church, is delightful. But it is probably in a drawing of the Inigo Jones entrance and arcade in the "quad" of St. John's—with the statue of Charles I.—that Mr. Fulleylove has reached his highest point in the

more detailed rendering of architecture. Of this entrance we may remark that tradition, not record, says it is the work of Inigo Jones; but, as records of at least one college have been sold as waste paper, the absence of chronicle does not, perhaps, tell very much against the attribution to the great Inigo of this quite exquisite architectural creation. In addition to these and many other water-colours, Mr. Fulleylove—whose pencil work is much approved—will exhibit fifty pencil drawings, which will be reproduced in lithography or photo-lithography, and so published.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL will have on view next week a collection of paintings by Adolphe Monticelli, which is stated to be the first ever brought together in England; also some examples of a new decorative art called "cloisonné-mosaic," the invention of Mr. Clement Heaton.

THE new number of *The Hobby Horse* (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) is in some respects the very best of this artistic quarterly that has yet appeared. We cannot enumerate the whole of its contents, literary and pictorial; but we shall permit ourselves to say that Mr. Shorthouse has provided the editor with a paper of interest; that Mr. Selwyn Image has a quietly penetrating review, not so much of Mr. Pater's last book as of all Mr. Pater's contributions to literature; and that there are head and tail-pieces by Mr. Herbert Horne which afford great pleasure. This gentleman has likewise employed himself in making careful comparison among the best examples of earlier Italian printing, with the result that type which is singularly decorative in its massing is now, and is to be hereafter, used for the printing of *The Hobby Horse*.

WE are compelled to postpone the publication of M. Naville's lecture, in connexion with the Egypt Exploration Fund, on "Bubastis and the City of Onias," as we hope to give a verbatim report of it.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

OF Mr. Buchanan's "Partners"—produced for the first time at the Haymarket almost as we were going to press—we shall doubtless have something to say hereafter. Meanwhile, let it be recorded only that to Mr. Beerbohm Tree, Mr. Brookfield, Miss Marion Terry, and Miss Janet A. Church were assigned the principal parts in a long five-act drama.

FOR January 24—for a *matinée* at the Prince of Wales's on that day—is appointed the production of an English version of M. Alphonse Daudet's "Arlésienne," with the admirable comedian, Miss Rose Norreys, in a principal part. Bizet's illustrative music is to be given, and, as we hear—and can believe at a theatre which commands the resources of the orchestra of "Dorothy"—given quite adequately. This should be a performance of real interest.

A GENERAL word about the new spectacular pieces is desirable, now that they have settled down—first night faults amended—and will run nearly till Easter. Covent Garden has a pantomime in some respects approaching the old-fashioned sort—the sort that may be voted funny, but cannot be counted grand. Drury Lane has in "Puss in Boots" a very great sight. Mr. Laurie, it would seem, has a perfect genius for representing a cat. He enters absolutely into the feline life, and is thus the Briton Rivière or the Burton Barber of the stage. Here, too, the armour scene is the "dernier mot" of pure brilliance. At the Gaiety, "Falkenstein," in part because of those

who bear a share in it, has claims to rather longer notice than can be given in the present lines, which, indeed, must be directed chiefly to record Mr. Percy Anderson's curiously artistic—shall we not say really perfect?—arrangement of dress and of stage groupings.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Organist's Quarterly Journal. Part 76. (Novello.) This part commences with the finale of Mr. H. M. Higge's Sonata in C minor. It is very Mendelssohnian, but written in scholarly fashion. The themes are pleasing and well contrasted. With good playing it should prove effective. The only other piece is an Andante and Rondo, for violin and organ, by the late Sir G. A. Macfarren. The andante is graceful, and recalls, at times, Schumann. The rondo is bright and pleasing. These two movements will prove acceptable to musicians, as the union of these two instruments is by no means common.

Sonata in F sharp minor, for Violin and Piano. By E. M. Lawrence. (Novello.) So far as form is concerned, there is no reason to complain of the first movement; but the first theme is not very original, and the second somewhat commonplace. The *largetto*—a cantabile movement—is simple and pleasing, but not striking. The finale pleases us best. It appears to us more compact and more interesting than the opening allegro. The composer is ambitious; but she would achieve, we imagine, greater success in pieces of a lighter calibre.

The Holy Vision. By C. Gounod. (Novello.) This sacred song, sung by Mr. Lloyd at the recent Norwich Festival, could not be mistaken for the music of any other composer. The first part is effective, but towards the close it becomes less refined.

The Musician. Sixth Grade. By Ridley Prentice. (Sonnenschein.) We have on several occasions spoken about this excellent work. It will, therefore, suffice to say that it terminates with this sixth grade, in which advanced pieces, such as Beethoven's "Waldstein" and "Appassionata" Sonatas are analysed. Charts, too, of some of Bach's fugues are given on the model of those in Mr. J. Higge's "Primer on Fugue."

Waiting for Her. Song. By E. M. Lawrence. (Stanley Lucas.) Commonplace, and the accompaniment is now tawdry, now dull.

Angels' Voices. Song. By W. Stokes. (Birmingham: W. Stokes.) The words are sentimental, and so is the music.

FROM MESSRS. ASCHENBERG WE HAVE RECEIVED:

Moods of a Moment. For Pianoforte. By Tobias A. Matthay. The composer, an excellent pianist, has plenty of good ideas; but he is evidently afraid of being commonplace. Hence, at every moment there is something peculiar, in either technique, harmony, or phrasing. So the music disturbs rather than pleases, and after a time becomes monotonous. Mr. Matthay has only to write more naturally, and he will produce something really good.

Love Song. Sketch for the Pianoforte. By F. M. Gwyn. Mr. Gwyn would do well to imitate Beethoven, who did not publish his sketches. Besides, Mr. Gwyn's acquaintances with the technique of the instrument is singularly feeble.

Le Duo. Sketch for Violin and Piano. By J. C. Beazley. A short, easy, but graceful piece.

Rubini's Nocturne, for Violin, with Piano Accompaniment. By E. Polonaski. A pleas-

ing drawing-room piece. The pianoforte part is skilfully written, and quite in keeping with the melody.

I wish to tune my Quivering Lyre. Duet for Tenor and Baritone. By M. Watson. Lord Byron's lines have been set by the composer to excellent and effective music. This duet will, doubtless, become popular. It is in Mr. Watson's best vein.

Thou still art near to me, and The Old Church at Home. By H. Smart. These posthumous songs by the once popular composer will be welcome to those who like smooth sentimental ballads.

FROM THE LONDON PUBLISHING COMPANY:

Ballet Music. For Pianoforte. By Erskine Allon. This fourth set of dances shows taste and knowledge, but with a little trouble the composer might study to make his pianoforte writing less troublesome and quite as effective. Large stretches and uncomfortable positions for the hands should be avoided in music of this kind. Of the four numbers we prefer the Gavotte and the Mazurka.

Sissie. Gavotte for Pianoforte. By J. T. Musgrave. Rather pleasing, but not quite in Gavotte style.

Fealty. Song. By E. Allon. An interesting song; but, as in most of that composer's vocal music, the harmonic element predominates over the melodic.

To Laura. Song. By C. Barton. The melody is not very attractive, but the accompaniment is interesting.

FROM MESSRS. PATTERSON & SONS (EDINBURGH):

The Two Margarets and John Frazer. Ballads. By A. C. Mackenzie. The composer of "Jason" and the "Rose of Sharon" shows, in these songs, how simply he can write. Prof. Blackie's humorous words are quietly coloured and supported by Mr. Mackenzie.

Danse Fantastique and Mazurka. For Piano. By J. McLachlan Key. We cannot see anything particularly fantastic or even original in the first. The opening section of the second is graceful, but the rest of the writing is heavy for the style of piece. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

MR. HENSCHEL gave his seventh Symphony Concert on Wednesday afternoon at St. James's Hall. A large portion of the third act from "Die Meistersinger" was announced in the programme-book, but only the introduction was played. It was, on the whole, carefully rendered, though the balance of tone in the passages for brass was not even. Mr. C. Hallé gave an excellent performance of Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto. There was refinement and vigour, and the technique was faultless. Mendelssohn's "Scotch" Symphony showed up the strings, the weakest portion of Mr. Henschel's orchestra. Reinecke's graceful *entr'acte* from his "König Manfred" opera, and a bright and characteristic overture by Herr Dvorák, completed the instrumental portion of the programme. Miss Marguerite Hall sang with success two songs of Schubert with orchestration by Brahms. The first, "Memnon," is most effective; but the light accompaniment of "Geheimes" seems to us far more effective on the pianoforte as Schubert wrote it. There was a very good attendance.

THE triennial Handel Festival will be held at the Crystal Palace in June. Mdmes. Albani, Valleria, Nordica, Patey, and Trubelli, and Mr. Edward Lloyd and Mr. Santley, have already been engaged. Mr. August Manns will again be the conductor.

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LITERATURE.

The Commedia and Canzoniere of Dante Alighieri. Vol. II. By E. H. Plumptre. (Isbister.)

THIS concluding volume of Dean Plumptre's great and laborious work contains (1) the translation of the *Paradiso in terza rima* in continuation of the two earlier *Cantiche* published about a year ago; (2) the translation of the whole of the comparatively little-read *Canzoniere*, in form and metre corresponding as far as possible to the varied types of the original poems; also of the paraphrases (of very doubtful authenticity) known as the *Credo*, *Sacramenta*, *Ave Maria*, &c.; and of the curious poetical correspondence in Latin eclogues between Dante and his friend, Joannes de Virgilio, which are full of interesting personal allusions and details; (3) a series of "studies" on subjects of great interest to students of Dante, though, unfortunately, not including the whole of the programme foreshadowed in the first volume. In particular, we regret not to see here one of the subjects promised, which the dean would certainly have treated with peculiar skill—viz., Dante as an interpreter of Scripture.

On translations of the *Commedia* generally and of the earlier portion of this translation in particular so much has already been said in the ACADEMY that we may pass rapidly over this portion of the subject. One gladly recognises the very great skill with which the dean handles the extremely difficult instrument of the *terza rima* which he has chosen—difficult both in itself and still more under the circumstances of translation. The severity of the conditions both of rhyme and metre inevitably leads sometimes to loss of, addition to, or alteration in, the precise ideas and features of the original. The rhymes generally seem very fair and true, but occasionally proper names have been awkwardly manipulated to afford a rhyme, as in *Sardanapal'*, *Montemal'*, *Salterell'*, &c. The only case noticed of an entirely false rhyme (probably an oversight) is "*Jerusalem*" rhyming with "*greed*" and "*freed*" in *Par.* xix. 128-133.

We may point out, though in no captious spirit, some instances in which, either from the exigencies of rhyme or, perhaps, from occasional "*incuria*" inevitable in so long a task, the exact spirit of the original is not quite satisfactorily reproduced. It is surely wrong, for instance, in *Par.* viii. 147,

"E fate re di tal che è di sermone,"

to translate—

"And take as king some sermonising fool."

Dante (see ll. 139-148) is deploring the

diversion of special natural gifts to unsuitable lines of life; in short, the attempt, as we say, to fit "round pegs into square holes." The point here, therefore, surely is that one who might have been really great as a preacher or an orator (in probable allusion to King Robert of Naples; see Villani, quoted by Scartazzini *l.l.*) is spoilt by becoming a king, and in that capacity succeeds ill.

Another case of an unhappily imported idea (though here rhyme, at any rate, has nothing to do with it) occurs in *Par.* xxvi. 97. "Tal volta un animal coperta broglia"—"As oft we see some *poor brute* moving still." Why "*poor brute*"? It seems an idea quite inappropriate to the context of the original, which refers to a tame or pet animal; perhaps, as the dean himself suggests, a favourite cat. Another case in which the meaning seems to be somewhat missed is that curious passage about the *lettere mozze*, in which Dante says that the faults of Frederick II. of Sicily are to be recorded (see *Par.* xix. 133-5). The dean translates—

"And to show well how mean he is and vile,
The writing shall in letters maimed be shown,
Which, noting much, are read in *little while*."

The point clearly is not that his faults could be "*read in little while*," but that numerous as they were they should be recorded in abbreviated characters and crowded into a *little space* to show contempt for him (*δὲ ὕβρις*), as though he were not worth wasting good paper or parchment upon. Once more, in *Par.* xvi. 10, "*Dal voi, che prima Roma sofferie*" means merely, "*which Rome first suffered, or tolerated*." An entirely alien idea is introduced by translating "*which suffering Rome first spake*."

The next portion of the work is the translation of the *Canzoniere*. It will certainly be a great help to the English student to have the dean's careful and scholarly translation as his guide through the not always very interesting mazes of these highly artificial poems. The arrangement adopted (apparently that of Fraticelli) is most convenient, being chronological, so far as internal evidence enables us approximately to arrange the poems in connexion with the chief known landmarks of Dante's life. We add as a specimen of these translations the rendering of one of Dante's best known and most touching sonnets, that occurring in the forty-first chapter of the *Vita Nuova*, and commencing "*Deh peregrini*," &c.

"Ye pilgrims, who pass on with thoughtful mien,
Musing, perchance, of things now far away,
Take ye from such a distant land your way,
As one may judge from what in you is seen?
For ye weep not, as ye pass on between
The woeful city's streets in sad array,
As they might do whose careless looks display
That they know nought of all her anguish keen.
But if ye will remain with wish to hear,
My heart tells me in sooth with many a sigh,
That, as ye leave it, ye will surely weep:
She hath beheld her Beatrice die,
And what a man may wish to say of her,
Hath power the hearers' eyes in tears to steep."

We turn now with great interest to the "*Studies*," which occupy about one-third of the volume. The first is on the "*Genesis and Growth of the Commedia*." The dean here traces distinctly the preparatory part which each of the other works of Dante played in reference to his *magnum opus*, not

omitting to indicate the internal evidence in each case for the period of their composition. It is noticeable that the *Divina Commedia* and the *Vita Nuova* are the only works in which Dante carried his plan to completion, the *De Monarchia*, the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*, and the *Convito* above all, being mere fragments of the original design in each case. One after another of these works was abandoned as the idea of the *Commedia* took full possession of his mind. The *Vita Nuova* itself (having regard to its concluding sentences) is hardly an exception to this. Next we have a full, though very brief, enumeration of the external sources of the poem in previous visions of the unseen world, from the sixth book of the *Aeneid* down to the *Tesoretto* of Dante's own master, Brunetto Latini. We have, further, a list of the principal authors studied or quoted by Dante, with an estimate of their influence upon him, among whom we may note especially Hugh of S. Victor (treated of at very great length in Labin's *Studi*), Bonaventura, the Abbot Joachim, and "the Everlasting Gospel" (pp. 397-401). The dean, I think, perhaps a little exaggerates the influence of S. Augustine, though Dante himself confesses to it in reference to a special point in his epistle to Can Grande, c. 28. The dean speaks of S. Augustine as "*Dante's Master*" (p. 429), and also of the "position assigned to Augustine" in *Par.* x. 120—a passage which contains merely a passing allusion to his (S. Augustine's) appreciation of (probably) Orosius. He has, indeed, "a position assigned to him" in *Par.* xxxii. 35; but otherwise I have always considered the comparatively inconspicuous recognition of S. Augustine in the *Paradiso* as one among many of the anomalies found in Dante's hagiology. The dean's wide reading suggests many interesting literary comparisons, such as that of the *Purgatorio* with the *Confessions*, and to some extent also with the *Retractions*, of S. Augustine, and with the recantations of Cardinal Newman; also that of the dedicatory letter of the *Paradiso* addressed to Can Grande with Spenser's epistle to Sir W. Raleigh respecting the *Faerie Queene* (p. 358). Indeed, a conspicuous feature of the work is the abundant wealth of quotations from classical and other authors, either embodied in the notes (which, as before, are models of concise information and illustration), or serving as graceful ornaments of style in the essays.

The second and most elaborate study is on "*Estimates Contemporary and Later of Dante*," in which the fortunes of Dante's reputation are traced through succeeding centuries in the literature of England, Italy, France, Germany, and America. We have an account not only of the principal writers upon Dante himself, but also of his influence upon, or recognition by, many whose names are great in literature, politics, or art down to our own day. To us, naturally, the portion relating to England has a special interest. The dean gives us a most interesting *catena* of great names in our literature who have alluded to, or been influenced by, Dante, beginning, of course, with Chaucer, and including (among many others) Sidney, Spenser, Sir T. Browne, Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Shelley, Byron, &c. The list of those in whom Dante is rather conspicuous by his absence is also interesting: Shakspeare (in

spite of a recent theory advocated with much learning and ingenuity), Dryden, Wordsworth, and more recently Arnold, Thirlwall, Stanley, and Newman. To these may be added, from Germany, Schiller and Lessing. Finally, we have what we may call a black list of those who knew Dante, but failed to appreciate him, and in some cases vehemently condemned him, such as Voltaire, Goethe, Leigh Hunt, and Landor. *Per contra*, we find an enthusiastic admirer, where we should scarcely have expected it, in Comte, who "looked on the daily reading of a canto of the *Commedia* and a chapter in the *De Imitations* as an almost essential element in spiritual self-culture" (p. 472). The list of works on Dante is tolerably copious, but curiously indiscriminating, books good, bad (thoroughly so), and indifferent being mentioned *per simplicem enumerationem*. It is a little startling to find among "works well worth consulting" (a very restricted list, moreover), on p. 466, Mrs. Oliphant's *Dante*—a shallow piece of popular book-making disfigured in the translations (a part of the work which is, at any rate, quite original) by the most grotesque blunders in rudimentary Italian grammar. It was a pity to disturb its oblivion. Another merely superficial work, which is still more distinctly recommended, is Ampère's (so-called) *Voyage Dantesque*, "as the records of the pilgrimage of a devout worshipper to every place that had been made sacred by its association with Dante's life." It might, I think, be more accurately described by borrowing the title of a well-known work of De Maistre as *Voyage [Dantesque] autour de ma Chambre*, since it is quite evident, from some of his ludicrous blunders, that some, at any rate, of the places described the brilliant author (for he certainly is that) never visited at all.

Studies 3 and 4 are upon "Dante as an Observer and Traveller," and on "Portraits of Dante." The former has more of a "popular" character than the other studies, and displays something of the tendency which the dean had exhibited in "The Life" in vol. i. to erect elaborate conjectural hypotheses on a very slender foundation of fact. In this study, as in two or three other places in the volume (pp. 59, 138, 525), the dean recurs to his favourite conjecture that Dante not only visited England, but probably also Wells Cathedral. In vol. i. this was based on the fact that Dante twice draws a simile from the works of a clock, and, clocks being then rare, there was one of some celebrity at Wells. This argument is now emphasised by a very questionable interpretation of *Par. x.* 139, &c., that the circling dance of the glorified spirits is here compared not, as in *Par. xxiv.* 13-15, to the "inner works" of the clock, but to the "outward mechanism" by which, "as at Strasburg and Wells," a procession of figures wheels round as the clock strikes the hour. To say nothing of the somewhat undignified nature of such a comparison, it loses the force of the reference in l. 142 (as in *Par. xxiv.*, l.c.) to the visible complicated mechanism, and still more to the harmonious melody (l. 143), which—as Scartazzini observes—is much more suggestive of a *carillon* (which would also require the elaborate mechanism) than of the mere striking of the hour.

A few minor corrections may perhaps be

suggested. In *Par. xiii.* 125 we have, as in some other modern translations, the imaginary "Brissus" instead of "Bryson." It may be questioned whether this is not an error rather of Dante than of his translator. He of course knew Aristotle only through a translation, and, as I think it can be abundantly proved, probably through the *Antiqua Translatio* as printed with the works of Aquinas. He would there find (at any rate in *Post. Anal. ii.* 9) the name as "Brisso"—not, as in later translations, "Brisson"—which he probably adopted as it stood. It is twice stated (pp. 357, 421) that the first occurrence of the title "*Divina Commedia*" occurs in the Venice edition of 1554. This, in any case, probably refers to the edition of Giolito in 1555; but the assertion (though it is, I believe, to be found elsewhere) is erroneous, since the title is found in a Venetian edition as early as 1516 (see Colomb de Batines, *Bibliografia*, vol. i., p. 78). In the note on Sonnet x. (p. 219) it is stated that Juvenal is called "sage" (*il savio*) in *Conv. iv.* 13. I think it is pretty certain that the expression is there applied to Boethius, not Juvenal; since, though a loose quotation of the well-known line "*Cantabit vaneus*," &c., is there introduced by the expression "*dice il Savio*," Dante's words very closely reproduce a passage of Boethius, *De Cons. Phil. ii.* 5 *fin*, but have a much less precise resemblance to the language of Juvenal. Hence he is almost certainly quoting here from Boethius, to whom the expression *il savio* would more naturally apply. Dante does not seem to have been specially familiar with Juvenal, though he quotes him (in both cases, *Sat. viii.*), once in the *De Mon.* and once in the *Conv.* In one or two other places (e.g., *Par. xv.* 107, and perhaps *Purg. xxi.* 88) we may however suspect reminiscences.

These are but small points, and not perhaps altogether beyond dispute. The whole work is a monument of many years' devoted study, it is illustrated throughout by an unusual range of reading and culture in other fields of literature, and it is accompanied by a most copious and valuable index of subjects and names. We regret to note that the dean in the *Envoi* takes his final leave of Dante and passes on to another field of labour, in which, however, we heartily wish him health and strength to bring his work to an equally successful issue. E. MOORE.

Early Adventures in Persia, Susiana, and Babylonia, including a Residence among the Bakhtiyari and other Wild Tribes before the discovery of Nineveh. By Sir Henry Layard. In 2 vols. (John Murray.)

THE bilious politician who said he could never forgive Nineveh for discovering Sir Henry Layard may learn, by reading these volumes, that Sir Henry is a man who, without the aid of Nineveh, would have made himself known to the British public. The present work may be said to describe the base of the author's literary and adventurous career. There is some matter of importance with regard to the Karûn, the only navigable river in Persia. Sir Henry Layard has now leisure and considerable influence with Lord Salisbury. He could not use it more advantageously than by pressing upon the Foreign Office the recommendations contained in these volumes as to

the improvement and the freedom of the navigation both of the Karûn and of the great Turkish rivers, the Euphrates and the Tigris, with which the Karûn is connected.

Sir Henry Layard's life has been influenced throughout by his boyhood in Italy; but his travels began in 1839, when he and Mr. Mitford, author of *A Land March to Ceylon*, proposed to journey together. Sir Henry Layard, it seems, was not born for such concurrence; and the first touch of the strong self-assertion which makes a great part of his character breaks out at p. 16, where he seems to complain of Mr. Mitford for not mentioning his name as that of his companion. The plan of travelling together broke down at Jerusalem, when Sir Henry started off to visit Petra and other sites in the Syrian desert, and to wander among the Bakhtiyari tribes in the Karûn district of Persia. Before the author arrives—almost shoeless, and in a tattered Arab cloak, breaking through the quarantine at Damascus—he will have established with any impartial reader a character for all the best qualities of a successful adventurer—daring, brave, and cautious, with strength of arm and suppleness of speech, ready for any emergency, and at the same time a cool calculator as to the events of the morrow. Perhaps no one will enjoy so much as Sir Henry Layard does the point of contrast between this ragged and almost penniless entry and that of a later period when,

"as Queen's Ambassador to the Sultan, I entered Damascus in 1878 . . . through vast crowds of men and women of all creeds—Mohammedans, Christians, Jews, &c.—with their respective chiefs, who had come out to welcome me."

At Baghdad, the author assumed "the Persian dress," and soon observed the keen interest with which Persians regard the Turkish town of Kerbelah. This is, indeed, the Mecca of the Shiah Mohammedans, the burial-place of Ali, the son-in-law of the Prophet. From thence the little traders carry to-day, as they did forty years ago, "circular bits of earth upon which devout Shiahs place their foreheads when prostrate in prayer." Nothing is more common in a Persian caravan than to see one of these circular bits of sacred clay passed round so that each in turn may pray, westward, with his forehead pressing upon it to the ground. Persian Khans, the author notes, have a way of interpreting the injunctions of Mohammed so as to admit of great indulgence in "swallowing glasses of fiery arak." Approaching Ispahan, the author "passed through the labyrinth of walls which enclose the gardens and melon beds, the Armenian quarter of Julfa." Now that the controversy on missionary work throughout Islam is going on, it may be well to explain that in Persia the work of the Missionary Society, though nominally directed against Mohammedanism, is practically confined to the Christians, the Armenians of Julfa. There is perhaps no nobler or bolder missionary of the English Church than Dr. Bruce, who has for nearly twenty years resided at Julfa; but no one would be more ready than he himself to acknowledge the utter impossibility of any direct mission in Persia against Islam, or that his own work has been mainly among his Armenian neighbours, of whom he has educated hundreds. Sir Henry Layard says,

with reference to forty years ago: "In those days" a Christian speaking against Islam "would have caused a public tumult, and might even have been torn to pieces." The danger to anyone who should speak against Mohammed in the bazaars of Ispahan is scarcely less to-day. Apostasy carries with it a sentence of death in Persia. Even in Constantinople, so late as 1843, an Armenian, who had embraced Islam and then returned to his former faith, was executed, and his head, "covered by a European hat," was exposed in Stamboul. Sir Stratford Canning protested, and the Sultan consented to abolish the death penalty in such cases, but refused to go further. "The law as regards Mohammedans who apostatised was inexorable, and, being prescribed by the Prophet himself in the Koran, the Sultan had no power to alter or modify it."

Persian punishments have a horrible reputation. Sir Henry Layard, writing of "one of the best administrators in the kingdom," says, "one of his modes of dealing with criminals was what he called 'planting vines.' A hole having been dug in the ground, men were thrust headlong into it and then covered with earth, their legs being allowed to protrude to represent what he facetiously called 'the vines.' . . . A tower still existed near Shiraz which he had built of three hundred living men belonging to a tribe which had rebelled against the Shah."

"The sticks" with which bastinado is inflicted are rarely out of sight or out of use. With regard to two servants of one Suleiman Khan, accused of stealing a gun, the author writes:

"The unfortunate men were first subjected to a cruel bastinado on the soles of their feet until they fainted. When they had been revived by buckets of water poured upon them, they were burnt in the most sensitive parts of their bodies with hot irons. They still maintained their innocence, and only admitted they were guilty when unable to resist the excruciating agony of having packing-needles forced under their finger nails."

These travels were undertaken more than forty years ago, but they relate the manners of a country less changeable, perhaps, than any empire of the world. Parts of the work are of immediate interest in regard to commercial prospects. Sir Henry Layard, in a note, points out that "As the discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope ruined the trade of Baara (Bussorah), so the passage through the Isthmus of Suez promises to revive it." The free and open navigation of the Euphrates, the Tigris, and the Karûn is for English trade a matter of high importance. It is probably a mistaken policy that her Majesty's consuls in that region are paid exclusively by the Indian Government. "The Karûn," says Sir Henry Layard, "flows through one of the richest, though one of the most neglected, provinces of Persia. These rivers are destined to become great trading highways." It is no exaggeration to say that the trade of this country in Asiatic Turkey and Central Asia would soon be doubled, and more than doubled, if the views which Sir Henry Layard was one of the first to put forth were realised by the co-operation of the Sultan's and the Shah's governments, acting in concert with those Powers of Europe which may be supposed to have interests in the Persian Gulf.

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

THREE BOOKS ON IRISH HISTORY.

The Story of Ireland. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. (Fisher Unwin.)

A Short History of the Irish People down to the Date of the Plantation of Ulster. By A. G. Richey. Edited by Romney Kane. (Longmans.)

Ethne; being a Truthful Historie of the Great and Final Settlement of Ireland by Oliver Cromwell, and certain other Noteworthy Events, from the Records of Ethne O'Connor and of Roger Standfast, Captain in the Army of the Commons of England. Edited by Mrs. E. M. Field. (Wells, Gardner & Co.)

TRULY to the making of Irish history books there at present appears to be no end. Miss Lawless's contribution to "The Story of the Nations" has certainly some advantage over its fellows, inasmuch as it is illustrated; but, for the rest, it is neither better nor worse than such of its contemporaries as owe their origin to the prevailing thirst for information on Irish matters, which it is to the interest of authors, publishers, and printers—devils alike to foster. The story of Ireland, told from the days when the country was one huge ice-field, and when icebergs played at nine-pins in Clew Bay, down to the latest phase of the Home Rule movement, and all within the compass of something less than four hundred octavo pages, is now an ordinary accomplishment, and no longer furnishes us with an argument in favour of the credibility of miracles. Unfortunately, however, these productions labour under several rather serious disadvantages, which may be trusted sooner or later to sweep them out of the field of current literature into the general limbo of waste-paper. Nor is the present one, I am afraid, likely to prove an exception to the rule. In design it is too ambitious, in execution it is loose, and in structure it is invertebrate. Its total effect on the mind of the reader, ignorant of Irish history, is to leave him in a fog. It may be all very true, all very instructive—likely, perhaps, to assist him at the next parliamentary election; but at the time, and without further light, it seems altogether unintelligible. He has no clue to its meaning. And the only consolation that comes to him is an assurance that there are no "guide posts" here—a fault inherent in Irish history. And so writer and reader together "scramble forward across these intermediate and comparatively eventless periods in order to reach what lies beyond." In this way the pages are rapidly turned over; and, it is only when we reach the eighteenth century, and Mr. Lecky holds out his hand across the quaking bog, that things become a little less intolerable. Now all this is eminently unsatisfactory, and not only unsatisfactory, but excessively annoying, considering the possibilities of doing so much better. What we want, and what we have a right to expect, is an intelligible retrospect of Irish history, and not a mere concatenation of events, or hodge-podge of facts. If it is impossible within the space at our disposal to give a complete history of Ireland, then let us recognise the fact. Let us content ourselves with its salient features, and of these give as rational an explanation as possible. Let us assume that by careful

study we may come to understand Irish history. If there are no naturally constructed guide posts, it is the very business of the historian to make them. This is his *raison d'être*. But worse even than the crudeness that marks this story is its carelessness. Independence of judgment is legitimate. The Hy-Nial race may have in early days been "a supine race," though it produced a Nial of the Nine hostages, and governed Ireland for several centuries; Edward III. may have been "the strongest and ablest of all the Angevin kings," though the school boy that ventured to say so would undoubtedly deserve as sound a flogging as he ever got for a false quantity; "clemency" may have been "the strong point" of Henry VII., but one instinctively remembers Empson and Dudley; Sir William Fitzwilliam may have been "a man of very inferior calibre to Perrot," though the statement is probably meaningless; Lord Deputy Falkland may have been "a man of moderation," though he was undoubtedly mixed up in that very nasty O'Byrne case in Wicklow; Sir Phelim O'Neill may have been nothing better than a "drunken ruffian," and have been "hanged with little regret even from his own side," though his conduct on the scaffold wanted little to make it heroic, and though his memory was long cherished in Ulster; the great rebellion of 1641 may have been "essentially an agrarian rising," though the confederates declared it to be also a religious war; the Catholic Emancipation Bill may have been won "without a shackling condition," notwithstanding the disfranchisement of the forty-shilling freeholders. But surely there was no need to confound Oswin with Oswiu, and that three times; to miscall "glibbes" "gibbes," also three times; to misspell Rinuccini's name every time; to confound two quite distinct invasions; to attribute the death of Gerald, Earl of Desmond to English soldiers; and to credit the defence of Drogheda to Sir Arthur Ashton. These are all blunders of a sort that could and ought to have been avoided; and they are all the more deplorable because the book is not altogether worthless. Nothing, indeed, could be more to the point than the following criticism on the Statute of Kilkenny:

"Weakness, especially weakness in high places, is apt to fall back upon cruelty to supply false strength; and a government that found itself face to face with an entire country in arms, absolutely antagonistic to and defiant of its authority, may easily have felt itself driven by sheer despair into some such false and futile exhibition of power."

Then, also, the account of the passing of the Act of Union is, as a summary, perhaps as near the truth as we are likely to get. The moral of the whole seems to be that Irish history is not to be written to order, and that it is not particularly interesting because it is particularly inaccurate.

Few persons were so well qualified, both from predilection and training, to write the history of Ireland as was the late Prof. Richey. His study of the Brehon laws endowed him with an acuteness of perception that enabled him to thread his way with unerring instinct through the mazes of Irish history. More than this, it taught him to appreciate the feelings of the Irish natives, and at the same

time to do justice to those efforts of the English Government which, however mistaken in design, however fruitless in results, were for the most part born of a good intention and an honest desire to civilise Ireland. Nothing is truer, in his case, than that "the study of Irish history teaches us sympathy with all parties." Always keenly alive to anything that savours of injustice and tyranny, Prof. Richey is never unmindful of the fluctuating standard of political ethics. He is content to understand and explain, but unwilling to blame. He feels that "thoroughly to appreciate the history of Ireland, or of any other country, it is necessary to sympathise with all parties—to understand their prejudices, their difficulties, and their errors." It is this sympathy, as wise as it is generous, that makes his work so useful. Even when compelled to dissent from him, as new facts come to light to change and modify our knowledge, we can never afford to neglect him; for his work is not so much a history in the ordinary sense, as an *organon* or a clue wherewith to read history. And this is just what is wanted at the present time, when so many earnest students are being attracted to Irish history. Nor is its value limited to the view he takes of Irish history in itself.

"I protest," he said, "against the method adopted by Irish historians of shutting themselves out from all the events which occur beyond a narrow local horizon. They endeavour to learn the history of this country by devoting their attention to it alone, and ignoring the rest of the world."

For all these reasons then, we are glad to receive this fresh edition of Prof. Richey's lectures from the hand of his friend, Dr. Romney Kane, who has performed his duties as editor with admirable discretion; though, for myself, I cannot help wishing that he had found courage to exclude that mongrel word "coteremporary," which had as peculiar a fascination for Prof. Richey as it seems to have for Irishmen in general. When his last illness overtook him, Prof. Richey was engaged in writing a larger history of Ireland, but of this only the first chapter was finished at the time of his death. It now constitutes the second and third chapters of the present volume.

"What I have done," says the editor, "in preparing this work for the press has been this—I have put together the two series of lectures already published, the first Edinburgh lecture, and the fragment of the history, into one connected series, divided into chapters instead of into lectures."

These alterations and additions, together with Dr. Kane's own notes, have enhanced the value of the book. The Edinburgh lecture, on "The Physical Geography of Ireland," is deserving of close attention, especially at this time, when so many wild theories are afloat regarding the natural capacities of Ireland. I cannot quote as much of it as I should like, but the following extract will furnish food for serious reflection and, I hope, lead to a perusal of the entire chapter.

"For a pastoral people, Ireland was an enviable home. There were plains with rich herbage for their cattle; the woods were full of game, and the lakes abounded with wild fowl; timber was abundant, and iron, the prime necessity of life, was procured without difficulty. But the

physical conditions, which render a country suitable for such a population, are not those which, in the subsequent stages of civilisation, are most advantageous for its inhabitants. . . . The accumulation of capital being impossible so long as Ireland remained a pastoral country, the influence of realised wealth, by which the older forms of society are broken up and transformed, was wanting, and the ancient system of society was maintained long after it had ceased to exist in the western countries of Europe. The extensive introduction of agriculture, and the attempt to develop the resources of the country, are referable to the introduction of English and Scotch settlers at the commencement of the seventeenth century; but, so manifest are the advantages of the island for pastoral purposes, that agriculture has extended solely by pressure of population; and to the present day, if the self-interest of the owners of the land were alone consulted, the country would revert to its original condition."

Despite one or two defects, to be noticed directly, Mrs. Field's little historical romance is much more entitled to serious consideration than many more pretentious works on Irish history. Naturally, and not altogether unjustifiably, there appears to be a well-grounded antipathy against the historical novel; but, perhaps, it is quite possible to carry this distrust of the desecration of history to an absurd degree. Provided the historical romance be essentially true—true, that is, not merely as regards the general facts on which it is based, but also in its expression of the spirit of the times it illustrates—then surely it is a harmless, as well as a pleasant, way of learning history. Mrs. Field has been happy in selecting for her subject the Cromwellian settlement of Ireland. The incidents of that great drama are, if I may be allowed the expression, so intense as to take away almost the opportunity for exaggeration. Cromwell himself has come and gone; the back of the "great rebellion" has been broken; the army of the Commons of England has, in large measure, been disbanded; and officers, soldiers, and adventurers are preparing to settle down on the lands assigned to them by lot. One of them, Captain Roger Standfast-on-the-Rock, has taken possession of Lara Castle, the home and property, until confiscated by the English Parliament, of Gerald O'Connor. But it is not for me to tell again this charming story, which, breathing the spirit of the time, is in miniature the history of Ireland itself. For the case of Roger Standfast and Ethne O'Connor was no new one. Love, we know, transcends all limits, is terrified by no penalties, whether contained in statutes of Kilkenny or in ordinances of Cromwell. English army after English army has invaded and devastated Ireland; but, when at last the sword has been laid aside, love has crept in between conqueror and conquered, and undone the work of statesmen and armies. Reading this little story, we shall come to understand how Ireland yet remains Ireland. How, indeed, as Spenser himself said long ago, could it be otherwise, "seeing that commonly the child taketh most of his nature of the mother"? Two generations had hardly passed away, and the children of Cromwellian planters had ceased to speak the English language. Ethne, the Roman Catholic, lays aside her father's religion, and marries the Puritan captain; but, just as naturally, and more frequently,

did the Englishman adopt the creed of his Irish wife. As for the story itself, there is a freshness and naturalness about it as delightful as the Western breezes that ruffled sweet Ethne's hair—that hair, alas! that never would keep straight, as Roger liked to see it. Not a great novel, perhaps, but pleasant, profitable, and wholesome reading; full of sympathy for what is true and noble in English Puritan and Irish Catholic alike. One or two defects there are which seem to call for notice, though they are not likely to mar the enjoyment of most readers. Ethne O'Connor may be allowed to pass; but Gerald O'Connor is a combination of names, pardonable enough in an English writer, but one which must appear intensely absurd to an Irishman for obvious reasons. Lara Castle, too, has no definite situation, as we naturally expect it to have, being the home of an O'Connor, for reasons equally abstruse to Englishmen. Ethne's knowledge of Irish history often verges on the miraculous; but then it was hardly wise to make her the mouthpiece of Ben Jonson and Phineas Fletcher's tittle-tattle about Spenser's flight from Kilkoman, notwithstanding the example of W. S. Lander to the contrary. Mrs. Field is not generally guilty of anachronisms; but it is sufficiently startling to find Lady Burke quoting Longfellow's well-known line,

"Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small,"

even if that remarkable lady had happened to possess a copy of the *Sinnegedichte* of Friedrich von Logau!

R. DUNLOP.

"Great Writers" Series.—*Life of Oliver Goldsmith*. By Austin Dobson. (Walter Scott.)

GOLDSMITH's name always suggests two poignant regrets. One is that Dr. Johnson did not keep his promise and write his friend's life; and the other is that the friend himself forbore to paint Johnson for us in that wonderful gallery of portraits, the poem "Retaliation." There we find Burke, Reynolds, Garrick, done to the life, but no Johnson. It is hard to dissipate the gloom these thoughts occasion. But Goldsmith's ill-luck has not pursued him far in this matter of biographers. He must be pronounced well provided with the means of posthumous existence. His was a hard life to live, but it has been made easy to read, which is, surely, what an author would wish. The account of Goldsmith's life and writings prefixed to the first collected edition of his miscellaneous works, published in 1801 and several times reprinted, has always been attributed to the pen of Bishop Percy, and is, whoever wrote it, a delightful sketch. It is also well charged with matter, and, indeed, most things of real import about Goldsmith, to be found in his later biographies, will also be found there. Mitford, Prior, Washington Irving, Forster, Macaulay, and Mr. William Black, have all tried their practised pens on the life of Goldsmith. And now we have Mr. Dobson, and may be glad of him.

There is a kind of confusion about Goldsmith, created by the huge difference between the loveable smallness of his character, and the loveable greatness of his works—between

the incomparable awkwardness of his life, and the incomparable felicity of his language. When we think of the man, a hundred ludicrous incidents crowd upon the memory: misadventures, buffooneries, grimaces, and absurdities; practical jokes of which he was the victim, ignominious scuffles, and numberless splutterings of vanity. He brought nothing out of Ireland, as he tells us, but his brogue and his blunders. He was ugly to start with, and small-pox had early marked him for her own. He was as poor as a rat, a wandering beggar, a luckless usher, sleeping in the same bed with the French master, a doctor out at elbows. The Church early refused him. India rejected him. Surgeons' Hall examined him and found him wanting. He never knew what it was to be respected. But he was loved, and none knew better than poor Goldsmith the value of that. Writing to his brother of his sister Jenny, who had married unfortunately, he says, "My dear sir, give me some account about poor Jenny. Yet her husband loves her. If so, she cannot be unhappy." The ragged children of Green Arbour Court, Old Bailey, loved the lodger at No. 12 and danced merrily to the music of his flute. That poor woman may well have loved him to whom one bitter night he resigned his blanket, taking refuge himself within the ticking of the mattress, which he slit open for the purpose. What sort of a night he spent inside the mattress is not known, but a morning visitor has recorded the fact that the kind-hearted doctor's efforts to get out were violent, undignified, and for a long while ineffectual. His life is, indeed, a long series of kindly follies and foolish kindnesses. His worse vice was gambling. Of course, he always lost. It is pleasant to know he was not a tippler. He was fond of boiled milk. He loved to array his ugly little person in fine garments. He died heavily indebted to his tailor and without any estate. The tailor said he knew Dr. Goldsmith would have paid him every farthing if he had lived; and so saying wrote off the whole sum of £79 as a bad debt. You may read all these things and more in Mr. Dobson's book. The "Anecdotes of Goldsmith" collected in the Aldine edition of his poems keep the reader on the titter for an hour together; and then just when he grows a little weary of all this tomfoolery and good nature, and is about to dismiss Goldsmith with something between a cheer and a groan, he remembers that this was the man whose felicity of execution was such that he wrote the *Vicar of Wakefield*, *She Stoops to Conquer* and *The Deserted Village*. Then it is that the reader takes final refuge in the irreversible judgment of Johnson "Sir, let us not remember his infirmities. He was a very great man." As Hans Andersen says, "It does not matter being born in a duck-yard, if you have been laid in a swan's egg."

Mr. Dobson gives us both sides of Goldsmith; but, most becomingly, he never lets us forget that we are reading about a very great man. That interesting creature, De Quincey, starts the enquiry, Was Goldsmith a happy man? and, after his positive fashion, answers "Yes," and for two reasons: first, he had unfailing good spirits, or what he called the "knack of hoping"; and, secondly, he had

neither wife nor child, but only his own absurd self to feed and clothe.

"How easy," observes De Quincey in his striking way, "was it to bear the brutal affront of being to his face described as Doctor Minor, when an hour or less would dismiss the Doctor Major, so invidiously contra-distinguished from himself, to a struggle with scrofulous melancholy, whilst he, if returning to solitude and a garret, was returning also to habitual cheerfulness."

Mr. Dobson, however, does not concern himself with this inquiry, and, therefore, I must not pursue it.

The difficulty that has lately arisen about the sale of the *Vicar* to divers people who bought shares of it is treated with authority by Mr. Dobson; but the subject has still the obscurity which, perhaps, can only attach to a matter of business concerning which all the facts are not known. One thing, however, appears clear—that sixty guineas was the cash value of the *Vicar of Wakefield* at the date of publication.

Mr. Dobson brings out with admirable clearness Johnson's relations with Goldsmith. The troubles of *Ursa Major*, save so far as they were inherent in his own melancholy self, were over before *Ursa Minor* commenced author. Johnson had known troubles as many and as grievous as those of Goldsmith, but they have found no historian, for Boswell, it must always be remembered, wrote of Johnson triumphant, not of Johnson militant. He had lived on fourpence-halfpenny a day. He, who was afterwards to bear undisputed sway over a thousand dinner-tables, had dined behind a screen because he was too shabby to be seen, and had many a time owed his dinner to good Mrs. Gardiner, who kept a tallow-chandler's shop in Snow Hill, or to Jack Ellis, the money scrivener behind the Royal Exchange. The worst of it, however, was all over when Johnson sought out Goldsmith. From the very first he recognised in Goldsmith the owner of an exquisite style and of an extraordinary power of literary presentation. Long before Goldsmith had written any of the things on which his fame now rests, Johnson had hailed him one of the first of living authors; and though he was always ready to criticise Goldsmith's character and conversation, he would never hear anyone say a word in depreciation of his supreme excellence as a writer.

But Mr. Dobson's book has one fault, inherent in its constitution. It is too short. You may epitomise the histories of Rome and Greece—Goldsmith, indeed, has done so—but you cannot epitomise Goldsmith. He must be read at length and at leisure. All his letters should be printed and all the stories told. To see the biographer, as you fondly imagine, leading up to some excellent jest or moving incident, and then to turn the page and not to find it, is trying.

However, an age which orders even a nine-penny book from Mudie's, so that it may save itself the expense of buying a copy at the grocery stores, may deem itself lucky when a man like Mr. Dobson, who has the whole period at his fingers' ends, chooses to tell it, as much as can be told of Oliver Goldsmith, in a couple of hundred pages.

AUGUSTINE BIRRELL.

Lectures on the Book of Job. Delivered in Westminster Abbey. By G. G. Bradley. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

WHAT John Colet, Dean of St. Paul's, sought to do for the New Testament, the present Dean of Westminster is doing for the Old by his expository lectures in the abbey. He has chosen that section of the older Scriptures which theologians term the Hagio-grapha, and friends of religion not less than those of literature will be thankful to him Dean Church has lately pointed out the abiding social and religious value of the Book of Psalms; Dean Bradley is, by his thorough and yet popular lecture-studies, bringing home to many the permanent human importance of Job and Ecclesiastes. Job has of course taken more hold of him than Ecclesiastes. Who, indeed, can touch Job without having "the thoughts of his heart revealed," if, at least, he has ever been arrested by the everlasting problems of life? Let no one neglect Dean Bradley's preface. We there learn a fresh debt which England owes to the Rugby of a past generation, for it was amid the engrossing duties of a Rugby master that the studies of which this volume is the ripened fruit began. To these old Rugby men the Bible was indeed the foundation of theology—was theology. And, if it be not too subtle, one may justify on this ground an otherwise unfortunate use of the term, when our author (Preface, p. xv.) offers his guidance to readers "of little leisure for independent study and unversed in theological literature"—unfortunate, I call it, because the tendency of Dean Bradley's work undoubtedly is to a literary and historical, and although deeply religious, yet absolutely untheological treatment of the Hebrew Scriptures. If he is a theologian, it is only in the sense in which Ewald is pronounced to be one by the author of a book largely inspired by him—the *Lectures on the Jewish Church*.

For the objects described in the preface it was not essential that the author should be a Hebraist. Considering the disparagement showered upon "mere Hebrew scholars" in this country, it is perhaps well for him that he does not approach the public as one of the guild. It was, however, indispensable that he should be a man of literary and even critical instincts, trained to thoroughness of study, and well acquainted with the moral and religious problems to which the author of the Book of Job was the first, or among the first, to give artistic expression. I cannot say too much in praise of Dean Bradley's style—so free from ostentation and yet so vivid, so unpedantic and yet so richly freighted with the distilled wisdom of generations of students. There are some books which can only be read with concentration; but this book, though it will reward a concentrated study, may also be dipped into standing by the fire. The side-lights which Stanley's successor throws upon the great poem are in themselves delightful. Turning over the pages one meets with illustrations which, if they cannot heighten the brilliance of the original, yet help considerably to make it sparkle for us. I need not dwell here on those from Butler, Ruskin, and Thucydides; there are others of more striking significance. Thus, it is a pleasing surprise to find a grateful mention accorded to the "wonderfully

powerful" sketches of the poet-painter, William Blake (p. 39). Most of the great painters have, in fact, neglected Job; but Dean Bradley reminds us that the "storied windows of stately churches" have not disdained the image of the great sufferer, and refers to a little-known series of windows in the Church of St. Patrice, at Rouen (p. 8). It is equally gratifying to find that no mistaken Christian zeal has prevented a recognition of the true affinity between the religion of Islam and the character of Job (pp. 40, 41); or the illustration of a grand oratorical flight of the Hebrew sage who personates the patriarch by an utterance of a not too orthodox student of nature, Tyndall (p. 236), not less than Kepler (p. 225), having caught one side of "divine philosophy." And, of course, it was impossible that one who wrote in the heart of the richest and poorest of cities, and in touch with men of all classes, should miss what the author of *Alton Locks* would have called the "democratic" tendency of the great poem. See, for instance, the sympathetic lecture on chap. xxiv., and the passage on Job's description of his present degradation (chap. xxx., 1-7), though it is fair to add, what a brilliant reviewer has overlooked, that some of the best modern parallels to the oppressed folk in Job had already been pointed out by a "mere Hebrew scholar," Heinrich Ewald (*History of Israel*, i. 227).

Of the exposition, I will only say that it is sympathetic and admirably expressed, and that it is based, happily, not on the Authorised, but on the Revised Version. The critical and historical aspects of the book are, no doubt, kept in the background; and even the ordinary reader will have to supplement this delightful book by other guidance. But lecture vii. is, from an educational point of view, excellent. How wisely this practised teacher postponed the subject of the import, age, and authorship of the book till he had accustomed his students somewhat to the unfamiliar atmosphere of the old-world poem! And when he does gird himself to the difficult task of correcting traditional prejudices, how gently and tenderly he touches them, as one who has himself felt their power! Nor does he profess to have settled everything for himself; indeed, he shows, if I may say so, a quite unnecessary hesitancy on the subject of Elihu. But I fully agree with Dean Bradley that the essential thing in the study of the Old Testament is to grasp its leading ideas (and facts). How much, how very much, is clear and intelligible; and how much more instructive to the ordinary reader is the study of Job and the Psalms as they stand than the study of the Pentateuch controversy! Great as are the issues involved in this controversy, it is not in the popular press that it ought to be discussed; and I thank Dean Bradley for calling the attention of all whom it concerns to the religious as well as poetic significance of the book of Job, which in its own day had a vast influence on Israel's choicest spirits, and has still, perhaps, an unexhausted educational value for our own time.

T. K. CHRYNE.

NEW NOVELS.

Major Lawrence. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. In 3 vols. (John Murray.)

Whitepatch: a Romance for Quiet People. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Castle Heather. By Lady William Lennox. (Sonnenschein.)

Una's Revenge. By Melville Gray. (W. H. Allen.)

The Haunted Harp. By Somerville A. Gurney. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

Dudley. By Curtis Yorke. (Jarrold & Sons.)

Miss Curtis. By Kate Gannett Wells. (Boston: Ticknor; London: Trübner.)

Dominic Penterno. By Godfrey Burchett. (Vizetelly.)

It was not an easy task to write a novel like *Major Lawrence*, *F.L.S.*, on the lines laid down by the author. On the one hand, the hero's devotion to science may seem exaggerated, and sufficient to deprive him of any title to admiration in the eyes of some readers; while, on the other hand, his apparent stifling of the human affections, and his frequent calls to India at critical moments, may serve to exasperate others. But, in our judgment, Miss Lawless has completely succeeded in drawing the character of Major Lawrence with such skill as to entitle him to sympathy in both aspects. As a scientist he has a profound reverence for knowledge, and as a man he is thoroughly human, with deep emotions at the base of a nature which might be thought shallow and erratic by superficial observers. His love for Elly Mordaunt, which grows with her growth from childhood upwards, is very effecting. With sleepless energy he watches her interests, and befriends her in her darkest periods of trial, when she has become the wife of a false, sneering, and selfish husband, who endeavours to crush all womanly tenderness out of her and her child. Little less touching is it to note the growth of an almost maternal and filial bond of affection between Lady Mordaunt and the major. This is one of those friendships which do honour to human nature. Backwards and forwards between England and the East the destiny of the gallant soldier tosses him; and with his stern adherence to duty is mingled a noble self-abnegation which makes his character shine forth all the brighter. The remaining persons in the narrative are likewise well drawn; and altogether there have been few stories published this season which may be read with such sincere pleasure, or studied with more profit. We have noticed several vagaries in spelling, such as "Jérôme" for the name of the French painter Gérôme.

The anonymous author of *Whitepatch*, whom we assume to be a lady, has wisely entitled her story "A Romance for Quiet People." It exactly fulfils this description; and, while it is in no sense inane, it is a healthy change from the ultra-sensationalism now so prevalent. The style is easy and flowing, and the work has an old-world flavour about it which is very delightful. *Whitepatch* is the name of an ancient manor in East Kent, not far from the sea. It has seen centuries of occupancy under one family; and the latest descendants of this family, to

whom we are introduced, are Colonel Dodgingstead and his granddaughter Mary, the charming heroine of the novel, who has a very original maid, one Jenny Spillet. Two ghosts also play a conspicuous part in the narrative—one of a benignant, and the other of a dark and gloomy aspect. There is a love episode, which ends happily for the heroine after a long period of obstinacy on the part of the Colonel, whose ancestors have had a fierce feud with the ancestors of her lover. Forgiveness triumphs through affection. Jenny Spillet is, perhaps, more vigorously drawn than any other person in the story. Her sayings are very amusing. "I would never let any man think he was quite sure of me," she observes to Mary, "until I was actually stitched to his back by the parson." Again, with respect to the pride of blood, "Good blood is a delicate matter to deal with, I know, though it is from being too nice that it sometimes gets thin and poor; and I know a good name is often blown away as easily as a thistle." Delivering her views upon novelists, Jenny Spillet says of Sir Walter Scott, "There is a lot of go about him. He writes like a man, and a man that sees things big." After the death of a favourite dog, she declares that if she were the Pope or the Archbishop of Canterbury she would proclaim a funeral service for animals, for "many dogs have got more goodness in them than half the Christians going." Among the heroine's domestic pets is a very funny parrot. He is in the habit of calling out, with an absurd French accent, "God the King! Go to hell, ros-bif!" But he has also pleasanter modes of salutation. *Whitepatch* is agreeable reading, and, as a whole, certainly not without promise.

Lady William Lennox has written a pleasant little story in *Castle Heather*, and the interest is kept alive by the love affairs of two heroines, one of whom is consumed with jealousy of the other. A fortune-telling gipsy is introduced, and from her reading of the horoscope of the heroines we rather expected to see Cassandra's box of evils emptied upon their heads; but, after some troubles of a not very sanguinary kind, the author lets them down very gently. This sketch is better written than many books which are far more pretentious.

Una's Revenge—"a picture of real life in the nineteenth century"—relates how at school the said Una took upon herself the odium of a base action to shield a school-fellow. She bore the burden through much tribulation, her revenge being the forgiveness of her foe. The real offender, when lying upon her death-bed, made a clean breast of the whole affair; but one has not much sympathy with this kind of hell-fire-avoiding confession. Miss Gray, as the Americans would say, is "great things, you bet," on apposite poetical quotations.

There are only eighty-five very small pages in *The Haunted Harp*, but these are eighty-five too many. If anyone can read this story and not feel that the morbid psychological style of writing started by the late Hugh Conway is not being overdone, we can only commiserate his taste. The horrible details given in chaps. xi. and xii. are simply disgusting, and answer no useful purpose what-

soever; and we strongly protest against the human form being hacked about like butcher's meat at the shambles.

Dudley is above the average of one-volume stories, both as regards literary workmanship and the narrative itself. We shall not reveal the plot; but may say that the power of self-renunciation in woman is powerfully and painfully illustrated. The women characters are far superior to the men, and are much better drawn; from which we may infer the sex of the writer. By the way, we may remind "Mr. Curtis Yorke" that it was neither St. Augustine nor Solomon who said, "Give me neither poverty nor riches."

There is something distinctly fresh and original in *Miss Curtis*. It is thoroughly American, and very quaint in its humour; while there is true pathos in the account of her own sad and ill-starred life given by the lady who furnishes the title to the story. Little Olive Cadwallader is one of the most amusing children, without being priggish, that we have met with for many a long day, and it is a real pleasure to trace her growth in womanliness and knowledge. The volume is full of clever things, and many of the sayings enshrine actual wisdom; while there is not a single conventional character in the book.

Dominic Pontorne is a strange Cornish story, in which figure both madness and murder. The tragic conclusion is well led up to, and the sketch is not without ability, albeit it may be a little too sensational for some tastes. G. BARNETT SMITH.

SOME BOOKS ON THE COLONIES.

Introduction to a Historical Geography of the British Colonies. By C. P. Lucas. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) It is pleasing to find a clerk in the Colonial Office following in the path trodden early in the century by Stephen and Taylor, and undertaking a serious contribution to our knowledge of the foreign dependencies of the Crown. For the present volume—which is indeed somewhat slight in substance and analytical in treatment—is announced as only introductory to an "historical geography" of the Colonies, to be completed in several parts. We may say at once that this "introduction" supplies a want that has been long felt. Borrowing its doctrines from Heeren, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and Prof. Seeley, it summarises and arranges the facts relating to colonisation from the days of the Phoenicians and Greeks down to the latest English—we cannot add German—protectorate. The subject abounds in difficulties—far more than the unreflecting might suppose. The very meaning of "colony" is matter for dispute, especially in historical discussion. Though for practical purposes it may be sufficient to use the term as comprising all those foreign dependencies that are subject to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, it seems impossible to frame a definition that shall include Ceylon but not India, Labuan but not Sarawak—nay, even Canada but not the United States. Besides his admirable clearness, Mr. Lucas's great merit in our eyes is the rigorous impartiality with which he treats the efforts at colonial empires of other nations than our own, and indicates the causes of failure or success. But it is rather as a repertory of facts and principles, than as a philosophy of history, that this little book deserves to be consulted. The maps are too small in scale and too crowded with names to be of much use; nor are we quite prepared to accept—even on the authority of the Colonial

Office—that Grinnell Land (here is a chance for those with good atlases!) is a British colony. And why do Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston, of Edinburgh, always write it "English" colony? Lastly, in view of a second edition, we would direct the author's attention to two manifest misprints of proper names on p. 69.

Australasia: a Descriptive and Pictorial Account of the Australasian and New Zealand Colonies, Tasmania, and the adjoining Lands. By W. Wilkins. (Blackie.) How is the term Australasia to be understood? Not, says Mr. Wilkins, in its literal sense of Southern Asia. He proceeds to draw an imaginary circle to include Australia, New Zealand, the Fiji Islands, and New Guinea, together with such other groups not belonging to England as cannot be excluded from the circle. His arbitrary method of determining Australasia obliges him to include such islands as Flores, Sumba, Timor, and Timor Laut, which plainly belong to the Malayan groups. He designs his volume for use as a reading-book for advanced classes. To such, perhaps, it will be useful; but it has too much the manner and style of a school-book for the general reader. Mr. Wilkins gives a general and rather dry description of each of our Australasian colonies and their institutions, upon the whole accurate; but it might easily have been made more interesting. It is hardly necessary to state that full toleration of all forms of religion exists in Tasmania; and when we are repeatedly told of other colonies that there is no state church, we are inclined to ask, Who ever thought there was?

Wild Life and Adventure in the Australian Bush. Four Years' Personal Experience. By Arthur Nicols. (Bentley.) Mr. Nicols embodies his own experience in Queensland in the adventures of an imaginary person, Harold Bertram, the younger son of a Yorkshire squire, who at the age of twenty goes out to seek his fortune in Australia. Many writers have made us familiar with sheep and cattle runs, with mobs of ferocious bulls, buck-jumpers, dingoes, kangaroos, muderous blacks, &c.; still, if anyone wants a graphic description of station life, mixed with pleasant sketches of scenery and natural history, he cannot do better than send for Mr. Nicols's two lively volumes. The author's object in writing is to induce some of the sons of the mother-country to carry their education, intelligence, energy, and capital to Queensland, to lay the foundation of the new empire of the English-speaking race in the Southern Hemisphere; but they must be prepared for a more monotonous life than that depicted by Mr. Nicols, and must not expect to meet in the short space of a year with many of the thrilling adventures that befel Harold Bertram. Mr. Nicols does not try to smooth over any of the coarseness and squalor of bush life, and he gives us a little too much of the slang. We are amused to find it necessary to provide a *deus ex machina*, in the shape of an unexpected legacy of £4,000 from a distant relation, to enable the hero to succeed. We must conclude that, without capital, success in Queensland is not, in the author's opinion, very probable. Much may be done at home by an active, strong, hardworking and temperate young man with a fortune of £4,000.

Our New Zealand Cousins. By the Hon. James Inglis ("Maori"). (Sampson Low.) Mr. Inglis, the author of *Our Australian Cousins*, has republished in the present volume the letters he wrote for a Sydney newspaper from New Zealand in the spring of 1885. He makes the usual excuse for reproducing these fugitive pieces in book form. He yielded to the entreaties of friends, not unwillingly we imagine. We will not, however, find fault with them, or with him; and though his book certainly betrays its

origin, yet it gives an account of New Zealand both fresh and interesting. Twenty years had elapsed between the author's first and second visit to New Zealand—a long period in the life of the colony—and he must have expected to see great changes; nevertheless, the progress and advance of that interval astonished him, and he is constantly enlarging on the subject. New Zealanders have a staunch friend and admirer in Mr. Inglis. Everything they have done or are doing meets with his approval, with two exceptions: one, the wasteful method of farming too common, such as burning straw and cropping year after year with the same crop without manuring, leading inevitably to the exhaustion of the soil; and secondly, the reckless waste of timber—he found the settlers in the forest clearing their ground by simply burning, no use being made of magnificent trees or their products. Such wholesale destruction justly seemed grievous to him. If Mr. Inglis is constantly praising the New Zealanders and their works, it is at the expense of New South Wales. The people of Sydney must be a very long-suffering folk, if they are not a little nettled at being continually told how inferior they are to their New Zealand cousins. Even in the matter of slovenly farming they are no better. One feature in New Zealand which struck the author was

"the frequency of villages—the nearness of neighbours—in a word, settlement in communities, as contrasted with the isolated, detached way in which habitations are found set down, at wide, weary intervals, in most of the country districts of New South Wales. Indeed, village life, such as we know it in the old country, or as it is found in many parts of New Zealand, is scarcely known in our older colony. . . . But in New Zealand, especially in Otago, farms and fields were neatly fenced and divided. Village churches were numerous; common centres round which clustered the neat homes of village tradesmen and traders. Farmhouses were trim and neat, and adorned with gardens and orchards much more than is common in Australia. Waste places were fewer, roads were more numerous and better kept, and, in fact, rural settlement was more forward; and notwithstanding a widespread depression commercially, consequent on continued bad seasons and low prices for produce, the people looked healthy, happy, and contented, and I saw nothing to indicate any absence of the material comforts, and even the common luxuries of life."

Taken in; being a sketch of New Zealand Life. By "Hopeful" (W. H. Allen.) "Hopeful" is a lady who writes from Christ Church in New Zealand to a brother in Canada. It does not appear why she went to New Zealand; but whatever hopes she entertained in setting out were ruthlessly dispelled. Her expectations seem to have been unreasonable, and still more unreasonable are most of her complaints about New Zealand, or, at least, that very small portion of it which she saw. They amount, in substance, to little more than that New Zealand is not England over again. Christ Church is dull, the inns are not so good as at home, the shops are dearer; there are no old buildings, no cathedrals, castles or ruins; the birds are different from what they are in the old country; and there are no primroses, cowslips, or violets. Here our author is specially unreasonable, for even English gorse grown in New Zealand does not suit her. It is "gorgeous but not pleasing." This little book may serve as an antidote to some others of a different character, which cry up the colony at the expense of the mother country, and which we have always read with some suspicion. Doubtless there is truth in what "Hopeful" says; and her lists of prices, and advice as to who should or should not emigrate, will be useful.

History of the Boers in South Africa; or, The Wanderings and Wars of the Emigrant Farmers,

from their leaving the Cape Colony to the Acknowledgment of their Independence by Great Britain. By George McCall Theal. (Sonnenschein.) We cannot agree with Mr. Theal that there was any want of a detailed history of the Boers, still less of the first half of it, if we may so call the period up to the first acknowledgment of their independence in 1854. It is difficult to understand why he should have confined himself to this earlier history, when the latter portion, with the Zulu war, the annexation of the Transvaal, the revolt of the Boers of the Transvaal, the war which followed, the brilliant and crowning victory of Majuba Hill, and the final acknowledgment of their independence is so much more striking and picturesque. Mr. Theal's work is more of a chronicle than a history; events are detailed in order and at great length, so that he fills near 400 pages. How many volumes would he have required if he had carried down his chronicle on the same scale to the present time? The author has consulted every possible authority on his subject, and has spared no pains to make his narrative accurate. We must also do him the justice to say that he fully bears out the determination he expresses in his preface, to be strictly impartial. He gives all parties their due; and it is easy to gather that the prime motive which urged on the Boers in their migrations was their desire to treat the natives in their own way, and not according to English notions and sentiments.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Rev. W. Denton, whose death was announced last week, had been engaged for some years upon a history of England in the fifteenth century. A portion of this work, complete in itself, and dealing with the social condition of the country shortly before the Reformation, had been finished, and will be published in the course of a few weeks by Messrs. Bell.

THE letters of Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple, with an introduction and notes by Edward Abbott Perry, will shortly be published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co. These letters were written by Dorothy Osborne in 1652-54, during her long and romantic engagement with Sir William Temple. They not only tell a very interesting old-world love-story, but also give a complete and accurate picture of certain phases of social life of the seventeenth century. It was of these letters—some few of which were published in an appendix to Courtney's *Life of Temple*—that Macaulay said "He would gladly purchase equally interesting billets with ten times their weight in state papers taken at random."

MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co. also announce *The Silver Wedding*, in commemoration of the silver wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, giving a short account of the lives of the Prince and Princess, with illustrations of the chief historical events in which they have taken prominent part during the last twenty-five years; a cheap edition of Baron Maudat de Grancy's *Cowboys and Colonels*; new editions of the *Imitation of Christ* and the *Christian Year*, handsomely printed, in crown octavo, on good paper; *Uncle Charlie's Babies' First Book*, uniform with the *Babies' Museum*; and *Games for Boys and Girls*. Also the following monthly volumes of the "Ancient and Modern Library": *Law's Serious Call to a Devout Holy Life*; *Platina's Lives of the Popes to the Accession of Gregory VII.*; *Giles Fletcher's Victory of Christ*; and the first Prayer-Book of Edward VI.

THE *Library of American Literature*, from

the *Earliest Settlement to the Present Time*, on which Mr. E. C. Stedman and Miss Ellen Mackay Hutchinson have been at work for several years, is to be published by subscription by Messrs. Charles L. Webster & Co., of New York. Each of the ten octavo volumes will contain over 500 pages; and among the 150 full-page portraits (fifteen in each volume) will be many noticeable for their intrinsic value or great scarcity. The arrangement of volumes is as follows: vol. i., "Early Colonial Literature," 1607-75; ii., "Later Colonial Literature," 1676-1764; iii., "Literature of the Revolution," 1765-77; iv., "Literature of the Republic—Constitutional Period," 1788-1820; v., "Literature of the Republic," 1821-34; vi., vii., viii., "Literature of the Republic," 1835-60; ix., x., "Literature of the Republic," 1861-87 (representing the writers that have arisen since the beginning of the Civil War). Six of the ten volumes are now ready.

MR. SPENCER BLACKETT, successor to Messrs. J. & R. Maxwell, will publish immediately Mr. James Stanley Little's new book, *Whose Wife shall she be?*

TWO new one-volume novels are announced by Mr. Elliot Stock for immediate publication: *In Love and Honor: a Story of Scotch Country Life*; and *On Hauleys*; or, *Wheels within Wheels*, by Mrs. Caumont.

More than he Bargained For, a tale of life in Madras, by J. R. Hutchinson, will be issued next week by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

THE forthcoming number of the *Scottish Review* will contain a number of opinions on the subject of Scottish University Reform, by Prof. Knight, of St. Andrews, and other authorities; and an article on "Scotland in Early Times," by the Lyon King at Arms.

THE second number of the *Quarterly Review of Jurisprudence*, to be published in the course of the present Hilary term, will contain the following articles: "The Court of Chancery," "The Want of an Appeal from the County Courts," "The Law Lectures at Gresham College," "The Amalgamation of the two Branches of the Profession, from an Irish Point of View," and "The Withdrawal of Calendars and Indices from the Record Office."

"CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN" is the title of a paper by the Rev. S. Fletcher Williams, in the January number of the *Central Literary Magazine* (Birmingham: Cornish), chiefly dealing with the revolution effected by Darwinism in all departments of human knowledge, and with its bearing on the progress of religious ideas.

THE Autotype Company has now executed in its very best manner the facsimile of the document with the signatures of John Harvard and his brother, of which details were given in the *ACADEMY* of December 10. Those persons who may desire to purchase copies of the facsimile are requested to communicate at once with Messrs. Pawsey & Hayes, booksellers, Ipswich.

MR. GEORGE J. ROMANES will, on Tuesday next (January 17), begin a course of ten lectures at the Royal Institution, entitled "Before and after Darwin"; Mr. Hubert Herkomer will, on Thursday (January 19), begin a course of three lectures—(1) "The Walker School," (2) "My Visits to America," and (3) "Art Education"; and Lord Rayleigh will, on Saturday (January 21), begin a course of seven lectures on "Experimental Optics." The Friday evening meetings will begin on January 20, when Lord Rayleigh will give a discourse on "Diffraction of Sound."

A TRANSLATION.

AN ANONYMOUS MODERN GREEK SONG.

Πάντα νά 'μεθα μαζί,
Τί μεγάλη εὐτυχία!
Τί μικρός ὁ χωρισμός,
Τί μεγάλη δυστυχία!
μακρὰν 'πὸ σέ, ψυχῇ,
Τί τὴν θέλω; τί τὴν θέλω τὴν ζωή;

Δακτυλὶδ' ἀπὸ μαλλιά
μόν' ἀνάμνησις μοῦ μένει.

"Ἄλλο δὲν παρηγορεῖ,
Αὐτὸ μένει καὶ μαραίνει . . .

Μακρὰν ἀπὸ σέ, ψυχῇ,
Τί τὴν θέλω; δὲν τὴν θέλω τὴν ζωή!

COULD you ever near me be
What a blissful life of gladness!
But to part so tries the heart,
Fills it with such utter sadness!
Yet, love, when far from thee,
Why is life, ah! why is life still dear to me?
Just a ring of braided hair
Is the only gift remaining.
Nothing else can comfort me—
Lustre-less yet love-retaining . . .
And yet so far from thee
Why live longer? Life no more is dear to me!

GEORGE GORDON HAKE.

OBITUARY.

MR. JOHN ANDREWS DALE, M.A. of Balliol College, who died at Oxford on Thursday, January 5, at the age of 71, was a man of great and varied learning, although, in consequence of his retiring habits, he was but little known outside the circle of his immediate friends.

Mr. Dale was several times examiner in the mathematical and natural science schools, and was a student of physics when such branches of knowledge were but little studied in the universities. Besides the learning necessary for these public functions which he occasionally discharged at Oxford, he was an excellent philologist of the old school, acquainted with many languages—Arabic and Turkish among the number—and an enthusiastic student of Anglo-Saxon. Moreover, he had a wide knowledge of both ancient and modern history.

He had planned many works, and in two had made some progress—one dealing with the manner of computing time among various nations, the other on the derivations of English place-names. We can only regret that a man of such solid attainments should not have obtained any of the more valuable pieces of preferment in the gift of the university.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE January number of the *New Princeton Review*—published in this country by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton—opens with an article by Prof. Rhys, entitled "Race Theories and European Politics," which we commend to all those who have taken interest in the recent discussion on the primitive home of the Aryans. Prof. Rhys here summarises with admirable clearness the Teuto-Scandian theory of Penka, shows its relation with the general questions of ethnology and philology, and suggests certain practical conclusions connected with modern politics. Other articles in the number are also worth reading, especially Mark Twain's reply to Mr. Brander Matthews upon the piracy of English publishers.

THE *Theologisch Tijdschrift* for January contains an interesting notice of Hugo Sommers' "Individualismus oder Evolutionismus?" by P. R. Hugenoltz; an essay on the narratives of the Resurrection, by J. G. Bockennoogen; and—which should attract many readers—a survey, by Kuemen, of the most recent phases of the

criticism of the Hexateuch. The writer remarks that

"Dillmann places us before a mere literary problem, and, although he cannot conceal the fact that the questions treated of are deeply concerned with the history of Israel and of its religion, yet he makes no effort at all to bring out its historical significance, to shed the light of history on the questions. The most singular point is that he takes credit to himself for this."

Progress, thinks Kuenen, is impossible on this road. W. O. van Manen reviews Lipsius' "Die apocryphen Apostelgeschichten"; and Kuenen notices very favourably vol. i. of Dr. Swete's edition of the Septuagint, and Dr. Wickes' "Treatise on the Accentuation of the Prose Books."

GENERAL LITERATURE.

ANALYTA hymnica medii ævi. II. Hymnarius Molisacensis. Hrg. v. G. M. Drees. Leipzig: Fues. 6 M.
GÖTTER-JAHREBUCH. Hrg. v. L. Geiger. 8. Bd. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Lit. Anstalt. 10 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

CHALYBAIUS, R. Geschichte Dithmarschens bis zur Eroberung d. Landes im J. 1569. Kiel: Lipius. 5 M.
CODEX traditionum Westfalarum. 3. Bd. Münster: Theising. 8 M.
MONUMENTA Germaniae historica. Auctorum antiquissimorum tom. 8. Sidonii epistolae et carmina. Rec. et emendavit Ch. Luetjohann. 16 M. Epistoliarum tom. 1 pars 1. Gregorii I. Papae registorum epistolarum. Tom. 1 pars 1. Liber I.-IV. Ed. P. Ewald. 9 M. Berlin: Weidmann.
SCHULZE, E. De legione Romanorum XIII. gemina. Kiel: Lipius. 3 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

KITTEL, E. Beiträge zur Kenntnis der fossilen Säugethiere v. Maragha in Persien. I. Carnivoren. Wien: Hölder. 7 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

MILLER, K. Die Weltkarte d. Caesarius genannt die Peutingersche Tafel. Ravensburg: Dora. 6 M.
STRASSMAYER, J. N. Babylonische Texte. Inschriften v. Nabonidus, König v. Babylon (555-538 v. Chr.), v. den Thontafeln d. brit. Museum; copirt u. autographirt. 2. Hft. Leipzig: Pfeiffer. 11 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ENGLISH GAWAIN-POET AND "THE WARS OF ALEXANDER."

London: Jan. 7, 1888.

I do not know whether anyone has hitherto called attention to certain significant coincidences in diction between the Middle-English "Wars of Alexander" and the works of the Gawain-poet (viz., "Sir Gawain and the Green Knight," and the three alliterative poems called by Dr. Morris "The Pearl," "Cleanness," and "Patience"). As, however, Prof. Skeat, in the preface to his admirable edition of the "Wars of Alexander," gives no hint of any remarkable affinity between this poem and those just mentioned, and as the most striking of the coincidences referred to has obviously escaped his notice, it may be assumed that the facts are at any rate not so well known that it is needless to call attention to them.

In the "Wars of Alexander," l. 1154, the reading of the Ashmole MS. is—

"Pe pure populande hurle . passis it umbi."

In his note to the passage, the editor says that "Hurle is shown by the alliteration to be an error for *purle* or *perle* (as in Dublin MS.)." He has apparently overlooked the fact that the poem called "Patience" has the same peculiar phrase, and in the form which he condemns as incorrect. In l. 319 the poet makes the prophet Jonah say:

"Pe pure poplande hourle playes on my heued."

The law of the alliterative verse does not require us to adopt the reading of the Dublin MS., as three stave-rimes are a sufficient number for a line. There are often four, but this is not at all imperative. The line immediately preceding that

quoted from the "Alexander" contains a non-alliterating substantive as the last word of the first hemistich:

"Pe Wawis of pe Wild see . apon pe wallis betis."

I therefore believe that *hurle* is the true reading, and that the *perle* of the Dublin MS. is a corruption due to the wish to complete the alliteration.

The fact that so singular a phrase occurs both in the "Wars of Alexander" and in the writings of the Gawain-poet is certainly noteworthy. So far as I know, neither the exact expression, nor anything very like it, is found elsewhere in Middle-English poetry, so that it does not seem to be a mere epic formula. If it does not imply unity of authorship, it must be due to imitation on one side or the other, or else to copying on the part of both writers from a common original. Which of these hypotheses is to be preferred is a question that requires an extended comparison of the vocabulary of the "Wars of Alexander" with that of the Gawain-poet.

In order to establish the existence of any specially close relation between the author of the "Wars of Alexander," and the author of "Gawain" it is not sufficient to adduce, as could easily be done, a long list of words common to both. This would prove merely, what is already well known, that they belong to the same poetic school. Dr. Morris's glossaries to the writings of the Gawain-poet cite many parallels from the "Wars of Alexander," and Prof. Skeat's glossary to the latter cites many parallels from the former. What I wish more particularly to insist upon is that in a considerable number of cases the words that are common to the two authors are found nowhere else, or at least very rarely elsewhere, in Middle-English literature. The following examples are the result of a very hasty comparison of Prof. Skeat's glossary to the "Wars of Alexander" (WA.) and Dr. Morris's glossaries to the writings of the Gawain-poet (GP.). The word *ossen*, to show, and its derivative, *ossing*, are found four times in WA., and once in GP.; and nowhere else. *Ethen* (a derivative of *oath*) to conjure, occurs once in WA., twice in GP., and, as Prof. Skeat says in his note, not in any other instance. *Runisch*, *renisch* (explained variously as "strange," "furious"), and its adverb *runischly*, *renischly*, are found six times in GP. and three times in WA.; Stratmann gives no examples except those from GP. *Rakente*, chain, is found once in GP. and twice in WA.; other writers use only the compound *rakente-e*, *rakenteie*. The word *tolc*, *tolc*, in the sense "man, knight," is found seventeen times in WA., nine times in GP. The glossary to the "Troy-book"—a work which Dr. Morris was once disposed to assign (erroneously, as I believe) to the Gawain-poet—gives one reference to the word. I do not know of any other example. The verb *salpen*, to defile, occurs five times in GP. (its compound *bysalpen* once), and once (spelt *solp*) in WA.; apparently not elsewhere. *Honischen*, to dishonour (cf. *Honi soit qui mal y pense*), occurs once in GP., twice in WA.; Mätzner quotes only the former. *Founce*, *founs*, bottom (a word not given in Stratmann), occurs twice in GP., and once in WA. *Asperly*, fiercely, which is elsewhere somewhat rare, is found six times in WA., and once in GP. *Freke*, "man, knight," though not particularly rare in Middle-English poetry, deserves notice for its frequent occurrence both in GP. and in WA.; in the former it occurs eleven times, in the latter fourteen times.

I could give many more instances of this kind, but probably it has been sufficiently proved that there exists a very intimate relation between the vocabulary of the author of the "Wars of Alexander" and that of the author of "Gawain." In general tone and style, also, it appears to me that the two writers—if, indeed, they be not one—are closely akin. The resemblance between them is far greater than that which exists between either

of them and any of the other works belonging to the same school—the "Morte Arthur" or the Troy-book, for example; and it must be remembered that this resemblance is obscured by the fact that our present copies of them probably differ widely in date, and certainly in dialect. I have no time for the careful investigation which alone could entitle one to speak with confidence as to the precise interpretation to be given to the facts I have pointed out; but at present I strongly incline to the conjecture that the "Wars of Alexander," the "Gawain," and the three religious poems are ultimately (i.e. in their original form) of the same authorship.

Before closing this letter I may mention a small mistake which has met my eye in turning over the excellent glossary to the "Wars of Alexander." The word *tymbre*, crest of the helmet, is explained as "lit. timber, the crests being originally of wood." The word is the French *tymbre*, from Latin *tympanum*, used in the same sense. The Teutonic word *timber* means building material, and a Middle-English writer would no more have spoken of a "timber" helmet-crest than of a "timber leg."

HENRY BRADLEY.

"WASA" AND "CERN."

London: Jan. 10, 1888.

Mr. Stevenson's criticism on my identification of Wasa=River Isis appears to me to be a good example of the mistake of working backwards from current forms of place-names, and arguing that they must appear in such and such a shape at a given date. The only proper method, as I maintain, is to start with the old name and work downwards to the current form. Ancient place-names in England (and, for the matter of that, everywhere), unhappily, can not be brought under any hard-and-fast rules of etymology, for there is an important series of factors which also enter into the equation—viz., dialecticism, phoneticism, ellipsis, and so forth. If it were worth while, one could easily draw up a list of modern place-names, the identity of which with ancient names of unexpectedly dissimilar appearance is undisputed. This very Fyfield="Fif-hida" (five hydes) is a capital specimen.

As for the original meaning of "Wasa," probably Mr. Stevenson is right in referring it to *ooze*. I do not challenge it, as it does not concern the suggestion I make—that "Wasa" is "Isis." Anyone who looks at the O.S. map of Berkshire will perceive that Fyfield lies directly south of the Isis and directly north of the Ock, each river running eastward. Now the boundaries of this land start at Ydel's island, then reach the River Ock, and eventually pass "along the hollow brook into Wasa" (not "the Wase"—there is no article, nor is it customary to use articles when rivers are mentioned in boundaries), and so "along Wasa to Ydel's island again." Let it be observed that whatever "Wasa" may be—ooze or river—there is a hollow brook running into it, and an island in it. Now the Rivers Isis and Ock are the only two important watercourses which help to make up the Fyfield boundaries; and we should expect naturally, indeed imperatively, to find the Isis appearing in some form or other in a detailed account of these boundaries. Instead of "Isis" we find "Wasa" under conditions which preclude any other deduction than that they are identical. Possibly in Isis=Wasa=ooze, we see the real meaning of the river's name—a sluggish, oozy, not swift, but gently flowing river. May not the result stand thus:

Wasa=[w]ooze=[w]isis.

I desire here to remind your readers of the important fact that *Wasa*, *Wase*, or *Wæse* occurs, so far as I know, only in the boundaries of Cumnor (*Chr. Abingd.* i. 268); Fyfield (i. 233, 324); Earmundeslei=Appleton (i. 101, 260);

and Buckland (i. 243, 244). All these four sites lie along the sloping south bank of the Isis, in Berkshire, and their extreme distance by water is upwards of ten miles. Can Mr. Stevenson produce any evidence of a ten-mile-long fen, ooze, or stagnant pool boundary of these four parishes; or, in fact, any kind of water or land boundary common to them other than Isis herself? Notwithstanding that *Wasa* may= ooze (cf. also *Wasser*, German=water; *vase*, Fr., and *vasa*, Portug.=ooze or mud), it is not impossible that it is after all a river-god's name; for *Wasinga-tune* and *Wassan-ham*, sites occurring in the same chronicle, may be outlying colonies, whose settlers looked to *Wasa* as their tutelary genius.

So far, therefore, from accepting Mr. Stevenson's *ex cathedra* dictum, that by the Abingdon History I might have discovered that my "identification is altogether wrong," I submit, with all deference to him, that the History confirms my position. I never said that "Wase and Thames were two names for the same river," but I maintain that "Wasa" is the early and the only "early form of the name 'Isis.'" Where *Wasa* ends Thames begins.

I am happy to inform readers of the ACADEMY that one branch of the River Ock was named "Cern" (see *Chr. Abingd.* i. 250, 251). In a charter of Eadwig, A.D. 958, of land "æt Cern" to Kenric, the boundaries use "Cern" as a river—as well as a place-name. Stevenson call this place Cerne in Dorsetshire! There is no evidence connecting Cerne in Dorset, with Abingdon; but, I believe, it is Charney-Bassett, near Faringdon, on the River Ock, in Berks, and near West and East Hanney, which locality is mentioned in the boundaries (i.e.) as Aniges, and Haniges ham. If this derivation be conceded, a gleam of light is thrown upon the signification of the names of the neighbouring Cherbury Camp and Charlock Farm. In Walker's map, and others, Charney-Bassett is a veritable island—Charn-ey, on the Ock. Here one is tempted to show how purely generic this word "Cern" is, for a river, cf. Cerne-abbas, on the River Cerne, in Dorset; and North and South Cerney, near Cirencester, on the River Churn, anciently Corin, perhaps connected with to *churn*—i.e., to froth and agitate. But he who will edit for us a list of river- and stream-names to be supplied by county antiquaries will confer untold benefits on students of the early history of England, and supply a want shamefully neglected by all dictionary makers, who are blind to the fact that the names of persons and places and rivers belong vitally to a language. No dictionary that ignores this fact can be considered completely representative.

WALTER DE GRAY BIRCH.

THE REGULATIONS OF THE RECORD OFFICE. Wimbledon: Jan. 6, 1888.

I perceive that in the ACADEMY of December 17 credit is deservedly given to Mr. Maxwell Lyte for having relaxed a rule formerly in force at the Record Office, whereby the number of documents supplied to a reader at one time was restricted to three. But, if the Master of the Rolls and the Deputy Keeper really wish to attract students to the Record Office, would they not do well to rescind the edict of rather recent date prohibiting the use of ink there? Readers are now restricted to the use of pencil, which soon becomes obliterated. Everything has to be copied out in ink at home, and the labour either of copying or of taking notes at the Record Office has been doubled, and more than doubled. That will not tend to encourage study there.

J. H. RAMSAY.

[It seems evident that the use of ink at such a place as the Record Office might furnish the means for serious injury to the original docu-

ments consulted—not only through accident or mere mischief, but even from deliberate intention to obliterate.—ED. ACADEMY.]

"MORT," "AMORT."

Pisa: Jan. 4, 1888.

Having noticed in the ACADEMY of December 31 a letter by J. Gonino on the words "smort" and "smorta," I beg to refer the writer to the following verses in Dante:

"Incomincio' il poeta tutto smorto."
Inferno, canto iv.

"Quant' io vidi due ombre smorte e nude."
Inferno, canto xxx.

"L'anime che si fur di me accorte
Per lo spirar, ch' io era ancor vivo
Maravigliando diventaro smorte."
Purgatorio, canto ii.

Bembo, in his *Intorno alla volgar Lingua*, says "Molto diverso sentimento hanno — e ce — morto e smorto la quel voce da smorire si forma."

In all these instances the word "smorto" is used in the sense of "pale." A. B.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, January 16, 5 p.m. London Institution: "The Ancient Eastern Empire," by the Rev. W. Benham.

6 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Foot and Leg," by Prof. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Painting," V., by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Aborigines of Australia, their Ethnic Position and Relation," by Dr. Fraser.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Exploration of the Rio Doce, Brazil," by Mr. W. J. Stead.

TUESDAY, January 17, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin," by Mr. G. J. Romanes.

7.30 p.m. Statistical: "Progress, Organisation, and Aims of Working-Class Co-operators," by Mr. B. Jones.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Colonies and Dependencies of the Netherlands," by Mr. A. J. R. Trendell, C.M.G.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The Use and Testing of Open-hearth Steel for Boiler-making," by the late Mr. Hamilton Goodall.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "A Collection of Mammals obtained by Emin Pasha in Central Africa, and presented by him to the Natural History Museum," by Mr. Oldfield Thomas; "The Lepidoptera received from Dr. Emin Pasha," by Mr. Arthur G. Butler; "The Shells of the Albert Nyanza, Central Africa, obtained by Dr. Emin Pasha," by Mr. Edgar A. Smith; "Some New Lepidoptera from Kilima-njaro," by Mr. A. G. Butler.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 18, 5 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Knee and Thigh," by Prof. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Methods of taking the Ballot," by Messrs. John Leighton, James Withers, and John Imray.

THURSDAY, Jan. 19, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Walker School," by Prof. H. Herkomer.

6 p.m. London Institution: "Material of Music, VI., Cultivation," by Mr. W. A. Barrett.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Painting," VI., by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.

8 p.m. Linnean: "Influence of Light on Protoplasmic Movement," by Mr. Spencer Moore; "Studies of the Mochrochires (Humming Birds and Allies)," by Dr. K. W. Schufeldt; "New British Plants," by Mr. W. H. Beeby.

8 p.m. Chemical: "Morindon," by Mr. T. E. Thorpe and Mr. W. T. Smith; "Manganese Trioxide," by Mr. T. E. Thorpe and Mr. F. G. Hambley; "The Theory of the Vitriol Chamber Process," by Prof. Lunge; "Coal Distillation," by Mr. Lewis T. Wright.

8.30 p.m. Historical: "The Despatches of Prince Henry of Monmouth during the War in Wales (1405-6) and the Treaty of Surrender by the Welsh Chieftains," by Mr. F. Solly Flood.

FRIDAY, Jan. 20, 5 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Trunk," I., by Prof. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. Philological: "A Dictionary Evening," by Dr. J. A. H. Murray.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Diffraction of Sound," by Lord Rayleigh.

SATURDAY, Jan. 21, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Experimental Optics," I., by Lord Rayleigh.

SCIENCE.

The Mammoth and the Flood: an Attempt to confront the Theory of Uniformity with the Facts of Recent Geology. By Henry H. Howorth. (Sampson Low.)

Most geologists know that Mr. Howorth has been considerably exercised of late years about the history of the mammoth, especially as to the precise way in which its disappearance from the living world was effected. In the volume under review he has collected a remarkable mass of information on this subject—partly scientific and partly legendary, some of it extremely curious, and for the most part pleasant enough reading. At the outset he connects the word "mammoth" with "Behemoth"; and, having settled this bit of etymology, he brings together—in some cases from most out-of-the-way sources—scraps of lore about griffons, and dragons, and giant's bones. After this preliminary skirmish, he falls to the attack of his subject in earnest.

It was Cuvier who first showed, in 1796, that the mammoth was an extinct species of elephant. For this species he subsequently suggested the name of *Elephas mammothus*—a name which he abandoned, however, in favour of Blumenbach's term, *E. primigenius*, by which the creature is still known to every naturalist. If the mammoth were an object of purely scientific interest, we should probably know much less about it than we do; for, though its remains are widely scattered over parts of Europe, yet the great repositories of its bones are situated in the inhospitable tundras of Northern Siberia, which few scientific investigators could visit—or would care to visit if they could. Fortunately, the tusks and teeth of the quaint beast possess considerable economic value. From the tenth century, if not earlier, this fossil ivory has been an object of eager quest, and it is still collected and utilised in larger quantities than most people imagine.

It is not, however, simply the bare bones of these primeval elephants that are heaped together in the arctic charnel-houses. Thanks to the antiseptic properties of the ice in which they are entombed, the very carcasses have been in some cases fairly preserved; and if our museums of natural history contain no mummies of the mammoth, they at least possess, among their most valued treasures, samples of its hide and hair. How these carcasses have been discovered, and set free from their frozen tombs, forms one of the most interesting stories in Mr. Howorth's volume. Nor is it scarcely less interesting to follow his narrative of the discoveries of mammoth bones in localities more familiar than the remote regions of Siberia. For the relics of the old shaggy-haired and curved-tusked elephant are found, in greater or less abundance, over a large part of Eastern and Central Europe—not, it is true, in frozen ground, as in the Siberian wilds, but scattered through the ancient river-gravels or buried in ossiferous caverns, associated with the relics of other pleistocene mammals and of palaeolithic man.

The great problem which Mr. Howorth sets himself to solve is how the mammoth and many of its contemporaries became extinct. There is no blinking the fact that the extinction does present some serious difficul-

ties; but few geologists will be disposed to get over these difficulties by means of the bridge which our author has constructed. Mr. Howorth believes—and the prime object of the volume is to support this belief—that the phenomena can only be explained by invoking a sudden cataclysm whereby a great rush of waters swept far and wide over Northern latitudes, accompanied throughout Northern Siberia by an abrupt and permanent reduction of temperature. The arguments by which he supports his views are unquestionably ingenious and worthy of thorough discussion; yet, after all, they are not unlike certain views which were current in geological circles long ago, and which, after patient consideration for years, were abandoned as untenable.

Whatever may have been the state of opinion in the past, most geologists, in these latter days, recoil from the invocation of a cataclysm in order to explain phenomena which, though perplexing, seem capable of more or less satisfactory elucidation on less abnormal principles. Mr. Howorth's reversion to the teachings of the old catastrophic schools may, perhaps, be partly explained by the fact that he passed much of his early life in Lisbon, in what he calls "the very focus and kernel of the famous cataclysm." But how much greater than the Lisbon catastrophe must have been the gigantic disturbance which he requires for his present purpose! He is well aware that the interpretation which he favours is directly opposed to the arch-principle of modern geology, or what he calls "the superstition of uniformity"; but he thinks that the pendulum of scientific opinion, after having executed an excursion of great amplitude in the direction of uniformity, shows signs of swinging back to its former position. We do not deny that such a tendency may be detected; but we believe that it is much slighter than Mr. Howorth seems to think. At any rate, it will not be easy to get geologists to admit, with our author, that "for many years past geological reasoning has been vitiated by being tied to metaphysical premises"; that Lyell's view of uniformitarianism, though perhaps a trifle overstrained now and then, is a "grotesque exaggeration," and "has very greatly impeded the development of the science." Nor are geologists, as a body, either so dishonest, or so dull-witted, as to "first formulate a law, and then to bring the facts within it." Geologists, like most other people, no doubt, need to review their opinions from time to time, and should be grateful to anyone who honestly spurs them to the work, however unpleasant it may be; but we feel satisfied that no amount of revision will disclose such radical error in their philosophy as Mr. Howorth believes he can detect.

Having satisfied himself that the period during which the mammoth lived was suddenly brought to a close, in many latitudes, by a cataclysm of appalling magnitude, our author proceeds to identify this catastrophe with the great flood of human tradition. On this subject, he very justly observes that it is most irrational "to refuse credence to a story because it is contained in the Bible." But while cordially agreeing with this axiom, we trust that the

general body of geologists are not guilty of such unreasonableness. To believe, however, in a wide-spread deluge is one thing; to believe that such a deluge caused the extinction of the mammoth is quite another matter. Biblical students, not less than men of science, have yet to learn that the disappearance of the mammoth was an event that had any direct connexion with the Noachian Flood.

F. W. RUDLER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A DIONYSIAC ETRUSCAN INSCRIPTION.

Barton-on-Humber: Dec. 12, 1887.

The Inscription Gamurrini, No. 30, "fufun-sulpaxiesvelousi," affords a good instance of the different methods of Etruscan interpretation. Schaefer renders Fabretti, No. 2250, which is identical except in one letter:

"Dem Fufuns weilt (dies) Vel Pachies."

Corssen renders Fab. *Primo Sup.*, No. 453, which is very rudely scrawled on a rhyton with a mule's head:

Fufun *Pachies* *Vel. C.* *Lithi*
"Bacchicum [poculum] Pacii Veli Gati fili Lartia matre nati."

Deecke renders the three inscriptions:

"Libero (eig.-ri) Velus Pachius (hoc) donat."

The Germans read *clai*, which, according to Deecke, "=*clui*, 'donat'"; and suppose that some totpot called Pachies, who, it would seem, was dedicating cups to Bacchus in various parts of Italy, is referred to. There is, I believe, a Samnite name "Pacius." Gamurrini utterly rejects the reading *clai* (and the copy inscriptions seem to quite bear out his view), and describes the inscription in question thus: "Sotto il piede di una tazza dipinta a figure rosse, rappresentanti un satiro con una capra." He renders it, on Indo-European principles:

fufun *sul* *paxi* *es vel* *cudi*
"Fufuns! solus Bacchus es fortiter gaude."

Since I regard this latter method as being, notwithstanding the recent efforts of Prof. Moratti, out of the question, I shall not discuss its application here. The statements in inscriptions are generally simple enough; and any rendering that is harsh, obscure, roundabout, or grotesque, stands self-condemned.

We have here a Bacchic cup bearing a representation of a satyr and a goat. Such representations were common enough in Etruria, and particularly at Vulci, whence No. 2250 came. On vases from Vulci we find such scenes as satyr riding on goat; Dionysos, satyrs and goat; Dionysos holding the two halves of a torn kid, &c. It would not, then, be an extravagant supposition to imagine that this inscription, like scores of other Etruscan inscriptions, simply mentioned the beings depicted, or who were connected with the cup, or both. In short, if we imagined the inscription to read, "The (Cup) of the Wine-god, Satyr and Goat," we should, I think, be quite in accordance with abstract probability. And this is just what I submit, without any dogmatism, it really does mean. I read:

fufun-s-ul *paxi-s-vel*
"Wine-god-the-belonging-to: Bacchanal-and Goat."

1. *Fufun*. The wine-god in question is, as shown on a well-known mirror, the son of Semla-Samlath, not a native Etruscan divinity. Corssen's objection that this name could not represent the Greek *Béβαιος*, because the Gk. and Lat. *b* = Et. *p*, never *f*, is based on a misapprehension. It is a question of script. *F* is the last and latest letter in the Etruscan

alphabet, and the name is older than the letter. We thus obtain:

Greek — B-ú-β-λ-ι-ο-ς-ι
Earlier Et. { *P-u-p-l-u-n-u*
 { *φ-u-φ-l-u-n-u*
Later Et. — *P-u-f-l-u-n-u*

As to the Phoenician Dionysos of Byblos (*vide* Hehn, *Wanderings of Plants and Animals*, Eng. edit. by Stallybrass, pp. 448-9), students, with the exception of Mr. A. Lang, are now agreed on the question of the Oriental origin of the Dionysiac cult. Mr. Lang, in his latest work, describes it as the product of an (hypothetic) era in Greece, when people worshipped "goats and deer and bulls." While, on the one hand, the evidence of the foreign character of the cult is overwhelming, on the other, the historical evidence of the goat-worshipping age is simply nil.

2. -S. = "the" (*vide* Sayce, "Etruscan Notes," in *ACADEMY*, September 7, 1878; "The Suffix in Et." in Pauli's *Altital. Stud.*, part ii.)

3. -UL. = "of," "belonging to." A genitive and possessive case suffix, variant of *al*, which was used as a matronymic (*vide* Sayce, *ut sup.*; Taylor, *Et. Researches*, 223). *E.g.*, inscription on an Apollo-statue—*Jupetr-ul Epure*; *Trui-al-s* = "Troy-belonging-to-the" = "The Trojan."

4. *Paxi*-s. "Final s" frequently "introduces a new subject, and may be translated either by the definite article or by the conjunction 'and,'" (Sayce. *Cf.* the Magyar *és, s*, "and"). Etruscan transliteration does not, as a rule, preserve the Gk. final *s*, *e.g.*, *Oppéús* = Et. *Urpe*, &c., though we find the Et. *Vilatas* = *Ῥιλᾶδης*. Hence the *s* in *Paxi*s probably does not represent the Gk. *s*, though perhaps it may do so. The instances are:

(1). Et.—*P-a-x-i-s-s* (Gam. No. 30).

Cf. Gk.—*B-a-κ-χ-ε-ύ-ς* (= *Bákχos* = a Bacchanal.)

(2). Et.—*P-a-x-i-s-s* (Fab. No. 2250).

Cf. Gk.—*B-a-κ-χ-ε-ύ-ς* (*θεός* = *Bákχos*. *Cf.* Herod. iv. 79).

(3). Et.—*P-a-x-i* (Gam. No. 552: *kuθna . paxi* . *rex* . . .).

Cf. Gk.—*B-a-κ-χ-ε* (*Cf.* Euripides, *Bakchai*, 998, 1020).

5. *Vel*. In the bilinguals the Et. *Vele* = (in sense) the Lat. *Caius*, because, as Prof. Sayce well observes, *Vele*, fem. *Velu*, must, like *Caius* and *Caia*, have at times meant "Groom" and "Bride." The reason of this will now appear, and the following comparisons will show the course of ideas. In Magyar, *vel*, "companion," becomes the sign of the comitative -*vel*, -*val*.

Akkadian — { *m-u-l-u* } = *vulu*, "man."
 { *m-u-r-u* }
 { *u-r-u* }

Samoied — { *f-a-l-e-a* } = "relative."
 { *f-a-r-i-e* }
 { *p-a-r-e-na* }

Magyar — { *f-a-r* - *fi* } = "man,"
 { *f-a-rj* } = "husband."

Karagass — { *u-s-l* } = "with."
 { *b-i-l-a* }
 { *p-i-l-a* }

Etruscan — { *v-s-l-s* } = "bridegroom."
 { *v-s-l-u* } = "bride," "consort."
 { *v-s-l* } = "with," "and."

Thus *vel* is naturally a common Et. town-name prefix (*vide* Taylor, *Et. Researches*, 346), and also appears in abraded forms, *e.g.*, *marunux-va* ("and Procurator," Fab. 2056. With the Et. *maru* and *mari-s*, "the youth," *cf.* the Ak. *maru*). So, again, in Fab. 2055, we read, "*etara-v(a) denar ci acnanasa vloši*" (= *veluši*), "and younger children two of Acnanasa my consort" (note that *Acnanasa*, as the first of two words in the same case, is not inflected. So in Ostiak, "toma, *dieser*, abl. *tomiwet*, von *diesem*"; but "toma [not *tomiwet*] *xajadivet*, von *diesem Menschen*"). In Magyar, *vel* is a postposition, *e.g.*, *erö-vel* ("by force"), *ásorál*

("with a spade"). I, therefore, write *paxie-s-vel*.

6. *Cui*. The following comparisons illustrate this word. The variants accord with the laws of Turanian letter-change, and the words mean "goat," except as indicated:

Akkadian	— s-u-r (vide Sayce, <i>Rel. Auct. Bab.</i> 285).
Assyrian	— s-u-r-r-u (a loan-word).
Burial	— s-u-r
Lapponic	— s-a-r-w = "elk."
Finnic	— k-a-u-r-is (first form).
Burial	— x-u-r-ai
(Other dialects.)	{ g-u-r-a k-u-r-a
Tungusic	{ k-o-r-ai k-o-r-ai
Basque	— a-k-s-r-r-a
Arintzi	— o-k-ao-sch-i = "elk."
Finnic	— w-uo-h-i (second form).
Magyar	— k-a-cak-e
Finnic	— k-u-ll-u (third form).
Etruscan	— k-u-θ-i

Kuθna (Gam. No. 552, *sup.*) = *kuθina*, as *suθna* = *suθina*; *na* = "belonging to" (vide Sayce, "Et. Notes," *sup.*). Hence *kuθna* = ἡ τοῦ τράγου, the goat-cup. This inscription is on a cup. The goat-cup is the equivalent of the αἶμα δακνὸν οἶνον (*Od.* ix. 196), and goat's blood is, in Bacchic ideas, closely connected with wine (cf. Euripides, *Bak.* 139-42: αἶμα τραγοκτόνον . . . βεῖ δὲ γάλακτι πῖνον, βεῖ δ' οἶνον. So of the baby-skin in the *Theomorphiazousai*: δὲς μοι σφαγείον, ἵν' ὅν τ' αἶμα τοῦ τέκνου τοῦμοῦ λάβω.) It seems from Hesychios that the Etruscans pronounced the Lat. *cap-er* (which would appear to them a plural formation) *kapra*, thus assimilating it to such forms as *Kupra*. The Etruscan inscriptions should be studied both from within and without. ROBERT BROWN, JUN.

THE CHÊDI ERA.

Göttingen: Jan. 2, 1898.

To few other books am I indebted for so much valuable information regarding the history of the Indian middle-ages, and there are none to which I have to refer so often, as to Sir A. Cunningham's *Reports of the Archaeological Survey of India*; and I have not overlooked the Besāni inscription in vol. xxi., p. 102, to which the author has kindly drawn my attention in the *ACADEMY* of December 31. I, too, am of opinion that the date of that inscription is recorded in the Chêdi Era, the epoch of which I consider to be A.D. 248; for, taking the figure 958 to denote the number of years elapsed, the corresponding year is A.D. 1207, in which the month Āshādha was intercalary, as stated by General Cunningham.

Three other inscriptions, the dates of which have been referred to the Chêdi era, are mentioned in the *Indian Antiquary*, vol. xiii., p. 77. Of these, the Ilāo grant is dated 417, on the new-moon day of Jyāishtha, on the occasion of a solar eclipse. Taking 417 to be the current year of the Chêdi era, the corresponding English date is April 21, 665, when there was a solar eclipse. The Nausāri grant is dated 456, Māgha su. di. 15, on the occasion of an eclipse of the moon, on either a Monday or a Tuesday (which of the two is doubtful). Taking 456 to be the number of years elapsed, the corresponding date is Tuesday, February 2, 706, when there was a lunar eclipse. In the case of these two inscriptions, my calculations by Prof. Jacobi's tables agree with those of Sir A. Cunningham. For the Kāvi grant, we have in the body of the inscription the data "Āshādha su. di. 10, when the sun entered the sign Cancer [in other words, on the first of the solar month S'rāvāna]," and towards the end the data "486, Āshādha su. di. [without a figure], on a Sunday." Here my calculation shows that 486, the figure given in the pub-

lished grant, cannot be the current year. And taking it to denote the number of years elapsed, the corresponding date would be June 5, 735, which was a Sunday, but was not the first of the solar month S'rāvāna = June 23. In the year A.D. 736, which would be the Chêdi year 488 current, Āshādha su. di. 10 did fall on the first day of the solar month S'rāvāna; but that day, June 22, was a Friday, not a Sunday. I am inclined to believe that the grant was really made on Friday, June 22, 736, and recorded on the Sunday following; but I should like to examine the original plate or a good photograph of it, before expressing any definite opinion.

Finally, I am aware that Sir A. Cunningham has referred to the Chêdi era the Rêwa copper-plate inscription of Jayasimhadêva of the year 926, and I have to confess that in the case of this inscription my calculations have not yet furnished any satisfactory results.

F. KIELHORN.

A BILINGUAL LIST OF ASSYRIAN GODS.

London: Dec. 22, 1887.

From Mr. Pinches' letter in the *ACADEMY* of December 24 a casual reader would conclude that Dr. Bezold had fallen into gross error about a clear matter of fact; whereas Dr. Bezold's suggestion (which, by the way, he puts in a conditional form) is, to say the least, as logical as the counter suggestion of Mr. Pinches. Let us look at the facts once more.

The tablet K. 2100 is a fragment representing less than one quarter of the original text, as its measurements show. On the obverse are two columns; the one containing a list of words or phrases in Akkadian, and the other giving the name of the god Rammanu in the first line, with the character signifying "ditto" in all the following lines, the names of certain countries being added in seven instances to the word "ditto." On the reverse are four short sections in two columns. Section 1 gives two Akkadian phrases on the one side, with the Assyrian words for "great gods" (probably) on the other. Section 2 and section 3 are mutilated, and consist only of three lines and one line respectively. Section 4 is the one transcribed by Mr. Pinches in his letter. It gives, first, certain words in Assyrian (probably), Phœnician, Syrian (probably), Elamite, Kassite, and Akkadian, to which the Assyrian word "god," according to Mr. Pinches' probable restoration, corresponds in the second column. Next it gives two words (perhaps Akkadian) to which the Assyrian word for "goddess" corresponds. Then follows the same Assyrian word for "goddess," with the name "Ishtar" corresponding to it. Then, "Ashtar" is given as corresponding to "Ishtar," the word "Phœnicia" being added. Then come two Elamite words to which "Ishtar" is understood to correspond. Lastly, the Akkadian phrase meaning "all the gods" is written, with the same words in Assyrian in the corresponding place.

From this analysis it is evident that Mr. Pinches has made two erroneous statements in his letter. First, that the tablet is a "list of gods," and secondly that the last line contains a "statement that it is, in fact, a 'list of all the gods.'" There is a great difficulty, of course, in arriving at the true character of such a fragment as this tablet. It would seem, with far greater probability, to be a gloss on some particular text, perhaps a ritual formula such as a hymn. In that case the second column would not always contain translations, as Mr. Pinches asserts, of the words and phrases in the first column, but rather explanations of unusual words or difficult phrases, whether Assyrian or foreign. For instance, the Semitic "Qadmu" cannot be merely an equivalent for

"God," but is far more [probably an epithet explained as referring to a god—perhaps to Rammanu, as the obverse would suggest. Then "Ishtar" cannot possibly be a translation of "Iltum" (goddess), but is far more likely to be an explanation of some allusion to Ishtar as "the goddess" in a particular text. The last line certainly contains an Assyrian translation of an Akkadian phrase, which probably occurred in the text to be explained. At any rate, there is no "statement" there as to the character of the document.

We come, then, to the disputed word "malahum." There is, in fact, nothing to prove that it is the well-known *malah* "boatman," and nothing to disprove it. It is at least possible that the "boatman" was an epithet of the god, perhaps Rammanu, borrowed from Phœnicia. This is, at any rate, a more legitimate conjecture than that the word is connected with Molech and Malcham, as Mr. Pinches suggests. The interchange of ʾ and ʿ is unknown in the Semitic languages. In the later Syriac, it is true, the Arabic *kh* is represented by Kaph; but, as this is merely a conventional mode of transcription, and not a natural phonetic change, it offers no analogy. The question must be left open, as so many questions in Assyriology must be, until our knowledge is greater. There is no warrant whatever for Mr. Pinches' assertion that "the word *malahum*, therefore [?], is not the well-known *malah* 'boatman,' but the ancient Phœnician word for 'god,'" &c.

B. T. A. EVETTS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

It is proposed to establish in Cornwall a central Museum of Mineralogy, to be connected with the Mining Association and Institute. The purpose of the museum is to be purely practical and educational. It will illustrate the geological structure of the important mining districts of Cornwall, and will seek to exhibit, not fancy specimens, but typical examples of rocks, ores, and other minerals of economic or geological interest.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MR. G. BERTIN will deliver a course of four lectures at the British Museum on "The Languages and Races of the Babylonian Empire, illustrated from the Monuments." The lectures will be given on Thursdays, at 2.30 p.m., during the month of February. The fee for the entire course is 15s. The subjects of the several lectures are: (1) "The Great City"; (2) "Languages and Writing"; (3) "The Populations"; and (4) "The Races."

FINE ART.

THE ART MAGAZINES.

THE three illustrated art magazines, the *Art Journal*, the *Portfolio*, and the *Magazine of Art* (to take them in the order of seniority), have all started on their new year's career with their wonted vigour. Their "programmes" for the year are already too well-known to make it necessary to recapitulate their attractive items; and we will therefore confine ourselves to some notes on the first fruits of their promises—promises which, if we may judge from the experience of the past year, will be well kept, if not quite literally, at least in spirit.

Most readers, whether disciples or not of Mr. Ruskin, would turn to any paper of his, on whatever subject, before they sought what others had to say—at least in art magazines; and none will be disappointed with his deep-

sighted, surely-and-sweetly worded "Reverie in the Strand." There is not a little pathetic admission in these thoughts on "the Black Arts," and the Strand's "wonderful displays of etchings and engravings and photographs, all done to perfection such as I never thought possible in my younger days." He sees the forces at work, the sincerity and accomplishment of the artists, the "quantity of living character," the "tourist curiosity and the scientific naturalism," and asks what it is all to come to. We will leave our readers to seek his answer and all the sad and wise thoughts which occur to him at a state of things artistic, which, without arousing his sympathy, greatly attracts his wonder, and makes him, perhaps, think regretfully of some too confident utterances of past years. "It has," he writes, "so long been my habit to assert things—at all events very questionable in the terms I choose for them—in mere love of provocation, that now in my subdued state of age and infirmity I take refuge, as often as possible, in the unquestionable."

It is a pity, and we feel it more when we find Mr. Ruskin writing in this temper, that there should be so much truth in what Mr. Hamerton says of him in the *Portfolio*. One of the most vigorous papers that has, for a long time, come from the pen of the editor of this periodical is the first of a series of "Conversations on Book Illustrations," conducted by an artist, a poet, a critic, and a scientist. It is the critic who says, "As Mr. Ruskin has himself said, the literary and artistic faculties cannot be both cultivated to the same extent—he is an artist when he writes, a student when he draws. In writing he unhesitatingly sacrifices accuracy to effect, and that is quite characteristic of an artist. In drawing he seems always anxious, above all things, to be accurate, and that is characteristic of the painstaking and conscientious student." At all events, as to the accuracy of Mr. Ruskin's paper on "The Black Arts," and the beauty of the drawings by himself which illustrate it, there can be no doubt.

All the magazines start with a plate or plates of much merit. M. Massé has etched for the *Art Journal*, with singular skill of line and beauty of tone, Mr. Orchardson's well-known "Hard Hit"; and though (at least in our impression) Mr. Dobie's etching in the *Magazine of Art*, of Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Mariamne," is too black in parts, it is a fine piece of work. The *Portfolio* has three engravings on metal, one by Mr. A. H. Palmer, which reproduces with admirable fidelity Sir John Millais' portrait of Mr. Hook; a brilliant and delicate etching by Mr. C. O. Murray, after a luminous and elegant composition by Paul Sandby, which illustrates Mr. Monkhouse's first paper on "The Earlier English Water-colour Painters"; and another etching of singular power by Mdlle. Bynot, after one of M. Henner's strongly lit studies, called "Une Créole."

Among other papers to be noted are, in the *Art Journal*, "The Seine as a Painting Ground," written and illustrated by Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, and "Barye," by Mr. W. E. Henley; in the *Magazine of Art*, "Modern Life in Modern Art," by Mr. F. Wedmore, and "The Portraits of Napoleon the First," by Mr. Richard Heath; in the *Portfolio* the beginning of a very interesting biography of Mr. Hook by the engraver of his portrait, Mr. A. H. Palmer.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

A CENTURY OF BRITISH ART.

THE devotion of an entire exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery to the works of the earlier masters of the British School is in some measure a new departure. That there was a British School at all in the last century was not only

denied by foreigners but has scarcely been admitted by Englishmen. Hogarth, of course, and Gainsborough, Wilson and Sir Joshua, Romney and a few more, were recognised as great artists, worthy to be included in any gathering of deceased masters, worthy (some of them at least) to have special exhibitions of their works. Nevertheless it has scarcely been recognised that there were, besides these great masters, a number of smaller ones quite equal to the smaller masters of other schools, and that all taken together form quite as respectable a body of painters as any foreign country could produce during the same period. What was proved of the last fifty years by the Jubilee Exhibition at Manchester may be said to have been proved of the century previous to it by the present exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery; and the fact that this latter exhibition is but a partial one, and is largely composed of what are generally called "unimportant" pictures, only serves to emphasise the fact.

Of course a historical exhibition of the period 1737 to 1837, which takes no account of the water-colour painters as such, must be an unfair and incomplete one, nationally considered. And though many of the greatest painters in water colours were also fine painters in oils, and some of these are represented here like De Wint, Copley Fielding, Cotman, Havell, and G. Barrett, jun.—others, who also painted in oils, like Paul Sandby and David Cox, are omitted. From the regular oil painters also we miss some names, notably that of Joseph Wright, of Derby. But the merit of the present collection does not consist in the complete representation of the greatest names in English art, but in bringing to notice some names which are in danger of being forgotten, in showing the merit of others not duly appreciated, and even introducing some artists whose existence is unknown to any but art students.

In the last category are Aikman, the portrait painter, and Herbert Pugh, by whom two pictures of London Bridge (122, 124) are sent by Messrs. Graves, who also contribute a very interesting picture of Covent Garden (252) by Joseph Francis Nollekens, the father of the sculptor, who, for the majority, is another *pictor ignotus*. If a few have heard of the Rev. John Thomson, of Duddingston (3, 140, 184), few know how good a painter this amateur was; and still fewer know the name or work of his countryman, William Ewbank, R.S.A. (101, 199, 273, 327). And there will be many who appreciate the water-colour drawing of William Havell who will yet be surprised by the purity and delicacy and fine colour of his work in oils (215, 216, 220, 311).

To turn to some better-known names—do not the public need, at least, reminding that the early work of Sir Augustus Calcott was exquisite in tone, beautiful in composition, and of extreme care and skill in execution; that Bonington was a rare and versatile genius, an artist born, a colourist of unique quality, a painter of atmosphere and light comparable only to the greatest; that De Wint was also a great colourist, and as fine a painter in oil as in water; that John Sell Cotman was an artist of power and originality; and even that Richard Wilson studied nature, as well as art, and painted Wales as well as Italy?

If we turn to the figure painters we shall find as many things worth knowing, if we are ignorant; worth remembering, if we know. John Raphael Smith was an accomplished painter, as well as a great engraver in mezzotint. He was the master of De Wint and of Hilton. He painted landscapes, but he also painted the charming "Visit to Grandfather" (225), lent by Sir Charles Tennant. Near it will be found another domestic scene, also belonging to Sir Charles, called "The Disaster," which cannot fail to raise the reputation of Wheatley as a painter in oils, and a designer of *genre* subjects. But, perhaps, the reputation which will gain most from this ex-

hibition is that of Opie. "The Schoolmistress" (171), belonging to Lord Wantage, is stated in Mr. F. G. Stephens's interesting and learned catalogue to have first brought the artist into notice. It has now done him much the same service with the present generation, by whom Opie is principally known, not as the "Cornish Wonder," the painter of the "Murder of David Rizzio," the man of low origin and high intellect, but as a forcible portrait painter, with a tendency to blackness in the shadows. This masterly composition of life-size figures—finely drawn and modelled, grand in distribution of light and shade, fine, if sombre in colour—will show them something more of the man and the artist. The dignity and refinement which mark the expression and character of the faces raise the composition above the usual level of *genre*, and few will look at the picture without thinking also of some great names in art.

Some of the greatest masters of the English School are well represented. By Constable there are thirty-three pictures, large or small, sketches and finished pictures; by Morland, twenty-eight; to Hogarth, twenty-five are ascribed, which, if all be genuine, is the largest collection of this artist's work which has probably been seen since his death; by Old Crome, twenty-one; by Gainsborough, seventeen; by Wilson, fifteen; by Wilkie and Romney, twelve each; by Turner, eleven; and by Sir Joshua Reynolds, ten. The collection of Constables fairly represents the whole career of the artist and his various manners, from the most careful brushwork and elaborate drawing to the flashing gleams of his palette knife. Here is the great "Hadleigh Castle," of 1829 (the year he was made an Academician, the year after he lost his wife)—a grand composition, with the two ruined towers on the left, and the estuary of the Thames shining like silver in the distance, a wide stretch of marsh gleaming with light and moisture and streaked with the shadows of the rainclouds, the remnants of last night's storm. It is No. 7 in the catalogue, and lent by Mr. Louis Huth. There are three views of Dedham Vale, the original (or a replica) of the well-known picture engraved by Lucas (161), lent by Sir J. Neeld; a charming early picture (40) belonging to Mr. Woolner, and painted in 1811; and a small one lent by Mr. Orrock (275). Mr. Holbrook Gaskell is the owner of Constable's last work, "Arundel Castle and Mill" (47), painted in 1837. Mr. Thomas Ashton sends the great "Salisbury" with the rainbow engraved by Lucas (142); and Mr. Hobson, one of "Salisbury Cathedral" (173) from the bishop's grounds—a slightly altered version of the picture in the South Kensington Museum. Mr. J. Dixon Piper's "Barge and Lock Gates—Stormy Weather" (51); Mr. Andrews's silvery sketch of "The Lock" (135); Mr. Lockwood's rich, gleaming "Landscape, with a Barge" (137), and Mr. Woolner's "Glebe Farm" (46), conclude the list of Constable's larger works here; but there are a number of delightful small examples, sent principally by Mr. Orrock.

Of Turner, the examples are all of his earlier period, before he indulged himself in bright colour. The Earl of Yarborough sends the great "Wreck of the *Minotaur*" (139), and the "Vintage of Macon" (121); the Duke of Westminster the fine "Conway Castle" (107), and the perhaps finer "Dunstanborough" (69), a work of extreme simplicity and grandeur, besides a small "Mouth of the Thames" (111). Beautiful also in light and sentiment, and masterly in their management of a restricted scale of colour, are Mr. Woolner's "Early Morning" (9) and Mr. Brocklebank's "Somer Hill" (64); Mr. Ashton's "Calder Bridge" (60), one of Turner's rare interiors, "The Fitzalan Chapel, Arundel" (169), belonging to Mr. Andrews, and Mr. Hughes' sketch for the "*Minotaur*" (301), complete the list, unless we include Mr. Wass's singularly fine

portrait of a handsome and gallant young man, which is presented as a portrait of Turner by himself (137).

The works of some other of the landscape painters deserve to be treated at greater length than can be spared them here. Of the numerous Wilsons, the most important are the fine and unusually warm-coloured "View on the Tiber" (79), lent by Sir Clare Ford, and Mr. Rankin's perfect "View between Dolgelly and Barmouth" (94). By Gainsborough are a fine sketch for "The Cottage Door" (165), belonging to Mr. Lockwood, and "A Wooded Landscape with Cart and Horse" (155), lent by Mr. R. Goring Thomas. The Norwich School is amply represented by many fine Cromes, including Mr. Louis Huth's noble "Grove Scene near Marlingford" (152), and several good examples of his pupils Stark and Vincent. Of the latter rare master is the celebrated "St. Paul's" (132), lent by Mr. Lockwood, and a beautiful view of "Hastings Beach" (167), belonging to Mr. Crook. Among the Cotmans are Mr. Woolner's "Off Ecclesbourne" (4), and "Merton Hall" (78). Though not belonging to the Norwich School, Patrick Nasmyth, as a student of Hobbema, has much affinity to Crome and Stark, as Mr. David Price's beautiful "View in Surrey" (41) clearly shows. Finally, before leaving the landscapes, attention should again be called to the Boningtons—to the Duke of Westminster's "Sea-piece" (125); to Mr. W. Fuller Maitland's exquisite little "Chateau of the Duchesse de Berri" (15), perhaps the most luminous landscape in the gallery, and to numerous little gem-like pictures in the smaller rooms. Mr. Woolner also sends two of this artist's rare and beautiful little figure-pieces—"Don Quixote in his Study" (205) and "Charles V. visiting Francis I." (96). It is as a landscape painter, also, that George Morland is here specially distinguished. This admirable painter is well represented all round—by little *genre* pictures, beautifully finished and charming in colour, like Sir Charles Tennant's "Diligence" (73) and "Idleness" (67); by pictures of interiors as fine as if by Teniers, of horses and pigs and sheep, unexcelled by anyone—lent by Mr. Bonamy Dobree, Mr. Louis Huth—who sends "The White Horse" (99)—Mr. Ford, Mr. W. W. Lewis, and others. Morland's reputation for such subjects can scarcely be increased, but the remarkable beauty of Mr. Richard Gibbs's little "Landscape, with Soldiers on a Bridge" (81) will be a surprise even to some of his admirers.

Of the three great portrait painters—Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney—it is the last that is best represented. There is nothing by the first two to compare, as capital examples of their genius, with Romney's full-length of the "Dowager Countess Poulett" (56), lent by Lord Burton; and other very fine Romneys are lent by Mr. Carwardine, Mr. Gray Hill, Earl Cathcart, and Lord Petre. There are, nevertheless, some fine and interesting examples of Reynolds and Gainsborough; but these painters are so constantly before the public that their reputations can afford a little comparative neglect in this article. Nor have we space to treat as they deserve the unusually numerous collection of Hogarths. Their interest is so great that it would need a separate article to exhaust it; but that interest is largely of a historical and social character, while most of the finest works, considered as paintings, such as the large "David Garrick as Richard III." (28), the portrait group of "Garrick and his Wife" (27), and "The Lady's Last Stake" (113), are well known. There is the less reason to dwell upon these pictures here, as a great deal of interesting information about them and their history is supplied by Mr. Stephens in the catalogue. There is also little need to call attention to the Wilkies, which include one of his finest works, "The Letter of Introduction" (1), lent by Mr. Brocklebank; and the life-like portrait of himself (133), belonging to Mr. R. Rankin; nor

to Sir George Beaumont's pair of groups of actors by Zoffany (120 and 126), full of life and character; nor to the Mulready, among which is the very fine "Idle Boys" (62), lent by Mr. Woolner; nor even to the life-size figure of "The Woodman," by Barker of Bath, lent by the Duke of Cleveland, and once so popular through the engraving. These are all sure of attracting their due share of attention.

All considered, the hundred years of English art—from 1737 to 1837—is fairly well represented: in landscape, from Wilson to Linnell; in portrait, from Aikman to Sir Thomas Lawrence; in *genre*, from Hogarth to Mulready. In these lines the British may challenge, without fear, any other modern school of the same time. But what of what used to be called "High Art"? What of Finch and Hamilton, of Mortimer and Hilton, of Haydon and Barry, and the rest of the gallant—but, as we now think, mistaken—band of artists, who looked with comparative scorn on landscape and portrait and *genre*? Truly, time brings revenges; and the British School is proud only of those men whose art was despised in their day. Only one of the painters of poetry and history is well represented here—is, indeed, practically represented at all—and this is Etty, whose extraordinary gifts as a colourist and a painter of flesh saves his reputation from this huge wreck of mistaken ambition. Here are Sir J. Neeld's "Pandora" (187), exquisite still for artists and connoisseurs, but of little attraction to the ordinary visitor; here is Mr. Louis Huth's forcible "Robinson Crusoe" (70), and several other fine examples of a master who, in certain qualities as a painter, has no rival in any modern school, but who is doomed, not without reason, to perpetual unpopularity.

If this collection proves nothing else, it proves the want of the really National Gallery of Pictures, and the collection under one roof of all the examples of our own masters which the nation possesses. Scattered at South Kensington, the British Museum, Bethnal Green, and Trafalgar-square, the nation has no easy means even of estimating its riches, or of obtaining a full view of the history and merits of the British School. These riches are no doubt considerable, thanks to private generosity. In Turners, Landseers, Constables, and some other artists we are rich indeed; but in many others, great as well as little, we are very poor. We have only one poor Cotman, no David Cox, nothing worthy to represent Muller or Bonington, not a Vincent, scarcely a Romney. But it is not only the greatest artists who should be represented—and well represented. We should have (speaking only of oil paintings) our Zoffany and our Ibbetsons, our Havells, and our Ewbanks. Some of these may be bought cheaply now, but it will not be so soon. The public are becoming aware of the merits of our minor masters of the end of the last century and the beginning of this; and a few more exhibitions like this at the Grosvenor Gallery will make a collection of them costly and difficult to procure.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE ART COLLECTIONS IN THE GOETHE HOUSE AT WEIMAR.

ON July 3, 1886, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, in the presence of a distinguished company, opened the Goethe Museum. The last grandson of Goethe, Baron Walther, died the year before in Leipzig, having bequeathed to the Grand Duchess of Saxe-Weimar the Goethe archives and to the state of Weimar the Goethe House with its collections. The grand duke accordingly formed the plan of giving the numerous objects of art therein a worthy home, and also determined that everything now procurable which had belonged to Goethe, or had been in any way connected with him, should be here brought together. The care-

fully restored house of the poet has thus become a memorial of his wide knowledge and universal artistic interests, and the Goethe National Museum has been created.

The Goethe House in Weimar was at that time in a ruinous condition. The grandsons of Goethe, during the fifty years after his death, had not only prohibited admission to its archives and collections, but they had allowed the house in which these were stored to go to decay. The Government of Saxe-Weimar granted a necessary sum for repairs; and, through the energetic endeavours of the new director, Mr. Ruhland, the Goethe House on the opening day presented as nearly as possible the same aspect as when the great poet died in it in 1832.

The impression on the mind of the visitor is deep. What varied collections, what artistic and scientific interests they embrace! What a true individuality in the great collector they indicate! One feels that here lived a spirit which moved on the summit of artistic knowledge of his time. Indeed, the manner in which the different objects of art are classified, and the evidence of design disclosed in their arrangement, prove that he was in advance of his contemporaries. Thus, as Goethe discovered new problems in the domain of natural science and new limits to its development, so also his conception of art and its history was characteristic and original. Goethe was, in fact, the first modern art historian. He felt the comparative science of art as it now presents itself to us.

On entering the vestibule of the Goethe house we are impressed by the collector's marked preference for the antique. This entrance-hall, as well as the staircase, was restored by the poet on his return from Rome. Afterwards he regretted the waste of space, but consoled himself with the consciousness of having retained the character of an Italian piazza, which was for Weimar in those days something remarkable. Whether the sight of this plain winding staircase, these colourless walls with their unmeaning triglyph-frieze under the ceiling, calls forth a smile or a feeling of emotion, it remains important to observe how Goethe thought out the impression which the whole was to produce. The statues on the landing and staircase give the special character. It is true that they are only tolerably good casts, which were bronzed over from motives of decoration; yet the choice of these is significant and interesting. The "Adorante" at the bottom of the landing and the "Ildelfonso Group" (the sacrifice of Antinous) at the entrance-hall show the prime and decline of Greco-Roman art. Over the door, on the first landing, we find the busts of the "Apollo of Belvedere" and of "Mars Borghese." A larger space is taken up with two cartoons on the longer side of the hall. They give us drawings of the Elgin Marbles of the size of the originals. The mere fact of Goethe having placed the Cecrops and the Hyades with the Vatican Apollo shows that he was not ignorant of the distinctive change which had taken place in the artistic world after the works of Phidias became known. Instead of the former blind reverence paid to works of art, criticism came into power and masterpieces were judged from a historical point of view. In examining the contents of the different rooms we see that Goethe felt this connecting historical idea in all he collected, and that it influenced him in the arrangement of his collections.

We are welcomed on entering by a Pompeian "Salve" in mosaic, on the step of the door which we pass through in order to get to the so-called Saal (Goethe's reception room). The numerous family pictures and portraits here are very interesting; but we must leave them, and turn our attention to the various objects

gathered together in the glass cases in front of the window. It is, perhaps, necessary to mention that they were not in this room during Goethe's lifetime. We can only ascertain that he kept his collections in two rooms—the "ceiling room" and the "engraving room," and that he showed them at times to his visitors. Notwithstanding these additions, the apartments have retained as much as possible their original character of dwelling-rooms. We feel ourselves in a private house, and at the same time enjoy the survey of a well-arranged museum. The glass case to the left contains, among other personal souvenirs, small bronzes, ivory tablets—in short, objects of art industry, not numerous but, as one sees at a glance, systematically disposed. Thus, next to a small Etruscan figure of a sphinx or winged Medusa we find beautiful implements (handles, &c.), which, although of Italian origin, breathe the true Greek style. Further on we see small images (*laræ*) belonging especially to Roman worship. It is striking how correctly the productions of the Northern bronze period are arranged: pieces of arms, ornaments—among others one of the well-known brooches or fibulae. It is seen that Goethe anticipated and felt, even in these inferior objects of art, the existence of a kind of development which worked itself out according to the countries and the periods with a sort of necessity. His historical feeling, which appears throughout, shows itself very clearly in the distribution of the ivory objects and signet rings. The ancient period, including an exquisite small ivory Atlas; the middle ages and the modern period of ivory work, together with the nationalities, are successively represented.

Turning to the right we find the original collection room. This so-called "ceiling room" contains, as it formerly did (according to the statement of an old inventory lately found), the medal collection, scientific instruments, and small casts. The walls are covered with drawings and sketches. It is well known that Goethe loved medals, and the specimens before us are valuable and numerous. Masterpieces of Italian Renaissance form a principal portion of it. The Quattro and Cinquecento are well represented, nor are French and German medals of the same and later dates wanting. The feeling of historical development is strikingly marked. Nearly every dynasty of the Italian Renaissance is represented: the Farara as well as the Este, the Malatesta, Sforza, and Medici, King Alfonso of Naples, Sixtus IV., Julius II., doges, celebrated poets, even the reigning Sultan Mohammed. It is not so much the historical knowledge which impresses us as the technical grasp of the subject. Goethe possessed unique specimens—medals of Vittore Pisano (medallion of Lionello d'Este), cast medals of the earlier periods and beautifully coined ones of the later. Bronze statues of the Renaissance, as well as of the middle ages and the ancient periods, are, for well-known reasons, rarely to be found. The artistically designed Greek coins throw light on the works of high art which have perished, and compensate in some degree for the lost creations of architecture and sculpture. A similar result can be deduced from the Renaissance medallions. On the reverse of a medal of Sigismondo Malatesta we have a view of the never-finished "San Francesco" at Rimini. The medal of Julius II. gives St. Peter's according to the design of Bramante. Of still greater importance are the finely chased heads on these medals. They in themselves claim a distinguished rank as independent works of art. They not only make up for deficiencies in the Italian portraiture of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but in many cases replace lost busts and statues. A connoisseur like Goethe felt the full value of Italian art. The whole of the Italian Renaissance

stood before him, as we also see from his other collections, with a completeness and accuracy which have only been acquired with much labour by later investigators.

The drawings on the walls are numerous. They include many personal souvenirs of contemporary painters, such as the first illustrations which Angelica Kaufmann sketched for scenes of "Iphigenia" and the apotheosis of the poet; the "Fair of Phindersweilen," by G. M. Kraus; landscapes by Oesser, Schütz, Lobell, Kniep, the so-called "Teufels Müller," &c. It is surprising how many good specimens of Italian Cinquecentists and German Renaissance artists are gathered together here. One among the latter, an allegory of the Reformation by the celebrated sculptor, Peter Vischer, stands pre-eminent by the beauty of its drawing and the originality of its idea. Among the engravings of this period we find the works of Altdorfer, Ringlin and Schwarz, &c. That Goethe's knowledge, even in this sphere, was not superficial, but that he was possessed of thorough judgment, is shown by his appreciation of German sketches for glass paintings, such as Holbein drew. Among the Italian drawings, industrial art is brought forward in water-colour decorative paintings from Giovanni da Udine—a celebrated pupil of Raphael in this branch. Not less full of meaning is the placing together of the Roman Victory—a miniature model of the antique tomb near Igel—and Peter Vischer's statue of himself on the Sebaldus Monument at Nürnberg. The interesting portrait-sketch of Chodowiecki and the admirable specimens of Watteau lead us on to corresponding works of modern masters in the adjoining room. Here, again, we find, in cupboards and cases, costly collections, such as Italian bronze plaquettes, and a choice selection of Italian majolica. In the former especially Goethe gave evidence of his accurate comprehension of Italian art. These bronze tablets (which were used as ornaments) are decorated with haut- and bas-reliefs, and are of great value on account of the reflected light which monumental art throws upon them. In the charming plaquette with the kneeling angels (early Renaissance) the fine touch of Verrocchio is easily to be recognised. The embossed "Saint George" on another leaf reveals the brilliant manner of Cellini. Boucher seems to have furnished the sketch of a Cupid relief, as is intimated by the softness and wanton grace of the forms and movements. The art of the fifteenth and the eighteenth centuries is progressively presented to us. The historical development of the epochs here, as throughout the museum, gave consistency to Goethe's love of collecting. He exercised a perfectly independent judgment in reference to majolica ware. Indeed, his preference for this pottery, at a time when the beauties of china were highly and exclusively esteemed, seemed so incomprehensible that Goethe thought it necessary to excuse himself for this hobby. In doing so in a letter to Zelter (November 6, 1827) he explains the impression which majolica painting made upon him as "a joyful life, lavishing the heritage bequeathed to it by mighty art." Numbers of Raphael's compositions appear here in lighter forms on these plates and vases, chiefly the products of old Umbrian manufactories. The subjects taken from ancient mythology especially are copies of great models. Goethe clearly realised the influence which high art had upon objects of every-day use. "The Abduction of Europa," "The Triumph of Omphale," the "Punishment of Actæon," or the figure of Apollo as fiddler on his majolica, must have been to him a perpetual reminder of the masterpieces of classical and Renaissance art.

L. VON SCHEFFLER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LAKE MENZALEH.

Westbury-on-Trym: January 2, 1888.

I venture to suggest that not only is the name of Lake Menzaleh derived from the ancient Egyptian name of the city of Tanis, but that it actually preserves that name intact to the present day. Tanis, like Thebes, had many sacred names; but the most important was that to which the Greeks—and notably the Septuagint—gave the form of "Tanis"; and the original of Tanis would undoubtedly seem to have been "Ta," "T'an," "T'sān," "Zal," or "Zar"—all dialectal varieties of the one name, which became "Zoan" in Hebrew, "Tsānu" in Assyrian, "Tania" in Greek, "Tani" in Coptic, and "San" in the Arabic of to-day. That "Ha-uar," the great stronghold of the Hyksôs, the "Avaris" of Manetho, was identical with Tanis may be regarded as proved by Mariette's discovery of a stone inscribed with the name of "Ha-uar" in the ruins of the great temple of Tanis, and by De Rouge's celebrated discovery of the variant which gave to "Ha-uar" the pronunciation of "Ha-T'an."

This is not, perhaps, the place in which to discuss the phonetic values of Egyptian hieroglyphs; but I may be allowed to explain, for the benefit of such as do not dabble in "cockology" that the signs which compose "Ha-uar" are (1) the groundplan of a building, pronounced *ha* and (2) a bent leg, apparently in the act of running, pronounced *uar*. It is, however, one of the pleasant peculiarities of Egyptian syllabic signs that a single hieroglyph may have, not only two or more distinct meanings, but two or more different pronunciations—a circumstance which multiplies pitfalls in the path of the hapless translator. The bent leg is a case in point. This sign (as demonstrated by de Rouge) is susceptible of two pronunciations, namely *uar* and *t'an*; so that the city might be spoken of indifferently as "Ha-uar" or "Ha-T'an." It is possible that these two phonetic values were in concurrent use; but having regard to the inscriptions of various periods, it would seem as if "Ha-uar" prevailed during the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth dynasties, and also during the Hyksôs period; but that in the time of Rameses II., it was superseded by "Ha-T'an," and by its abbreviations "T'an" and "T'sān." The Greeks, with their characteristic distaste for unmusical vocables, adopted "T'an" and converted it into *Tāvis*. The Semitic nations, on the contrary, were attracted by the sibilant "T'sān," which, as I have already said, became transformed into (Hebrew) "Zoan," (Assyrian) "Tsānu," and (Arabic) "San."

Meanwhile, it is to be remembered—and Brugsch insists emphatically on this point—that the popular name of the place in all ages was "Zal" or "Zar" (Brugsch's *Dict. Géographique*, p. 995); but it does not seem to be generally known that "Zar" actually survived down to the middle of the twelfth century of our era as the local name for that part of Lake Menzaleh into which the Bahr San-el-Hagar discharges its waters. This we learn from Edrisi, a celebrated Arab geographer who wrote about A.D. 1153. He distinguishes the N.E. end of the great lagoon as "the lake of Tennis," after the island-city of Tennis there situate; and to the S.W. basin, he gives the name of "the Lake of Zar." Now, it is to be especially observed that in Coptic the *l* of the Bashmuric dialect (the dialect of the district) regularly indicates the *r* of the Sahidic and Memphitic dialects; therefore, Edrisi wrote as "Zar" what the natives of the place would, at that time, have pronounced and written "Zal."

The *l* and *r* were also, to some extent, interchangeable in the Egyptian hieroglyphic writing; and the same curious confusion subsists even now between *l* and *r* in the mouths of the Roman peasantry, who invariably say "molto" for "morto," and *vice versa*. Philological identifications are hazardous, and too frequently disputed; but I am, nevertheless, tempted to carry Edrisi's testimony a step farther, and to suggest that "Mer-en-Zal," though not yet found in the texts, would be good Egyptian for "Lake of Zal," and that "Mer-en-Zal" and Menzaleh are practically the same.

I do not forget, when proposing this identification, that the whole bed of Lake Menzaleh was a fertile pastoral district in ancient Egyptian days, or that the present lagune did not exist till many centuries after the ancient national language had ceased to be written and spoken. The "Mer-en-Zal" of the olden time would, therefore, in all probability, have been a minor sheet of water, fed by the winter rain-floods and the annual inundation. Several inscriptions quoted by Brugsch in his *Dict. Géographique* attest the existence of some such lake or pool in the vicinity of Tanis. This pool would naturally give its name to that part of the lake subsequently formed by the incursions of the Mediterranean; and so in time "Mer-en-Zal," or Menzaleh, would come to represent the whole of that watery desert which was once, according to Mas'oudi, one of the wealthiest and most delightful of Egyptian provinces.

I hasten to add that I submit this suggestion as to the name of Lake Menzaleh for, strictly, what it is worth. That, perhaps, may be nothing. AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON has been elected a member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

THE long-expected Japanese exhibition—to which all the best-known collectors seem to have contributed—will open next week, at the Fine Art Society, in New Bond-street, though we understand that the catalogue may not be ready immediately. Mr. McLean will also have on view next week, in the Haymarket, a series of water-colour drawings, by Mr. Edward H. Bearne, made during a tour in Switzerland and Italy in 1887. Mr. Bearne was a Turner medallist of the Royal Academy.

MR. T. MATESDORF delivered the fifth of his course of six lectures on "Raphael," at Steinway Hall, last Wednesday evening. The South Kensington cartoons formed the main subject of the lecture, and were very successfully reproduced in lime-light illustrations. These illustrations have constituted a very attractive feature of Mr. Matesdorf's series. The concluding lecture—on "Cupid and Psyche"—is to be delivered on Wednesday, January 25.

MESSRS. BOUSSOD, VALADON & Co. have sent us the first number of *Paris illustré*, which appears in a new series with the new year. Among the contents are an article on the lately deceased painter, Gustave Guillaumet, a collection of whose works is now on view at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts; and an analysis of M. Alexandre Dumas' novel *L'Affaire Clémenceau*. Both these are illustrated by some process prints, the latter after a drawing by M. Meissonier. There are also two coloured illustrations, of which we can praise only the military sketch by M. A. de Neuville. We may add that in England no such expensively produced newspaper could live with so poor a show of advertisements.

MR. ARCHIBALD RAMSDEN writes to call public attention to the fact that two pictures

lent by him to the present exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery somehow got "changed at nurse," and that the mistake was not discovered in time for correction in the first issue of the catalogue. As it stands, No. 117 is attributed to James Stark, and No. 185 to George Vincent; whereas, as a matter of fact, Vincent painted No. 117 and Stark painted 185.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. BUCHANAN's play, "Fascination," is to take, sooner than we had expected, the place of Mr. Henry A. Jones's admirable and admirably acted "Heart of Heart." Miss Harriet Jay is to be the heroine, and it is expected that Miss Vane will give a sufficiently clever reading of a very disagreeable character. Meanwhile, or at all events at first—Miss Kate Rorke, the accepted heroine at the Vaudeville—an admirable Sophia and excellent in "Heart of Hearts"—will take the holiday which she has long been without.

ONE of the last links that connects the stage of to-day with the stage of Edmund Keane is snapped by the death of the veteran, Mr. Chippendale. A mellow Sir Peter Teazle, a perfect Sir Anthony Absolute, a Polonius without rival, he yet knew how to take his part with amazing effect in such unfortunate rubbish as "Our American Cousin." Indeed, like Mr. Howe, he was long a pillar of the Haymarket. Yet the provinces saw some of the best of his representations, and saw them with enthusiasm. Mr. Howe, who is with Mr. Irving at Chicago, and Mr. Walter Lacy, who never leaves London we believe, unless it is to go to Brighton, remain as almost the sole representatives of our earlier stage. Both are many years younger than Mr. Chippendale was, yet neither is exactly in his first youth. Mr. Chippendale was eighty-six. He had a store of theatrical gossip, masses of newspaper cuttings, and he had the courage to live—like Mr. Henry Fawcett lived—"over the water," having taken up his abode in South London long before the comedian had got to deem it his first duty to be fashionable, and only his second to understand the requirements of his art.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

AFTER a short break at Christmas, the Popular Concerts recommenced last Saturday afternoon. Schubert's Quartette for strings in A minor is a never-failing attraction; and deservedly, for the composer never wrote anything more lovely, nor anything more thoroughly filled with the individuality of his genius. Mme. Norman-Néruda is also heard at her best when leading this work. Mr. C. Hallé played Beethoven's Sonata in D, commonly known as "The Pastoral." His interpretation was excellent, though we could not help thinking that he lingered too long over some passages in the first movement. Beethoven's Pianoforte Trio in D (Op. 70, No. 1) concluded the programme. Mr. Thorndike, who sang in place of Mr. Santley, was not in his best voice.

On Monday evening Mr. Chappell tried the experiment of beginning at 8.30 instead of 8 p.m. The constant late arrivals probably suggested this change. We, however, doubt the wisdom of it. The only result last Monday was that the late comers came later than ever, and of such there was an unusually large number. Beethoven's Quartette in D (Op. 18, No. 3) is a fine example of the composer's early manner; but a more interesting choice might, we think, have been made. Miss Fanny Davies made her

first appearance this season, and played Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor. Her rendering of the Prelude was brilliant, though at times it lacked the necessary *élan*. In the Fugue there was a slight want of power noticeable in the right hand, especially in the chords preceding the Choral. Miss Davies, however, played with her accustomed skill and intelligence. She was much applauded, but bravely resisted the *encore*. This is a good step in the right direction: the *encore* to the piano solo at these concerts was becoming a mere habit. Miss Fanny Davies also took part with Signor Piatti in Schumann's Märchenbilder. Signor Piatti played beautifully; but we prefer to hear these pieces with viola, as originally intended by Schumann. Then the effect, especially in the last, is more weird. The concert concluded with Mendelssohn's Quartette in B minor (Op. 3, No. 3), in which showy work for the pianoforte Miss Davies had full opportunity of distinguishing herself. Mr. Thorndike was again the vocalist, and was well received.

Mr. Henschel gave his eighth Symphony Concert on Tuesday evening. The programme contained a curious mixture of old and new music. Berlioz' wild but characteristic Overture to "King Lear" stood at the head. This was followed by some fantastic variations on the "Dies Irae," for piano and orchestra, which we feel inclined to call Liszt's masterpiece of ugliness. "It is extraordinary," said one lady to another, going out of the hall, "how any pianist can play such stuff." "It is more extraordinary," rejoined the second lady, "how anyone could have written it." So say we. Mr. Fritz Hartvigson played this "Todtentanz," full of perilous passages, in a skilful, sympathetic, and artistic manner, and was loudly applauded and recalled at the close. After all this sensational music came Beethoven's second Symphony—a calm after a storm. Mrs. Henschel sang with her accustomed fluency and charm Rameau's Air, "Rossignols amoureux," from his Opera "Hippolyte et Aricie." The flute obbligato part was effectively rendered by Mr. Svendsen. Then followed another specimen of old French music. Monsigny, a prolific and successful writer of operas in the eighteenth century, is now chiefly remembered by the quaint Chaconne and Rigaudon from "Aline," selected by Mr. Henschel. We believe these pieces were last given at the Crystal Palace. The concert concluded with Liszt's brilliant Hungarian Fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra, in which again Mr. Hartvigson showed how thoroughly he could enter into the spirit of Liszt's music.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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LITERATURE.

Essays, chiefly on Poetry. By Aubrey de Vere. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

THERE is probably not one among the readers of the ACADEMY to whom Mr. Aubrey de Vere is altogether a stranger, and, therefore, it is almost a remark of supererogation to say that these volumes contain much good matter embodied in a pleasing and graceful form. They contain, indeed, so much that is admirable that it seems ungracious to tell the whole truth concerning them—the whole truth, including the fact that they leave behind (such, at least, is the experience of one reader) a vague but unmistakable feeling of disappointment. This feeling is, I think, partly due to the title which Mr. Aubrey de Vere has given to his work. It seems to be justified by the headings of the separate papers, and to be in itself about the most simple and obvious title which could have been chosen; and yet as we read we feel that we are not finding, or finding only in small measure, something which we naturally expect to find in large measure in a collection of essays, “chiefly on poetry.” This something wanting may best be described as literary interest. Poetry is a mode of thought or emotion which makes for itself a vesture, or rather a body, of expression; and adequate criticism of poetry must deal at once with its indwelling spirit and with its outward manifestation, which are in literature as indissolubly bound together as character and conduct in life. Much recent criticism has been noticeably partial and, therefore, defective. It has dealt almost exclusively with externals; has been eloquent upon metres while it has ignored morals; and has treated poetry as a mere art-craft in which expression counts for everything and the matter expressed counts for little or nothing. To those who know anything of Mr. Aubrey de Vere’s mind as it is revealed in his own verse it is needless to say that for him such a critical method has no charm—is, indeed, repellent as a wilful and perverse missing of the one thing needful. To him (vol. ii., p. 169):

“poetry is a practical thing, rooted in realities, embodying the complete mind of a nation, and corresponding with the estimate formed by that nation on every important subject—religion, philosophy, politics, art, science—as well as with its morals and manners.”

This is a broader and saner view than that of the mere aesthetic critic. But as a statement of the office of poetry it is wanting in completeness, or rather in definiteness; for what Mr. Aubrey de Vere says of the poetry of a nation is true also of its worthy prose—of its expression of itself in any literary form. The materials of poetry—observation, thought,

emotion—are the materials of prose as well; but they are handled by the poet in a different manner from that of the proseman, and the peculiar charm and value of poetry, as poetry, are found in this difference in the handling. Hence it is that disquisitions on metres, sound effects, use of imagery—all the things which go to make up what we call *technique*—are not mere intellectual trivialities. These are the means by which the poet attains the special end for the attainment of which poetry exists; and criticism misses its way not by regarding them, but by regarding them as ends instead of as means. Mr. Aubrey de Vere seems to me to miss his way by a too general disregard of them. Poetry has two elements of value—the thing said and the manner of saying it; and it is impossible to say that one is of greater value than the other, just as it is impossible to say whether the acid on the alkali be more essential to the composition of a salt, for without either the salt could not exist. In the majority of these essays Mr. Aubrey de Vere makes the mistake of supposing that he can render the essence of a poet’s work by describing what we may call the raw material of his thought and sentiment, whereas the poet’s peculiar power over his readers resides largely in the treatment to which this raw material is subjected in the mind’s laboratory. A writer who is himself a poet must implicitly acknowledge this. My complaint merely is that his explicit acknowledgements are wanting in frequency and force. Not that they are altogether absent. They appear several times in the course of the two essays on Wordsworth; there more clearly than elsewhere, perhaps because Mr. Aubrey de Vere’s delight in Wordsworth is so unalloyed and his admiration so intense that even the externals of Wordsworth’s treatment have an interest which the externals of poetry in general do not inspire in him. The passage in which he speaks of Wordsworth’s treatment of the details of nature is full of fine discrimination; and his remarks upon such a comparative triviality as the metrical scheme of the great “Ode on the Intimations of Immortality,” though a little more obvious, are as just as if they had been made by the most pious devotee of form. As a rule, however, Mr. Aubrey de Vere prefers the high places of the intellect to these lower literary levels, and is more uniformly philosophical than we expect any man to be who writes “chiefly on poetry.” A friend of mine, an enthusiastic Landorian, opening the second volume by instinct in the middle of the essay on Landor, was shocked to observe a sentence beginning with some terrible words about “that Fall which depraved the Will and subverted the order of man’s moral being”; and, like Paolo and Francesca, “read no more that day,” or, indeed, on any succeeding day. From Landor’s verse to the theological dogma of the Fall is certainly “a far cry,” but this is Mr. Aubrey de Vere’s way. He tells us (vol. i., p. 103) that “as a mountain is best described from the slopes of an opposite mountain, so poetry of a high order is best discerned in its true proportions when contemplated from the heights of a spiritual philosophy”; and this habit of testing all poetry by philosophical canons, while it undoubtedly imparts to his work one kind of

interest, deprives it of interest of another kind which unfortunately happens to be the very kind that we expect and want.

Then, too, Mr. Aubrey de Vere’s style, though fluent, correct, and dignified, is lacking in that grip which is given by the living expression of the vividly conceived thought in the apt word that such a thought always brings with it. It is expatiatory, and gives us no sense of inevitableness. The writer himself wisely remarks (vol. ii., p. 93) that “energetic truth forbids diffuseness, for it is through brief select expression that thoughts disclose their character. Clearness and intensity are thus found together, and to write with these is to write with force.” This is well put; but, if we apply these words to Mr. Aubrey de Vere’s own style, we are compelled to draw the inference that his realisation of the truth he has to expound is very insufficiently “energetic,” for he is frequently diffuse, hardly ever intense, and not always even clear. This last charge may seem to some readers perverse, and, perhaps, unintelligible, so I had better explain my meaning by a little elaboration. I must not be understood to say that Mr. Aubrey de Vere is ever obscure with that purely literary obscurity which makes any single sentence at all difficult to understand. The want of clearness inheres not in parts, but in the whole; and it evidently comes from the lack of that energetic dealing with truth which he so rightly admires. Thoughts can only be made readily and vividly apprehensible when they are conceived in outlines which can be grasped and retained by the perceptive intellect; but in these pages the outlines of thought are often altogether invisible. In one of the most ambitious of his essays, Mr. Aubrey de Vere has a good deal to say about poetic versatility, yet when we reach the close of his utterances upon this theme we cannot feel that we know what his conception of versatility really is. On one page versatility appears as simple flexibility of the intellect, on another it is identified with dramatic insight, on a third it is a merely imitative faculty; and the word never seems to bear the simple and obvious sense of variety of aptitude—such, for example, as was manifested by the late Lord Lytton, who made his mark as novelist, poet, essayist, politician, and playwright. There is in the same essay a distinction drawn between two classes of poets, in which the want of outline is so apparent as to make the classification really useless; but this essay abounds in instances of hazy thought and expression. “It is, of course,” writes Mr. Aubrey de Vere (vol. ii., p. 103) “in dramatic poetry that versatility is most needed, but all genuine poetry is in its spirit dramatic”; and on the same page we read that “sympathy is, in truth, versatility of heart.” To the lazy reader such sentences have a satisfactorily edifying sound; but, though the saying may seem severe, they really darken counsel by words without knowledge. If, for example, the word “dramatic” as applied to poetry means anything at all, it means the quality or qualities which distinguish a certain kind of poetry from all other kinds; and, therefore, to say that all genuine poetry—such poetry, for example, as Milton’s sonnet on his blindness, and Shelley’s “Skylark”—is in spirit dramatic is to use language as a mere

plaything. Nor is the second sentence more satisfactory. Sympathy in itself has no recognisable likeness to versatility, though catholicity of sympathy may have a certain analogy to that variety of endowment which characterises the intellect which we describe as versatile; but even with this correction the *dictum* wants relevance to the subject under discussion. One cannot help feeling that Mr. Aubrey de Vere has too often written *currente calamo*, allowing one thought to suggest another, rather than working on a previously laid-out ground-plan; and this is a method which can never have an outcome in really coherent and symmetrical performance.

The first of the essays—"Characteristics of Spenser's Poetry"—is rich in interesting matter, though it may be doubted whether Mr. Aubrey de Vere establishes his ingenious contention that the *Fairy Queen* is strong in human interest; and indeed in another essay (vol. ii., p. 116) he seems explicitly to abandon it by saying that "Spenser's fairyland will never be much frequented by those whose sympathies are exclusively with action, passion, and character," these being the three elements of which human interest is compact. The most valuable paper in the two volumes is undoubtedly that which deals with "The Genius and Passion of Wordsworth," and which is devoted to a demonstration of the truth often questioned even by Wordsworthians, that passion, so far from being absent in Wordsworth's work, is really "one of the primary notes of his genius." The fact is that the significance of the word passion and its derivatives has of late been narrowed and degraded, and Mr. Aubrey de Vere shows the applicability of such words to the poetry under consideration by restoring to them their true value. He writes (vol. i., p. 111):

"Passion is not appetite. It means profound and intense feeling, addressed first to all that relates to the human ties, and next to remote objects, whether above or around us, so far as they can be coloured by human imagination and emotion. Genuine poetic passion, when dealing with human themes, must show the depth and preciousness, nay, it must imply the infinitude, which belongs to all the divinely-created bonds of earthly life, and should not exhaust itself, as is now so disproportionately common, upon a single form of love—that form the claims of which the readers of verse require least to be reminded of. 'Love poetry' has been said to be 'poetry ready-made.' The great classic poets were never thus absorbed by a single theme. It is a sign rather of hard than tender natures if they can be touched by the most fiery stimulants alone."

And again (vol. i., p. 125):

"It [Wordsworth's poetry] has been admired for its wisdom, and doubtless it is wise; for its purity, and nothing can be more pure; for its truthfulness to nature, and it is ever true to her; but if it had been unmixed with passion, it would have lacked what is essentially characteristic of it. Remove from Wordsworth's meditative poetry the element of passion—not the passion which obscures and destroys, but that 'unconsuming fire of light' which kindles into a more radiant distinctness all that it touches—and much of it would sink into the merely didactic, that is to say, the prosaic."

This is the view which appeals to all who truly feel the power of Wordsworth; but his

passion is not that which perturbs and excites, but that which steadies while it inspires. Mr. William Watson, in his remarkable and penetratingly imaginative poem "Wordsworth's Grave" (*National Review*, September, 1887), after speaking of the poet's "impassioned argument" has the stanza

"Impassioned? ay, to the song's ecstatic core!
Though far removed were clangour, storm,
and feud;
For plenteous health was his, exceeding store
Of joy, and an impassioned quietude."

In this plenteous health, this store of joy, and in the quietude which comes from the possession of these great rare gifts we find, with Mr. Watson, the secret of Wordsworth's power to "heal and arm and plenish and sustain." His is not the passion of convulsive movement, but of healthy activity—the passion not of one emotion broken loose, but of all emotions in sweet co-ordination; the passion of a nature which, like the cloud, "moveth altogether if it move at all."

Mr. Aubrey de Vere's delightful "Recollections of Wordsworth" ought to be reviewed by means of quotation rather than of comment, and for quotation space is wanting. Nothing more interesting is to be found in these volumes, though since the first publication of the paper it has evidently been largely utilised by writers upon Wordsworth, and much of it has, therefore, lost the special interest which belongs to absolute novelty. The five essays on the successive volumes of Sir Henry Taylor's dramas and poems might, I think, with advantage have been re-written and condensed into one paper; as in their present form they contain too much merely descriptive matter—which long ago served its turn—to be of permanent interest. Of the three essays devoted not to poetical but to religious themes nothing must here be said, for they could not be treated adequately in half a dozen sentences. The essay on "The Subjective Difficulties in Religion" contains much that is well put, but as a fresh contribution to the thought of to-day is somewhat wanting in weight. There is much more that will really come home to most readers in the beautiful study entitled "A Saint," which deals with S. Aloysius Gonzaga; and in the equally beautiful imaginary letter of the hermit Ambrosius, written to illustrate the quality of "The Human Affections in the Early Church." Indeed there is scattered up and down these volumes much that cannot possibly be read without pleasure and profit; and I can only hope that in the strictures I have felt compelled to make I have not deviated into even seeming disrespect for a writer who, through a long and honoured life, has been loyal to the best and loftiest traditions of English literature.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

On Parliamentary Government in England: its Origin, Development, and Practical Operation. By Alpheus Todd, Librarian of Parliament for the Dominion of Canada, &c. Second Edition, by his Son. In 2 vols. Vol. I. (Longmans.)

THE first edition of this valuable work has scarcely attracted the attention that it deserved. The first volume was in one sense prematurely published, with the omission of

certain chapters which ought to have formed part of it, in order that it might be laid before public men in Canada with a view to the settlement of various questions at the constitution of the new Dominion in 1867. Those chapters which were not sufficiently advanced were then relegated to the second volume, which was published two years later. The author seems to have been a sort of constitutional adviser to the statesmen and legislators of Canada. Parliamentary studies were to him a constant pursuit during an official life of more than fifty years spent in the parliamentary library at Ottawa; and even at the outset of his career, when he was only twenty, he had compiled, in advance of Sir Erskine May, a work on *The Practice and Privileges of the Two Houses of Parliament*, which still retains its place as an authority.

The present work now appears with its matter arranged for the first time according to the author's original design, and with very considerable additions to the text, as well as other alterations made by the author in MS. before his death. It is, in fact, almost a new work, and we propose to discuss its merits as if this were the original edition.

The editor has done well in his preface to call attention to "the eminently practical character of the work." For a truly scientific treatise on the English Constitution the time, perhaps, is not yet come. Assuredly we are accustomed to the most crude and ill-considered statements, even from writers who ought to know better, as to the principles of which that constitution is composed. But much has been gained, and a great step taken towards a more philosophic treatment of the subject, when facts and precedents relating to the working of the machine of government have been so admirably digested as is done in the work before us. For here we have the powers of each separate element in the constitution carefully examined by the light of an exhaustive historical survey. No case appears to have escaped the author's notice which is in any way material to the rights and prerogative of the Crown, the liberties of either House of Parliament, or the responsibility of public departments. The whole subject is carefully mapped out under distinctive headings, and the actual working of our political system in each particular point is illustrated by the most copious references in footnotes to instances by which the underlying principles may be clearly ascertained.

It is impossible to survey such a grand inheritance of laws, institutions, traditions, and principles of government, and to think of the happiness and freedom which have resulted from their smooth and harmonious working without a certain enthusiasm mingled with anxiety; and Dr. Todd makes it evident enough in his introduction that he feels strongly on certain points. We could have wished that he had kept politics a little more out of sight; but, like many other people, he dreads the spread of democracy, and his remarks on this head are none the pleasanter reading because the last Reform Act that he was able to criticise was that of 1867. He regrets the tendency, manifest even then, to extinguish the few remaining small boroughs, and to weaken still further the executive authority and the power of the House of Lords. Many will doubtless feel

with him on these points; nor, perhaps, does he greatly exceed the functions of an exponent of the constitution in pointing out the dangers which may arise from recent legislation. He is, however, on more questionable ground in suggesting remedies. He would claim as a right for the Crown and the House of Lords that they should be "adequately represented" in the House of Commons, and this, too, because, as he considers, "that branch of the legislature has now become the source and centre of political power." This is really such a tribute to democracy as no avowed democrat could pay; for if the two higher elements in the constitution cannot make their weight felt without being "represented" in the lower, it is clear that democracy is already come, and all else is empty form.

Now this is a conclusion which Dr. Todd would not have accepted; nor is it a natural corollary from the constitutional facts which he has been at so much pains to elucidate. Why should it be supposed that the Crown and the House of Lords are impotent, or that the influence of the Crown, at least, is not sufficiently felt in the lower chamber? In a certain sense, it is not desirable that it should be felt there at all. But I should rather say myself that one great reason why the lower chamber is strong is because when it is at issue with the upper it has generally the support of the Crown—that is to say, of the Crown's constitutional advisers. No one would think of passing through the Commons a measure likely to be distasteful to the Lords without government support, unless the party responsible for it were prepared to take the reins themselves, and so force it upon the acceptance of the Peers. Nor must it be supposed that even in such a case a change of government would ensue as a mere matter of course. For although the Commons have it generally in their power to compel the resignation of a ministry with which they are dissatisfied, the sovereign is by no means bound to accept a resignation so tendered. For the Commons, unlike the Lords, are a fluctuating body; and a dissolution may solve the difficulty, if a new parliament is found better disposed towards the existing government.

No doubt it is by the pressure they exercise upon the sovereign through the power they have of dismissing her advisers that the Commons in our day possess so much significance. Of old it was through the Lords only that a check could be put upon arbitrary power. The Lords really ruled the country, the Commons presented the grievances of the people. And as this was their real *raison d'être*—not to represent the second or third hand opinions of "the masses" on questions, perhaps, of European policy (which of course the said masses cannot understand), but simply to show how the interests of their constituents were affected by existing laws or proposed taxation, and possibly might be influenced for the better by new legislation—the Commons, before the days of the Tudors, were probably truer representatives of the people than they are now in the era of reform. The very fact that the House of Commons has become such an engine of government has really gone far to make it less of a representative body than it otherwise would have been; for since the Revolution of 1688

ministers have constantly endeavoured to control it, first by bribery, afterwards by caucuses, by reform bills and by floods of oratory studiously addressed to each new mass of ignorance that either has just been or is intended presently to be enfranchised.

The remedy for this state of matters—and for the concomitant evil of parliamentary obstruction—must ultimately be found not so much in any new measures for the improvement of our legislative machinery, as in a general recognition that the functions and representative character of the Lords have been too much undervalued. Dr. Todd would have some reform of the Upper House "to enable it to retain its hold on the national sympathies." The national sympathies will go with it, if it does its duty. Why should the nation not sympathise with a body of men who are called to council, for the most part, simply as being heads of families, not as successful orators, ambitious lawyers, and busy promoters of schemes which, whether for the public interest or not, are started for private gain? If we chose a number of heads of families by lottery throughout the kingdom, I imagine their opinions would be, on the whole, more genuine and more really representative of what the general public thinks than those of a trebly reformed House of Commons; and surely it is no drawback to heads of families that they have distinguished ancestors. The real danger to the state is in what we must be permitted to call the bad political ethics of the day, which we are sorry to see reproduced even in Dr. Todd's book, where he insists (p. 41) that it is "not the duty of the House of Lords" to continue a persistent opposition to the House of Commons. Not the duty! If he had said it was hardly in the nature of things possible he would have said the truth, for there are always legitimate means of bringing Lords and Commons gradually to agreement. But to put it as a matter of duty on the Lords' part always to succumb to pressure is simply to preach bad morality. For it is clearly the duty of all, peers or commoners, who have votes of any kind, to use them for what they conscientiously believe to be the best interests of the country; and there is no abstract reason why the Lords should not reject a Bill sent up to them ten times over if they conscientiously think it very mischievous. It is really by timid counsels in such cases, even more than from their dogged obstinacy of old (which was bad only so far as it sought to protect selfish interests and corrupt practices) that the Lords have lowered their prestige and become of little account in our days. They have a great chance now when the Commons have lowered theirs still more. But if we attempt by false morality to weaken their sense of duty we must not go on to blame them, as Dr. Todd does immediately afterwards, for remissness in the discharge of their constitutional functions.

That the Crown requires to be better represented in the Commons is surely a delusion; for it is shown by Dr. Todd himself in the volume before us that the rise of the Commons was greatly due to the fact that ministers of the Crown have continually sat among them ever since the Revolution of 1688. From that day cabinet government—till then

looked upon as a disreputable thing—became a recognised system; and a cabinet being once understood to be responsible for the King's acts, a new mode of intercourse was established between the Sovereign and the two houses, by means of which the affairs of this country have ever since been conducted. It is true, the *personal* power of the Crown is less than it was before; but that is just because the Crown really *is* represented in the House of Commons, which it never was under the old system of government by prerogative. To the immense advantage of the Sovereign herself, as well as of her people, her ministers are now compelled to satisfy the representatives of the latter that they are duly careful of their interests; and the House of Commons, having unlimited power of questioning her Majesty's representatives daily sitting among them, has in this way become a real engine of government, which it never was and never could be until this system was established.

These criticisms, however, affect only some remarks in the general view of the subject laid down in the author's introductory chapter; and I fear I have scarcely done justice to that "eminently practical character of the work" to which I have already alluded. This is indeed a thing which it is difficult to illustrate in a review like the present. A brief note of the contents of the volume must suffice. After the general introduction, the author gives a brief account of the development of parliamentary government, a valuable condensed history of the different administrations since 1782, showing the cause of the dissolution of each, and a tabular view of the same thing for more convenient reference, a lengthy chapter on the Sovereign and the royal prerogative, and others on the prerogative in its various aspects as regards Parliament, the church, the army and navy, honors, officers, taxation, and so forth, with separate chapters on the mode of control which Parliament has the means of putting in force in each of these departments. Under the head of the Sovereign there is an interesting chapter on the comparatively recent recognition of the right to employ a private secretary, and the difficulties which for a long time beset the recognition of that right. Here we may point out a slip on p. 295, which would make it appear that the Prince Regent was called to the throne in 1810. The author meant to refer to a thing done after the prince was appointed Regent, not after the Regent was called to the throne.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

The Imperial Gazetteer of India. Second Edition. In 14 vols. (Trübner.)

THE monumental work by which Sir W. Hunter has crowned his life of brilliant and useful labour is already well-known from the first edition published in 1881. That edition, however, had the disadvantage of having been prepared before the taking of the census which was effected in the same year; and this is in itself a sufficient justification for the appearance of the present reprint. More especially has it been necessary to revise the sixth volume, which, professedly an article on the word "India," forms a digest in which the distinguished editor of the *Gazetteer* distils—with his own hand—the essence of the whole work compiled by his colleagues

and himself. We can easily understand the statement in the preface, that it represents the fruit of a long period of continuous condensation. The appearance of the India Office's decennial statement of 1885, and the publication of many new works, principally German and English, on various portions of Hindu and Buddhist science and literature, have furnished a quantity of fresh matter. It would be impossible, in these columns, to indicate the extent to which the *Gazetteer* at large has benefited by the revision. Even in regard to the sixth volume we can only state very generally what are the latest results most ably summarised.

Many Indian subjects are—as the author, with the modesty of a genuine inquirer, admits—"still open questions." He has often had to content himself with recording conclusions, or even more general impressions, without entering into controversy. He has had recourse to the best authorities. Only on one topic—the history of Christianity in India—does he lay claim to having written "from original sources and local inquiry." The general plan of the work will be familiar to those who have studied the first edition. Passing from the physical features of the country to a description of the races by which it is peopled, the author proceeds to tell the history of the past. This he has done in a rapid, but readable, narrative, which leads one to hope that he may some day develop a more complete record which will take its place among the classical histories of our language. The book concludes with a statistical abstract, under appropriate classified heads. An excellent index completes the usefulness of the work.

It would not be extravagant praise to say that this one volume of 700 pages contains all that is likely to be required by ordinary students of Indian subjects. The historical portion is confessedly incomplete; but that somewhat incurious personage, "the general reader," is well known to have but moderate desires in the direction of Indian history. Indeed, so far as the Hindu period is concerned, there are hardly any materials forthcoming. The metaphysical tendencies of the Hindu mind, what we may, perhaps, summarily call its haziness and laziness, have prevented the preservation of any of those annals which, with most Oriental peoples, have furnished records for the use of the historian. It was at one time thought that this barren period might be measured by millenniums. Sir W. Hunter inclines towards the more moderate estimates usually favoured by modern writers. The earliest documents of Indian history are, in fact, the edicts of Asoka, the grandson of Chandra Gupta. The latter, having contrived to make himself master of the country known to modern times as Bihâr, contracted an alliance with Seleucus, the successor of Alexander the Great, and married his daughter. From the edicts of his grandson, cut on rocks and pillars on many widely distant sites in Northern India, we learn that Asoka was in some sort of relations with Antiochus II., with Ptolemy Philadelphus, and with Antigonus Gonatas; that in his day Buddhism became the state church over a vast extent of country; and that the seat of this Eurasian (?) empire was near Patna in the third century before the Christian era. From a few coins

and metal or stone inscriptions we gather that this empire was overrun by invaders from Central Asia after the destruction of the Graeco-Bactrian power in those regions. From the itineraries of Chinese travellers we learn that Buddhism held its own for some centuries, declining in the seventh century of the Christian era, and becoming utterly subverted, in its original seats, about two hundred and fifty years later. The land seems then to have broken up into a kind of heptarchy, to be again, perhaps partially, brought under a federal head, and ultimately conquered in detail by the followers of Islam. With the Muslim conquest commences a series of chroniclers, a few of whom finally attained to something like the dignity of true historians. A resting-place in the records of war and persecution is reached in the long reign of Akbar—contemporaneous with the period of the English Reformation. A genuine empire of Upper India was then formed; the fanaticism of Islam was curbed, and the connexion of state and church abolished for the time. For lack of representative institutions this Indian reformation mostly perished with its founder. Under his son and grandson a kind of equilibrium was maintained, but one that leant, more and more, in the direction of a Muhammadan revival. This tendency was completed under Alamgir—the third in succession, known in Europe as Aurangzeb. His long reign was wasted in struggles with the various branches of Hinduism, in which the empire eventually succumbed. But the Hindus had lost any power of organisation or administration which their race might have possessed in bygone centuries. The Mahrattas erected a sort of brigand-confederacy in the South; in the North the Sikhs began to lay the foundations of a powerful state. But nothing was ready in the hands of those hereditary bondsmen. Persians and Afghans swarmed down from the mountains, murdering and wrecking; the French and English fought fiercely nearer the sea-coast. Without the establishment of a paramount power, India would evidently have been lost to civilisation. Its arts—so patient and often so splendid—were in decay; its manufactures were suspended; its marts were closed. At length the English got the upper hand. Various alliances were made in the vain attempt to find a central authority, or create one if it could not be found. Dalhousie completed the work of Wellesley, and made British power the controlling element. Then came the revolt of the Bengal army, and the subsequent removal of the screen which the East India Company had been allowed to form between India and the British Government—"auspicio," as their motto ran, "Regis et Senatus Angliæ." Then the *Pax Britannica* became supreme over the vast peninsula and its twenty nations.

Such is the essence of Sir W. Hunter's story. With all his details no one will, perhaps, be expected to be in complete agreement, least of all anyone who has made its study the business of a lifetime. In one particular respect the author has done the writer of this review the honour of entering into a special argument in the present edition. His remarks will be found at p. 298. The following extract must suffice:

"Since the publication of this work the author

has received several communications from Mr. H. G. Keene, questioning the soundness of Mr. Thomas's conclusions."

He then, with proper candour, proceeds to repeat Mr. Thomas's views of the Mughal revenues at various periods, "subject to the considerations" arising out of the discussion. When it is observed that Mr. Thomas went so far as to declare that at one time the Emperor Alamgir collected eighty millions of pounds sterling, it will be seen that the subject is one of some importance. If the feeble machinery of those times was equal to such a financial exploit, it may well be held that the British do not do enough in respect of fiscal administration, and that the modern theories of the poverty of India must be taken with many grains of salt. This is not the place for a renewal of the controversy. In a paper lately printed by the Royal Asiatic Society, the present writer believes that he has made plain two of the principal errors that vitiate the conclusions of Mr. Thomas. The highest point ever reached by the revenues of the Mughal empire appears to him to be equivalent to thirty-four millions sterling; and even that is an enormous estimate in view of the value of money nearly two hundred years ago. Naturally, the writer is not desirous of posing as an authority, especially in antagonism to a numismatist so distinguished as Mr. Thomas; and the *casual* with which Sir William has reproduced the figures must be allowed to be all that was to be fairly expected in the circumstances.

Among the most valuable portions of the present work must be noted chap. xiii., which treats of the vernacular tongues of modern India, their past and present. Collecting with admirable research and skill the latest reasonings, Sir William establishes two most important conclusions—first, that the Aryan vernaculars are not derived directly from the Sanskrit (which is probably a purely literary and religious language), but from a synthetic dialect called Prakrit; second, that the proportion of words derived from the speech of the conquered aborigines is very small. This, of course, is in strict accordance with what happened in our own country, where the Celtic element has almost entirely disappeared from our speech.

The above must not be taken as an attempt to do justice to even one volume of the *Gazetteer*; but it may serve to stimulate the curiosity of some readers who desire to see the facts about India concentrated in a very able and interesting manner. Alone among English authors Sir William Hunter has acquired the well-nigh unattainable art of popularising this curiously unwelcome subject. Why India should be so repellent to the Western intellect is a question that would take long to answer. Sir William has been able to show that there is no rule without an exception.

H. G. KEENE.

Aucassin & Nicolette: a Love Story. Edited in Old French, and rendered in Modern English (with Introduction, Glossary, &c.), by F. W. Bourdillon. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

Aucassin and Nicolette. Done into English by Andrew Lang. (David Nutt.)

"AUCASSIN & NICOLETTE"—there may be

readers even of the ACADEMY for whom the information will not be superfluous—is a short French romance of the thirteenth century, written partly in prose, partly in assonant verse. It is the history of a pair of lovers, whom the cruelty of fate keeps long asunder, carrying them into exile in different lands, but whose constancy is rewarded at last. Although some of our male *précieuses* have done what in them lay to damn it with their too emphatic praise, it is unquestionably a delightfully told story. Possibly it may owe a good deal of its charm to qualities to which time lends a value not their own; but the old writer's true poetic feeling and admirable instinctive art are too evident to be overlooked. It is curious that a work which is so widely known, and which offers such tempting opportunities for the display of a translator's skill, should, until now, never have been rendered into English. As it never rains but it pours, we have now two different versions published within a few weeks of each other. Before discussing the comparative merits of the two, it will be convenient to say, first, what is to be said anent Mr. Bourdillon's edition of the old French text, and the illustrative matter with which he has accompanied it.

The text given by Mr. Bourdillon is substantially that of Suchier's second edition, though the editor has occasionally preferred to retain the reading of the MS. where Suchier departs from it, and has sometimes adopted the conjectures of M. Gaston Paris, instead of those of the German scholar. Mr. Bourdillon's plea that his volume is designed only "for those who read for pleasure," may be accepted in excuse of some degree of laxity in his critical procedure. Still, I think it would have done no harm, and would sometimes have been useful, if he had in every case quoted the alleged reading of the MS. (which is said to be in a wretchedly illegible handwriting), and all the corrections which have been proposed by different scholars. This critical matter would not have occupied more than a page of small type, and might have been stowed away in some obscure place where no reader need see it unless he looked for it on purpose. As Mr. Bourdillon has in fact given "the principal variants" either in footnotes or on a separate fly-leaf, it seems a pity that he should not have gone just a little further and made his work complete. On the whole his critical judgments appear to be sound, but in one place he adheres to the MS. reading where there is ground for doubting its correctness. The opening lines of his translation are as follows:

"Who were fain good verse to hear
Of the aged captive's cheer,
Of two children fair and feat,
Aucassin and Nicolette.
What great sorrows suffered he,
And what deeds did valiantly
For his love, so bright of blee."

This is literal enough, according to the text of the MS.; but what is meant by "the delight of the aged captive" in the second line? There is no "aged captive" mentioned in the tale. Mr. Bourdillon says in a footnote: "This is the literal translation of the line. Its meaning is not quite evident, but it has been taken to refer to the author of the work, and his delight in writing it." This seems rather a lame explanation, but no

better is possible if we take the text as it stands. In his first edition (1878) Suchier proposed, instead of "Del deport du uiel caitif," as in the MS., to read "Del deport, du duel caitif." The resulting meaning may be expressed (adhering as closely as possible to Mr. Bourdillon's version) something as follows:

"Who to hear good verse were fain
Of the joy and grievous pain
Of two children, fair and feat,
Aucassin and Nicolette," &c.

It is right to say that M. Gaston Paris, whose authority I should be the last to disparage, has, though without giving his reasons, expressed himself unconvinced by this ingenious emendation; and, as neither Mr. Bourdillon nor Mr. Lang in any way refers to it, I am afraid that Suchier himself must have withdrawn it in his second edition, which I have not had an opportunity of consulting. Possibly there may be some difficulty of idiom or grammar which I am not competent to appreciate; but even if Suchier's proposal does not itself quite hit the mark, I cannot help suspecting that the ordinary reading must be wrong.

Mr. Bourdillon's introduction and notes are appreciative and sensible. It would have been better if he had not thought it necessary to apologise for the improper sentiments which the hero expresses with reference to the comparative attractions of Paradise and "the region not to be mentioned in polite assemblies." It seems he had some idea of omitting the passage in question from his translation; fortunately, however, a wiser second thought has saved him from such an absurdity. On the question of the relation between *Aucassin and Nicolette* and the similar story of *Floire and Blanceflor*, Mr. Bourdillon takes the rational view that the resemblances between the two are not due to deliberate imitation. What is common in the plots of the two stories may very well have been shared by a whole group of romances now lost. The remarks on "The Country of Torelore" are mostly to the purpose; but I think there is ground for the conclusion that this name was proverbial as that of a legendary "Topsy-turvyland." It is very unlikely that Lacurne de Ste. Palaye is merely drawing on his imagination when he says that "Pays de Turelore" was a popular nickname for Aiguesmortes, a place where, according to him, people gain their living by walking backwards; where rainy weather hardens the soil, and dry weather softens it; and where "plus il fait chaud plus il gèle"; all which statements are perfectly credible when they are understood. We need not, of course, adopt Ste. Palaye's conclusion that the Torelore of Aucassin was Aiguesmortes. As Mr. Lang says, "It is somewhere between Kôr and Lputa"—two countries, by the way, not quite equally renowned.

Mr. Bourdillon's glossary is intended to enable readers who only know modern French to spell their way through the text with the help of his translation. It, therefore, contains the principal inflexional forms as well as the dictionary forms of the words. I have observed no errors, and only one or two omissions. *Moullier* (wife) is not given; *caitif* is explained only in its figurative sense of "miserable, wretched," though its etymological sense of "captive" occurs more than

once in the tale; and the nominatives *quens*, *cuens* (count) do not appear in their alphabetical place, but only under the oblique case *conts*, which the unlearned reader understands without help. It might have been well to give a few hints as to the more puzzling of the peculiarities of the Picard dialect.

Mr. Lang is so obviously the right person to translate *Aucassin* that it would have been a surprise indeed if his version had not been decidedly the better of the two. Mr. Bourdillon's version, however, is a clever piece of work; and, in judging of its merit, it is fair to remember that it is partly designed to serve the modest purpose of a "crib" to the original. Notwithstanding the words "rendered into modern English" which appear on the title page, Mr. Bourdillon's aim, with regard to style, has been to produce a general impression of archaism, while not embarrassing the reader by the excessive use of obsolete words and idioms. The result is on the whole good, though now and then an incongruous effect is produced by the occurrence of an antiquated form of expression side by side with one that by contrast looks startlingly new. The only thing, however, that is open to very strong objection is the use of "Never a del!" as the equivalent of *nenil nient*. Although the phrase is not uncommon in writers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, I am not aware that it is ever employed in this exclamatory fashion; and it is too antique sounding for its context. At any rate, the modern spelling *deal* should have been used. Mr. Lang's rendering "nay, not so" seems to me quite adequate. In the main, Mr. Lang's principle of translation coincides with that of Mr. Bourdillon, but his style is far more uniform, because, on the one hand, he has been somewhat more boldly archaistic in the general character of his diction, and, on the other hand, he has never gone back so far as Chaucer or Langland for models of expression, but has been content to aim at a sort of modernised echo of Malory. It is seldom that he uses a turn of phrase which has strong associations either with the nineteenth century or with any particular period later than Malory's own. Perhaps "sermon me no sermons" recalls Elizabethan comedy, or something still more modern, rather than fifteenth-century romance; but this is almost the only instance I have observed. There are a few passages of doubtful meaning, which the two translators have taken differently; but, so far as I have discovered, neither of them can be convicted of any unquestionable mis-translation (Mr. Lang apparently takes *li roi del siecle*, on p. 12, as a singular instead of a plural, but the fault is probably the printer's). Contrary to what might have been expected, it is not in the verse portions that Mr. Lang's superior skill is most clearly evident. Both translators have succeeded fairly well in imitating the careless ease of the original versification. In most passages Mr. Lang has come nearest the mark, but not always. The opening lines (of which Mr. Bourdillon's version has already been quoted) are rendered by him as follows:

"Who would list to the good lay
Gladness of the captive grey?
'Tis how two young lovers met,
Aucassin and Nicolette,

Of the pains the lover bore
And the sorrows he outwore
For the goodness and the grace,
Of his love, so fair of face."

Granted that "fair of face" is a little better than "bright of blee," the passage as a whole is not so close to the original as in Mr. Bourdillon's translation, and (not to mention the punctuation) its grammar is not altogether clear. The second line, too, is unintelligible without a note, and is not very felicitous in expression. "The aged captive" has a good deal said about him in Mr. Lang's introduction, which is rather unfortunate if he has been evolved out of a scribe's blunder. In the original the verse passages consist of from ten to thirty lines, all ending with the same assonance. I had half ventured to hope that Mr. Lang would have reproduced this peculiarity. It certainly would not be easy to write assonant verse which would make its own quality recognised by English ears; but the experiment, if tried by an accomplished master of verse, would be interesting. Mr. Bourdillon has adopted couplet rhymes, with only an occasional triplet; Mr. Lang has allowed himself more liberty in the arrangement of his rhymes, and in some passages with obvious advantage.

HENRY BRADLEY.

The Russian Church and Russian Dissent: comprising Orthodoxy, Dissent, and Erratic Sects. By Albert F. Heard. (Sampson Low.)

THIS volume is a very painstaking compilation from a considerable number of works directly or indirectly dealing with Russian Christianity—a list of which is given among the prefatory matter. The author was formerly Consul-general for Russia at Shanghai, and from internal evidence is an American citizen. His book has no charms of literary style, but brings together within reasonable compass a quantity of information otherwise procurable only in detached statements, scattered over many works. This, however, holds good rather for the latter part, dealing with the sects, than for the former, where the main course of Russian ecclesiastical history is traced, and where Mr. Heard has had little to do save to draw from Mouravieff.

The introductory chapter, on the causes which led to the separation of East and West in matters of religion, is clear and intelligent. The author rightly lays particular stress on the local influence of Byzantine Caesarism upon the Churches in union with Constantinople, as contrasted with the far larger share of autonomy enjoyed by the Latin Churches, first by reason of the withdrawal of the seat of empire from Rome, and later through the multitude of petty kingdoms into which Western Europe was broken up after the empire fell. None of these Western sovereigns could control more than a very small section of the clergy, or was powerful enough to resist pressure put upon him when, as sometimes occurred, they acted internationally as a single body, and he found himself face to face with those who owed him no civil allegiance. Mr. Heard does not forget to note also the contemplative and speculative temper of Oriental Christianity,

as contrasted with the practical turn of Western theology, which has, on the whole, concerned itself more with the bearing of dogma upon life and conduct than with its purely abstract character. The second chapter narrates the introduction of Christianity into Russia, and dwells especially on the conversion of Vladimir, ruler of Kieff, in 988. When mentioning the effect produced upon his mind by the religious pictures shown him by the Eastern missionaries, it would have been worth while to mention in a note that the very same means was chiefly instrumental in the conversion of Bogoria, King of Bulgaria, more than a century earlier (to be exact, in 853). There is a worrying typographical fault recurrent when the early Russian sovereigns are mentioned, in that each is named as the "great prince," which reads in every case as though a moral estimate of his personal eminence; whereas what is really signified is the official title, *Veliki Kniaz*, often translated "Grand Duke"—a meaning which capital initials would make evident to the reader at once. The immediately succeeding fortunes of the Russian Church are briefly chronicled in succeeding chapters, describing the processes by which independence alike of Constantinople and of Rome was secured by Russia; how a Patriarchate, admitted by the Eastern Church into the sodality of the four great Oriental sees, was set up in 1589, and lasted till thrown into commission by Peter the Great in 1721, when it took the form it has ever since held as the Holy Governing Synod. The efforts of the Latin Church to establish itself firmly within the Russian territory, and to subject the whole population to its sway, are also clearly described; and some space is devoted to the fortunes of the Uniat Church, which, though once powerful, and contending almost on equal terms for the allegiance of Russia, was virtually extinguished in 1839. Some details of this event, necessary for entire understanding, are lacking here, and might be supplied from Neale's *Introduction to the History of the Holy Eastern Church*.

As to the first beginnings of Russian Dissent, Mr. Heard points out that they were due to the temper of formalism, partly natural to the Slavonic mind, and partly engendered by the wholesale manner in which the conversion of the nation had been effected, rather in compliance with the commands of the ruling power than as the result of intelligent conviction. Hence, extreme importance was attached to the precise words and gestures of every ceremony or recital. When the Patriarch Nikon, in the middle of the seventeenth century, caused the liturgies and other sacred books to be purged from the manifold corruptions which had crept into the text, and also reformed the ecclesiastical ceremonies by recalling them to a more ancient standard, he was regarded by a large section of the clergy and laity as a revolutionary innovator and heretic; and every abuse he had assailed, every mistake he had corrected, was upheld as an integral and inseparable factor of orthodox belief and practice. As they could not make their opinion prevail with the Tsar and the nation generally, so as to retain the current usages, they seceded in a body, setting up the first important Russian sect, and styling them-

selves *Starobriaditsi*, or "Old Ritualists," a name they subsequently changed to *Staroversi*, or "Old Believers." Mr. Heard, who is for the most part apt enough in pointing out parallels between the Eastern and the Western sects, has omitted to do so in this instance, where his own country (as in several other cases) supplies the best analogy. The Cummisate sect in the United States, styling itself "Reformed Episcopalian," seceded from the Episcopal Church in 1873, because of the general return in matters of theology and ceremonial to a higher standard than that of the debased eighteenth century use previously current; and an offshoot has been planted in England also, for precisely the same reason.

There has been a marked divergence of sentiment on religious matters in Russia ever since the influx of Western ideas in the reign of Peter the Great; for while the bulk of the people remain still in the superstitious stage, the higher classes are widely sceptical and infidel. And since religion has played a more important part historically in Russia than in almost any other country—for it was the Church, whatever its faults, which saved the nation from being crushed out under the Tartar or the Polish yoke—this breach between the classes and the masses is of more serious import than in other lands, and has been a factor in the success of the wilder modern sects which have struck at the very foundations of morality and social order. The maleficent action of the all-pervading civil influence upon the Russian Church, and the usually low intellectual and social position of the popes or parochial clergy, are dwelt on by Mr. Heard as among the main sources of the strength of Dissent. Nor does he forget to explain the additional complications caused by the unlike temper and training of the black and white, or monastic and secular, clergy, the former of whom, more rigidly conservative than the latter, have usually been strong enough to prevent the success of necessary reforms, which might have averted many evils, not adequately foreseen or grappled with by the parochial clergy, themselves frequently affected by the spirit of innovation and experiment active among the quicker of their flocks.

The account Mr. Heard supplies of the leading sects is clear and readable, correct, too, so far as it goes; but it needs supplementing in a good many places with further details. For instance, when he is describing the substitutes for the Eucharist adopted by the *Bezpopovtchin*, or "priestless" dissenters, who have no regular ministry, he does not mention the very curious method employed by some of them—that of successive inoculations, so to speak, of the altar-breads they use, from one consecrated by a priest while the sect yet possessed them in its early life. A piece taken from this was inserted into another unconsecrated loaf, supposed to become consecrated by the contact, and the process has been continually repeated since. There are also some curious particulars concerning the *Doukhobortschi*, or "combatants in the spirit," which do not appear; and the points of resemblance between the newer emotional antinomian sects and the very similar bodies which have been developed out of American Puritanism deserve to be more fully brought out, though Mr. Heard has

by no means passed the matter over in silence.

The book is a good one now, and a little careful revision would raise it to the rank of excellence.

RICHARD F. LITLEDAL.

SOME PHILOSOPHICAL BOOKS.

Kant's Philosophy of Law. Translated from the German by W. Hastie. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.) Kant's *Philosophy of Law* is one of his latest and, in this country, if not elsewhere, one of his least known writings. Published in 1798 under the title of *Rechtslehre*, it now appears for the first time in an English translation. Mr. Hastie has done his work in a very satisfactory manner. He had, indeed, a somewhat less difficult task than falls to the lot of those who undertake to translate Kant's more purely philosophical writings, for the style of this treatise shows a marked improvement on the great thinker's earlier efforts at composition. It contains pages which are not only clearly and forcibly written, but even make some approach to actual eloquence. The section on capital punishment may be referred to as an example. Still, at best it was no easy matter to turn Kant's German into such fairly readable English as is offered to us here; and, on comparison with the original, Mr. Hastie's version proves to be accurate as well as idiomatic. The result is the more gratifying seeing that the translator's preface gives one a higher idea of his juristic learning than of his taste in English composition, bristling as it does with such uncouth terms as "politicality," "certiorated," "foundedness," "antioriticism," "homologated," and "infutility." Passing from words to things, it may be doubted whether this *Philosophy of Law* has more than a historical or biographical value. The cry of "back to Kant" is dying out in Germany, and had never any reality in England, seeing that English thought never occupied the Kantian standpoint. Even in Germany it was the watchword of a reaction not against empiricism, but against the abuse of *a priori* reasoning. Curiously enough, the critic of pure reason, after demonstrating its constructive impotence, was one of the first to fall back on the old speculative methods; and his work on law betrays a certain tendency in this direction. He professes to deduce an entire system of private and public right from a single transcendental principle familiar to us as "the liberty of each bounded only by the equal liberty of all." I do not know whether this principle can be traced farther back than Kant, but it seems to have been certainly transmitted from him through the mediation of W. von Humboldt's work on government to the greatest living advocate of individualism, Mr. Herbert Spencer. But the notion of liberty developed in that philosopher's *Social Statics* differs widely from its *idée-mère*, and has given birth to a very different family. With Kant it means not permission to please oneself, but power to obey the Categorical Imperative—in other words, the power possessed by every rational being of acting in accordance with the dictates of reason, all promptings of pleasure or pain to the contrary notwithstanding. To deduce the primary rules of right from a fact our knowledge of which depends on the knowledge that there are some such rules seems a somewhat circular method of reasoning. Again, assuming free-will, in Kant's sense of the word, to exist, it cannot be made the basis of a code or a political constitution, since laws would be useless for the protection of that which is, by hypothesis, an indefeasible attribute of humanity. Moral constraint can only be exercised, if at all, through the agency of pleasure and pain; and these,

on Kant's theory, must always leave us free to obey the dictates of morality, while physical constraint cannot trench on the domain of an obligation that only obtains within the limits of physical possibility. The Greek philosophers were more consistent in holding true freedom to be independent of external conditions. The fatal objection to modern metaphysical systems is that in dealing with the world as it is they have led to no scientific discoveries, in dealing with the world as it ought to be they have suggested no social reforms. Their leading motive is invariably to furnish some new justification for the current views, either Conservative or Liberal. Kant supported the moderate Liberalism that had been in vogue for half a century before he wrote. He upholds the arrangements generally existing as to property and marriage, supporting them by arguments not always easy to follow, and sometimes a little grotesque. As usual, his own Categories furnish the framework of his systematisation. Real and personal right are brought under the heads of Substantiality and Causality; while Reciprocity satisfactorily covers the combined real and personal right which, according to him, is involved in marriage and the other domestic relations. It seems that long before the close of the eighteenth century the claims implied by such phrases as "compensation for improvements," "tenant-right," and "dual ownership," had already been mooted, and were approved by many. They are, however, peremptorily rejected by Kant. His reason is worth stating, if only as a curiosity:

"It is evident that the first modification, limitation, or transformation generally of a portion of the soil cannot of itself furnish a title to its acquisition, since possession of an accident does not form a ground for legal possession of the substance. Rather conversely, the inference as to the mine and thine must be drawn from ownership of the substance, according to the rule *Accessarium sequitur suum principale*. Hence, one who has spent labour on a piece of ground that was not already his own has lost his effort and work to the former owner. This position is so evident of itself that the old opinion to the opposite effect, that is still spread far and wide, can hardly be ascribed to any other than the prevailing illusion which unconsciously leads to the personification of things; and then, as if they could be bound under an obligation by the labour bestowed upon them to be at the service of the person who does the labour, to regard them as his by *immediate right*." (p. 97).

It might be interesting to know how Mr. Dillon's priestly supporters, trained, as they doubtless are, in the scholastic philosophy, would answer this wonderful argument. Perhaps they would regard the tenant's part as the substance, and the landlord's as a "separable accident." Mr. Hastie deserves our gratitude for having introduced a remarkable and little-known work to the English public. But he must not expect it to exercise any appreciable influence on English thought. The theory of natural right must be presented in a more modern form, and with a firmer grasp on the things of experience, before it can shake the jurists of this island in their allegiance to Bentham and Austin.

Formal Logic. By John Neville Keynes. Second edition revised, and enlarged. (Macmillan.) The general character of this work has been described by us in our notice of the first edition. There probably exists no more serviceable manual for teachers and advanced students of formal logic. Mr. Keynes excelled his contemporaries in his first edition. Does he surpass himself in his second edition? We do not feel able to answer this question with confidence in the affirmative. Some of the changes consist in using hackneyed words in new senses. It has been said that it is unadvisable to propose a new term, unless there is a fair chance of its being generally adopted. Can even Mr. Keynes's authority

give currency to the use of *Connotation*, *Intension*, and *Comprehension* in three different senses: the first to include only the attributes signified by the name, the second those attributes that are mentally associated with the name, though not entering into the definition of it; while the third term, *Comprehension*, is to include all the attributes common to all the members of the class denoted? Again, was it wise to make a new division between *Conditional* and *Hypothetical*—particularly as it is not very easy to seize the distinction drawn. "A hypothetical proposition expresses not a connexion between phenomena, but a relation of dependence between truths." Thus, "If God is just, the wicked will be punished"; this is a hypothetical proposition. But, "If a barometer is carried up a mountain, the mercury in it will fall," is conditional. Probably, the most important additions are those which have been made to the fourth part; where the author, leaving the beaten road, strikes out a new path in that comparatively untrodden region which Boole added to the province of logic.

The Anatomy of Negation. By Edgar Saltus. (Williams & Norgate.) Mr. Belfort Bax, in his recent work on the subject, tells us that the history of philosophy has generally been written on three plans. The first is "the compilation history, which consists in a collection of undigested anecdotes, facts, and bald, and for the most part loose, statements of opinion." This, which he pronounces with truth, "the most utterly execrable," seems to be very nearly the plan followed by Mr. Edgar Saltus. The title would be ill-chosen and pretentious, even did the work redeem its promise of conveying "a tableaux of anti-theism from Kapla to Leconte de Lisle," leaving out the English and American atheists. The book, as it lies before us, has as much to do with the anatomy of negation as a vamped-up volume of anecdotes about cats and dogs has to do with the anatomy of dentition. Moreover, Mr. Saltus's pages swarm with mistakes and misstatements, of which only a few examples can be given. We are told of Democritus that he may possibly have "sat at the Buddha's feet" (p. 37). Democritus was born some years after Buddha's death. Tertullian is not the most classical of Latinists, but he can hardly have been guilty of writing "*Animam nihil est*" (p. 132). It seems rather cruel to charge an Amsterdam guide with telling travellers that Spinoza, after escaping the assassin's dagger, kept his torn coat ever after, "by way of memorabilium" (p. 113); and the grammar here savours of the tourist rather than of the *valet-de-place*. "On his death-bed Hegel was heard to mutter, 'Only one man understood my philosophy, and he only half caught its import.'" (p. 169). It is hard to deprive what our author would doubtless call "ignorami" of their consolation; but the dying philosopher never made the declaration here attributed to him, and, by the way, incorrectly cited. We may repeat of Mr. Saltus what Kuno Fischer has wittily observed of another sciolist, that "he has only read one sentence of Hegel's, and that Hegel did not say." Mr. Saltus warns us in the preface that "no attempt has been made to prove anything." This was very wise on his part, as it would be rather difficult to establish such assertions as that "when spontaneous generation and the descent of man are substantiated, materialism will have proved its claim" (p. 191); or "that pain does outbalance pleasure is a fact too well established to need discussion here" (p. 176). Mr. Saltus is of course free to air his own pessimism with or without proofs, but he has no right to press Lucretius into the service by declaring that the great Epicurean "denied the existence of happiness" (p. 63); still less to assert that so bright and hopeful a thinker as Fichte "was

quite sure that for every-day purposes it [the world] was the worst one possible" (p. 165). Mr. Saltus writes a clear and lively, though too flippant, style, and might do better work could he renounce the ambition of becoming a philosophical Mark Twain. A modest magazine-article on Leconte de Lisle would at present suit his powers better than a general "tableau of antitheism."

Morality and Utility. By G. P. Best. (Trübner.) This is an ingenuous and, on the whole, well-considered protest against utilitarian ethics. The author's leading thought is the derivation of morality from equality or justice. He terms it "The Decoy which leads us to Virtue" and "The Ideal Condition of an Ideal State." The scope and powers of the author do not warrant us in placing his book on the high level of recent English contributions to the science of ethics; but Mr. Best is evidently a thoughtful and independent writer, and his book is worthy of study.

Matter and Energy, by B. L. L. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.), is an answer to the query, "Are there Two Real Things in the Physical Universe?" The author replies, "Certainly not. Energy alone is the real thing of which we have no immediate experience, but experience only its results." The brochure is the work of a man conversant with the data of the problem he aims to solve, and is written with considerable ability. Most of its philosophic readers would be tempted to class it with Berkeley's Idealism, but the author deprecates such a classification. We are likely to hear more of this subject, probably, also, more of B. L. L.

We have also received *A Treatise on the Principle of Sufficient Reason*, by Mrs. P. F. Fitzgerald (Thomas Laurie). The sub-title of this work is "a psychological theory of reasoning, showing the relativity of thought to the thinker, of recognition to cognition, the identity of presentation and representation, of perception to apperception"; and we are further informed that its object is to show the rationality of faith, love, and hope. Mrs. Fitzgerald, we may add, published some little while ago an *Essay on the Philosophy of Self-Consciousness*, containing an analysis of reason and the rationale of love.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. W. F. KIRBY, who will be known to some as the compiler of the bibliographical appendix to Sir Richard Burton's *Thousand Nights and a Night*, has issued the prospectus of a complete translation into English of the Kalevala, or national epic of the Finns, which he proposes to publish by subscription. The Kalevala, in its latest recension (1849), by Lönnrot, who himself collected it from the mouths of the people, consists of about 22,800 lines, arranged in fifty runos or cantos. Mr. Kirby has translated it from the German version of Schiefner (Helsingfors, 1852), the metre of which fairly represents that of the original, and which possesses the additional interest of having furnished Longfellow with the model for the metre of "Hiawatha." This metre or rhythm Mr. Kirby has naturally followed. The whole will form two volumes of about five hundred pages each, large post octavo, and will be issued to subscribers only at the price of one guinea. Mr. Kirby's address is 3 Burlington Gardens, Chiswick, W.

THE work on *Practical Education*, upon which Mr. Charles G. Leland has been engaged for some time past, will be published shortly by Messrs. Whittaker & Co. In this the author expounds his views on the development of the

memory, training in quickness of perception, and the encouragement of the constructive faculties.

THE first volume of the "Statesman's Series," announced by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., will be *Beaconsfield*, by Mr. T. E. Kebbel. The volume will be ready about the end of January, and will contain a preface by the editor of the series, Mr. Lloyd C. Sanders.

THE next volume in the Badminton Library will be *Riding and Driving*. "Riding," including military riding and ladies' riding, is contributed by the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire and Mr. R. W. Weir; "Driving," by the Duke of Beaufort, the editor-in-chief of the series and president of the Coaching Club, with contributions from Lord Algernon St. Maur, Col. H. S. Burley, Major Dixon, and Mr. A. E. T. Watson.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish shortly *Our Sentimental Journey through France and Italy*, by Joseph Pennell and Elizabeth Robins Pennell, with a map and numerous illustrations.

MR. F. YORK POWELL has written a little volume of *Sketches from British History*, which will be published, with illustrations, in Longmans' series of "Historical Readers," uniform with Mr. S. R. Gardiner's *Easy History of England*.

A Winter in Albania, by H. G. Brown, illustrated by C. H. Brown, will shortly be published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co. Some portions of the work have already appeared in the *Globe*.

A Memoir of the Rev. G. M. Murphy (the originator of the well-known Lambeth Baths meetings for working-men), by his sister, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Chaldea, by Zénaïde A. Ragazin, will be published next week by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, in the series of "The Story of the Nations."

A DICTIONARY of the Kentish dialect and provincialisms in use in the county of Kent, compiled by the Rev. W. D. Parish, chancellor of Chichester Cathedral, and the Rev. W. F. Shaw, vicar of Eastry, will be issued to members of the English Dialect Society as one of their series of "Original Glossaries," and also as an independent volume. The printers are Messrs. Farncombe & Co., of Lewes.

Take with you Words is the title of a mission book by Archdeacon Wynne, of Aghadoc, which will be published by Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co.

MR. THOMAS GREENWOOD, author of *Free Public Libraries*, is now engaged upon a similar handbook dealing with local museums.

MESSRS. CASSELL & COMPANY are about to issue a new serial edition of *Paradise Lost* with Gustave Doré's illustrations.

THE two prizes offered for the best essays on "The Effect of the Effacement of Christianity," have been awarded to the Rev. John B. Nichols, The Fosse, Leicester, and to C. W. Dymond, Esq., Forefield Place, Lyncombe, Bath.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

AN important article on "Islam and Christianity in India" will appear in the next number of the *Contemporary Review*. The writer, a well-known authority on Indian matters, withholds his name so that his views on this question may be the more freely expressed. Mr. Gladstone, Dr. W. H. Russell, Dr. Walter C. Smith, and the Dean of Peterborough will also be among the contributors to the same number.

DR. SCHILLER-SZINESSY's attack on Raymond Martin's *Pugio Fidei* in the last number of the *Journal of Philology* will be answered by Dr. Neubauer in one of the forthcoming numbers of the *Expositor*.

MR. KINGLAKE's portrait—which, we believe, has never before been published—drawn by the sculptress of the bust of Fielding (Miss Margaret Thomas) will appear, with a memoir, in the February number of Mr. F. G. Heath's pictorial monthly, *Illustrations*.

THE *Century Magazine* for February will contain the following articles: "Ranch Life in the Far West," by Theodore Roosevelt; "Some Letters of Walter Savage Landor," by J. Russell Lowell; "Astrology, Divination, and Coincidences," by T. M. Buckley; "A Russian Political Prison," by George Kennan; "Pictorial Art on the Stage," by E. W. and E. H. Blackfield.

THE February part of *Art and Letters* will contain the following articles: "A Normalian," by Jules Simon; "Afloat," by Guy de Maupassant; "The Red Gendarme," by T. Gautier fils; "Whistler," by Theodore Duret; "Mme. Judio at Home," by d'Avrecourt.

A WRITER in *Cassell's Magazine* for February, will describe a visit recently paid by him to the little-known city of Wazan, the capital of the Shereef of Morocco. The same number also will contain a complete story by the author of "Who is Sylvia?"

St. Nicholas for February will contain: "Michael and Feodora," by Amelia E. Barr; "Sara Crewe" (concluded), by Frances Hodgson Burnett; "The Story of Old London Bridge," by Treadwell Walden; "The Astrologer's Niece," by Tudor Jenks.

THE Rev. Dr. Hugh Macmillan will contribute to the February number of the *Quiver* a paper entitled "God's Righteousness like the Great Mountains."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

A ROYAL SNUFF-BOX.

THE outside studded with gems;
Within a portrait fair
Of her who once ruled all France,
For the king it was painted there.
Open the box. See, her face
Seems to smile back at you again.
Is it fancy, or have the dark eyes
A shadow in them as of pain?
They say that Lewis himself
Twined those pearls in her sunny hair,
And vowed that none could be found
To match with that skin so rare.
She died ere his love grew cold,
So never to her there came
That darkest of all dark days—
The end of her glorious shame.
Died, while the wave of her fan
Meant triumph, or deep disgrace;
To her bent the mighty of France,
All eager for power or for place.
Close the box. You have gazed long enough
On the face that was once the pride
Of a monarch and all his court—
But 'twas happy for her that she died.

F. P.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

IN the *Revista Contemporanea* for December Edwardo Abela concludes his report on the Agriculture of Spain, showing that the turning of corn-land into vineyard has resulted in an over-production of wine, and demanding almost prohibitive duties on cheap foreign alcohols. Doña E. Pardo de Bazan has a charming little sketch of a visit to the Escorial. Ramon Jordana continues his account of the immigration of the

Chinese into the Philippine Isles, arguing that they are unduly favoured by the present laws. In two letters on the military history of Spain by Eugenio de la Iglesia and Luis Vidart, the former proves that Salazar's "Re Militari" is merely a translation of Machiavelli's "Arte della Guerra"; the latter that Tomás de Morla, in his "Tratado de Artilleria," published as his own a MS. of his predecessor, Vicente de los Rios, who died in 1779. Rodríguez Ferrer tells the story of Iradier Buffy, a Basque explorer in Western Africa; and S. Fatigati narrates his impressions of Navarre, dwelling on the singularly varied physical conditions of that province. Verses by Becerro de Bengoa on the Basque Christmas, and an anonymous panegyric on the Spanish Academy in Latin hexameters and Spanish verse are the poetical contributions.

THE *Poletin* of the Real Academia de la Historia for December is of more than usual interest. Besides several inedited Hebrew and Latin inscriptions, it gives two unpublished Bulls of Celestine III., dated June 4, 1192, and October 31, 1196. The former orders the Archbishop of Toledo to send a priest "latina et arabica lingua instructum" to the Christians living among the Moors in Spain; the latter releases the subjects of Alphonso IX. of Leon from their allegiance, if he continued to employ Moorish troops against the King of Castille. Manel Danvila prints the records of the Cortés of Madrid of 1649. The clergy could be taxed only after reception of a brief from the Pope; on signs of hesitation to grant this, Philip IV. threatens to recall the agent of the clergy from Rome, and that "if the brief be denied he will levy the contribution without it." The venality of the deputies is strongly shown in their petitions for pensions and places. Father F. Fita prints a more accurate text than that given by Amador de los Rios of the Edict of Ferdinand and Isabella decreeing the expulsion of the Jews, March 31, 1492.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COLTON'S "LACON."

London: Jan. 16, 1888.

In Mr. Morley's very interesting address on "Aphorisms" there is, as it seems to me, one passage, and one only, which his address would be better without. It is never worth while to mention forgotten books or forgotten people unless there is something to be learnt from them. But Mr. Morley mentions a book which has passed away simply to assert that it is worthless, to give in proof a worthless extract, very unfairly chosen, and to recall some facts about the author's life and death which may well be forgotten with his works. Sad, indeed, that the once famous and brilliant Caleb Colton should be summoned to point no moral, so far as one can see, except the very needless lesson that we had better not publish volumes of aphorisms!

For my part I see no reason why Mr. Morley should have spoken of Colton at all; but if he spoke he should certainly have been just, perhaps charitable. Colton's *Lacon* is not the absurd failure Mr. Morley would lead us to suppose. Colton was, indeed, right in doubting whether he should be known to posterity. His writing, he thought, might be too heavy or too light, and "it is as difficult to throw a straw any distance as a ton." In the *Lacon* there is, according to my judgment, not a little wit, but I do not find much wisdom, and the constant strain after point and antithesis becomes wearisome. To use his own words, in a vain attempt to be cutting and dry he often gives us what is cut and dried. And in such books when we come across anything especially good we doubt whether it has not often been said before.

Such a suspicion affects the following, an aphorism which long experience as a school-master has taught me to be of great value: "We should not be too niggardly in our praise, for men will do more to support a character than to raise one."

To one of his aphorisms the close of Colton's days gives a melancholy interest: "Suicide sometimes proceeds from cowardice; but not always, for cowardice sometimes prevents it; since as many live because they are afraid to die, as die because they are afraid to live."

R. H. QUICK.

THE METAPHYSICS OF SO-CALLED SAVAGES.

London: Jan. 16, 1883.

In the preface of Prof. Max Müller's *Biographies of Words* occurs the following passage:

"When we are told that the people of Mangaia look upon the universe as the hollow of a coco-nut shell, and that at the bottom of that shell there is a thick stem called Te-aka-ia-Roë, we seem to move in the very thick of dense savagery. But if the student of languages analyses Te-aka-ia-Roë, and tells us that it meant originally 'the-Root-of-all-Existence' our savages become suddenly metamorphosed into modern metaphysicians, and we learn that even the thoughts of a Herveyan islander may possibly have antecedents."

Perhaps one might have plausibly guessed, *a priori*, that the thoughts of a race in the Mangaian state of culture would have antecedents. But the question of early thought in its coarser, or mythical, and its finer, or metaphysical shapes, remains of much interest. How are we to explain the metaphysics, for example, of the Maoris? Their traditional hymns of the origin of things, as I have ventured to remark elsewhere, remind one of Socrates's remark about the speculations of Anaxagoras. Compared with the myths of the beginning among most people of their grade of civilisation, the hymns of the Maoris are like the utterances "of sober men among drunkards."

"The word became fruitful;
It brought forth Night."

"From the Nothing the Begetting": such things sound almost Hegelian. Yet the Maori myths of the beginning are of the ordinary kind—a medley of gods, and beasts, and men. Are we to think that the metaphysical hymns are the original and earliest guesses at philosophy, which were followed by the evolution of absurd myths? Or, are we to say that the myths are earlier, and that the hymns answer, more or less, to the Orphic hymns coming between Greek myths and the earliest physical conjectures? The same difficulties meet us in Mangaia. According to Mr. Gill—Prof. Max Müller's authority—the Mangaians have a reasoned theory, not exactly of the universe, perhaps, but of the world. Earth is conceived as like a coco-nut in form, that coco-nut tapers to a stem, to a point. The point is "a spirit or demon, without human form," and, as we have seen, is named "the-Root-of-all-Existence." But philology has not helped us so much as she might. "Root" is not "root" pure and simple, but "Roë=Thread-worm." The Mangaian philosopher, having to picture a beginning, a source and origin, thinks of it as "a quivering, slender, worm-like point, at which existence begins." Here, then, is Mangaian thought attempting to reach a pictorial conception of a *causa causans*. Above the worm comes a "stouter" demon named "Life," and above him, thicker yet, a part of the stem called "the long lived." All these are outside of the nut. As Roë literally means "thread-worm" not "root," it would be interesting to know exactly what Te-aka-ia-

literally signifies. "Existence" sounds rather unexpectedly abstract. This will be admitted when we learn that the next of the ascending forces, though called "the Very Beginning," is no more than "a woman, a demon of flesh and blood," who sits huddled up at the bottom of the coco-nut, and who made the first man by plucking a bit out of her own side. And he, like Oannes, was half a fish! Here we are in full mythology. Which conception was the earlier, in Mangaia—the metaphysical conception of a "Root-of-all-Existence," of "a Very Beginning," of "The Beginning and the Bottom," or the mythical conception of a thread-worm and a woman? Was the metaphysical idea first, and was it clothed in flesh of worm and woman to make it easier of belief? or did the myths of worm and woman come first, and did Mangaian philosophers gradually give them an abstract meaning? Or was the early attempt at abstract thought unable quite to reach its goal? and had it to clothe its conception, as it were, in concrete shapes of woman and worm? Similar questions meet the student of Greek myths and metaphysics as he compares Hesiod, the Orphic poems, and the first physicists. But we can hardly advance further than the mere statement of the problems, which are quite familiar to anthropologists. Myth has a tendency to glide into metaphysics. Metaphysics have a tendency to glide into myth. Both are mere stories we children tell ourselves to lull our curiosity, but the stories of myth are much the more amusing. Or shall we say that myths are the vivid morning dreams of the human mind—vivid, and over well remembered, when man awakens into perfect consciousness? A. LANG.

SUPERSTITIOUS PRACTICES IN SOUTHERN ITALY.

Nervi: Jan. 9, 1888.

The learned Pitré somewhere records that the days immediately preceding December 24 are passed in much trepidation by the people of South Italy; because they firmly believe that that day (or rather night) is, above all others, favourable to the working of miracles and wonders of every kind. Around this night centre the aspirations of young and old; of ambitious men and ambitious women; of those who have wrongs to avenge, or who lust after gold, as well as every condition of men disappointed in their hopes (lovers yielding the largest number)—who one and all secretly expect that this night of nights will see the realisation of their inmost longings. As might be expected, lovers and love-philts hold a conspicuous place; while the ingredients and adjurations employed are almost identical with those so minutely described by the Mantuan poet nearly two thousand years ago.

In obedience to the general belief of the potency of Christmas night, mothers anxious to secure good husbands for their daughters will besmear their faces with honey, accompanying this with time-honoured formulas, which must never vary and are carefully handed down from generation to generation. A word too many or too little would cause the charm to fail of its purpose. Christmas night, moreover, is supposed to yield up hidden or spell-bound treasures, which it would be idle to try to discover at any other time. A hillock of peculiar shape, some gloomy cavern, the ground under a gnarled tree or one struck by lightning, are generally fixed upon by popular fancy as likely receptacles of wealth, the smallest portion of which would satisfy the most grasping.

On this night the wives and sweethearts of mariners will repair to the seashore in the fond imagining that they are able to exorcise storms and shipwrecks from the beloved ones,

by keeping their gaze towards those points of the horizon which experience has taught them to dread most, while uttering the magic words which are to secure their husbands or lovers against the perils of the fickle element. It is on Christmas-night that the gift of witchcraft may be transmitted to any one willing to pay the cost, which is brought about in the following way. As the evening draws near, the two dames (they are generally women) retire within closed doors, there to await the fatal hour. At the first stroke of midnight the elder crone rises and begins her performance, which consists in revolving in a circle, describing fantastic figures that seem to have some relation to the signs of the zodiac, reciting the while consecrated formulas—a medley of mutilated Low-Latin, Arabic, and local dialect. These the younger must repeat word for word, without omitting a single syllable, under penalty of having to wait another year before she is allowed to make a new trial. The whole affair must be dispatched in the space of two minutes. When the neophyte has acquitted herself to the satisfaction of her instructress, she may begin on her own account to cure diseases and foretell the future, in virtue of the power conferred upon her, and conformably with the instructions previously received.

Black art, or witchcraft, by means of which incantations, charms, and so forth are performed, is called in Sicily the *power of binding*. The formulas employed are numerous, and vary according to the power invoked. A characteristic one is that addressed to the spirit of the three winds, or the "Star of the Young and True Light," "Star of the true light, spirit of the three winds, Hear me when I call (at the three voices) Go, make people go crazy." Another runs thus:

"Spirit, if in my house you wish to stay,
Go, bid my love return to my embrace.
Spirit, my words do not forget,
Speed on your course my love to bring.
Speed away, my behests to execute,
If (he should be) unwilling to come, bind him fast."

The larger proportion of these charms have love for their object. A very common one consists in procuring a few drops of holy water out of three distinct parishes, which must be in the proportion of two to one—i.e., two masculine and one feminine, or inversely, two feminine and one masculine. By masculine is meant holy water obtained from a parish under the protection of a male saint, and feminine that procured from a parish under the protection of a female saint. When the needful quantity of "elect" or "married" water, as it is called, has been provided, it is mixed together and secretly administered, either pure, or in the drink or food of the person whose love it is wished to win back. Another way for rekindling love is to attend midnight mass, when at the elevation of the host three knots must be tied with the left hand in a handkerchief, band, piece of ribbon, &c.

To enumerate all the old local customs which persist among the people, and which are often confined to single hamlets, would carry me beyond the present scope. I will confine myself to the mention of one that seems to belong exclusively to Chiaramonte in Sicily. In the space of time which elapses between the introit and the lesson, dwarfs are supposed to hold a fair sprung up by magic in a field near at hand, where every conceivable good thing—or thought so by the simple folks—is sold at ridiculously low prices. No words are spoken, transactions being carried on by mimicry, which all can understand. The whole affair only lasts a few minutes; for as soon as the priest begins to read the lesson everything vanishes into thin

air, except the good things which the rustics were fortunate enough to obtain for a few coppers.
J. GONINO.

THE GAWAIN-POET AND THE "WARS OF ALEXANDER."

London: Jan. 14, 1888.

Owing to delay in the delivery of a proof, my letter on this subject in the ACADEMY of to-day was printed without my corrections. The reader will be able to rectify for himself the obvious misprints in proper names and in Middle-English words, and will, I hope, make excuse for certain negligences of expression.

I wish, however, to cancel the sentence relating to the word *freke*; and to add the remark that the "Wars of Alexander" and the writings of the Gawain-poet not only agree in using words elsewhere unknown or rare, but also in using but sparingly certain words that are elsewhere common. Thus *dole* (*doel*, *deol*, *del*), grief, is quite a favourite word in "William of Palerne" (and the "Alisaunder" by the same author), in the Troy-book, and in the "Morte Arthure"; but in W.A. it appears only three times, and in G.P. five—three of them, it is significant to note, being in the poem called "The Pearl," the elegiac nature of which accounts for the fact that the writer in this instance used the word more frequently than was his wont.

HENRY BRADLEY.

THE "ISIS" AND THE "WASA."

Nottingham: Jan. 16, 1888.

I quite agree with Mr. de Gray Birch that "the only proper method" of discovering the etymology of a local name "is to start with the old name and work downwards to the current form." I have long held this opinion, and I am accordingly astonished to learn that my criticism upon Mr. Birch's discovery of an early form of the name Isis in the Old-English *wāse* "mud" is a good example of the reverse process. I may retort that Mr. Birch's identification is a good example of the danger of rashly assuming that two local names of different dates are identical because they bear some trivial superficial likeness to one another. In the present case the resemblance is restricted to the presence of the letter *s* in both words.

The only evidence that Mr. Birch can adduce in support of the extraordinary sound changes assumed in the derivation of Isis from Wasa is the suggestion: "May not the result stand thus:

Wasa=[w]ooze=[w]isis?"

This, I need hardly remark, is no proof at all. It was by the use of such means that Lemon and his predecessors succeeded in deriving the Teutonic words in the English language from Greek. In fact, one can prove anything by the use of such *formulæ* when one is perfectly unfettered by any laws of phonology. And Mr. Birch shows us, by his comparison of the Old-English *wāse* with the Modern High-German *Wasser*, how free he is from any phonological restraint. Yet he, singularly enough, appeals to "phoneticism" as one of the reasons for excepting his derivation from the ordinary rules of sound-lore. He also appeals to "dialecticism" as another reason for this exception. We are familiar with this hazy force as a beneficent power that is freely invoked by belated local etymologists of the pre-scientific school to help their limping etymologies out of the pitfalls of phonology. It has, for instance, been called in to explain the curious circumstance that the Celtic *uisge* has yielded such a variety of forms as Ock, Eocce, Ouse, Ose, Isis, Tham-es, and, I have no doubt some one will now add, Wasa within a few square miles of Oxford. Now, it is quite useless to plead

"dialecticism" unless one is prepared with evidence to prove that the dialect of the particular locality usually changed the sounds in the manner assumed by the etymologist. Thus, if Mr. Birch could prove that the Berkshire or Oxfordshire dialect generally, or even occasionally, dropped an initial *w* before a long vowel, and that it regularly changed an Old-English *ā* to *i*, then the derivation of Isis from Wasa might merit further consideration than it does when it is only backed up by a vague reference to "dialecticism."

Leaving the phonological arguments, I will now turn to those that will be more generally understood. Mr. Birch objects to my explanation of *wāse* as a swamp, bog, or stagnant pool, because a brook ran into or through it, and there was an island in it. Well, I suppose there are cases of brooks running through swampy ground; and as for the island, I hold that it was not an island in the modern sense, but a piece of high land surrounded by swampy ground. I have shown upon indisputable evidence, in *Notes and Queries*, 7th S. iv. 349, that this was not an uncommon meaning possessed by the Old-English *teg*, usually translated "island." This meaning may perhaps explain the process whereby the same word in High German, where it appears as *au*, has come to mean a meadow, &c., without any reference to an insular character.

Mr. Birch next urges that we should "expect naturally, indeed imperatively, to find the Isis appearing in some form or other in a detailed account of these [Fyfield] boundaries"; and he argues that, on these grounds, *wāse* must be the Isis. Mr. Birch is here too hasty. The Isis is mentioned; but, unfortunately for him, in such a way as forbids its identification with *wāse*. I have shown in the ACADEMY of December 31, 1887 (p. 441), that the portion of the river Thames that now bears the doubtful *alias* of Isis appears in the Abingdon charters only under its proper name of Thames. Hence, when the Isis or Thames is mentioned in the Fyfield boundaries, it is called by its real name of Thames. Now, the Isis has not to this day entirely displaced the more authentic name of the Thames at Fyfield, so that if anyone speak of the Thames at Fyfield, it is pretty clear that he is referring to what is, perhaps, more generally called the Isis. Mr. Birch says that he has "never said that the 'Wase and Thames were two names for the same river.'" But, if he has not said so in so many words, he says it in effect when he identifies the Isis or Thames at Fyfield with the Wasa. It is not open to him to argue that the Thames here means that portion of the stream below its junction with the Thame where it is unobscured by this confusing *alias* Isis.

The fact that the Thames is mentioned by name at Cumnor, Fyfield, and Appleton, and in such positions as preclude all idea of its identity with the *wāse*, disposes of another of Mr. Birch's arguments. And in the other case where *wāse* occurs, that of Buckland, the inference is very strong that the *wāse* was not, as Mr. Birch contends, the Isis or Thames. The boundaries proceed from a dene or valley to a mead, thence to the *wāse*, and from the *wāse* "out to the river or brook" (of *wisan út to éa*). This is surely not the way that the Isis or Thames would be contrasted with any other river or brook. It is not necessary for my purpose to assume, as Mr. Birch does, that the *wāse* that is mentioned at Cumnor, Fyfield, Appleton, and Buckland was "a ten-mile-long fen, ooze, or stagnant pool boundary." All that I assume is that the inhabitants of these villages used *wāse* to mean a swamp or bog or stagnant pool, and that there was a swamp, or a bog, or a stagnant pool, somewhere on the borders of each village. The first assumption is perfectly unobjectionable, for we have other

evidence that *wise* was used in this sense; and there seems to me to be nothing physically impossible in the second assumption.

As I hold that this *wise* is simply the Old-English *wise*, "mud," &c., I will not attempt to discuss Mr. Birch's idea that *Wasa* was the name of a river-god. Such evolutions of unrecorded deities from local names are about as unsatisfactory to an unimaginative man as a laboured resolution of an ancient tale into a distorted sun-myth, and they are susceptible of just as little proof. W. H. STEVENSON.

DANTE'S PUNISHMENT OF SIMONIACS.

Stanhoe Hall, King's Lynn: Jan. 16, 1893.

An interesting parallel to Dante's punishment of the Simoniacs in hell (*Inf.* xix. 13-27), which was doubtless suggested to him by the mediaeval "plantatio," or planting head downwards of assassins (cf. *Inf.* xix., 47, 81), is furnished by Sir Henry Layard in his recently published "Early Adventures," reviewed in last week's ACADEMY. Speaking of an administrator in Persia, Sir Henry says:

"One of his modes of dealing with criminals was what he called 'planting vines.' A hole having been dug in the ground, men were thrust headlong into it and then covered with earth, their legs being allowed to protrude to represent what he facetiously called 'the vines.'"

This form of punishment was common enough in mediaeval Florence, as may be seen by a reference to the old statutes of that city.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

"STEERMAN."

University of Cincinnati: Jan. 3, 1893.

Mr. J. H. Round demands (ACADEMY, Dec. 17, 1887) whether the Latin *stermannus* does not represent an English 'steerman'? Clearly it does. The word is found in Anglo-Saxon in *Aelfric's Hom.* (ed. Thorpe), ii. 560, l. 22: "Hera ðone steorman, ac na swa ðeah ærðan ðe he becom gesundful to þære hyðe," which I would render (more freely than Thorpe): "Praise the steerman, but not before he come safe to port." J. M. HART.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, January 23, 4 p.m. Asiatic: "The Jains," by Sir Monier Williams and Mr. Rang Lal.

5 p.m. London Institution: "Alexander the Great," by the Rev. W. Benham.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Trunk," II., by Prof. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Philosophical Importance of a True Theory of Identity," by Mr. B. Bsanquet.

TUESDAY, January 24, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin," II., by Mr. G. J. Romanes.

8 p.m. Anthropological: Annual General Meeting, Presidential Address by Mr. F. Galton.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Jubilee Bridge over the Hoochly," by Sir Bradford Leale.

WEDNESDAY, Jan. 25, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Shoulder and Arm," by Mr. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Theatres and Fire-proof Construction," by Mr. Walter Emden.

8 p.m. Geological: "Ailurus anglicus, a new Carnivore from the Red Crag," by Prof. W. Boyd Dawkins.

8 p.m. Society for the Study of the Geology and Physical Geography of the Cape Colony, by Prof. A. H. Green; "Two New Lepidodot Ganoidea from the early Mesozoic Deposits of Orange Free State, South Africa," and "Some Remains of *Squatina Cranci*, sp. nov., and the Mandible of *Belonostomus cinctus*, from the Chalk of Sussex," by Mr. A. Smith Woodward.

8 p.m. Society of Literature: "The Reliability of the old British Records and Traditions," by Mr. R. B. Holt.

8 p.m. Athenaeum Society: "Rude Stone Monuments," by Mr. A. L. Lewis.

THURSDAY, Jan. 26, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "My Visits to America," by Prof. H. Herkomer.

4 p.m. Society for Preserving the Memorials of the Dead: "The Union of Sepulchral with Religious and Allegorical Art," by Mr. J. S. André.

6 p.m. London Institution: "Architectural Mouldings," by Mr. H. H. Statham.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "Safety Fuses for Electric Light Circuits and the Behaviour of the Various Metals usually employed in their Construction," by Mr. Arthur O. Cockburn.

FRIDAY, Jan. 27, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "Pumping Machinery in the Fen-Land," by Mr. L. Gibbs.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Forearm and Hand," by Prof. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Public Health in India," by Mr. Justice Cunningham.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Exploration of Masal-Land," by Mr. Joseph Thomson.

SATURDAY, Jan. 28, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Experimental Optics," II., by Lord Rayleigh.

8 p.m. Physical: "The Effect of Magnetisation on the Thermo-Electrical Properties of Bismuth," by Mr. Herbert Tomlinson; "The Influence of Magnetism and Temperature on the Electrical Resistance of Bismuth and its Alloys with Lead and Tin," by Mr. E. van Aubel; "A Water-Dropping Influence Machine," and "The Price of the Factor of Safety in Lightning Rods," by Prof. S. P. Thompson.

SCIENCE.

M. Annaei Lucani Pharsalia. Edited, with English Notes, by C. E. Haskins. With an Introduction by W. E. Heitland. (Bell.)

It is strange enough that the *Pharsalia*, which, in the eighteenth century, was a book much read and largely commented on, should have become, in the nineteenth, a comparatively neglected work. It might have been expected that a period so full of exciting revolutionary episodes as the past hundred years would have given to the incisive utterances of the single representative of Rome's freedom under the abominable tyranny of Nero a factitious interest which the merits of the work as poetry failed to inspire. It might have seemed inevitable that the palaeographical direction which Lachmann and Ritschl gave to Latin philology, and which has successively occupied itself not only with the greater Latin poets—Lucretius, Catullus, Vergil, Horace, Martial, Juvenal, Persius, but with those of the second class—Propertius, Tibullus, Valerius Flaccus, Ausonius, should hitherto have left Lucan almost untouched. The reason, however, is not far to seek. The MSS. of the *Pharsalia* are so numerous, so widely dispersed in most of the considerable, and many of the inconsiderable, libraries of Europe, that the task of discriminating good from bad, primary from secondary, is greater than in the case of any other Latin poet, except, perhaps, Ovid and Vergil. I say perhaps, because Ribbeck has practically shown that most of the mediaeval MSS. of Vergil may be dispensed with, owing to the fortunate accident of our possessing several codices of a period long anterior to the Middle Age; and because the separate works of Ovid have, in turn, been carefully examined from the critical standpoint—and, at least in the case of some of them, we know where to look for constituting the text on a secure basis. With Lucan this has not been done in any adequate manner, though C. F. Weber's edition was, for the time when it appeared (1821), a good and reliable guide; and Detlefsen's examination of some very early palimpsest fragments, the variants of which he has published in *Philologus*, showed how interesting the problem of Lucan's text is, as soon as it is handled in a large and (from our present standpoint) competent way.

Neither of the contributors to the present edition of the *Pharsalia* here help us at all. Mr. Heitland—a scholar whose edition of the *Pro Rabirio* shows his competence for the more difficult problems of historical and interpretative research—confesses that "it is no part of his plan to speak of the seventy-five or eighty MSS. (which he has

never seen)," and seems to put this on a level with "describing the numerous printed editions from 1469 to the present day." Similarly Mr. Haskins "makes no attempt to produce a critical text, but has followed, for the most part, that of Weise." Such indifference to the problem of the *Pharsalia* (for the scholars of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries did a great deal for the mere interpretation of passages) seems to me more than astonishing—it is retrograde; and, coming as it does from two scholars of mark in a university avowedly devoted to the minute examination of the classical languages, alarming. For how can any real commentary on a difficult author be written till we have ascertained as distinctly as we can *what* he wrote? Had the editors done nothing more than give a complete collation of even one first-class MS., with Detlefsen's palimpsest variants, it would have saved them from the reproach of ignoring what Lachmann, Ritschl, Cobet, and Madvig have been preaching for the last fifty years incessantly—I mean the essential connexion of palaeography with interpretation. Mr. Heitland, indeed, greatly understates the multiplicity of the MSS. of Lucan, for the Bodleian alone possesses about twenty; and it might be said that this multiplicity is a valid excuse for reticence on a point of acknowledged complication. Yet, if the labour is great, it is not therefore to be shirked entirely; and if there are probably some hundreds of MSS., so much the more need to make out *something* about them. In a word, this Cambridge edition of 1887 leaves the problem of the text of the *Pharsalia* absolutely untouched.

Less unsatisfactory is the interpretation. It is true that Mr. Haskins, as he does not possess the preliminary knowledge of MSS. which I have for years believed to be indispensable to any adequate commentator, may be said, in a sense, to grope darkly in passages where knowledge would have permitted him to see, if not clearly, at least more clearly. It is true, too, that anything like real discussion of difficult points is not to be found in his notes—as, indeed, how could it, in the absence of one, and that the most necessary, condition of a perfectly satisfactory judgment? But so far as the explanation of a difficult writer can be thought to depend on translations which, if sometimes thin, are often neat (the illustrative parallels are mostly drawn from older commentators, especially Oudendorp); so far as a book highly useful for examination and tripos purposes can be thought to meet the demands of advanced scholars—to this extent the new Cambridge edition will not be thought disappointing. An undergraduate might read it through in a fortnight, and know a good deal about Lucan; nay, might flatter himself that he knew quite as much as he could ever wish to know. There is an absence from the notes of all matter which could in any sense be considered irrelevant—unless, indeed, the occasional citation of parallels from English poetry can be thought such.

It is, too, tolerably equal throughout, though the notes on the last two books are, perhaps, slightly less careful than the rest—an excusable fault in a poem which is a strain on the faculties from first to last, and which, perhaps, exhibits Lucan at his feeblest in

these books. Again, judging it as a whole, the commentary may be pronounced correct; at any rate, not marked by glaring or signal errors. But from this general estimate very large deductions must be made. The correctness is too often superficial; the meaning has not been thoroughly realised; and the English equivalents, if analysed, will be found either inexact or not sufficiently made out. Thus, in ii. 394—

"Haec placuit belli sedes, hinc summa mouenti
Hostis in occursum sparsas extendere partes,"

Mr. Haskins may be virtually right in explaining *summa mouenti* as ἐντεῦθεν ὁρμωμένῳ; but no one will accept his translation, "making this his headquarters," as satisfactory until he has proved it by other similar passages. And the doubt which the expression raises is not diminished by the fact that for *mouenti* other MSS. give *mouentis*, of which Mr. Haskins gives no hint whatever. Again, *ignibus atris* (iii. 98) is explained as "deadly," and compared with *atra tigris* (*Georg.* iv. 407); but (1) the meaning of *atra* there is, perhaps, only "fierce" (as Servius); (2) fires, when elsewhere called *atri*, are not "deadly," but dark with smoke-clouds, as in ii. 299.

In ii. 179,

"toto quamuis in corpore caeso
Nil animae letale datum,"

it is as impossible that *datum* should mean "inflicted" as that *dabantur* in 126 should mean "were committed." In both places *dare* has its proper force, "no mortal blow conceded to the life"—i.e., to escape by, "it was not that everything was given up to the humour of one," "that one man was permitted to control everything." In ii. 171,

"Omnia Sullanæ lustrasse cadauera pacis,"

"examined" is very far short of the significance of *lustrasse*, "made the round of." 356,

"gradibusque adclinis eburnis
Stat torus,"

"resting on" is hardly right for *adclinis*, which (if this is the true reading) would seem to mean "leaning against," as in the passage cited from Val. Flaccus. In 397, the difficulty of *nullo*, as in 408, is, perhaps, best got over by translating "nowhere." In 426.7,

"umbrosae Liris per regna Maricae
Vestinis impulsus aqua,"

it may be doubted whether *impulsus* is more than "struck by"—i.e., encountering, and in

"nullasque uado qui Macra moratus
Alnus"

moratus does not mean "concerning itself with," but simply that the Macra does not admit any boats on its shoaly water, and obstruct their advance thereby. In 514, *uel* is not "even," but "or again." In 519, it is incredible that Mr. Haskins should reject the reading of most (? all) MSS., *cui* in favour of *cui fit*, which is unlike the ordinary style of Lucan, and to refer which to *pudori* involves an improbable prosopopoeia. In iii. 39,

"nihil est animis sensus a morte relictum,"

he says, "by means of death," not "after death"; neither is exactly true. In iii. 132, "Pacis ad exhaustae spoliū non cogit egestas," the translation "poverty does not compel you to drain peace for spoil" seems

very doubtful; the natural sense is certainly "to despoil the exhausted resources of peace"; for, in such proportion as these resources were exhausted elsewhere, in such proportion was Caesar likely to be determined in securing the few unexhausted treasure-stores he could still find. In iv. 719 "Hoc solum metuens, incautus ab hoste timeri,"

Mr. Haskins translates "fearing only this that, through want of caution on his own part, the enemy should be struck with fear of him—i.e., should take the alarm and retreat." But (if *incautus ab* is the right reading) the epigrammatic style of Lucan suggests that his meaning is not this, but "fearing that his [Juba's] unguarded advance might yet rouse Curio's fears" and thus his intended surprise be frustrated, in spite of the hasty march which he (Juba) was making and his natural expectation of coming down upon Curio before he had taken the alarm.

Nor are there wanting passages in which the new editor, paralysed, so to speak, by the difficulty of conflicting views, ends with leaving his reader in a state of perplexed confusion; readings have not been sorted, or history investigated; the judgment of great critics is ignored, that of insignificant critics is preferred; finally, a view is put forward which is against all the probabilities, or even possibilities, of the Latin language. Such a passage is ii. 126-128, where the greatest of English scholars has written an admirably clear note; yet the name of Bentley is not even mentioned, and an impossible translation of *uiolata* is given on the authority of—Weise.

As might be expected, from the superficial character of the commentary and the complete indifference to MS. research which the editors both profess, emendation, even where obviously necessary, is resolutely put out of sight. It may be doubted whether either Mr. Heitland or Mr. Haskins has thought it part of his duty to cast even a look at Withof's *Encaenia Critica*, a clever book, though its main position—that the recurrence of the same word in lines closely following each other always suggests some corruption in the text—cannot be safely assumed for the *Pharsalia*. Mr. Heitland, indeed, might have given to this point, which, critically speaking, is the most difficult of all the doubtful questions which Lucan's epic raises, more consideration than he has thought fit to extend to it in his generally excellent introduction. Withof, however, is only one of a host of scholars who have successively dealt with the text of the *Pharsalia*. Grotius, Bentley, Guiet, Corte, Burmann, Waddell, and Bishop Wordsworth may be mentioned. Anyone who cares to pursue the subject will find ample materials in Jortin's *Miscellaneous Observations* (1731) and D'Orville's *Miscellanea Critica* of a date somewhat subsequent. Let it not be said that emendation is wasted toil in the conjecturer, distraction of mind to the student. Some of Bentley's conjectures are now ascertained to be right by Detlefsen's publication of the early MS. fragments mentioned above. I may mention *tenet* for *timet* in the notable passage v. 372; *tenet* is found in the Naples palimpsest. Even higher, as a critical effort, is Bishop Wordsworth's correction

of ix. 569, "An sit uita nihil, det longa an differat aetas" for "et" of MSS., "Is life nothing? Does long life give good things to men, or does it defer them? by postponing death, which to the wise man is, perhaps, better than life" (*Conjectural Emendations*, by Christopher Wordsworth, p. 31). Admirable, too, is Withof's *incolumis* for *tunc olim*, (ix. 604):

"Ecce parens uerus patriae, dignissimus aris,
Roma, tuis: per quem numquam iurare pudebit,
Et quem, si steteris unquam ceruice soluta,
Incolumis factura deum."

Not one of these restorations is mentioned, yet each of them clears up a passage where all was dark before. ROBINSON ELLIS.

TWO LOCAL IRISH FLORAS.

The Flora of Howth. By H. C. Hart. (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.)

A List of Plants found in the Island of Aran. By H. C. Hart. (Same publishers.)

ONE of the pleasantest tasks in science is certainly that which sets a man to write a local flora. Unhampered by baggage or instruments, for he requires nothing but a London catalogue, he takes his way to his tract of country; and the more thoroughly he examines it, enjoying the varied pleasures of loch or plain, sea or mountain, the better will his work be done. If he be sent by fate or government to explore wild regions,

"Sive per Syrtis iter aestuosas
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum,"

he has the interest of foreign travel and the charm of the unknown before him. Even within our own group of islands it is not yet by any means impossible to find a rare flower in a hitherto unknown station, or even to add a new species to the British list. Our Potamogetons have grown in number of late years, owing to more careful search into pieces of fresh water; and it is improbable that the mountains of Scotland and Ireland have yet yielded up all their treasures.

Mr. Hart has had under observation two small areas on the East and West coasts of Ireland respectively, and has very considerably improved our knowledge of the distribution of Irish flowering-plants and ferns. The promontory of Howth gives a far larger and more varied list than we should have expected from a place so near Dublin. No doubt it owes its superiority over the commonplace flora of London to the sea and to its hills, but still we wonder that it does not suffer from finger-blight. The islands of Aran (in Galway Bay, not the Arran of Donegal), while they make a yet better defined natural area, are less easy to get at and less agreeable to stay in. It is likely that they come nearer than most Irish districts to representing the natural flora, undamaged by extirpation and unincreased by importation of species. Mr. Hart confesses to having himself introduced several species at Howth. Yet even there changes come about. *Matthiola sinuata*, found on one of the smaller islands, has not been seen since 1835. Luckily, we need not expunge it from the British list, since it is still to be found in North Devon and the Channel Islands.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MESSIANIC IDEA AMONG THE EARLY BABYLONIANS AND ASSYRIANS.

London: Jan. 14, 1888.

In the *Proceedings* of the Society of Biblical Archaeology for January 1885, in an article

treating of the Babylonian kings of the mythical period, I published the following paragraph:

"One of the tablets published in *W. A. I. iv.*, and bearing the following colophon: '2nd tablet (of the series beginning) . . . lul, lord of deep wisdom,' is a remarkable and very important text. It begins with the reflections of some ancient hero who, looking on the land and the people around him, saw on all sides nothing but evil. The ruler (as it seems) broke off prayer and discontinued supplication, did not teach his people reverence and honour, and did not himself call upon God. He, however (the speaker), was wise: the day for the worship of the gods was the delight of his heart, and the prayer of a king—that was joy. The writer goes on for several lines in the same strain, and speaks of one who had learnt the glorious path of the god who 'in the earth lived, died, renewed (himself).' The writer then seems to speak of some misfortune which overtook himself; his goddess had not mercy on him, and did not go by his side. But suddenly his tone changes: 'Open the high place,' he says, 'they have granted my prayer (?): until there be no more death, and weeping cease,' and after a few more lines the tablet comes to an end. This was considered by the Assyrians or Babylonians important enough to have a kind of running glossary, in which all the difficult or unusual words are explained by others better known; the system being to write the whole line, and then take the difficult word or words, and writing them down separately, put beside them the explaining words, sometimes separated by the division-mark, sometimes not."

The first of the italicised phrases runs, in the original text, as follows:

"*Ēkāmī ilmadu dlakti lū āpātī, ʾā ina āmmat iblutu, imūt, āldeš.*"

"How has he learnt the glorious path of God (or, the God), who in the world lived, died, renewed?"

The second phrase, which reminds us of the well-known passage in Revelation, xxi. 4, is as follows:

"*Ādī lā mitulima bikiti gamrat.*"

"Until there be no death and weeping cease."

Of course, in the first of the above extracts, the words cannot have a prophetic significance, because they are in the aorist, not the future tense. They are important, however, because they show an idea (which originated in Babylonia, and probably in Assyria also, at a very early period, perhaps 3,000 years before Christ) in which a divine being, whose path was glorious and worth following, is spoken of, apparently, as having lived in the world, died, and risen again—a prototype of the Messiah.

I hope, at some future time, to publish the complete text and translation of this most difficult, but highly interesting, tablet.

THEO. G. PINCHES.

SOME FINNISH ETYMOLOGIES.

London: Jan. 14, 1888.

Mr. Robert Brown, in the ACADEMY of January 14, seems to suppose that the Lapp *sarva* (a), "elk" or "stag," is connected with a Finn *kauris*, "goat"; and further that the words *vuohi* and *kutlu* are merely variants in "accord with the laws of Turanian letter-change." The F. equivalent of L. *sarva* is *tarvas*, "stag" or "elk," its precise application being uncertain. They are possibly related to the F. *sarvi*, "a horn," though certainly not to *kauris*, old form *kāpris*, Liv. *kabr*, Lap. *habres*, the original for which Prof. Ahlquist finds in an Indo-European stem—in Lat. *caper*, O.N. *hafr*. He believes that *vuohi* is only F. *unhi*, "a ewe," with *v* prefixed and a transfer of meaning, deriving the latter from the Lith. *avis* or Lett. *avs*, "a sheep." He is inclined to see in *kutlu* the O.N. *kid*.

In the ACADEMY of November 12, 1887, Mr.

R. Brown rather hastily bracketted F. *tie* with Hung. *isten*, Sum. *dingi*, &c., though the word only means a "path, a road," a meaning very remote from "create," "sky," "god." Again, to couple a Yakute word for "sacred" and an Akkadian and Assyrian word for "heaven" with a F. *suavanto*, Kalevala 18.109 (not 36.237), meaning "the still water between rapids," seems to require reconsideration.

So, too, as far as meaning and derivation are concerned, there is no sort of connexion between F. *kave*, stem *kapehe*, dim. *kapo* and *kuu*, "the moon." *Kave* is not an uncommon word in the older poetry, and is used in various connexions. It occurs as a parallel word to "woman"; as a parallel word to "creator"; coupled with the word for horse as a parallel word to "camel-foal"; coupled with the word for forest, to mean forest "creature"; with sea to mean "fish"; with great to mean "a human being" *par excellence*, &c. Prof. O. Donner compares it with the Esth. *kabe-ne*, "a woman," *kabo*, "a girl"; N. Lap. *gaba*, "a woman," Sw. Lap. *kuopes*, "a witch." JOHN ABERCROMBY.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE Seismological Society of Japan has recently issued a new volume of its *Transactions*, a large part of which is occupied by a paper by Prof. John Milne, on "Earth Tremors in Central Japan." It appears from the author's observations that most of these tremors are produced by the action of the wind upon the earth's surface, and that the movements thus excited may often be propagated to distant localities where wind disturbances have not occurred.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Friday, January 13.)

THE REV. W. A. HARRISON in the chair.—Mr. R. G. Moulton read a paper on "Some Canons of Character Interpretation," premising that, in dealing with this subject, the inductive method was particularly clear. The true interpretation of a character was not the noblest or most interesting conception that could be formed of it, but simply the view of the personage in question which most fully took in all the details connected with him. It was, in fact, a scientific hypothesis, the purpose and test of which was to account for all the particulars to which it has application. Mr. Moulton then suggested the following practical canons of interpretation, which he had found by experience to be useful in analysing character: (1) Interpretation must take in not only the direct but also the indirect elements of character. Indirect elements (i.e., the impression made by personages on others, or by others on them) are evidenced in the case of Brutus, the strength of whose mind is shown by the way he sways even the strong mind of Cassius, while the delicacy of soul hidden beneath stoic impassiveness is seen in the influence which the gentle Portia has over her husband. (2) Difficulties in interpretation may diminish by multiplying, i.e., when a single inconsistency is a stumbling-block, many inconsistencies resolve themselves into a new consistency. (3) Interpretation must have regard to the extent to which a character is displayed by the action. Ophelia's apparent negativeness is due to the fact that she is only allowed to appear in negative situations; her strength of character being chiefly shown in her influence on Hamlet. (4) In interpretation, force of character must not be confounded with force of poetic expression—a canon which may be illustrated by the case of Polonius. (5) Care must be taken to distinguish between what belongs to the character of a personage, and that which belongs to his position in the action of the play: a good example of this being found outside Shakespeare, in Marlowe's Mephistophiles, who is commonly taken to be an arrant coward, whereas he is really supposed by the poet to have come from behind the curtain of the unseen world, and to know all its horrors, while Faustus persuades himself of its non-existence. (6) Characters are often best interpreted

in groups. It is often difficult to catch the individuality of a character when considered by itself, when it would at once assume consistency and distinctness when considered in relation to some other character in the same play.

EDINBURGH MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, January 13.)

W. J. MACDONALD, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. R. E. Allardice read a paper on Stirling's approximation to factorial *n*, when *n* is large.—Mr. A. Y. Fraser described a mechanical device for the analysis of intervals and chords in music.—The conversation on the teaching of arithmetic, adjourned from last meeting, was resumed, and a committee was appointed to collect suggestions which might be printed and circulated among the members.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE OF PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Olographs, handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. REES, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

TWO works of small dimensions, but—in very different styles—of exceptional beauty of execution, must here be mentioned, though perhaps a little out of their natural order. The one is Mr. Holman Hunt's "St. Sebastian" (143)—a nude figure of the martyr bound to a tree, shown in strong relief against a background which is of lurid splendour in its darkness. It is impossible to agree with the attribution of this precious little panel to Velasquez; for the brush-work, frank and vigorous as it is, is not that of the great Spanish master at any stage of his practice. The conception is, it may be owned, deeply tinged with a passionately earnest realism, such as we are accustomed to associate with the Spanish school of the seventeenth century; but the execution has many passages which suggest rather a Flemish hand under the influence of the manner of Caravaggio. The problem is one for which we cannot at present venture to suggest a definitive solution. It is well worth serious consideration. The other little picture which we unwittingly passed over on a former occasion is an exquisite specimen of the middle style of Rubens, somewhat awkwardly styled by its owner "Cupids and Fruit" (82). These *bambini* have a marked resemblance, both as regards conception and execution, to the wingless angels in the "Vierge aux Anges" (428 in the Louvre); while the garland of fruit and the ornamental sculpture, seen in luminous half-shadow, show that silver-brown radiance which is the master's own secret. To complete the list of omissions, let us point out Lord Normanton's exceptionally fine "View in Dresden" (145), by Bernardo Canale (called also Bernardo Belotto), which places before us the quaint eighteenth-century market-place of that city literally flooded with sunshine. In its happy admixture of accurate detail with picturesque breadth, it almost rivals the fine productions of a Van der Heyden; but the sky, on the other hand, is treated in the conventional and insincere fashion common to the Venetian painters of the school of Canaletto.

There are no two finer specimens in England of the astonishing brush-power and vivacious conception of Frans Hals than Sir Richard Wallace's famous "Laughing Cavalier" (75), and Mr. Gibbs's later and not less characteristic "Portrait of a Dutch Gentleman" (146). The former example, which bears the date 1624, is, as regards technique, somewhat an exception among the productions of the same period, since the face is modelled and painted with a subtlety and care which veil the usually untrammelled vigour of the master's hand; this, however, finds full scope in the incomparable

rendering of the hair and moustache, as well as of the lace and rich embroideries, which bravely set forth this splendid young Dutch nobleman. Here, as elsewhere, we find the master aiming rather at the realisation of exuberant life and fleeting expression, than at the suggestion of an intellectual personality taken as a whole, and divined with sympathetic insight. Mr. Gibbs's picture—the presentment of a sober, middle-aged burgher of sour and determined aspect, with the date 1639—is a perfect specimen of the daring power of execution and disdain of colour which mark the period of complete maturity of the Haarlem *chef d'école*. To cite only a minor detail: the rendering of the long buff gloves which the sitter holds loosely in his hand might well fill with despair any painter whose aim is unlimited mastery over the legitimate secrets of the brush. In connexion with these exceptional works must be mentioned two very fine portraits by that scarce and little-known painter Johannes Verspronck. These are the half-length portraits of Thomas Wyck and his wife (61 and 65), contributed by Mr. David Sellar. We have here evidently an avowed follower of Frans Hals; but at the same time a painter most capable of looking at humanity with his own eyes, and one whom it would be unjust to class as a mere schoolman, catching the tricks without the essential merits of his master's manner. Verspronck has a large measure of the frankness of execution of his prototype, with a greater hardness and precision in the heads, and an exaggeration of the harshness of Hals's colour and of the opacity of his shadows. These signed works are further of considerable interest, as enabling us to restore to their rightful author some interesting portraits; and among them that of a lady, which is No. 175 in the Gallery of the Stædel Institut at Frankfurt, and is there given to Hals, though German connoisseurs have long since more than suspected that it rightly belonged to Jan Verspronck. The "Dutch Lady" (72), by Ferdinand Bol, is a characteristic specimen of a capable but second-rate painter; the "Nativity" (37), by another of Rembrandt's pupils, Gerbrandt van den Eeckhout, is chiefly interesting as being authenticated with a signature, and as showing how vast is the interval which separates Rembrandt everywhere from his most noted imitators. Another painter issuing from the same school, Nicholas Maes, once more vindicates his right to a place in the foremost rank among Dutch masters. The most important picture from his hand is the Duke of Wellington's "The Listener" (52)—a work of first-rate technique, in which we should be inclined to think that the artist had well-nigh equalled the skill of Peter de Hooch in the rendering of different qualities of indoor light, were it not that that magician of the brush is himself here hard by—represented by an incomparable masterpiece which fully asserts his supremacy. This is the well-known "Music Party" (53), from the same choice collection. In a room of noble appearance, richly though sparsely furnished, is seen a company of splendidly-attired men and women—the former apparently of high rank, and the latter evidently of much complaisance—diverting themselves with music, dance, and conversation. The waning light of afternoon has been almost entirely shut out by drawing closely across the windows, save in one instance, huge red curtains, through which the light filters. Yet in the dim varying atmosphere thus created—partly revealing, partly concealing the groups and the architectural features of the room—the painter has, in the lowered key necessarily adopted, preserved the relative values of tone with such exquisite justness that he gives the required force and contrast to every portion of the com-

position; imparting depth and variety even to the glimpses which he permits us into nooks bathed in the deepest gloom. The achievement is, in its peculiar way, hardly equalled from a technical point of view—certainly not surpassed—in art. The mastery exhibited would, however, be all the more enjoyable, were it not so evident that the painter has deliberately set himself the problem which the peculiar subject involves, and that he revels in the realisation of the *tour de force* for its own sake, and not as a means to an end. Even here, the limits of de Hooch's wonderful power are very clearly defined. He fails to impart individuality or realistic charm to his personages, and is only partly successful in the suggestion of life and movement. Another notable, though hardly very sympathetic, specimen of his technical power is Lord Wantage's well-known "Court-yard of an Inn" (95). Among numerous examples of the consummate handiworks of Teniers the younger may be singled out the so-called "Philosophes Bacchiques" (102), from the same collection—a tavern interior painted with that silvery clearness and sharpness which are all the painter's own, while the subject is treated not quite in that perfunctory and superficial fashion to which he has too much accustomed us. By that far greater, if less showy, artist, Adrian van Ostade, there is at least one first-rate little work at Burlington House—the "Kitchen Yard" (112), from the same collection. One passage of this *nature morte*, in which is shown in a luminous half-gloom a recess in the richly toned brick-wall, is treated with supreme skill. Rarely, indeed, has the less-appreciated Isaac van Ostade been seen to such advantage as in the "Country Inn" (99), another precious possession of Lord Wantage. This charming landscape with figures is rendered with a gaiety, with a happy brilliancy of illumination, which Adrian himself has hardly surpassed, though the touch is more conventional in its sharpness and the modelling of the figures less true and less solid than his. Several important specimens of the art of the prolific Jan Steen claims our attention, commanding admiration for the straightforwardness and brilliancy of the technique—marred, nevertheless, by a certain hardness and monotony of texture—while they disgust, not only by the unrelieved and tiresome grossness of the scenes represented, but still more by the want of real invention betrayed by the painter, who contents himself with one facial type of inexpressive bestiality, and fails to realise varying shades of expression, even in the strange category of human manifestations which he chiefly affects. This same drawback detracts to an almost equal extent from even the finest works of that great and subtle luminaire Adrian van Ostade, and indeed, mars our enjoyment of the productions of most of the Dutch and Flemish humoristic masters of the time—with the exception of those who, like Metsu, Terburg, and some other kindred painters, study less the manners of the people than those of the nobility and the higher bourgeoisie. A singular exception, however, to this rule is to be found in some of the *payanneries* of that penetrating observer, Karel Dujardin. Of the Jan Steens to be seen at Burlington House, the Duke of Wellington's "Wedding Party" (59), is a first-rate example of the painter's manner, happy in arrangement, in the skill with which it is lighted, and full of genuine animation; while Mr. Sellar's large "Merrymaking" (55), is in every sense markedly inferior. Mr. Crews's "The Fight interrupted" (107), is, on the other hand, in technical respects a very fine rendering of the revoltingly brutal subject chosen for representation. The admirable and well-known "Family Group," by Gonzales Coques (49), should by no means be passed over.

The great Dutch schools of landscape are this winter very happily illustrated, though certain great names—including Philip de Koninck, of whose work Lord Wantage possesses so fine an example, Paul Potter, A. Cuyp, A. van de Velde, K. Dujardin, and many others—are unrepresented. Mr. C. Roth contributes an exquisite little Van Goyen (69), painted in what is now almost a silvery monochrome; the far distance has an exquisite delicacy and suggestiveness which hardly any other Dutch landscapist could have attained by the same means. Mr. M. Colnaghi sends a charming Van de Capelle (91), showing—an unusual subject for this artist—a winter canal-scene, in which the sombre atmosphere, heavily charged with snow, and the dark transparent ice, overshadowed by bare trees, are rendered with a mastery such as Aart van der Neer never attained in this, one of his favourite subjects. The same collector contributes an admirable "Interior of Delft Cathedral" (92), by E. de Witte—rich and luminous in its sobriety of colour, and without a trace of the dryness so hard to avoid in such subjects. With the river-piece of Van Goyen should have been mentioned that of his imitator, Salomon van Ruysdael (103), which, however, in the rendering of storm-clouds and agitated water, comes unusually near to the manner of his more famous nephew Jacob. The far-distance, lit up with a brighter light than the over-shadowed foreground, is sufficiently characteristic of the elder master to justify the attribution to him. Of the numerous specimens attributed to Jacob van Ruysdael, Lord Wantage's noble landscape (67) is, we think, notwithstanding its signature, a fine Everdingen; especially characteristic of that painter are the pervading grey-buff tint of the whole, and, above all, the spongy texture of the rocks. It would be difficult to render with more subtle and unobtrusive truth a frothing cascade and the complicated eddies produced by its fall into the pool beneath. Fine and undoubted specimens of J. van Ruysdael's art are Nos. 76, 106, and 111. A famous Hobbema is Lord Wantage's "Water-mill" (71), which has all the merits and drawbacks characteristic of a sympathetic and highly-skilled master, whom it has of late years been somewhat the fashion to overrate. There is here, as in many other instances, a lack of unity and concentration in the composition; but nothing could well be finer than the pool which receives the overflow of the mill-stream, with its exquisite reflections of red-roofed cottage, sombre trees, and splashing water.

We pass over, for lack of space, examples of the art of Philip Wouwerman and Jan Both, besides a whole group of remarkable works by Fyt, Hondcoeter, and Jan Weenix the younger.

The examples of the schools of France are, as usual, few though interesting. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are illustrated; but of that prolific eighteenth century, which there is still in England a certain tendency to under-rate and to misinterpret, there is absolutely nothing in the galleries. Lady Lindsay's so-called "Isabella of Portugal" (56), attributed to François Clouet, is an unusually good specimen of the school of that master. The rendering of the wonderfully delicate, almost diaphanous, hands closely recalls a striking feature of the famous portrait representing Charles IX.'s consort, Elisabeth d'Autriche—one of the two or three absolutely authenticated specimens of the art of Clouet III. which adorn the Louvre. But, on the other hand, the execution in many passages, and especially in the elaborate costume, has not the exquisite firmness and finesse which alone would constitute a justification for the attribution to the court-painter of the Valois. Claude Lorrain has hardly ever been seen to greater advantage at Burlington House than on the present occa-

sion. Those jealous for his glory must, however, feel impelled to deny the authenticity of Sir W. W. Wynn's "An Embarkation" (136), the sky of which is altogether preposterous in its opacity and hastiness of execution; the picture, being indeed, in every respect unworthy of the master. The "Enchanted Castle" (137), contributed by Lord Wantage, is a masterpiece of cool silvery brightness and atmospheric truth, especially in the middle and far distance; that passage of the picture which shows rocky hills and woods, in a luminous haze, extending far away towards the sea, has never been surpassed by the painter. It is on such ground that Claude, seeing with his own eyes, and thoroughly convinced—though he may and does idealise and even conventionalise, according to the fashion of his age—rises superior to his great posthumous rival, Turner; while the latter, when he discards emulation and imitation, and bases his painted poems on a solid substratum of realistic truth, towers, at his best, above competition, both as a craftsman and an imaginative artist. The Queen's "Europa" (130), from Buckingham Palace, is a Claude of more than average excellence, which might command our admiration were it not completely overshadowed by the work just mentioned. Lord Landsdowne's small "Seaport" (133) is brilliantly, if somewhat sharply, lighted. It bears a very close resemblance to a similar sea-piece of much larger dimensions in the National Gallery. CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

M NAVILLE'S LECTURE ON "BUBASTIS AND THE CITY OF ONIAS."*

THE mounds of Tel-el-Yahoodieh, near the railway-station of Shibeen-el-Kanater, have already attracted the attention of several explorers. Whence did this name come? To what time belonged the tradition from which it originated? Such are the questions which occurred at once to their minds. Several distinguished archaeologists, Mr. Grove, Mr. Chester, Dr. Grant, and Prof. Hayter Lewis (to the last of whom we owe a very interesting description of the place) were also led to make researches there by the remarkable discovery of inlaid fragments and enamelled tiles of which the British Museum has a large collection. The only excavations of any importance made there are due, however, to Mr. Emile Brugsch-Bey, one of the keepers of the Boolak Museum, who discovered the remains of the buildings from which the fellaheen had broken the decorative fragments which are still sold in great numbers by the dealers of Cairo.

Mr. Brugsch has lately published the results of his investigations in a paper called "On and Onion." The conclusion to which he comes is that Tel-el-Yahoodieh was, as its name indicates, a settlement of Jews who fled before the persecution of the king of Syria, Antiochus Epiphanes, and who were well received by Ptolemy Philometor and his wife-sister, Cleopatra. The king gave to their leader, the high-priest designate, Onias, a territory in the Heliopolitan nome; and the settlement was called, from his name, Onion. Mr. Brugsch goes further. He considers that Tel-el-Yahoodieh was a Heliopolis, and, in fact, the true city of that name—the other, near Cairo, having been destroyed by the Hyksos and not rebuilt.

The obscurity of these various questions induced me to begin my excavations last winter with Tel-el-Yahoodieh.

Travellers going from Cairo to Suez see in the distance, near the third station from

Cairo, the high mound of Tel-el-Yahoodieh, which it is unnecessary to describe anew. It is enough to say that it has all the appearance of a fortress. Its length is about half a mile from east to west, and its width a quarter of a mile from north to south. The eastern side towards the Ismailieh canal consists of two artificial hills higher than the rest, behind which the sand of the desert seems to have been purposely heaped up. In the middle is a deep hollow or trench, which certainly was an entrance. From the two hills start the walls of the enclosure, which are double, the space between having been filled in with sand. They seem to have had limestone basements, most of which have been quarried out by the natives. No mound in Egypt seems to have been so thoroughly ransacked as Tel-el-Yahoodieh. While we have still some remains of walls which may be forty or fifty feet high, in other parts the digging for "sebak" top-dressing has gone down to the very sand of the ghezireh, or island, on which the city was built. There must have been very different levels in the city inside the enclosure, the part near the eastern hills being considerably higher than the site of the ornamented chamber of *Rameses III.* Unfortunately, nearly everything has been destroyed by the fellaheen, and there is hardly anything left of the monuments indicated on the plan in Prof. Hayter Lewis's paper. The most interesting objects found in the course of Brugsch's excavations were dug out of a small mound in the longer axis of the city, but more towards the western side. The mound was from 24 to 30 feet in height, and near it the Arabs had found fragments of columns and pillars, and traces of an alabaster pavement. Having cleared as much as remained of the pavement, Brugsch found a great number of tiles and porcelain fragments, and nearly 4,000 of the enamelled disks which are the style of ornament peculiar to the place. The whole was unfortunately thrown into such confusion that it was impossible to recognise the original plan. When I went there last winter, the destruction had been carried still further, and the mound had nearly disappeared. All which remained was the mud platform on which had stood the building of *Rameses III.*, and a great number of the alabaster paving-blocks, besides a few bases of columns in red granite bearing the cartouche of *Rameses III.* I cleared the platform all round, and I cut through it in order to see whether it rested on an ancient construction; but without any result.

The building which stood on that small platform must have been of a very peculiar character. It was entirely decorated with those beautiful enamelled and inlaid tiles of which only fragments are now left. The subjects which they represented were either purely ornamental (plants or animals) or they were historical, i.e., they were inscriptions with the name of *Rameses III.*, representations of his feats of war, and of the prisoners whom he brought to Egypt. The disks, of which there are such a considerable number, seem to have adorned the friezes of that small chamber, which must have been a magnificent piece of art. When was this chamber made? Here arises a very difficult question. It is a fact that a great number of these disks bear Greek letters on the back, especially A and E, while others, and especially the tiles, have purely Egyptian signs. The Greek letters clearly indicate foreign workmanship, which cannot be attributed to an earlier date than that of the *Saites*, and very likely the *Ptolemies*. On the other hand, it is clear that the monument was erected by *Rameses III.* The bases of columns which are still extant, and the inscribed fragments which are met with on the Tell or in the houses of the neighbouring village, not only bear the name of *Rameses III.*, but also the character of the

monuments of his period. It would have been extraordinary that *Saites* or Greek kings should have built with such care and, apparently, at a great expense, so beautiful a monument to one of their predecessors. My conclusion is, therefore, that the famous enamelled chamber of *Rameses III.* was built by himself; and that, as it probably suffered in some of the numerous wars or invasions which swept over the Delta, it was repaired, and the ornamentation was renewed in the same style under subsequent kings, perhaps even of Greek origin. It is remarkable how very like some of those tiles are to the monuments which have been lately discovered at Susa. However, that style cannot be considered as of foreign importation. I remember having purchased at Khataanah in the Delta part of a cartouche of *Seti I.*, which was worked in enamel in exactly the same way.

In going to Tel-el-Yahoodieh, I desired to solve two historical questions—How was the city named in Egyptian? and how far could the tradition be trusted which considered it as the site of the city built by the high priest *Onias*? Unfortunately, the scanty hieroglyphic remains which were found on the Tell do not give us any name. Most of the monuments are arranged on a line going from east to west, where the mound is lowest, and where I should not wonder if there had been an avenue leading to the temple of *Rameses III.* The most ancient are of *Rameses II.* One is a single statue of natural size without any head-dress. It was on the left side of a door. The inscriptions speak of the king as the friend of *Set*. The name of the god has been erased, but is still visible. The other is a monument consisting of two figures, where *Rameses II.* is seen with a solar disk on his head. The head of the other statue has been broken off, and carried by a fellaah to his house in the village, for a doorpost. Neither entreaties nor promises of *bakshish* would induce the man to take it out of the wall and let me read the inscription. However, there is no doubt that the head was that of *Harmakhis*, the Rising Sun, and that it is he who pronounces the following words: "King *Rameses*, giver of life, I am thy venerable father, the lord of the beauties . . . thou art prosperous like *Tum* in the Great Hall . . . (like) *Khepra* every morning crowned on the throne of *Ra* in the vestibule of *Tum*. I am protecting thy limbs every day; thy might and the power of thy sword is above all lands. Thy hand is never opposed in all countries, King *Rameses*, friend of *Harmakhis*, the great god."

Besides the monuments of *Rameses II.*, there are blocks which may have supported sphinxes with the name of *Rameses III.*; and towards the east, where there was very likely a doorway, is a column with the name of *Menephtah*, the son of *Rameses II.*

It was in this part of the Tell that I made the best discovery. I noticed a block with hieroglyphs, the corner of which stood out of the rubbish; and when I had cleared it, I found that it bore the name of a king who at present is unknown in the hieroglyphical lists. This king clearly belongs to the family of the *XXIIInd* Dynasty (*Bubastites*). The form of both his names points to it. This red granite block, the surface of which is rectangular, about one yard square, the height being about half of the side, was certainly destined to bear the statue of a king or of a god. On the front side, the king is twice represented kneeling, facing his cartouches, which are in the middle. He is making offerings of oil, and of the "ut'a" (the holy eye), to the god or king who was above, the name of whom is not given. On each side there are two men with raised hands in the attitude of worship, each having under his arms one of the cartouches of the king. These cartouches are the following:

* Delivered in the large room of the Society of Arts, December 23, 1887.

Ra user ma setep en Amen, which is his coronation name; and *Aouput Si Bast Meramon*, which is his proper name. This coronation name was borne by several kings of the XXIInd and XXIIIrd Dynasties, and especially by the most powerful of them, Osorkon II.; while the qualification of *Si Bast*, in the proper name, points to a Bubastite origin. We know two princes of the name of Aouput. One is the high priest of Amon, first general of the king, the son of Sheshonk I., the first of the Bubastites. This Aouput is the priest who took part in the restoration of the royal mummies found at Deir-el-Bahri. His name has been found once or twice. He may be the king of Tel-el-Yahoodieh, but I think it is not likely. I believe we have to consider the new king as one of the local princes who fought against the Ethiopian invader, Piankhi, B.C. 750. The conqueror in his inscription mentions all the petty kings who made war against him, and one of them is called the king Auput, who occupies the cities of Tentremu (the fish-city) and Taan, neither of which have yet been identified. His name is always included in a cartouche, as well as that of Osorkon, the prince of Bubastis, and that of Namrath—three names of the family of Sheshonk; a fact which indicates that Piankhi considered them as being of royal blood.

Who was the founder of the city? Although we have found no cartouche of that epoch, it is likely that the first settlers belonged to the time of the XIIth Dynasty. It is a curious fact that a considerable number of the small pots which are found by the natives in different parts of the Tel are exactly of the same pattern as those discovered at Khataanah two years ago, and which, from the style of the scarabs found with them, have been attributed to the XIIth and XIIIth Dynasty. I must say I do not feel so confident about the age of those small black pots with white ornaments as I did at Khataanah, because at Khataanah there were monuments of the XIIth Dynasty, and especially the remains of a temple; while at Tel-el-Yahoodieh there is nothing pointing to such an early epoch. However, at Tel-el-Yahoodieh, it is very possible that the monuments may have disappeared like many which were seen a few years ago. Brugsch noticed, for instance, several stones inscribed with the name of Seti I., of which I did not see even a trace. However, one thing seems certain—it is an important point to which I shall refer further—there are no remains of the XVIIIth Dynasty, that line of great kings and conquerors. There is no more trace of them than at Bubastis.

It is a curious fact, also, that it was impossible to discover the name of the ancient city. The only geographical names found there are those of Heliopolis, to the name of which it undoubtedly belonged. Generally speaking, geographical names occur much more abundantly on monuments of later date—especially on tablets of the Ptolemies—than in inscriptions of the Pharaohs. Besides, we have no monuments of a character likely to furnish us with the name of the place, such as dedicatory statues of priests and officials. The Pharaohs, like Rameses II., prefer in their religious inscriptions to mention the great gods like Amon, Tum, or Set, rather than the local divinity of each individual place. Thus, at Tel-el-Yahoodieh we have Set (who is found everywhere in the Eastern Delta) and Harmakhis, who was the god of Heliopolis and the god of the nome. If we had discovered a Ptolemaic inscription, we should certainly have found the local god mentioned, if there was one.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S EXPLORATIONS IN CERIGO.

We learn that Dr. Schliemann will leave Athens, on January 27, for a three months' journey of exploration in Egypt, in company with Prof. Virchow. Before the arrival of the latter, Dr. Schliemann intends making a thorough study of the topographical points of the old town of Alexandria.

A report on the remains of the ancient Temple of Aphrodite in Cerigo has been sent by the discoverer to the Berlin Society of Anthropology. A fuller description, with plan and sketches, will appear in the *Mittheilungen* of the German Institute for Archaeology at Athens. Meanwhile, we are enabled to state that the site of the old temple is identical with that of the Church of the holy Kosmas. It is situated nearly in the centre of the enclosure walls of the old town of Kythera; and it appears that the stones of the ancient sanctuary almost sufficed for the erection of the church. The temple was a closed structure made of tuff-stone, with two rows of Doric columns, four on each side, of extremely archaic style. They are all still preserved in the church, with their capitals and ornaments; but only two of them, as well as the base of a column, are now *in situ*. The columns, also, are of tuff-stone.

On a hill-top in the neighbourhood, which is about thirty metres higher, there are remains of Cyclopean fortifications. Dr. Schliemann thinks they cannot be older than the seventh century B.C., seeing that he did not find there any potsherds for which a higher age could be attributed. All former excavators have sought for the temple of Aphrodite on the lower terraces of the hill-range, but in vain. When digging there, Dr. Schliemann laid bare a mass of large building stones; but these appear to belong to a wall-tower of the Macedonian period. The great enclosure wall ("peribolos") of the town, which is formed of the same material and is in the same architectural style, evidently dates from that epoch. For a long time this wall has been used by the inhabitants as a convenient source of building material; nevertheless, there are still considerable remains in several places.

In the old harbour-town of the island, at Skandeia, Dr. Schliemann also made excavations, but without finding anything of interest. There are nowhere else any artificial mounds to be seen in Cerigo.

OBITUARY.

ROBERT HERDMAN, R.S.A.

WE regret to record the very sudden death of Mr. Robert Herdman, one of the best known and most accomplished members of the Royal Scottish Academy, which occurred at Edinburgh on January 11.

Born about 1829, a son of the minister of Rattray, Perthshire, he was designed for the Scottish Church, and, with this view, attended a theological course in the University of St. Andrews. But, his attention having been turned to art, he came to Edinburgh, and studied in the Trustees' Academy under Robert Scott Lauder, to whose instruction many of the best recent and living Scottish painters owe so much. In 1854 he won the Keith prize and the bronze medal of the Scottish Academy; and that body acquired a series of studies from the old masters which he executed during a residence of studentship in Italy which followed.

Mr. Robert Herdman was a liberal contributor to the exhibitions of the Royal Scottish Academy, of which he was elected associate in 1858, and full member in 1863; and his works were also frequently shown both at Burlington House and at the Grosvenor Gallery. They include subject-pictures, mainly from Scottish history; cabinet-works, usually of single

figures, idyllic or classical, treated with great delicacy and transparency of colouring; and a few landscapes, chiefly in water-colour, besides a considerable number of flower-studies. Mr. Herdman was, however, perhaps best known as a portrait-painter; and, in this department, he was most successful in his renderings of female grace and beauty, though such male portraits as "Dr. David Laing," in the Scottish National Portrait Gallery, and "D. O. Hill, R.S.A.," in the library of the Royal Scottish Academy, are thoroughly successful works. He is represented in the National Gallery of Scotland by a painting of a Roman peasant mother, and by an important subject-picture of a dying Covenanter, "After the Battle." His style was characterised by well-considered composition, careful execution, and by pleasing, sometimes powerful, colouring.

Personally Mr. Herdman was a man of wide information, and very considerable and varied culture. In manner he was singularly urbane and courteous; and certainly both Scottish art and Scottish society have suffered a severe loss by his death.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. W. B. RICHMOND, painter; Mr. E. Onslow Ford, sculptor; and Mr. Arthur W. Blomfield, architect, have been elected associates of the Royal Academy.

It is proposed to form a Scottish Archaeological and Historical collection in connexion with the International Exhibition to be opened at Glasgow in May of the present year. This collection will be twofold—(1) general, of objects illustrating the history and development of Scotland from the earliest times, including prehistoric implements, armour, early printed books, historical portraits, &c.; and (2) special, of objects associated with the Stuart family and with the city of Glasgow. The collections will be placed in a fireproof building, separate from the main exhibition, and will not be open after dusk. All expenses connected with the transit of objects lent will be defrayed by the committee, of which the secretary is Mr. James Paton, Corporation Galleries of Art, Glasgow.

A GENERAL meeting of the Society for Preserving the Memorials of the Dead will be held in the rooms of the Archaeological Institute, Oxford Mansions, on Thursday next, January 26, at 4 p.m., when Mr. J. Lewis André will read a paper on "The Union of Sepulchral with Religious and Allegorical Art," illustrated by cartoons.

M. CHARLES COUSIN, author of the *Voyage dans un Grenier*, announces another volume of similarly luxurious character, to be called *Raconters illustrés d'un Vieux Collectionneur*. It will contain fifty plates representing etchings, photogravures, and coloured reproductions of pottery, rare bindings, &c., as well as numerous autograph letters. The book—which is issued in three editions, the cheapest at 150 francs—will be published in the course of the present month by the Librairie de l'Art.

A MEETING of the Chester Archaeological Society was held on Monday, January 16, at the Grosvenor Museum, when a paper was read by Mr. E. P. Loftus Brook on "The Bearing of the Recent Discoveries of Roman Remains upon the Question of the Age of the City Walls." The paper was succeeded by a discussion. Mr. Brook mainly followed the line of argument which he has adopted in his correspondence with Mr. Watkin in the ACADEMY. Mr. Watkin, who was present, did the same, as far as the limited time (fifteen minutes) allotted to each speaker would allow. He was supported by Mr. Shrubsole and Prof. McKenny Hughes, and to a considerable extent by Dr. Hodgkin

of Newcastle. On the other hand, Mr. W. de Gray Birch supported Mr. Brock, chiefly drawing attention to what has been styled the "ecclesiastical" stone. Sir J. Pictou was cut short, owing to the limited time, in the midst of reading a written reply to Mr. E. W. Cox, on a redoubt on the Roodeye. Several gentlemen in the body of the room asserted that the section of the walls, as shown by Mr. Brock, was entirely erroneous and misleading, though the city surveyor claimed its correctness. The general opinion was that the question of the walls remained *in statu quo*.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

FOR the artistic world, much more distinctly than for world of "mashers," *Frankenstein* at the Gaiety is the show of the Christmas season. We do not say that it is the show for the "earnest person," or for the academic student, or for the purely intellectual who can never unbend. But it is a delight to the eyes—if your eyes happen to be cultivated. There are beautiful colours in it, and pleasant song, and exquisite dance. And if the words are not always very witty, and if the thread of story is exceedingly slight—and we confess the piece's weakness in both of these matters—the true dramatic talent of the company as a whole, the admirable fooling of such men as Mr. Lonnen and Mr. Charles Ross, must be set to the good in the account. And then there has still to be reckoned what we may call the main features of the entertainment. These are, first, the genius (for it is hardly less than genius) of Mr. Leslie, distinctly the most varied burlesque actor since Robson, the most infinite in resource, the most endowed with the humour that is close to pathos; then the extreme piquancy of Miss Nellie Farren, who gets younger, it would seem, every five years or so, and must be a favourite with the next generation, as she has been a favourite of the last; then the singing of Miss Marion Hood, which has style and feeling in it; and the dancing of Miss Sylvia Grey, who is below her mark only in the first act, but who, later on, dances a dance the execution of which Lancret's Mdlle. Sallé—the great dancer of the time of Louis Quinze—might have envied, and Taglioni's father (who was the most "difficult" person in the world) might have praised. Then again there are the dresses. The audacity of Mr. Percy Anderson (who designed, by-the-bye, the dresses for the Queen's *tableaux vivants* the other day) is remarkable; and still more remarkable is his success. We mean this as regards colour, but it is about as true of line, for where drapery has to be employed it is disposed exquisitely; where withheld, it is withheld rightly. It is impossible to describe to the lover of beautiful things—any more than to the public which does not look at these things with the real eye—even a small part of what this gentleman does in the way of unfamiliar, and yet, as it proves, justified, combinations of colour. Doubtless he would consider Miss Sylvia Grey's dress of deep canary, wreathed with masses of violet flowers, one of his very simplest effects. It is, however, very lovely, and worth mentioning. The success of the piece is assured, though we do not know that it is the best things in it which have contributed most to its popularity. It will run until the London season is very far advanced.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

LAST Saturday afternoon Haydn's Quartet in A (Op. 20, No. 6) was given for the first time at the Popular Concerts. The set, published in

Paris as Op. 20, but in Berlin as Op. 16, are called in Germany, from the picture of a sun on the title-page, the Sun Quartets. The last three finish up with fugues, one in two, one in three, and one in four subjects. Haydn, who had studied Fu' Gradus from early youth, knew how to combine themes, and how to invert them in all sorts of ways. And on one side with his learning, on the other with his geniality, he wrote fugues pleasing alike to pedagogue and to dilettante. The fugue is ordered to be played *sotto voce* until the fourth bar from the end, when "a sudden forte and a vigorous unison" give us an excellent sample of the master's humour. The performance of the whole work by Mdlle. Norman-Néruda, and Messrs. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, gave the utmost satisfaction. Miss Fanny Davies performed Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonata in D (Op. 10, No. 3). There was some very good playing in the first and last movements; but the wonderful largo was at times rough, and the minuetto taken at too rapid a rate. Mdlle. Henschel was the vocalist, and her singing, together with Mr. Henschel's pianoforte accompaniment, was much appreciated. The programme concluded with Beethoven's Septet.

On Monday evening a Pianoforte Trio in E minor by Mr. J. A. Dykes, son of the late well-known Rev. J. B. Dykes, Mus. Doc., was produced. The composer, who is quite young, studied at Frankfurt under Mdlle. Schumann and the late Herr Raff. There is spirit in his music, and—what one would naturally expect—strong traces of the influence of the masters of the romantic school. The first movement contains clever writing, but it is somewhat dry. The Scherzo appears to us the most successful movement, but over long. The adagio is only an introduction to the finale, which is very light and not altogether free from the commonplace. At the close of the performance the composer was summoned to the platform. His future career will be watched with interest. The work was interpreted by Miss Fanny Davies, Mdlle. Norman-Néruda, and Signor Piatti. After a song, sung by Miss Bertha Moore, the rest of the programme was devoted to Schubert's Octet. There was a good attendance.

On Monday afternoon, Mr. V. de Pachmann gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall. He opened with a Bach Fugue in A minor. His reading of it was free from affectation, and his technique clear and crisp. He next played Beethoven's seldom heard Sonata in F (Op. 54). His interpretation was, on the whole, good; but he was evidently too much bent on making his audience hear and feel every nuance. It was, however, the best piece of Beethoven playing which we have heard from him. A graceful Romance by Mdlle. Pachmann was given with exquisite finish. After Mendelssohn's Scherzo à Capriccio, and a few short pieces by Chopin, the pianist performed for the first time Chopin's Allegro de Concert (Op. 46). This formidable piece was given a short time ago by Mr. Max Pauer, but we could find little to admire in it. Mr. Pachmann, however, presented it in quite a new light. For him the mechanical difficulties seemed child's play; and the technical or virtuosic element no longer preponderating, one could catch the spirit of the music. It is not one of the composer's happiest inspirations, but what there was to bring out was fully brought out. Mr. Pachmann showed himself in all his strength, and more than sustained his great reputation as an interpreter of Chopin. The applause at the close was most enthusiastic, and well he deserved it. Another success was his rendering of Hensel's "Danklied nach Sturm," a wonderful piece of pianoforte playing both as regards tone and mechanism. The least satisfactory performance of the afternoon was

Schumann's "Warum." The reading was false in sentiment. After concluding his programme with Liszt's Polonaise in E, Mr. Pachmann remembered that he had forgotten Hensel's Toccata; so he sat down and dashed it off with wonderful grace and lightness.

M. Gustave Pradeau gave the first of four Schumann Recitals at Prince's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. The programmes comprise all Schumann's great works, besides many of the shorter pieces. The first included the Sonata in F sharp minor (Op. 11) and the Fantasia in C major (Op. 17), so that the pianist was determined from the outset to show the extent of his powers. Of M. Pradeau's previous career we know nothing. He may be an excellent teacher and a fair musician. But until he can play a piece without rushing along like a war-horse, without making false notes at almost every step, he will be wise not to play in public. At first we were disposed to make every allowance for possible nervousness; but there was no improvement, and the second movement of the Fantasia was simply excruciating. M. Pradeau is either unconscious of his defects, or cares not what may be said of him. Our duty is plain. In the interest of the public we feel bound to say that this first Schumann recital was a painful exhibition.

Mr. Henschel introduced at his ninth concert on Wednesday afternoon an early work of Brahms. This was the Serenade in D (Op. 11) for orchestra, begun in 1859 and produced in 1861. Dr. Deiters, in his biographical sketch of Brahms, tells us that the composer had now sown his (musical) wild oats, and that this work represents his first serious attempt at being moderate. He is careful as to form, that it shall be clear; as to development, that the parts shall be well balanced; and the reminiscences of Haydn and of Beethoven show how earnestly he must have taken these men as models. The Serenade consists of six movements. In the opening allegro we have simple themes, careful elaboration, and a highly effective coda. This is the strongest of all the movements. There are many interesting things in the following scherzo, but the effect as a whole is patchy. The adagio, very Beethovenish at times, is full of graceful thematic treatment and delicate orchestration *à la* Schubert. The minuets, or really minuet and trio, are simple yet characteristic. The second scherzo is Beethovenish to an extreme. The final rondo is full of life. Father Haydn's spirit is felt in many a passage. There are connecting links harmonic and melodic between this rondo and the opening movement which lend to the whole work an apparent unity. The Serenade must be considered remarkable in many ways, but specially interesting as it shows us the composer at an early stage of his career just as we are about to hear the latest work from his pen. We refer to the Concerto for Violin, Violoncello, and Orchestra, by Brahms, to be produced by Mr. Henschel next month. The performance of the Serenade was not always so careful in phrasing or delicate in tone as one could have wished, but some parts were good. The programme included a Bach Overture, a Molique Concerto, played to perfection by Signor Piatti. Mr. E. Lloyd sang an air from "Euryanthe" and "Lohengrin's Farewell to Elsa" with immense success.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Technics of Pianoforte-playing, &c. By H. Germer. (Novello.) The author, commencing with five-finger exercises, gradually leads the pupil up to the Chopin-Liszt stage. In less than one hundred pages, he manages to give an immense quantity of most useful material. A good teacher would, however, still

be necessary to select the exercises, and to say when they should be changed. The second part of the book treats of musical ornamentation; and, besides explanations, there are illustrations. Here the student will find great profit without the assistance of a teacher. Herr Germer, in the section on "Trills," says, with respect to a certain passage in Beethoven's Op 35, that it *must* be played as he indicates. Dr. Bülow, however, who is also an authority, plays it in a different manner. The third part of the book deals with tone-production. The translator's note, giving explanation of some new terms, must be carefully studied; without this, many of the sentences would confuse the reader. Indeed, the translation itself is not all that could be desired.

The Opera Guide. By E. Barker. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) This little book professes to give a concise description of the plots of over sixty operas. Moreover, the names of some of most important, or most admired, personages in each are named, with, occasionally, a line or two of musical comment. The idea is a good one, but, unfortunately, the guide proves unsafe. Mr. Barker tells us that Mozart was eighty years old when he wrote "Die Zauberflöte"; that "Siegfried" is the second part of Wagner's Tetralogy; that in "Fidelio," "Fidelio and Rocco are set to dig the grave." So much for his facts. He tells us that "Fidelio"—which seems to be condemned by the nature of the music—will always receive the admiration of connoisseurs; that "it would be difficult to mention any part of the score of 'Lohengrin,' the merit of which is upheld by general consent"; that the passage most generally admired in "Siegfried" is the scene in which the hero joins the broken pieces of his father's sword. So much for his opinions. He writes Glück for Gluck; Tafner for Fafner. So much for his spelling. From these specimens, it will be seen that Mr. Barker is, as we have said, no safe guide.

MUSIC NOTES.

A FUND is being raised to found a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music bearing the name of its late Principal, Sir G. A. Macfarren. The first list of subscriptions, including many names of well-known musicians, has been published. Mr. Alfred H. Lyttleton, 1, Berners-street, is hon. treasurer.

THE Crystal Palace concerts will recommence on Saturday, February 11. Several interesting novelties are promised for the remaining concerts of the series, viz., a Violin Concerto and a new Symphony by Dvorák; Brahms' new Concerto for violin, violoncello, and orchestra; a Cantata by Mr. C. T. Speer; a Ballad for chorus and orchestra by Mr. Hamish MacCunn; and "The Minstrel's Curse," ballad for declamation, with orchestral accompaniment by Mr. F. Corder.

STEPHEN HELLER, whose *Etudes* and short pieces for the pianoforte are universally known and admired, died last week at Paris. He was born in 1813. He was known at one time as a brilliant pianist. He settled in Paris in 1838, where he continued to live till the time of his death. He visited England in 1862, and played with Mr. C. Hallé at the Crystal Palace. In 1885 he was stricken with blindness, and was presented with a testimonial. Like Chopin, he wrote exclusively for the pianoforte; and his music is distinguished for grace, charm, and purity of style. It is not often heard in concert rooms, but all teachers know its value, and it forms part of every pianist's library.

HENRY HERZ, the once famous pianist and composer, also died last week at Paris at the advanced age of eighty-six.

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LITERATURE.

Virgil in English Verse. Eclogues and Aeneid i.-vi. By Sir Charles Bowen. (John Murray.)

NEARLY three decades have elapsed since, among other triumphs, the Arnold prize essay on "Delphi" exhibited the scholarship, learning, and eloquent style of Mr. Bowen of Balliol; and now, after becoming a Lord Justice of Appeal, and visitor of his old college, he reverts to the perennial fountain, and translates half, and promises to translate the other half, of the works of Virgil. "Qui a bu, boira." It is a fresh and satisfactory proof that the love of classical masterpieces yields (as Mr. Goschen would say) "neither to Time nor to Crime," neither to the receding decades nor to the experiences of the judicial bench.

In a short preface, marked by great felicity of expression, Sir Charles Bowen reviews the fortunes of Virgilian translation. In his view, translators such as Dryden and Conington fail chiefly in the loss of Virgilian form. Of the former, he says that

"he has taken Virgil into his powerful grasp, crushed him into atoms, and reproduced the fragments in a form which, though not devoid of genius, is no longer Virgil's. The silver trumpet has disappeared, and a manly strain is breathed through bronze."

That is true, in the main; only, now and then, Virgil mastered Dryden, made sweetness come forth out of the strong, and caused some of his translator's lines to haunt the ear like his own. Of Conington, he says that

"when the first sensation of despair and novelty is past, a strong and lasting sense is borne in upon the student, as he progresses, of Conington's great literary skill, and of the finished accuracy with which Virgil's points and meaning are seized, understood, and rendered. But the sweet and solemn majesty of the ancient form is wholly gone. All that is left is what Virgil might have written if the Aeneid had been a poem of the character of 'Marmion' or the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.'"

There is, perhaps, something more to be said for Conington, however far from final his version may be. Poems like "Marmion" or the "Lay" are the delight of boyhood and early youth; the taste for Virgil comes later. Yet I believe there is a closer affinity between the two tastes than might at first sight appear. Even for youth, the charm of Scott was not purely Homeric. It went beyond "the joy of eventful living," of battles and border-raids; there was an undertone of sadness thoroughly Virgilian. The hand that drew Dido and Turnus might well have clasped that which drew Constance Beverley and the Master of Ravenswood; for some of Virgil's dreamiest sighs—such as

"Te nemus Anguitiae, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
Te liquidi flevire lacus"

—I think Scott presents closer parallels, even in

form, than it would be easy to find elsewhere. And, holding this, I respectfully think that more, even of Virgil's form, may survive the loss of his metre, in Conington's version, than Sir C. Bowen allows. But I do not at all contest his view that much is irreparably sacrificed.

For an equivalent for the Latin, Sir C. Bowen turns his eyes—the late Lord Derby notwithstanding—to the English hexameter, of which he thinks that a combination of the skill of Lord Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne would make, "even in a prolonged poem, more than has as yet been deemed possible." But, if I mistake not, the latter poet has called English hexameters "ugly bastards." Be this as it may, Sir C. Bowen ventures upon the English hexameter, but with an important twofold modification. It must, he thinks, rhyme, if it is to attract the ears of English readers; and, if this be granted, the final spondee must be abbreviated into one long accented syllable. Only thus can we avoid the difficulty of making double rhymes dignified, and finding them in sufficient numbers. His hexameter, therefore, is an accentual hexameter catalectic. He illustrates it by changing Coleridge's well-known specimen:

"In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column,"

into

"In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery spray";

which, as he justly says, is very easily dealt with in rhyme; and, he adds that

"habit has taught an English ear to extract a pleasure from rhyme which is appreciable and valuable. Rhyme adds to our sense of adjustment and of nicety, and awakens in the reader an interest in the fortunes and success of each single line," &c.

This is undoubtedly true, but the question remains: Is the charm thus gained a Virgilian charm? Does the rhyming hexameter really remind one more of Virgil for its rhyming? Readers of the ACADEMY will judge for themselves from specimens shortly to be given. To me it appears that Virgil, except in a few passages, mostly in the Eclogues and Georgics, goes uncomfortably into couplets. The hardly avoidable pause produces a cadence very unlike the original; and a rhymed epic is apt to be fatiguing and monotonous in a way in which neither Virgil nor Homer, *qua* metre, ever are. The attraction of the Virgilian rhythm is very great, so is that of rhyme to an English ear; but they are attractions that cannot be combined. Hence, to some people, the cadence of (say) Canon Thornhill's blank verse translation will always seem to approach Virgil's more nearly than does that of Sir C. Bowen's delicately adjusted and graceful hexameter couplets.

There is no denying—sometimes, no resisting—the grace and beauty of many parts of his translation. Here is a passage from Eclogue x.—all of which Eclogue shows the translator at his best; Eclogue iv. ("Pollio"), though not without merit, is, on the whole, disappointingly rendered—it is the final farewell of Gallus to Lycoris:

"Thou—yet far be the fancy—remote from the land that is thine,
Lookest on Alpine snows—cold heart—and the winters of Rhine,

Lonely, without my love. May frosts thy feebleness spare!

Oh, may the splinters icy thy delicate feet forbear!

I will away; and the verses I wrought in the Chalcids mould

Set to the pipe and the music of Sicily's shepherd of old.

Rather had I in the forest, the wild beasts' caverns among,

Bear what awaits me, carving my love on the trees that are young,

So, as the trees grow upward, my love shall grow with them too.

There, meanwhile, with the nymphs I will roam great Maenalus through,

Hunting the savage boar. No frosts of th' winter shall make

Me and my hounds cease ranging the high Parthenian brake.

Over the rocks, methinks, and the ringing covers I go,

Sweeping already in chase: with joy from the Parthian bow

Winging the Cretan arrow; as though this medicine healed

Love like mine! or the Love-god to human sorrow would yield!"

The fifth line appears flawed by the unnecessary spondee in the fifth place. Omitting "the," would not "Chalcidian" be better? But the rest gives thorough pleasure, and, so far as couplets permit, Virgilian pleasure too.

Now let us test the translator by another passage, where Virgil reaches the very acme of power, in Dido's final curse (pp. 213-14):

"Far from the land of his fathers, and torn from the arms of his child,

May he in vain ask succour, and watch his Teucrian band

Dying a death untimely! And when this warrior proud

Under the hard conditions of peace his spirit has bowed,

Neither of monarch's throne nor of sunlight sweet let him taste;

Fall ere time overtakes him, and tombless bleach on the waste.

This last prayer, as my life ebbs forth, I pour with my blood;

Let not thy hatred sleep, my Tyre, to the Teucrian brood;

Lay on the tomb of Dido for funeral offering this! Neither be love nor league to unite my people and his!

Rise, thou Nameless Avenger, from Dido's ashes to come,

Follow with fire and slaughter the false Dardanians home!

Smite them to-day, hereafter, through ages yet unexplored,

Long as thy strength sustains thee, and fingers cling to the sword!

Sea upon sea wage battle for ever! Shore upon shore,

Spear upon spear! To the sires and the children strife evermore!"

What is wanting, here? I think, a sense of unity in the curse. Virgil's is "linked" vindictiveness "long drawn out." His translator gives us a string of curses in succession, each an after-thought, so to speak. His rhyming hexameters are written in lines, not paragraphs. There is not, there could hardly be, sufficient *enjambement* of them.

Lastly, let us ask the translator to guide us down to the spirit-world with the Sibyl and Aeneas (p. 275):

"So unseen in the darkness they went by night on the road

Down the unpeopled Kingdom of Death and his ghostly abode,

As men journey in woods when a doubtful moon has bestowed

Little of light, when Jove has concealed in shadow the heaven,

When from the world by sombre Night Day's colours are driven.

Facing the porch itself, in the jaws of the gate of the dead, Grief, and Remorse the Avenger, have built their terrible bed. There dwells pale-cheeked Sickness, and Old Age sorrowful-eyed, Fear and the temptress Famine, and hideous Want at her side, Grim and tremendous shapes. There Death with Labour is joined, Sleep, half-brother of Death, and the joys unclean of the mind. Murderous Battle is camped on the threshold. Fronting the door The iron cells of the Furies, and frenzied strife, evermore Wreathing her serpent tresses with garlands dabbled in gore."

Here there are some minor flaws; "joined" and "mind" are not satisfactory rhymes. "Labour" has hardly, in English, that double sense of *πῶρος* which "labos" bears. But ll. 6-9 are excellent, and the whole passage finely pictorial and not unworthy of the original; indeed, there is more sustained power in the version of book vi. than elsewhere.

The language of the translation is, on the whole, singularly well chosen. If anything, it is a little too cautious and unadventurous. Not without some risk and effort can an English equivalent, in sound and sense, be found for

"Venit summa dies et ineluctabile tempus Dardanisee.

There are many worse renderings than

"Troy's sun sets, and the hour no mortal strength can avoid

Comes on the land of the Dardan."

Yet one feels that a better one would be possible to a bolder hand; and this, I think, is an impression which will often occur to the reader of a piece of work which it is quite superfluous to call scholarly and fine.

What a strange fate has befallen the most modest and self-depreciatory of poets! The poem, whose merits he so deeply distrusted, is an epic of the most artificial kind; its inspiration is not its own story, but the inferential glory of Rome and the imperial throne; its hero, if he occasionally shows something of Hector's quality, shows quite as often the spirit of Mr. Pecksniff; its debt to Homer, when all is said, exceeds the due license of borrowing; it is unfinished, unequal in everything except its management of the metre—and to give even a shadow or echo of it has been, and continues to be, the dream of gifted minds. Divines, professors, laureates, great lawyers, great statesmen—all have contended to be the mouthpiece of Virgil. And rightly; for, with the one exception of Shakspeare, he stands alone in his power to give voice to the feeling that underlies all poetry and all love of poetry—"the sense of tears in human things."

E. D. A. MORSEHEAD.

Social Aspects of Christianity. By B. F. Westcott. (Macmillan.)

THERE is a great demand at the present time for the opinions of the leaders of thought upon social questions. There is in the air a certain impatience, almost a disdain, of the functions of artist, poet, and priest, unless these servants of God can clearly prove themselves servants of men also, and servants not of some men only but of all men. And the

social questions which the spirit of the age will allow no one to neglect obtain their imperious claim to our attention from the existence in our midst of an obstinate mass of poverty and wretchedness. Whether this mass is proportionally greater or less than it has been previously in the world's history is not of consequence. The important fact is that the necessity of its existence is in our own day challenged by the conscience of the community, and men of all classes and professions come forward to declare that at all costs the scandal must cease.

Canon Westcott has never ignored this important sign of the times. "I know," he has said, "that there is about us the deep swelling of a noble discontent ready to sweep away much that mars the surface of society," and he has indirectly preached much on the subject. But the volume before us is the first of his which directly deals with the question; and as such is of very great interest. It consists of two series of sermons: the first, on "Christian Elements of Social Life," contains five discourses on the foundation, the family, the nation, the race, and the church; the second, on "Christian Organisation of Social Life," contains four discourses on the kingdom of God, mediæval efforts—the Franciscans, modern efforts—the Quakers, and present problems. An appendix is added on "Types of Service."

It is characteristically wise of Canon Westcott to define the elements of society before proceeding to organise it. He has said that "in life there is no fresh beginning, in life there is no possibility of repetition." The first series of sermons is addressed to reformers who would construct life afresh, the second to those who would repeat obsolete methods. For the teaching of the first series Canon Westcott is largely indebted to Comte's *Politique positive*, and to Maurice's *Social Morality*. Of the former he says:

"I found in it a powerful expression of many salient features of that which I had long held to be the true social embodiment of the Gospel, of a social ideal which the faith in Christ is alone, I believe, able to realise."

Of Maurice's book he tells us:

"I should find it hard to say how much I owe to it directly and by suggestion."

Now there is more than a noble Catholicity in this appeal to such opposite guides. It is admirably politic; it reminds those who regard the preservation of the family as unimportant, and not vital to social life, that they have against them not only the priest-ridden and old-fashioned; and it reminds the religious world how holy and sacred this question of social organisation has ever been felt to be by the wisest minds. The sermons are the result of a careful and thorough study of the work of Comte and Maurice in the same field; and it is therefore not surprising that they present us in a narrow compass with an admirable analysis of the elements of social life—an analysis which is specially needed at the present time, because orthodox economists think it outside their province. Canon Westcott's terse and earnest sermons will convince many that a hatred of "the spirit of isolating competition, which is eating away the old repose and nobility of English life," has no

necessary connexion with an imperfect appreciation of the value of the family and the nation.

But it is the second series of sermons that will be found most interesting by the majority of readers. The two sermons on Francis of Assisi and George Fox are exquisite examples of the union of learning and eloquence, equally valuable as historical criticisms and spiritual exhortations. It is impossible to detect which hero Canon Westcott himself prefers. In the work of St. Francis, whom he describes as "a living *Imitatio Christi*," he discovers three lessons—"the capacity of simple humanity for the highest joys of life," "the necessity of taking account of the fulness and variety of life in our endeavour to hasten the kingdom of God"; and "the importance of the mission of the laity." "We sorely need all three lessons now," says the preacher, but goes on to point out why the Socialism of Francis failed. "He disregarded the sacred individuality of men," and forgot that "the living God seeks the service of living men"; and this criticism is followed by a noble sermon on the individualism of the Quakers. George Fox "made clear beyond question the power of the simplest spiritual appeal to the consciousness of men," and established the fundamental fact that "no organism, however delicately constructed, can summon to itself the principle of life." But although "no religious order can point to services rendered to humanity more unsullied by selfishness or nobler in far-seeing wisdom," yet Quakerism failed, because it "left wholly out of account the larger life of the Church and the race," because it "disinherited the Christian Society," and "maimed the Christian man." It is the opposite one-sidedness of St. Francis and George Fox which caused their failure, and it is such a one-sidedness which the sermon on "Present Problems" warns us against. This sermon proposes a special method of meeting our present difficulties. The work of the Franciscans and Quakers proves the power and necessity of organisation; and Canon Westcott calls for the creation of "some fellowship which shall strike the imagination," and sketches, not the rules, but the "main characteristics" of the proposed order. The fellowship must be natural, "must not depend for its formation or its permanence on any appeals to morbid or fantastic sentiment"; it must be English; it must be comprehensive; "must banish the strange delusion by which we suppose that things temporal and spiritual can be separated in human action"; it must be social, open, rational, and, above all, spiritual. The statement of the evils such a fellowship would combat precedes the sketch we have summarised, and affords a notable example of the right treatment of national politics in the pulpit. One short paragraph we will quote: "We are suffering on all sides, and we know that we are suffering, from a tyrannical individualism. This reveals itself in social life by the pursuit of personal pleasure; in commercial life by the admission of the principle of unlimited competition; in our theories of life by the acceptance of material standards of prosperity and progress. . . . The 'great industries' have cheapened luxuries and stimulated the passion for them. They have destroyed the human fellowship of craftsman and chief.

They have degraded trade, in a large degree, into speculation. They have deprived labour of its thoughtful freedom, and turned men into 'hands.' They have given capital a power of dominion and growth perilous above all to its possessor."

It is impossible to criticise Canon Westcott's proposals adequately in a short review. His two series of sermons cover their ground so thoroughly, are so condensed in themselves and necessary to each other, that it is almost hopeless to summarise them. No book Canon Westcott has yet published displays so clearly his varied gifts, and unites so happily the student's knowledge and love of the past with the prophet's interest in the present and insight into the future. He has, moreover, the essential prophetic grace of humility. To ardent young reformers whose ignorance is their confidence and their inexperience their strength, how surprising will the words seem: "I know how utterly unworthy I am to speak of such a fellowship when I look back upon a life of fragmentary efforts and barren convictions." But it is Canon Westcott's comprehension of the magnitude and difficulty of his problem which makes his teaching vital and valuable, and his assurance full of encouragement, that what "seemed a dream in my own early youth has been, I believe, brought now within the reach of accomplishment." RONALD BAYNE.

The Tshi-speaking Peoples of the Gold Coast of West Africa. By A. B. Ellis, Major, 1st West India Regiment. (Chapman & Hall.)

If not the most entertaining, this is certainly the most mature and valuable of the various works Major Ellis has found sufficient time and energy to devote to the peoples of West Africa amid his professional duties in that enervating climate. In several respects it recalls Mr. im Thurn's excellent book on the Indians of British Guiana, both being permanently useful studies of aboriginal tribes at a low state of culture, especially from the psychological standpoint, executed in the light of the new philosophy. The principles laid down by such leaders of thought in this field as Spencer, Lubbock, Tylor, and Waitz are here applied with striking effect, although these writers are by no means blindly followed in all their speculations. Indeed, Major Ellis shows considerable originality in his treatment of natural religion, with which much the greater part of the book is occupied.

Nowhere is this more conspicuous than in the chapter on fetishism, regarding which so many misconceptions are still prevalent even among sound thinkers. It is here made evident that fetishism is neither the degraded outcome of some pure form of theism originally revealed to primitive man, as strangely argued by Max Müller; nor yet an initial phase of religious belief, as more generally assumed. It holds, on the contrary, a sort of intermediate position between crude spirit-worship and the later polytheism of the more highly cultured peoples. But to understand this it is necessary to understand what fetishism really is, not what it is supposed to be from the vague statements of travellers and missionaries, themselves deceived by the still vaguer and more incoherent statements of the

natives. It is Major Ellis's signal merit that, brushing aside all preconceived notions, he has gone direct to the primary sources of information and solved the riddle by intelligently questioning on the spot all the circumstances associated with this widespread form of belief. So difficult is it to get at the inner workings of the untutored savage mind that it took him years of patient inquiry to get rid of his own prejudices and at last arrive at the truth. Speaking of the so-called "fetish-tree," which, like all other observers, he long supposed to be something worshipped for itself, but afterwards discovered was merely planted as a shade for the local deity, he remarks:

"This explanation was so much at variance with my former ideas, and with all I had heard and read upon the subject, that I received it with extreme caution; and it was only after a series of inquiries extending over some months that I suffered myself to be convinced. Still, my first opinion had not been formed hastily. Although it was the opinion generally held by Europeans, I had made numerous inquiries on my own account; and it was only after an acquaintance with the Gold Coast extending over some four or five years that by a mere chance I was led to doubt its correctness. Nor was this the only time such a thing has happened to me. Time after time I have thought I had grasped the native idea concerning a religious matter, and have gone on working thereon only to find, perhaps months afterwards, that I had misconceived it most materially, and had gone off completely on a wrong scent. In fact, a man who has only the acquired customs of human nature to guide him constantly and necessarily fails to understand the ideas and motives of savages, until he has learnt by practice the instincts of savage nature."

The final inferences of an observer of this calibre cannot fail to inspire confidence; and even the most sceptical will at least listen with respect to what he has to say on the origin and general aspects of fetishism as clearly summed up in the subjoined passage:

"I must confess that I do not believe that fetishism, as understood by the advocates of the necessity of a primordial fetishism, ever existed. I do not believe that man first gained or formed a conception of the existence of superhuman or supernatural powers from a stone, or any such object, which he picked up at random or by choice. Certainly if this theory be based upon the supposition of the existence of such a state of things among the negroes of the Gold Coast, or of West Africa generally, it has, I think, no foundation whatever. Nor do I think that fetishism, the worship of tangible and inanimate objects, is at all characteristic of primitive peoples, or of races low in the scale of civilisation. It is arrived at only after considerable progress has been made in religious ideas, when the older form of religions becomes secondary, and owes its existence to the confusion of the tangible with the intangible, of the material with the immaterial; to the belief in the indwelling god being gradually lost sight of, until the power, originally believed to belong to the god, is finally attributed to the tangible and inanimate object itself."

Another point here well brought out is the primordial and fundamental difference between morality and mere religion, as shown, for instance, by the distinction between crime and sin, perfectly understood by the Gold Coast people. The gods are concerned only with sin, such as blasphemy or the neglect of their

service, being perfectly indifferent to the most atrocious crimes, such as murder, theft, arson, cowardice before the enemy, which affect the individual and the well-being of the social system alone. Hence the apparent anomaly that the lower forms of religion have not furthered but retarded human progress, which as it slowly advanced reacted favourably on the religions themselves, as well as on morals, by developing the sense of duty as a higher motive for rectitude than the hope of rewards or the fear of punishment. Hence also the still more curious anomaly, that in its own interest the priesthood at first and for a long time fostered the grossest superstitions, and instead of promoting morality was itself mainly corrupt. Like the Roman augurs of old, the West-African priests and priestesses are here shown to be clearly impostors, preying on the credulity of their votaries and openly leading licentious lives. Thus, the medicine-men are frequently called in to compass the death of persons hostile to the suppliants, the aid thus obtained being justified on the ground that in such cases the gods appealed to naturally side with their special votaries, in return for their homage and offerings. In this way is created an obliquity of mental vision as regards right and wrong, while

"besides the ordinary obstructing influences to progress exercised by most religions, and especially by those of the lower races, the religion of the peoples of the Gold Coast, by its direct authorisation of human sacrifices and ordeals, and the consequent frequent spectacle of scenes of bloodshed and cruelty, has produced among the natives a want of human sympathy, and a callousness at human suffering which is shocking to contemplate."

The gods of the Gold Coast natives, of whom a classification, or hierarchy, as it were, is here given, are shown to have all been originally malignant. A fresh illustration is thus given of the old saying that "timor fecit deos," where it would be more frank and honest to read "daemones" for "deos." At all events these so-called "gods" act much more like foul fiends or horrible monsters than divine entities, such as are worshipped by more refined or more highly civilised peoples. All are essentially anthropomorphic, and cannot be regarded as supernatural or superhuman beings, but only praeterhuman, mostly, but not always, invisible, and in varying degrees more powerful than ordinary mortals. The idea of the supernatural is a sublime conception, far beyond the capacity of the savage mind; and, until this obvious truth is thoroughly grasped, we shall never arrive at right conclusions regarding the origin and early growth of religious beliefs. Instead of trying to put themselves in the position of primitive man, most writers on the subject unwittingly judge him from their own immensely higher standpoint, and thus read into his infantile mind abstract notions which he can neither realise in thought, nor express in his concrete speech.

A short chapter is devoted to the Tshi language, of which two distinct varieties are current: one among the Fantis, Ahantas, and other coast tribes; the other, of more archaic type, among the Northern Ashantis, Gamans, and other inland peoples stretching for an unknown distance in the direction of

the Kong highlands and the Mandingan domain. Its structure is extremely simple; and, like all primitive forms of speech, it serves to throw some light on the development of the higher agglutinating and inflecting languages. Thus from the form *ekru-mu*, contracted to *ekru-m*=land-interior=in the land, it is easy to see how certain case-endings may have grown out of originally independent words. There is, of course, a great paucity of abstract terms, and only three colours—white, black, and red—are distinguished by special names. On the other hand, the facility of composition is considerable, many compound words being extremely clear and simple. Thus a "guide" is *akwancherifo*, literally a road-show-person; a creditor *adzifirifo*=property-lend-person, and so on.

Reference is made to the curious "drum-language," which is much more widespread, and applied to many more uses than might be supposed from the account here given. The Ba-Kwiri and other tribes of the Cameroons, for instance, use it not only for festive or warlike purposes, but also for the rapid transmission of ordinary news. It is a true language, very difficult to learn, which is never taught to slaves and seldom to the women, and which no European appears to have yet succeeded in mastering. To the initiated it is as intelligible as ordinary language, into which it is translatable; and, by its means, reports of all kinds are easily and rapidly communicated from tribe to tribe to the remotest extremities of the land.

A. H. KRANE.

The Merchant of Venice. Edited by H. C. Beeching. (Rivingtons.)

MR. BEECHING'S *Julius Caesar* was not only an excellent school-book, but a model of good Shakspeare editing for all readers; and his *Merchant of Venice* is no less. The result of his work is an accurate and interesting commentary. Not that he deals less liberally with philology than do most of his predecessors, for he apparently has all the latest information, and gives it whenever it is needed; but his notes preserve the right proportion, and the concordance is quoted only when it is necessary to throw light on the text. The fact is that Mr. Beeching understands his task to be, not the editing of merely the text of the "Merchant of Venice" or of "Julius Caesar," but the "Merchant of Venice" and "Julius Caesar" themselves, as plays—not overlooking their importance in relation to great laws of dramatic construction, their importance as works of art, representations of actions complete in themselves, nor neglecting to make clear by historical and comparative philology the language in which the story tells itself.

It is, of course, one thing to like a play and make it liked, and another thing to use it as an instrument of education. Mr. Beeching does everything to stimulate the interest which any reader might feel in the "Merchant of Venice" as a story, encouraging him to think as well as enjoy, without inviting him to a de-appetising feast of dry bones. The first business of an editor is to make his author's meaning clear. The editor of this book has certainly laboured well to that end

His notes leave nothing to be desired; and his glossary is full and even interesting, which is not the wont of glossaries.

One would like to see prefixed to all editions of Shakspeare's plays the "advertisement" written by Mr. Beeching to "Julius Caesar." It would be at least worth the while of any teacher or lecturer to give his students the substance of it. The same editor's introduction to "The Merchant of Venice," and his comments on the development of the play, are suggestive applications of his own enlightening method. Commentators and introduction-writers often seem to think that many generalities and much mock-subtlety of German-like criticism of "characters" are enough to remove the reproach of an excessive and paralysing devotion to philology. The editor in the present case gives briefly and clearly the history of the story, examines its fitness for dramatic purposes, its use as a means for the representation of character, its *décor*, *lûsis*, *περίπτεία*, and the rest, and its *differentiæ* as a work of art that is dramatic. Nothing more is needed, and nothing less. It is quite satisfactory treatment even when, as may be the case here, a reader may differ from his editor in matters of character-interpretation. For instance, I cannot help feeling that Mr. Beeching has misread Shakspeare's Antonio and Shylock by adopting what was undoubtedly the interpretation of the author's contemporaries, but has not lately been fashionable, except with a certain kind of Conservatism. But, while one may reasonably differ from Mr. Beeching in his interpretation, his points are so put that they easily suggest the considerations that may be regarded as refuting them.

It is not worth while, in reviewing a book of this kind, not primarily meant as an essay in interpretative criticism, to examine at length the editor's opinion in such matters. I feel free, however, to express my regret that the admirable Appendix I., which gives briefly all that is necessary of the elements of Shakspeare "scansion," should have been followed by Appendix II., which is a hardly desirable and certainly *ex parte* statement that can only be made quite harmless by its proper complement—any good "modern" history of the Jews. This is, however, a small matter, and in no way affects the general excellence of Mr. Beeching's book, which is all that his previous work led those who knew it to expect. P. A. BARNETT.

The Irish in Australia. By James Francis Hogan. (Ward & Downey.)

FOLLOWING to some extent the lines of *The Irish in America*, Mr. Hogan goes more into the beginning of things than did Mr. Maguire. Of course, Mr. Maguire spoke of the emigrants from Ulster (mostly Presbyterians) who were driven out by the doubled-edged persecution of the eighteenth century, and whose share in the War of Independence has not yet been fully set forth. I do not think he said more than a word about Maryland and the earlier settlements of Irish in the South. His book, indeed, was almost wholly taken up with the period during and since the great famine.

Mr. Hogan could not write about New South Wales without reminding us of the

hundreds of Irish who, under martial law, were sent over after '93. The history of their sufferings—of the worse than middle passage, which, in some cases, was fatal to three-fourths of the human cargo; of the insurrections, repressed with cruelty born of fear; of the idle talk of French invasion—has yet to be written. Mr. Rusden said far too little about it. Mr. Hogan is sure, "from closer inquiry into facts" (p. 229), that "Colonial Vinegar Hill" was no more "Irish" than was the outbreak of Ballarat miners in 1854, the former being due to the brutality of heartless overseers, as the latter was to the insulting way in which the licence-fee was enforced and all hearing of grievances pook-pooked by Sir C. Hotham. I have not the facts. When Mr. Rusden's book was published I made an effort to get from Dublin some official record of the circumstances under which the '98 men were transported; but I was told I was asking an impossibility: "They were, in most cases, convicted without ordinary trial, all that was done contrary to law being covered by an indemnity passed for the purpose." Such being the case, and "General" Holt's Memoirs being, therefore, the only available supplement to the Colonial archives, I feel that, if there had been no "Colonial Vinegar Hill" it would have been a marvel almost past belief. No true Irishman "fears to speak of '98"; and no Irish-Australian should endeavour to belittle the attempts of the '98 exiles. Happily those attempts, whatever they amounted to, were fruitless. It is far better for Ireland, for England, and for the world that a greater Ireland, perfected through suffering, should have grown up at the antipodes, and should now be a powerful agent in proving to England that the Irish are capable of self-government, than that either France should have become a power in Australia or that Ireland should be a French dependency. But, when priests like Father Dixon and Father Harold, of Dublin, were among the convicts, though they had used all their efforts to restrain their flocks; when, to celebrate mass was made penal, and the punishment for not going to church was twenty-five lashes for the first offence, fifty for the next, and so on; when, as late as 1817, Father O'Flinn, to whom Bishop Ullathorne (who came to Australia in 1835) bears such high testimony, had to keep in hiding like an English priest in Elizabeth's reign; when "it was fifty lashes to speak a word of Irish," one could not be astonished at the wildest hopes and the most frantic efforts. Happily (I repeat the word) the energies of the Irish in Australia were soon turned into more profitable channels. Thanks (says Mr. Hogan) to the representations of an Irishman, Bishop England, of Charleston, the government sent out, in 1819, two salaried and accredited priests, who were grudgingly allowed to say mass, though Governor Macquarie still managed to keep them from meddling with orphan schools. Non-convict Irish emigrants, too, began to arrive; though for a long time the prejudice against the Irish was so strong that it had to be met by subtlety. Even in the assisted Queensland emigration the Irish were boycotted up to 1861. Father Dunne, who emigrated 500 King's County evicted tenants, had to buy his "land orders" without saying

for whom he required them. From South Australia, where the Irish have since been so successful, they were, under the Gibbon Wakefield scheme of 1836, rigorously excluded. Even during Mrs. Chisholm's work, the Melbourne city council prayed the Queen to stop the immigration of Irish girls—the very girls in whose favour Mr. Sala testifies that the “no Irish need apply is reversed at the antipodes”! However, the past is past, and may well be left to the historian. The rapid growth of the island continent has already made it an old, old story. The existence of this greater Ireland is a fact; and for those who face the matter honestly there is no menace, but a sure consolation, in the certainty that in Australia, even more unmistakably than in America, this greater Ireland is now strongly anti-separatist, while at the same time it is Nationalist to a man.

That is why I hope Mr. Hogan's book will be widely read by English people, because he shows, not only that many Irishmen have done splendidly in Australia, but that of the great mass of Irish emigrants it may be affirmed (in the Hon. Michael O'Grady's words to A. M. Sullivan) “they are all doing well—a credit to the old land”; that (as Mr. Hogan says, p. 346) “the signal all-roundability they have displayed in the work of both local and general government is little less than marvellous, considering the previous absence of any adequate training for such positions of authority and responsibility.” Of course his book will be popular with those of his own blood. They will enjoy his crisp, racy style. The very absence of “authorities”—of that apparatus of quotations which is such a comfort (sometimes such a snare) to us country critics—will be a recommendation to many. He has assimilated his facts, and need not therefore be at the pains to show us how he came by them. They will delight in the grand history of “the Church in the Colonies.” Archdeacon M'Encroe, Father Therry, Archbishop Goold, Bishop Quinn, and scores more, are men whose ability and organising power, not to speak of their zeal and self-devotion, would be a credit to any church; nor will the Nationalist forget that not only Archbishop Walsh, but also Archbishop Croke, is a present to the old country from the antipodes.

If any think that Mr. Hogan (like Mr. Maguire before him) says more than he need about the Catholic Church—its orphanages girdling every city, its new sisterhood (of St. Joseph), its glorious metropolitan church, &c.—let him reflect what their church has been to the Irish in new lands—all that the “Saggarth aroon” ballad expresses and much more. One slander Mr. Hogan is able triumphantly to refute. Nobody dreams of denying the marvellous self-denial of the Australian Irish and their sacrifices for the old country (they sent £50,000 for the famine of '79). The Catholic churches, which are such a feature in the Ireland of to-day, owe much of their beauty, in some cases their very existence, to Australian contributions. Much rent has till quite lately been paid with Australian remittances. But those to whom it is gall and wormwood to have to confess that any good thing can come out of Ireland console themselves for the undeniable fact that much good has come back to Ireland from her children on the other side of the world

by insinuating that the Irish over there are simply “hewers of wood and drawers of water,” herding in Irish quarters, counterparts of the old “rookeries” at home. Anthony Trollope *was told* of such an Irish quarter in Melbourne. He did not trouble himself to see it. Mr. Hogan proves that, far from herding in one quarter, the Melbourne Irish are so spread over its dozen municipal districts that every council has three or more Irish members. It is the same everywhere. Perhaps the most Irish district in Australia is Kilmore, a fertile valley on the way from Melbourne to Sydney; and Kilmore, which sent Sir John O'Shanassy to Parliament, is as far removed as possible from being a “rookery.” It is only the invincible ignorance of the English Philistine that can speak slightly of a race which turns out men like Sir Redmond Barry, Chancellor of Melbourne University, and Mr. E. G. Fitzgerald, thirty years Melbourne town clerk—not to speak of politicians like Sir C. Gavan Duffy, the Hon. P. Lalor (ex-leader of the insurgent miners at Ballarat), Mr. W. C. Wentworth, Judge Casey, of the Lands' Department, Mr. W. O'Carroll, of Brisbane, and many even more notable than these. The Orangemen, indeed, have given trouble in Australia as in Ireland; but much may be expected from the conscientious carrying out of the Peace Preservation Act. With the disuse of party emblems, we may hope for the decay of party spirit; for, in the words of Rev. J. Milner (chaplain of the *Galatea*, who witnessed the Orange riots at Melbourne on the occasion of the Duke of Edinburgh's visit in 1867),

“it is a question whether the constant irritation and annoyance inflicted on their enemies by Orangemen in their noisy celebrations has not had a much greater effect in producing Fenianism than all other grievances, fancied or real, put together.”

HENRY STUART FAGAN.

NEW NOVELS.

A Breton Maiden. By a French Lady, Author of “Till my Wedding-day.” In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

An Actress's Love-Story. By Eva Ross-Church (Mrs. Victor Stevens). With a Preface by Florence Marryat. In 2 vols. (White.)

The Heir of Linno. By Robert Buchanan. In 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

A Nest on a Hill. By John Dunning. (Sonnenschein.)

The Pride of the Paddock. By Hawley Smart. (White.)

Dead, yet Speareth. By Dr. Saks. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

Whose Wife shall She be? the Story of a Painter's Life. By James Stanley Little. (Spencer Blackett.)

BUT for the assurance of the title-page, we should certainly have supposed the novel which stands first on our list to have been the work of a native of Brittany; as it is, it is evident that the author has made the province, with its people, manners, and customs—those manners and customs which, alas, are fast becoming matters of mere history!—the subject of close and careful study, for she

writes as one to the manner born. The plot is laid during the early days of the Terror. In fact, the action begins before the murder of Louis XVI.; and the attitude of both peasants and nobles, when all refused to believe that the rebels could ever stand against the royal power, is cleverly described. While, as the story pursues its gloomy course through the subsequent horrors of fire, sword, and rapine, considerable dramatic force is shown; and we become absorbed in the destinies of the various actors, gentle and simple, all of which are strongly marked and living creations, even down to the very soldiers of the insurgent forces. Renée de Kerguennec, the last of her ancient line, could hardly be surpassed as a heroine of romance. Beautiful, spirited to the verge of daring, yet thoroughly womanly withal, she engrosses our love and compassion from the first; and all must rejoice when her trials come to a happy ending. Nothing could be better in its way than the scene in which she and Loik save the old *curé* from the men who are in search of her escaped lover, unless it be her escape through the woods, when, in gratitude, she gives the young officer the kiss which she would not suffer him to snatch. De Valvourgs, the sprightly Provençal gentleman who wins her first affections, is also a good study. It seems a pity that he could not have been spared; but we suppose that there was no other way of releasing Renée from her betrothal vows, and, of course, it was necessary to clear the stage for Rohan de Carnoët, the real hero of the piece. He is a splendid fellow—a mixture of prudence and impulsiveness as regards his public life, and the very model of a fine gentleman in his private conduct. What could be more noble and pathetic than the way in which he crushes down his own heart, lest, even in thought, he might wrong the friend who trusted him, but had unwittingly robbed him of the one love of his life? The other characters are equally well drawn in their degree, notably the peasant-priest and his family and the faithful Ivon—a noble picture of a true man bearing obloquy and disgrace without a murmur, for the sake of fidelity to his trust. It is a striking situation in which, on All Souls' night, Renée accidentally discovers the truth. But time and space alike would fail us to note the many fine points of this admirable novel. We must content ourselves with drawing attention to the midnight mass at sea—had they a special dispensation, or was it merely the pressure of necessity that made the function quasi-lawful?—the storming of Kerguennec, the game of the *Souls*, and the peasant wedding. These last-named are specially noteworthy as picturesque descriptions of Breton customs in the past; and, in fact, whenever kindred topics are touched upon throughout the novel they are treated with singular vividness. The native chants and songs must have interest for all lovers of old lore, as in the instance of the lament for De Pontcalec. Altogether, this is a book which nobody ought to miss. We could have dispensed with the rather turgid eulogium on the “Marseillaise”; and there are one or two funny verbal slips, as when the people are said to have been “thankful at last to *staunch* their thirst with water”—of course, the author meant *quench*. But these are but trifling blemishes in a fine work.

Pleasure, not unmixed with sadness, must be the feeling on laying down *An Actress's Love-Story*. It is such a pretty and touching little romance of modern life, and replete with so much promise for the future, that one cannot but add a sigh to the thought that that future was never to be realised. Even had it not been for the specially pathetic circumstances under which the gifted author of the preface gives her lost daughter's work to the world, no competent judge of fiction could have hesitated for a moment in saying that it bears all the marks of inherited talent, and has but little of the crudeness which might have been reasonably expected in a first production. Both Maurice Inglewood and Myra Kenneth are sympathetic figures in the little drama in which they, together with Gerald Conyers, play the principal parts; and, even if the reader cannot quite forgive the heroine for her conduct as regarded her marriage, great allowances are to be made for one acting from a sense of duty, however mistaken, and all will wish pretty Myra happiness. Apart from the more sentimental interest, there is genuine humour in the conception of the merry, kind-hearted actress, Cherry Boyne; and we are not going to quarrel with the plot by which she secured her friend's stage success, even if it was a trifle immoral. The story is one to be read, and its interest is enhanced by the facts relating to its authorship. We think the general verdict will be that in Eva Ross-Church the world has lost one who might have become as noteworthy in fiction as all who had the privilege of the dead girl's acquaintance knew her to have been good and gracious in private life, and in her own walk of art.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has just missed writing an unusually good novel; and, as it is, there is enough in his latest effort to raise it far above the average run of modern stories. The descriptions of Scottish life and character at the middle of the present century are taking and lifelike; Robin is quite satisfactory enough as a hero; Marjorie is a pleasant, loveable heroine; and the half-crazed enthusiast, Willie McGillvray, is a distinct creation—it seems by no means impossible that he may have been drawn from the life. The plot turns upon one of those cases of illegitimacy which were the almost inevitable result of the lax state of the old Scottish marriage laws. The hard-hearted laird of Linne refuses to do justice to the girl, Lizzie Campbell, whom he had wronged under promise of wedlock. She and her boy start for Canada, and are supposed to be lost on the voyage; but, as all novel readers will anticipate, Robin turns up, after long years, just in time to witness his repentant father's death, to marry Marjorie, and to gain his own, thereby ousting a most objectionable nephew of the deceased, who had fancied himself sure of the inheritance. It seems more than doubtful whether, at the time of the hero's birth, such cohabitation as was admitted to have taken place would not have rendered his mother the laird's wife in the eyes of the law. And we should rather like to know how the surname of one brother came to be Mossknow, and that of the other Linne. There may be a satisfactory explanation, but this ought to have been given. The story is somewhat hurried up at the end. What

became of poor, deserted Mary? Did she follow her scoundrelly husband?

A well-intentioned, but rather dull story, turning on the existing state of agricultural affairs, is that by Mr. Dunning. He states, in an introductory preface, that it was intended "to meet what appears to me to be the pressing need of our time," and a few lines further on, that "All practical men, to whatsoever political party they may belong, recognise the fact that the power of the democracy is increasing and irresistible." We will not stop to inquire whether this latter statement does not partake somewhat of the nature of a *petitio principii*. The chief point to be considered is that Mr. Osmund Broughton's farming schemes and experiences are uninteresting to read about, and not particularly well described, while the author obtrudes his own personality far too much. By-the-bye, was Mr. Broughton's Christian name Osmund or Oswald? It appears in both forms (pp. 36, 38, 39).

Messrs. F. V. White & Co. seem to make quite a speciality of sporting novels; and, while they can give us such good ones as Mr. Hawley Smart's last, there is no reason why they should not continue in their chosen line. Perhaps some readers may be getting a little satiated with descriptions of runs with the hounds; but the most *biased* must enjoy the account of the meet at Tapperley, with the perilous adventure of Harrington Brook, in which Miss Beatrice Bridgeman so nearly came to fatal grief. To many the chief interest of the story will centre in the loves of that young lady and Harry Beringer, and in her jealousy of pretty Rose Rawlinson. "The Pet of the Paddock," we may mention, was a certain ill-looking, thoroughbred mare, bought for a song from a distressed farmer, which turned out worth her weight in gold. How came the author to make such a slip in his French as at p. 82? He must know that the proper phrase is *à outrance*!

At the close of his little budget of improbabilities, Dr. Saks describes the whole affair as "griely and horrible"—had he added "preposterous" he would have been quite within limits. It is about as trashy a specimen of the shilling dreadful as ever appeared. Here is a worthy and genial old country doctor who, to oblige his scapegrace son, murders his own brother (it is not stated how); contrives to substitute the latter's mangled remains for the corpse of a newly buried tramp, without being observed; and then dies of fright on being found out, while the tramp turns out to have been a "long-lost brother" to both the murderer and his victim. The style is about on a par with the matter; and we would fain hope that the author is ignorant of the meaning of the word he uses at p. 146—in the interests of the morality of the good ladies of Scarsdale.

We do not profess to understand the title of Mr. Little's story, and are sorry that we can say but little in its favour. Ralph Legh, the hero, is rather a commonplace young gentleman, and the adventures he goes through are not particularly amusing; even the episode of the lovely but treacherous Mignon does not rise above the level of old-fashioned melodrama. The chief thing that strikes one is the singular prevalence of

sudden death among the characters. Setting aside Lady Le Thorpe, who had a short preliminary illness, the author disposes in that manner of Capt. Brentnall, old Sir John, Webster Clayton, and Grace Harland, while Ralph himself must have had as many lives as a cat. There is far too much talk—talk in the book. When we are reading a story we do not expect, or wish, that the author should at any moment set to work and preach at us for a page or more.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

SOME HISTORICAL BOOKS.

"A Sketch of Universal History." In 3 vols. —Vol. I., *Ancient History*, by George Rawlinson; Vol. II., *Medieval History*, by G. T. Stokes; Vol. III., *Modern History*, by Arthur St. George Patton. (C. W. Deacon.) There is perhaps something tempting to ridicule in the idea of an outline of "universal history" in the compass of about eleven hundred smallish octavo pages; but there are at least two widely differing plans on which such a book might usefully be written. It might deal merely with broad and general facts, omitting all mention of any individual events except such as were extensively operative as causes or illustrative of widely extended effects, but dwelling on these with sufficient minuteness to bring out something of their true significance. A book so written, with sufficient skill and fulness of knowledge, would obviously be of great interest and value; but it is a boon scarcely to be hoped for. The other plan is to make the book a mere orderly collection of the dry bones of universal history—a mere setting forth of its framework of names and dates, reigns of kings, battles and treaties, and so forth. Such a skeleton of history would not be readable, but it would be helpful for occasional reference, especially to those engaged in the study of a portion of the history of a particular country. The latter method is, on the whole, that which has been followed in the work before us. The publishers, indeed, in their prefaces (which are rather commercial than literary in style), appear to anticipate that people will read the volumes through. We do not think anyone is likely to do so (in this present world, at least); but for purposes of reference the work may be recommended. The modern history volume is the most bulky, and—perhaps partly on that account—is decidedly the best. It is not a book from which to learn history, but it is the kind of book which a journalist should have constantly at his elbow. Prof. Stokes's volume is a disappointing one. It is well known that the author is both a scholar and an interesting writer; but neither fact could be guessed from this sample of his work. Apparently he has been oppressed by the necessity of making his epitome as concise as possible, and as the result we get such sentences as the following:

"The best known Western authors of this period were Boethius, Junilius [?], Jornandes (Jordanis), Gildas, Columbanus, Pope Gregory I., Isidore of Seville, Gregory of Tours, Cassiodorus, Adamnan, Bede, Alcuin, and Paul the Deacon, the historian of the Lombards."

Simply this, and nothing more, about the Western literature of the period from 476 to 814. The selection of names is not much amiss, though several are omitted that are better worth mention than Junilius; but it would have been well worth while to add a brief indication of the nature of each author's works and his nationality. Inaccuracies in names and dates are frequent throughout the book. In many instances the fault is no doubt primarily the printer's, but that does not make the errors less misleading. The Gothic King of Italy in 540

is called "Theodebald" instead of Hildibad ("Hilbæter"); Odoacer is designated "the Herulian"; the first Theodoric the Visigoth is said (after Gibbon) to have been a son of the great Alaric. In the Index Jornandes is said to have been an author of the *thirteenth* century! The name *Deira* twice appears as "Devia." Other blundered spellings are "Olybryus," "Omniade," "Macrobrus," Malcolm "Clanmore," "Hafurstford," and "Pelago" (for Pelayo or Pelagius). Altogether the volume strikes us as a perfunctory piece of work. The ancient history volume, on the other hand, is not badly done. We never heard anyone call Canon Rawlinson an attractive writer; but his contribution to the work, in spite of its condensation, is now and then almost readable. The chronological tables seem scarcely adequate. The index, however, is copious, though disfigured by a few curious departures from alphabetical order.

Domesday Book: a Popular Account of the Exchequer MS. so called. By Walter de Gray Birch. (S. P. C. K.) This volume, considering its small size, contains a great deal of information, put together with considerable skill. It is, however, disfigured by many extraordinary blunders of detail. Several of these have already been pointed out by correspondents of the ACADEMY; others are due to the author's unfortunate propensity for meddling with questions of etymology, with which he is not competent to deal. Mr. Birch's deliverances on matters requiring a knowledge of Anglo-Saxon are of such a nature as to inspire us with astonishment at his courage in undertaking to edit a *Cartularium Saxonicum*. He does, indeed, reject the absurd notion that *hida*, as the name of a land measure, is the same word as "*hide* of an animal"; but he does so merely on the ground of its historical improbability. His own suggestion is philologically quite as impossible as that which he discards. He "refers *hida* to the Anglo-Saxon word *hyd*, a house or habitation, from *hydan*, to hide or cover"; and goes on to connect the word with *hut* and *hat*! On the same page he states, quite correctly, that another form of the word is *higid*; and afterwards he mentions that "King Alfred translated the Latin word *familia* by *hydeland*"; but he is unable to see the etymological bearing of these facts. He thinks that the local name Henbury (*æt bære hēan byrig* = at the high borough) is derived from the Welsh *hēn*, old. The name of "Kennewilkins Castle," which apparently contains a corruption of the personal name Cynewell, he supposes to be a compound of *Cuno*, a frequent initial element in ancient British names, with "the territorial name of Hwinca." He follows Spelman in regarding the word *burgheristh* as of the same meaning as *burgh-breche*, which he further confounds with *borh-bryce*, and erroneously explains to mean "breaking the peace of the borough." The fact is that *burgheristh* is a peculiar spelling for the Anglo-Saxon *burh-riht*, "borough-right"; the combination *ih* is in *Domesday* not unfrequently rendered by *ist*, as in *radchenistres* for *radonisthas*, *Chenistetune* for *Oniht-tūn* (Knighton), *Bristric* for *Brihtic*. Not content with these and other similar performances on Anglo-Saxon ground, Mr. Birch makes occasional excursions into Romanic philology, with equally strange results. He proposes to derive *manerium* from *manus*, and maintains that *carruca*, the Late Latin word for a plough, is formed from the numeral *quatuor*. In support of the latter novel speculation, he adduces a list of nine Romanic words in which the syllable *car* has a similar etymology. So far as these words are concerned, he is quite right, except that he imagines *carrière*, "career," to be the same word as *carrière*, "quarry." But any Romanic philologist would have told him that if the initial *c* of *carruca* had represented an

original *qu*, its descendant in modern French would have been *carrue*, instead of *charrue*. This wild piece of etymologising seems to be intended as an argument against Canon Taylor's contention that the team of a plough in early English days consisted normally of eight oxen. If Canon Taylor had no more formidable antagonist than Mr. Birch, he would not need to feel much anxiety about the fate of his theories. Mistakes such as those we have pointed out are not of quite so serious consequence as they would be if the volume were intended, or were likely to be used, as a text-book for students. But it is a pity that even a popular book should be needlessly incorrect; and, if Mr. Birch should write anything further about *Domesday*, we would advise him to consult some qualified scholar respecting those parts of the subject which lie outside the range of his own knowledge.

"Epochs of Church History."—*The Church and the Puritans, 1570-1660.* By Henry Olney Wakeman. (Longmans.) We have here a scholarlike and intelligent sketch written from the high Anglican point of view. As to the statement of matters of fact there is nothing to complain of. The interpretation of them is another matter. The fog is gradually lifting; and Papist and Puritan, Calvinist and Arminian, are now treated by all but the very shallow or the very ignorant as if they were once human beings, not mere pawns on a chessboard whereon the great religious warfare of the past was carried on. Mr. Wakeman, though he is, we should gather, a disciple of the Laudian theory, is never bitter or unfair to his antagonists. He sees that there was something to admire in the narrow Calvinism of the Elizabethan era; nay, that it was a necessary provisional mode of thought for those who had broken away from Rome and yet desired to have some sort of scientific basis for their beliefs. The best part of the book is that which treats of Archbishop Laud. His is one of those characters to which it has commonly been found impossible to do justice. The man who was so upright and steadfast surely deserves some sympathy notwithstanding his narrowness of mind. In all matters of thought he had wider views than the Puritan theologians, inasmuch as he had grasped the idea that history had something to say on the then present controversies. If the position he took, with regard to the Calvinists at home and all the religious bodies of the continent, was, from our point of view, utterly untenable, he was at least honest, and certainly not more given to using the arm of flesh in support of his opinions than were the fanatics on the other side. Had Cartwright or Prynne ever had the evil fortune to grasp the power that Charles's archbishop for a time possessed we may be sure that they would have dealt with those who offered resistance in a manner equally uncompromising. There are some few passages in which the author gives a wrong impression. When he speaks of England standing forward under Elizabeth "as the champion of liberty of thought and action" (p. 62) against Spain, he presents us with a picture almost the reverse of the truth. "Liberty of thought and action" was the very last thing the great queen would have struggled for. What England bent her energies to resist, under Elizabeth, was the domination of Spain and the spiritual rule of the pope—two things which seemed one and the same to all but a few Catholics whose voices were unheard. We question whether Mr. Wakeman is quite accurate in speaking of the English Church in the latter part of the sixteenth century as having "for the time deposed the sacraments from their place in the Christian system" (p. 43). If he means that the sacramental theories or rather denials of Zwingli were accepted by a great body among the

clergy, we agree with him; if, however, we are to understand that the two rites which the English Church had retained were not administered as the Prayer Book directs, we believe him to be in error. So far as relates to the Lord's Supper the evidence of many churchwardens' account-books forces on us the belief that the rubrics were obeyed. Mr. Wakeman has been unfortunate in reading his proofs. In the quotation (p. 58) of a curious passage from Spenser he prints "weave" for "weare," which entirely perverts the sense.

Chronicles of an Old Inn. By Andrée Hope. (Chapman & Hall.) The old inn is not the "Tabard," nor some ancient hostelry on the road-side, but the well-known Inn of Court which still perpetuates the memory of its ancient owner, Lord Gray. Its gardens (said to have been laid out by Francis Bacon, when treasurer of the inn) retain some of their old beauty, though year by year the ranks of the noble elms are thinned, and the rooks, reduced in number, find increasing difficulty in securing resting-places. Mr. Hope gives a tolerably long list of birds, including the goldfinch and the lesser redpoll, which still frequent the gardens, and notes, among rarer visitors, the redwing and the great titmouse. But the denizens of the inn which have given it its chief lustre belong to past times. The two brothers, Anthony and Francis Bacon, are specially associated with the history of Gray's Inn, which claims also to have been the home of such eminent lawyers and judges as Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, Sir William Gascoigne, Sir John Fortescue, Sir Edward Coke, and Sir John Holt. This is a roll of illustrious names of which any society might be justly proud; and if the additions to it in later times have been comparatively few, it must be borne in mind that fashion and convenience influence students in their choice of an inn, and that in these respects Gray's Inn is at a disadvantage. Mr. Hope's book is pleasantly written and well got-up. It would have been improved if the author had put his memoirs in chronological order, and had corrected little errors like Meantys for Meautys. Perhaps, too, the reader might have been spared the moralisings and reflections which perhaps occupied some of the vacant hours spent by the author in court or chambers.

Dene Forest Sketches, Historical and Biographical, founded on Family Records and MSS. By S. M. Crawley Boevey. (Maxwell.) This is a bold venture on the part of Miss Crawley Boevey. For a writer to attempt the reproduction of the thoughts, language, manners, and ways of times so remote as those of King Stephen, King John, and the third Henry much study is needful as well as much courage, nor will a fertile fancy and a fluent pen supply the former requisite. We must candidly confess that we do not ourselves lay claim to such exact historical knowledge as would qualify us to criticise minutely the author's pictures of these periods; but it is obvious to anyone that the proportion of fact to fiction is much about the same as sack to bread in Falstaff's bill. We shall, therefore, dismiss the earlier stories in the volume with the remark that they are simply stories, rather cleverly written, with a little local colour and a faint flavour of antiquity. The latter sketches are more substantial, and to their construction it is evident that the muniment room of Flaxley Abbey has proved largely useful. For ourselves we should have preferred a selection of the original documents, with such notes as might be necessary to make their meaning or their purpose clear; but it is possible that there are readers whose tastes are of less simple character, and who would reject such dry food. The last story in the book—"The Gipsy's Foster-

ling"—is, from our point of view, the best, inasmuch as it deals most with actual circumstances. The dispossessed heiress, Eleanor Wiseman, is a real character, and those who plotted against her and those through whose agency she gained her rights are likewise real; while we have no reason to doubt that the course of events corresponded, on the whole, with the writer's narrative. Whether Sir Harry Vane, Mr. Pepys, and Harry Martin were ever in the company of Mr. and Mrs. Boeve we have no means of knowing; but we presume that Sir Paul Vanore (whose name occurs repeatedly in the book) is Sir Peter Vanlore, of whose family there is an excellent account in Nichols's *Herald and Genealogist*. A chart or chapter devoted to the descent of the Flaxley Abbey estate and its owners would have added greatly to the value of these sketches.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have issued a new edition of the late J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People*, "thoroughly revised" by his widow, who has, in the main, limited her task to correcting minor slips and incorporating the views expressed by the author in his larger History. At the same time, she has availed herself of all authoritative works subsequently published; and she acknowledges the help of many friends. Current events have not been carried later than where Green left them—in 1874. Marginal notes and dates are now given for the first time. We gather from the advertisements that this famous book has now reached its 129th thousand. It is yet more interesting to learn from the note on the verso of the title page that no less than four reprints were called for in the first year after its appearance, and an average of one reprint in each year that has followed. Does even the historic cheque paid to Macaulay attest a greater success?

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish in the middle of next month Mr. Edward Clodd's *The Story of Creation: a Plain account of Evolution*, illustrated with more than seventy woodcuts and diagrams. The author claims to have given for the first time a popular account of the hypothesis—somewhat modified from Herbert Spencer—which explains the origin not only of life forms, but also of the entire cosmic system by one and the same process of development. Special attention is given to the view which seeks for the beginnings of life in the polar regions, to Darwin's theory of natural selection, and to "social evolution" or the growth of mind, society, morals, and theology.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW announce for publication by subscription another handsome work by Dr. P. H. Emerson on the Eastern Counties. It is entitled, *Pictures of East Anglian Life*; and will consist of a series of chapters mainly descriptive of the peasantry and fisherfolk, illustrated with thirty-two plates and fifteen woodcuts from the author's own photographs. The book will be in folio form, and will be issued only in a limited edition.

THE second volume of Prof. Henry Morley's *English Writers*, embracing "From Caedmon to the Conquest," will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Company early next month.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY will publish in a few weeks *Charles Dickens and the Stage: a Record of his Connexion with the Drama as Playwright, Actor, and Critic*; by Mr. T. Edgar Pemberton, author of *Dickens's London*. The book will contain chapters on "Dickens as an Actor," "Dickens as a Dramatist," "The Stage in his Novels," and "The Stage in his Letters," and will be illustrated with three character portraits of Miss Jennie Lee, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Toole.

The Counting-out Rhymes of Children, their Antiquity, Origin, and Wide Distribution: a Study in Folklore, by Mrs. Carrington Bolton, will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Crane Court: a story of Country Life, by A. M. Munro, author of "The Beautiful Lady Chichester," will be published shortly by Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co.

FROM the report of the Hunterian Club, Glasgow, we learn that a second instalment for the eighth year is immediately to be sent out to members as follows:—Part 61, Bibliographical Index to Thomas Lodge's Works, and Memoir by E. Gosse; Part 62, *Ave Caesar*, by Samuel Bowlands (1603). The index, glossary, and title-pages to Lodge, completing the collected edition of his works issued by the Hunterian Club, and Part 1 of the prefatory matter for the Bannatyne MS. are ready; and the Council proposes to call up at once so much of the ninth year's subscription as will pay for these and finish the Bannatyne MS. It does not intend to carry on the work of the club further. An undertaking is given that none of the publications of the club on hand will be allowed to find their way into the remainder market, or will even be sold at reduced prices; and members are therefore asked to supply themselves, at an early date, with any of the issues which they may require. It is also stated that, for the ninth year, the number of copies printed will correspond to that of the paid subscriptions only. The Council expresses its regret at the long delay which has taken place since the last issue, mainly through the illness and death of the late Hon. Treasurer and Secretary, Mr. John Alexander, to whose memory a warm tribute is paid for his untiring interest in all the affairs of the Hunterian Club.

THE prize of fifteen guineas offered by the Froebel Society for the best essay on "The Ethical Teaching of Froebel, as gathered from his Works," has been divided between Miss Lyschinska, Kindergarten Instructress to the London School Board, and Mrs. Claude Montefiore, a former scholar of Girton College, Cambridge. The judges were the Rev. H. R. Quick, Prof. Meiklejohn, and Miss Snell. The two prize essays will be published in the March number of the *Journal of Education*.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE unpublished letters from Mendelssohn to Moscheles, which will appear in *Scribner's Magazine* for February, have been in the possession of Felix Moscheles, the son of the composer, for many years. They will be illustrated with portraits of Mendelssohn and his family, and also with several reproductions of his drawings. The same number will also contain Mr. R. L. Stevenson's second paper, entitled "The Lantern-Bearers," after a sport in which the author took part when a boy in a Scottish fishing village. His memories of this place form a picturesque introduction for a protest against realism in fiction.

THE February number of the *Antiquary* will open with an article by Mr. Charles Roach Smith on "The Roman Walls of Chester, and the Discoveries made in them." To the same number Mr. Henry P. Maskell will furnish a paper (with an illustration) on "Emanuel Hospital," in which he pleads for the preservation of this excellent and interesting old foundation.

THE next number of the *Classical Review* will contain a long notice by Mr. F. B. Jevons, of Gruppe's "Die griechischen Culten und Mythen in ihren Beziehungen zu den Orientalischen Religionen," in which one of the most important of recent contributions to the history of religions will, for the first time, be made

known to English scholars. Mr. E. S. Roberts will discuss the Gortyna Inscription; and the Rev. H. F. Tozer, in "The Native Land of Horace," will describe a visit to the neighbourhood of Mount Vultur.

THE February number of *Time* will contain articles on "Mr. Mackonochie and the Ritualistic Movement," by Mr. G. W. E. Russell; "The Pedigree of Natural Rights," by Prof. W. Wallace; an instalment of the new "Work and Workers" series on "Members of Parliament," by Mr. G. Osborne Morgan; together with contributions by Mrs. S. A. Barnett, Mdlle. Y. Blaze de Bury, Mr. Richard Dawson, and others, including a paper on the Crown Prince ("Unser Fritz"), by "One who knows him."

AMONG the articles in the February number of the *Scots Magazine* (into which the *Scottish Church* has now developed) will be "The Border-land"; "Organisation of Secondary Schools," by Prof. Laurie; and "Scottish Literature in the Stuart Period."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

SIR FREDERICK ABEL has been appointed Rede lecturer at Cambridge for the present year.

PROF. GEORGE DARWIN, of Cambridge, will deliver a public lecture at Oxford, on the invitation of the Ashmolean Society, on Monday next, January 30, upon "Saturn's Rings."

IT will be proposed at Oxford next week to confer the degree of M.A., *honoris causa*, on the Rev. Dr. L. H. Mills, of New York, editor of part of the Zend Avesta, and of the Gathas in the "Sacred Books of the East."

THE Rev. G. F. Browne, the newly appointed professor of archaeology at Cambridge, will deliver his inaugural lecture on Tuesday next, January 31. He has taken for his subject, "Sculptured Stones of Pre-Norman Type in the British Islands."

MR. J. H. MIDDLETON, the Slade professor of fine art at Cambridge, will deliver a course of six lectures this term on "The Reformation in its Relation to Parish Churches in England."

THE annual meeting of the Cambridge Philological Society was held on Thursday, January 26, when Dr. Peile, Master of Christ's, was elected president, and the hour for future meetings was changed from the evening to the afternoon. Dr. W. Robertson Smith read a paper on "The Sacrifice of a Sheep to the Cyprian Aphrodite, with an Emendation of the Text of Joannes Lydus *De Mensibus*, iv. 45."

HERR JOACHIM is announced to visit Oxford on February 14, when he will take part in Beethoven's Quintet in C major (Op. 29), Haydn's Quartet in G major, and Spohr's Duet for two violins. The concert will be given in the Sheldonian Theatre; and Herr Joachim will be supported by Messrs. Ries, A. Gibson, W. F. Donkin, and C. Ould.

IN connexion with the teachers' training syndicate, Dr. F. Warner will deliver a course of six lectures at Cambridge during the current term, on "Growth and Development of the Intellectual Faculty."

THE managers of the Craven Fund at Cambridge have made a grant of £40 to Mr. M. R. James, for archaeological research in Cyprus.

THE Syndics of the Cambridge University Press have undertaken the publication of a collected edition of the mathematical papers of Prof. Cayley. These papers, originally contributed to the Royal and other societies, and to various mathematical journals, will be arranged for publication by the professor himself, who will add notes containing references

to the writings of other mathematicians on allied subjects. It is expected that the edition will extend to ten quarto volumes; and it is intended to publish two volumes each year until the completion of the work.

WITH reference to Prof. Ray Lankester's removal from the office of examiner at Oxford last summer—against which he has appealed to the courts of law—we may mention that his case is elaborately stated in a correspondence with the vice-chancellor, printed in the *Oxford Magazine* for January 18.

THE Senatus Academicus of St. Andrews will probably elect to the Gifford Lectureship in the course of next March. The appointment is for two years, and the lecturer will be required to deliver not less than twenty-five lectures each year, two being given in one week. The subject is Natural Theology in the widest sense of the term; and the lecturer may belong to any religious denomination, or to no denomination at all.

BISHOP BERKELEY (research) fellowships, at Owens College, Manchester, have been awarded to E. G. W. Hewlett (Trinity College, Cambridge), in classics and philology; to William Bott, in chemistry; and to O. H. Latter (Keble College, Oxford), in zoology; and renewed for a second period to Henry Holden, in physics, and to William A. Shaw, in history.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE BYRON CENTENARY.

(January 22, 1888.)

LET not the heart of England grieve to-day
That by an alien race, in alien tongue,
The memory of her poet son was sung
Alone. Than his lov'd Hellas who could pay
A more befitting homage? No dimmed ray
Shines round his brow for her who still hath clung
To him so fondly. Dwells there us among
A greater love than here? Who—who dare say?
For him then who would wish a higher lot
Than to be thus remembered by her
To whom he gave the best things of his heart—
The noblest, purest? Who will now aver
'Tis not enough that by this better part
He triumphs—that his Greece hath not forgot?

E. M. EDMONDS.

OBITUARY.

DAVID MAIN.

THERE are many outside the circle of personal friends who will hear with sincere regret of the death of Mr. David M. Main, editor of the *Treasury of English Sonnets*, which took place on Thursday, January 19. Mr. Main was a comparatively young man, being only in his forty-second year; but in June, 1886, severe symptoms of congestion of the brain made themselves manifest, and rendered inevitable a complete withdrawal both from business and social life. From the first, complete recovery of his mental power was more than doubtful, but during last summer there seemed to be a slight improvement in his condition. The faint hopes thus raised were unfortunately doomed to speedy disappointment, for at the beginning of winter he became unmistakably worse, and on the day above mentioned he passed away.

So far as I know, the *Treasury of English Sonnets* is his sole literary legacy; for Mr. Main, though an ardent lover and unwearied student of literature, displayed a remarkable—indeed, in our days, almost unique—indifference to the kind of fame which is the meed of the successful literary producer. Though his intellect was keen and active, his taste perfect, and his literary style so singularly facile and graceful

that he might, one would think, easily have won a solid reputation by what is ordinarily known as original work, he was more than content to be a collator and commentator; and, though he had the passionate appreciation of poetry which in the short, or the long, run makes versifiers of most of us, I believe that his entire poetical product consists of two charming sonnets, which are to be found in the last edition of Mr. Sharp's collection. His *Treasury*, however, constitutes a sufficient claim to the grateful remembrance of all lovers of literature. It is a monument of industry, care, and fine discrimination; and among sonnet anthologies it is—and probably will long remain—*facile princeps*. Not a sonnet was transcribed until the anxious editor had personally examined not only its first-published form but all succeeding forms, in order that the text might be pure and all variations taken due account of. In his labour of love neither time, exertion, nor expense was spared; and I have known him more than once spend all three by taking a long railway journey, involving three days' absence from home, to verify a single reading. I remember well his anguish—the word is hardly too strong—when he found that, in spite of all these pains, some few misprints had crept into the published work, and his amusement when he found these misprints transcribed by successors in the field, who made a great parade of original research, but who had not even taken the trouble to refer to his list of *corrigenda*. Of the notes which occupy half of the large volume I must not speak at length, though they constitute the only portion of the work which conveys to the general reader any adequate impression of the extent of the labour to which some seven years were devoted. The thoroughness of their scholarship is apparent to every competent judge, but it is scholarship warmed and irradiated by high enthusiasm which redeems it from all "dry-as-dust" associations.

Mr. Main will live long and pleasantly in the recollection of all who knew him. He was of medium height and light complexion, and had a peculiarly frank and winning expression of countenance. He was a conspicuously neat dresser; indeed, neatness in everything seemed a natural instinct—his MS., for example, being as beautiful to look upon as that of Thackeray or Edgar Poe. His manner had an easy and courtly gentleness, which was singularly charming, though he betrayed at times a humorous fondness for Landorian strength of epithet, and was wont, I remember, to speak of a well-known editor, of whom exactitude is not the strong point, as "that inaccurate beast —."

In Mr. Main's youth his father—Mr. Robert Main, of Doune, a well-known and highly respected Scottish banker—provided his son with all needful opportunities for beginning a successful commercial career; but his passion for literature would not be controlled, and for long his sole occupation was the gathering and arrangement of materials for his beloved *Treasury*. Shortly after its publication he began business as a bookseller in Royal Exchange Square, Glasgow, numbering among his clients many collectors and connoisseurs, who were glad to profit by his remarkable knowledge and discrimination. He had, of course, his periods of anxiety, and when they came was apt to become, perhaps, unduly depressed; but the venture was, in the main, successful, and would doubtless have been increasingly so had health and life been spared to him. This, however, was not to be. He has gone; and all that remains of him on earth are pleasant memories in the hearts of many friends, and the *magnum opus* into which he threw so much of the action and passion of his prime. I have written hastily and, therefore, inadequately. I wish it had been otherwise; but I am above all things

anxious that such a worker for letters as David Main should not remain uncommemorated.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

WE regret also to announce the death of Dr. Emil Lehmann. A brother of the artist, Rudolph Lehmann, he was well known throughout Germany for his translations, chiefly from the English. Among these are several works by George Eliot, Bulwer, Dickens, also Sir Theodore Martin's *Life of the Prince Consort* and Seeley's *Life of Stein*. Dr. Lehmann was connected with the Hamburg press, and was a prominent figure in that city, where he was much respected for his indomitable energy in spite of blindness, to which he was a victim for many years.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Fortnightly Review* for January has an article by Prof. Tyrrell, entitled "The Old School of Classics and the New," which, under the guise of a dialogue between the shades of Madvig and Bentley, is in substance an attack upon Prof. Sayce. It is not our business to defend Prof. Sayce from the charges of grammatical inaccuracy and rash speculation; still less would we presume to contest the authority of the Dublin regius professor of Greek on questions of scholarship. Still, we may point out that a large part of the controversial matter introduced is not new. It is now more than four years since Prof. Tyrrell wrote for *Hermathena* a severe criticism of the book which he finds it convenient to style Prof. Sayce's "edition of Herodotus," but which Prof. Sayce himself called "The Ancient Empires of the East"; and the discussion then stirred up passed through the stages of reply, rejoinder, and sur-rejoinder in the same learned journal. Prof. Tyrrell's rejoinder then ended with the words: "I do not intend to write again on this subject." But, as he has himself reopened the controversy, we may be allowed to comment upon one of the most effective counts of his indictment, which he thus presents in the *Fortnightly*:

"Indeed the neglect of the last-mentioned distinction [between *πλείστα* 'several' and *τὰ πλείστα* 'the most part of'] enabled our editor of Herodotus to draw from his text as proof of the fondness for silver prevalent among the Hittites, by translating *ἀργύρου ἀναθήματα ἔστι οἱ πλείστα ἐν Δελφοῖσι*, 'most of the silver offerings at Delphi were his.' When such distinctions are pointed out the editor ignores the correction in quite a superior way: 'It is with Herodotus as a historian, rather than as the subject for the dissecting knife of the grammarian, that I have had to do.'"

Now, on this passage three remarks suggest themselves. (1) Prof. Tyrrell omits a material word in the Greek, which runs in full

ὅσα μὲν ἀργύρου ἀναθήματα ἔστι οἱ πλείστα ἐν Δελφοῖσι

In his first paper in *Hermathena* Prof. Tyrrell had exclaimed "Get thee to a dictionary, go!" On following his advice we have been surprised to find in Liddell and Scott (s.v. *πλείστος*) this very passage cited as an example of *ὅσα πλείστα*—"the most possible." Surely Prof. Sayce may be pardoned for erring in the company of these eminent lexicographers. (2) Prof. Sayce did not draw from the text a "proof of the fondness for silver prevalent among the Hittites," but merely appended the following note:

"Silver seems to have had a special attraction for the Hittites, whose monuments in Asia Minor are usually met with in the neighbourhood of old silver mines, and their fancy for the metal may have been communicated to the Lydians."

Whatever this note may be worth, it is not greatly affected if Gyges contributed only "a very large number," and not "most," of the silver offerings at Delphi. (3) Any one reading

the paragraph quoted above from the *Fortnightly* would suppose that Prof. Sayce, when challenged with misunderstanding *ἁλίστα*, replied "It is with H. as a historian," &c. As a matter of fact, those words come from Prof. Sayce's original Preface, in quite a different connexion; and what Prof. Sayce really said in *Hermathena* regarding this precise point was: "I must admit that my periphrasis allows of a false interpretation, and am grateful to my critic for having pointed it out."

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- DUVAL, G. Dictionnaire des métaphores de Victor Hugo. Paris: Plaget. 5 fr.
FALLOUX, le Comte de. Mémoires d'un royaliste. Paris: Didier. 16 fr.
GAUTIER, L. La poésie religieuse dans les cloîtres des IX^e et XI^e siècles. Paris: Picard. 2 fr. 50 c.
GROES, G. Wirtschaftsformen u. Wirtschaftsprinzipien. Leipzig: Duncker. 4 M. 20 Pf.
PAGLIOTTI BROZZI, A. Sul teatro giacobino ed antigiacobino in Italia. Milan: Hoepli. 4 L.
PROUTEAUX, A. Principes d'économie industrielle. Paris: Baudry. 5 fr.
RACHNET, A. Le costume historique. T. 1 (complémentaire). Paris: Firmin-Didot.
TISSOT, Ch. Géographie comparée de la province romaine d'Afrique. T. 2. Chorographie: réseau routier. P. P. S. Reinach. Paris: Hachette. 16 fr.
WELL, A. Le centenaire de l'émancipation des Juifs. Paris: Dentu. 5 fr.
WEITHÜNER, oesterreichische. 5. Bd. Die tirol. Volkslieder. Hrsg. v. J. v. Zingerle u. J. Egger. 4. Thl. 1. Hälfte. Wien: Braumüller. 14 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- BERGER, E. Les Registres d'Innocent IV. 8. Fasc. Paris: Thorin. 18 fr. 75 c.
CHASSIN, Ch. L. Les Elections et les Cahiers de Paris en 1789. T. 1. La Convocation de Paris aux derniers Etats-généraux. Paris: Quantin. 15 fr.
COLBERT CHABANAIS, le Marquis de. Traditions et souvenirs touchant le temps et la vie du Général Auguste Colbert (1798-1809). Paris: Berger-Levrault. 12 fr.
GESCHICHTE der europäischen Staaten. 50. Lfg. 2. Abth. Deutsche Geschichte v. F. Dahn. 1. Bd. 2. Hälfte. Gotha: Perthes. 14 M.
JULIEN DE LA GRAVIERE, le vice-Amiral. La guerre de Chypre et la bataille de Lépnante. Paris: Plon. 8 fr.
LACKNER, W. De incursionibus a Gallis in Italiam factis questio historica. Königsberg-O.-Fr.: Koch. 1 M.
LANGLOIS, E. Les Registres de Nicolas IV. 3. Fasc. Paris: Thorin. 9 fr. 60 c.
LEZJUS, J. De Alexandri Magni expeditione indica questiones. Dorpat: Karow. 2 M.
LIEBAUER, A. Die prähistorischen Denkmäler der Prov. Westpreussen u. der angrenzenden Gebiete. Leipzig: Engelmann. 30 M.
MONTANA Germania historica. Epistolae saeculi XIII. E regestis pontificum romanorum selectae per G. E. Fertz. Ed. O. Bodenberg. Tom. 2. 18 M. Neologia Germaniae. I. Dioscori Augustensis, Constantiensis, Orlensis. Ed. F. L. Baumann. Pars 2. 14 M. Berlin: Weidmann.
MÜLLER, W. F. v. Geschichte der Schweizer-Söldner bis zur Errichtung der ersten stehenden Garde 1497. Bern: Huber. 4 M.
PAPPENHEIM, M. E. altnordwegisches Schutzzildestatut, nach seiner Bedeutung f. die Geschichte d. nordgerman. Gildewesens erläutert. Breslau: Koebner. 4 M.
PARRI, E. Vittorio Amedeo II. ed. Eugenio di Savoia nelle guerre della successione spagnuola. Milan: Hoepli. 5 fr.
ROBILLARD DE BEAUREPAIRE, Ch. de. Cahiers des Etats de Normandie sous le règne de Henri III. T. 1. 1574-1581. Paris: Picard. 12 fr.
SCHNEICHL, F. Leopold I. u. die österreichische Politik während d. Devolutionskriegen 1667-8. Leipzig: Wigand. 1 M. 50 Pf.
URKUNDBUCH der Stadt Hildesheim. Hrsg. v. R. Doebner. 3. Thl. Von 1401-1427. Hildesheim: Gerstenberg. 18 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

- BOUGRAT. Recherches sur les formations coralligènes du Jura méridional. Paris: Savvy. 10 fr.
BREFFELD, O. Untersuchungen aus dem Gesamtgebiete der Mykologie. 7. Hft. Leipzig: Felix. 38 M.
COSSON, E. Compendium florae atlanticae. Vol. II. Paris: Masson. 15 fr.
DELAHAYE, Ph. L'année électrique. 4^e Année. Paris: Baudry. 8 fr. 50 c.
ENCKE, J. F. Gesammelte mathematische u. astronom. Abhandlungen. 1. Bd. Berlin: Dümmler. 7 M.
FAUNA u. FLORA d. Golfes v. Neapel u. der angrenzenden Meeres-Abchnitte. Hrsg. v. der zoolog. Station zu Neapel. 15. u. 16. Monographie. Leipzig: Friedländer. 160 M.
FOERSTER, E. Studien zur Astronomie. Berlin: Dümmler. 7 M.
HUNGER, E. H. Ueb. einige vivipare Pflanzen u. die Erscheinung der Apogamie bei denselben. Bautzen: Rühl. 1 M. 50 Pf.

- LAPPARENT, A. de. Fossiles caractéristiques des terrains sédimentaires. Fossiles secondaires. Paris: Savvy. 10 fr.
THIERS, A. Eléments de statique graphique appliquée à l'équilibre des systèmes articulés. Paris: Baudry. 10 fr.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- ARÉLINEAU, E. Monuments pour servir à l'histoire de l'Égypte chrétienne aux 4^e et 5^e siècles. Paris: Leroux. 60 fr.
BEZOLD, O. Die Schatzhöhle. Syrisch u. deutsch. 2. Th. Texte. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 20 M.
HAGEN, P. Quaestiones Dionese. Kiel: Lipsius. 1 M. 40 Pf.
INSCRIPTIONS inédites d'Afrique, extraites des papiers de L. Renier, p.p. R. Cagnat. Paris: Hachette. 8 fr.
MERGUET, H. Lexikon zu den Schriften Cicero's. 2. Th. 2. Hft. Jena: Fischer. 8 M.
POPPE, P. Ueb. das speculum humanae salvationis u. eine mitteldeutsche Bearbeitung desselben. Strassburg: Trübner. 2 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAN PLUMPTRE'S "DANTE."

London: Jan. 18, 1888.

In the interesting "Estimates of Dante," appended to the last volume of his great work, Dean Plumptre has, I think, fallen into a slight error in admitting (p. 429) the possibility that Dante is referred to by Spenser under the phrase "sad Florentine," which occurs in the thirteenth sonnet of his little youthful version of the "Visions of Belay." These visions, in their rhymed form, appeared first among the *Complaints* (1591), and are accompanied (as they were in the blank verse original publication of 1569) by a rendering of Petrarch's Canzone, "Standomi un giorno," third in the series after the death of his Lady Laura. Spenser has divided the twelve-line stanzas of Petrarch into sonnets; and the second of these, beginning

"After, at sea a tall ship did appeare,"

is clearly what, in the thirteenth Belay vision, is intended by the lines:

"Much richer than that vessell seem'd to bee
Which did to that sad Florentine [i.e. Petrarch] appeare."

It would seem probable that a man so well read as Spenser cannot have been unacquainted with Dante. Yet he is not named among the poets followed by Spenser, in the epistle by E. K. prefixed to the *Shepherd's Calendar*; and it should be remembered that in Spenser's time the study of Dante, as the Dean points out (p. 423), had much declined in Italy—while the admiration of Petrarch was at its highest. The conjecture (p. 430) that Shakspeare might have heard of Dante "through Sidney or Spenser," must also, I fear, be dismissed. We have no evidence that, at the time of Sidney's death (October, 1586), Shakspeare had even quitted Stratford; while the theory which discovers allusions to him in Spenser, thus rendering their personal intercourse more or less probable, cannot, I think, be tenable.

I would also ask the Dean's consideration of two small points in the very curious epistles which passed between the Bolognese Joannes de Virgilio and Dante. In Dante's first letter, the text printed by Fraticelli (Florence, 1834, p. 290) gives

"Quum mundi circumflua corpora cantu
Astricolaque meo, velut infera regna, patebunt."
This is rendered (p. 332):

"When in my song the sea-girt mountain high,
And those who dwell within the starry spheres,
Shall be revealed, as now the realms of Hell."

The poet is here alluding to the future publication (such as publication was in MS. days) of the "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso." It might be expected that he should here name both divisions of his great work; and Fraticelli's note on the first line above quoted accordingly glosses *mundi* as *purgatorii*. Yet it is surely more natural to understand the *circumflua corpora* as indicating the planets which in the "Paradiso" circulate

round the central world, than the spiral terraces of the mount of Purgatory. Dr. Plumptre's translations are, however, so generally accurate that it must be supposed he has here followed some other text which justifies his reference to that section of the *Commedia*. On the other hand, it may be argued that the gift which Dante, in his character of Tityrus, proposes to send is rather ten cantos of the "Purgatorio" than, as the Dean here writes, of the "Paradiso." This, I infer from the mention of "the vast rock" (l. 84), which Fraticelli interprets as meaning the Purgatorial Mount.

As it is to be hoped that these volumes will be so far popular that a second edition (and, oh, in a less inconvenient size!) may be required, let me ask the author's pardon for two or three more suggestions. Like the preceding, they are but small in themselves; yet, in case of a poet so imperial as Dante, and (it may be added) of a *Corpus Dantescum* so valuable as Dr. Plumptre's, no aid to completeness is insignificant. In the *Life* (p. cxxii.), the anecdote of Dante's repartee, turning upon the name "Can Grande," is spoken of as "not improbable." The story, however, appears to be only an ancient Joe Miller. The dog has had its day, and a very long one. Its pedigree is traced backwards in Dunlop's *History of Fiction* from Cinthio to Poggio, thence to an old French Fabliau, finally to Josephus, who places it at the table of one of the Ptolemies. By oversight it must be that the Dean, in his second section of English estimates of Dante, has failed to notice Hallam's admirable criticism in the concluding chapter of his *Middle Ages*. Nor, again, is the poet "simply conspicuous by his absence" from Wordsworth, whose stately sonnet on the "Sasso di Dante" by the Duomo of Florence, with the passage from Hallam, might with advantage be substituted for Carlyle's somewhat patronising praise and the rhetorical ingenuities of Lowell, together with the thoroughly misplaced political digression on p. 460, when Dr. Plumptre's work reaches its well-deserved re-issue.

F. T. PALGRAVE.

Wynfrid, Clevedon: Jan. 23, 1888.

In reference to the notice (ACADEMY, January 14, p. 20) of the inference of the Dean of Wells, that Dante alludes to the clock in his cathedral from having seen it there, allow me to say that the current history is that it belonged to the Abbey of Glaston until the suppression, so that it could not have been at Wells, if Dante had been there. It may be suspected that such clocks were not so uncommon in former times as now. There is one with the procession of knights at Lübeck, as well as that at Strasburg. The one in Exeter Cathedral is also noticeable.

THOMAS KERSLAKE.

THE METAPHYSICS OF SO-CALLED SAVAGES.

Oxford: Jan. 22, 1888.

Mr. Andrew Lang, who has done so much to make the study of anthropology attractive and popular in England, has called attention, in the ACADEMY of January 21, to one of the most perplexing problems which the student of anthropology has to deal with, and on which I had touched in my *Biographies of Words*. How are we to account for the strange mixture of folly and wisdom, or, if you like, of myth and philosophy, in the ancient traditions of so-called savages? Mr. Andrew Lang very properly says "so-called savages," for one feels ashamed to call people savages when they have almost risen to the height of Hamlet's monologue. But putting aside the word savage, which, being undefined, has done as much mischief in anthropology as heretic in theology, the question returns to us in all its perplexity,

How are we to account for the Greeks enraptured by the wisdom of Heraclitus, and yet believing in the Homeric fables? How can we explain the Vedic poets trying to fathom the past, "when neither aught nor nought existed," and yet in the same breath celebrating their god Indra reeling from the draughts of Soma which he had quaffed? What are we to say to collections of Maori songs, written down in the language of the old priests, and containing by the side of the most hideous stories of their gods such poems as:

"For thee, O Whai, my love is ever great.
From germ of life sprang thought,
And god's own medium came:
Then bud and bloom; and life in space
Produced the worlds of night— . . .
'Twas Nothing that begat
The Nothing unpossessed,
And Nothing without charm.
Let the priests attention give,
And all I state dispute.
I may be wrong: I but rehearse
What was in Whare-Kura taught.
'Twas Rangi who with Atu-tahi
Brought forth the Moon.
And Rangi Wero-wero took,
And, yet unseen, the sun produced.
He, silent, skimmed the space above,
And then burst forth the glowing eye of heaven
To give thee light, O man,
To wage thy war on fellow-man."

Or, again (p. 152):

"Seeking, earnestly seeking in the gloom,
Searching, yes, on the coast-line,
On the bounds of light and day,
Looking into night.
Night had conceived
The seed of night.
The heart, the foundation of night
Had stood forth self-existing
Even in the gloom.
It grows in gloom—
The sap and succulent parts,
The life pulsating,
And the cup of life.
The shadows screen
The faintest gleam of Light.
The procreating power,
The ecstasy of life first known,
And joy of issuing forth
From silence into sound.
Thus the progeny
Of the Great-extending
Filled the heaven's expanse;
The chorus of life
Rose and swelled
Into ecstasy,
Then rested in
Bliss of calm and quiet."

These are not the airy inventions or dishonest embellishments of travellers and missionaries which often make the study of anthropology so disheartening. They are scholar-like translations by Mr. John White, who has been living for the last half-century among the Maoris; and who, by the side of his translations, has published the texts in the original, as written down

"while his native friends, sitting under a shady tree, on the outskirts of a forest, and remote from the abodes of men, rehearsed the sacred lore of their race, and in solemn dread slowly repeated the sacred incantations, or performed the ceremonies and rites as they had been taught by those of past generations."

These are, therefore, genuine outpourings of metaphysical thought among the Maoris. Yet the same Maoris tell us that

"an aquatic plant growing in swamps was the procreating power which engendered the red clay seen in landalips, whence came the first man. This man was discovered by one of the gods before light had dawned on this world. It was the grand-

son of this man who separated heaven and earth and caused light to be, and divided the world of light from the world of darkness."

And again we are told that

"The first man took a tree as his wife, and his offspring were trees, and not men. He therefore went and obtained soppy mud, and mixed it with sand, and made it into the shape of a woman for himself," &c.

How such weeds and such flowers can grow on the same soil is, no doubt, a puzzle. Still, if the Maoris had conquered England, and had collected among the ruins of London or in the caves of Wales the stories told by the last frightened survivors of the Anglo-Saxon race, might they not possibly have collected a similar medley of odds and ends of Berkeleian wisdom and Neo-Buddhist folly? Is it always right to ask which came first and which came last, whether folly was evolved into wisdom or wisdom revolved into folly, when we see both walking hand in hand in Church and State, in schools and universities? Is not the *Nebeneinander* a far better theory than the *Nacheinander* here as elsewhere in the science of man as well as in the science of language? Sometimes, no doubt, when we have the ancient mythological and philosophical documents in their original texts before us, language will enable the critical scholar to say what is modern and what is old. In the famous hymn of the Rig Veda, beginning:

"Nor aught nor nought existed; yon bright sky
Was not, nor heaven's broad woof outstretched above;
What covered all? what sheltered? what concealed?
Was it the water's fathomless abyss?"

in this hymn the one word *tadānim*, then, is sufficient to warn us against ascribing it to the most ancient stratum of Vedic thought and language. But where are the scholars to perform the same critical dissection on the language of the Maoris? They will come in time, and the sooner the better. But until they have come, and until they have performed their work patiently and valiantly, Mr. Andrew Lang will probably agree with me that the anthropologist often feels like Mignon performing the egg-dance, and fearing at every moment that she may break the brittle shells among which she has to perform her inspired movements. F. MAX MÜLLER.

F.S.—May I take this opportunity of showing by another instance how indispensable the science of language is to the science of mythology, and how carefully it ought to be studied by every anthropologist? In my *Biographies of Words* (to which Mr. Andrew Lang's remarks refer), the first place is occupied by the biography of *Fors Fortuna*. It contains my mythological arguments why *Fors* cannot have been from the beginning so meagre a deity as *Dea quae fert*. But in answer to the question addressed to me by another reviewer, why the word *Fors* cannot be derived from *ferre*, the science of language returns a clear answer. The root *bhar* is an *ē* root, and in Latin this original *ē* remains unchanged before *r*. See Brugmann, *Vergleichende Grammatik*, p. 53.—F. M. M.

WASA, ISIS, OCK.

British Museum: Jan. 28, 1888.

IN my letter to the ACADEMY of January 14, I pointed out the occurrence of *Wasa* as an important item in the boundaries of four Anglo-Saxon sites granted to Abingdon Abbey, and situated in Berkshire, pretty nearly contiguous to each other, along the southern bank of the river Isis for upwards of ten miles, upon a ridge of high ground running along, at no

very unequal distance throughout that length from that river and aloping to it. I argued that the Anglo-Saxon *Wasa* is now represented by *Isis* (which latter is not "a spurious name," as Mr. Stevenson alleges) from the above facts, and from the absence of any known "fen, ooze, or stagnant pool," common to these four parishes.

Let us now examine the evidence which may be obtained in support of that argument.

Throughout the whole range of Anglo-Saxon horography *Wasa* is, so far as my observation goes, confined to these four examples alone—a fact of the highest inferential value in this present enquiry. Phonology here must yield to fact, as it often does in ancient words—as it does in the original name of Fyfield.

I find in B. Clarke's *British Gazetteer* (1852), the writer of the article "Oxford" states: "This . . . is said by some to take its name . . . from *Ouseford*, derived from the ancient name of the river *Isis*." He was, I believe, quite correct, although the fact is not apparent, for, if we could but find the use of "Ouse" for *Isis* well established the enquiry ends; and it is, therefore, important to know where the writer found authority for this statement.

Prof. Rhys, in his *Celtic England*, p. 289 (S. P. C. K.), sees in *Osney*, near Oxford, the old form *Use* or *Usa* for *Ouse*, the continuator, as he says, of *Ansa*, a Celtic spirit or divinity. This seems to corroborate my suggestion of a spirit's name. Among the many *-eye*, *-eyots*, or islands, clustering about Oxford, at or near the confluence of the *Isis* and *Cherwell*, viz., Binsey, Botley, Hinksey, Ifley, Osney, Oxey, Pixey, &c., there are two, viz., *Osney* and *Oxey*, which manifestly enshrine this river-name. The *x* in the above examples probably had the Continental *sh* or *j* sound in ancient days, and not the modern *ks* sound; and this root can thus be widely traced in such place-names as the *Wash*, *Washbourne*, *Washbrook*, *Washfield*, *Washford*, and so forth.

There appears to have been the same ambiguity of use in the tenth century of the words *Isis* and *Thames* for a certain section of the water-way as there is now. For example, the mappist Collins calls the river between Oxford and Wallingford the *Isis*, other cartographers call this part of the river the *Thames*. The Ordnance Survey uses both names. I incline to consider that the river was properly *Wasa* down to the confluence of the *Thame* at *Dorchester*, and from that point to the sea properly *Thames*. But, from some laxity or uncertainty, those who wrote down the boundaries for the Abingdon charters, being better acquainted with the *Thames* than with the tributary *Wasa*, incorrectly used the former word where they should have employed the latter.

With regard to the *Ock*, may not this word also be, like *Avon*, *Aber*, *Cern*, *Wye*, *Wandl*, *Dour* (intensified in *Stour*), *Trent*, and other words, a generic equivalent of *river* or *water* in one of the remotest languages of England? If this be so, *Uxbridge*, in *Middlesex*—anciently *Woxbridge*, *Waxbridge* (Lewis, *Topogr. Dict.*)—situate now on the *Colne* river, but in such a language known as an *Ock* or *Uck*, can be explained. Similarly, we may examine the name of *Ockbrook*, a village in *Derby*, between the rivers *Derwent* and *Trent*; *Uckfield*, in *Sussex*, on the *Ouse*; *Ockham*, in *Surrey*, on the *Wey*, &c. Then there is *Chideock*, in *Dorset*, on a small stream, now falsely renamed *Chid*, but in great likelihood originally *Ock*; and *Wenlock*, in *Cheshire*, on the river *Wenlock*, a reduplicated word comparable with *Wendover* (*dour*, *water*); *Wandsworth* on the *Wandle*; *Windsor* (*Windles-ora*); *Windrush* (old form *Wenrisc*), a village and river in *Gloucestershire*, &c. The places *Ouseburn* and *Ousefleet*, in *York*, are analogous in formation; but it is worthy of

* *The Ancient History of the Maori: his Mythology and Traditions*. By John White. (Wellington, 1887.)

notice that Great Ouseburn stands on the Ure, Little Ouseburn and Ousefleet on the Ouse.
WALTER DE GRAY BIRCH.

"COTEMPORARY."

Cork: Jan. 23, 1888.

In Mr. Dunlop's interesting review of "Three Books on Irish History," in the *ACADEMY* of January 14, he says, in reference to Dr. Romney Kane's edition of Prof. Richey's lectures:

"I cannot help wishing that he had found courage to exclude that mongrel word 'coteremporary,' which had as peculiar a fascination for Prof. Richey as it seems to have for Irishmen in general."

Poor Ireland, everything that belongs to it is associated with barbarism and ignorance!

No doubt Mr. Dunlop has read Bishop Fitz Gerald's edition of Bishop Butler's *Analogy*. Bishop Fitz Gerald tells us, in his preface, how very careful he was to record every word that could be associated with the immortal Bishop Butler; and Bishop Fitz Gerald expressly names the "barbarism" *coteremporary* as the one word he ventured to correct. Most literary men know that Bishop Butler was an Englishman and that Bishop Fitz Gerald was—may I say it?—an Irishman. GEO. WEBSTER.

STRONG PRETERITES.

Dublin: Jan. 22, 1888.

I have just heard from the mouth of a Dublin fisherman a strong preterite which is new to me—"rew" for "row": "My father told us to row, and we rew in." T. K. ABBOTT.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, January 30, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Neck, Head, and Face," by Prof. J. Marshall.

6 p.m. London Institution: "The Ptolemies," by the Rev. W. Benham.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The History of Architecture, III," by Mr. G. Aitchison.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Gantor Lecture, "Yeast: Its Morphology and Culture," I., by Mr. A. Gordon Salamon.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Explorations in British North Borneo," by Admiral R. C. Mayne.

"Exploration and Survey of the Little Andamans," by Mr. Maurice Portman.

TUESDAY, January 31, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin," III., by Mr. G. J. Romanes.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Monumental Use of Bronze," by Mr. J. Starkie Gardner.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The Erection of the Jubilee bridge carrying the East Indian Railway over the Hooghly," by Sir Bradford Leale.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 1, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Figure," I., by Prof. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Sweating System, or the Functions of the Middleman in Relation to Labour," by Mr. D. F. Schloess.

THURSDAY, Feb. 2, 2.30 p.m. British Museum: "The Languages and Races of the Babylonian Empire," I., by Mr. G. Bertin.

8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Art Education," by Prof. H. Herkomer.

6 p.m. London Institution: "Atlantic and British Weather," by Mr. R. H. Scott.

4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "Bradbourne Cross, Derbyshire," by the Rev. G. F. Browne.

"English Ornamental Leadwork," by J. L. André.

"Additional Saxon Work in Oxford Cathedral," by Mr. J. P. Harrison.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The History of Architecture," IV., by Mr. G. Aitchison.

8 p.m. Linnean: "Ferns of Simla," by Mr. H. F. Blanford.

"Fertilisation of *Cuttyla labiata* var. *Mossiae*," by Mr. H. J. Vetch.

"Descriptions of Species of *Galerucinae*," by Mr. J. S. Baly.

8 p.m. Chemical: Election of Fellows; "The Range of Molecular Forces," by Prof. A. W. Rüchler.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, Feb. 3, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: Demonstration, "The Figure," II., by Prof. J. Marshall.

7.30 p.m. Geologists' Association: Annual Meeting.

8 p.m. Philological: "Pall Miscellanies," by the Rev. Dr. R. Morris.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Ancient Microscopes," by Mr. Frank Orlip.

SATURDAY, Feb. 4, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Experimental Optics," III., by Lord Rayleigh.

SCIENCE.

DIPLOMATIC REPRODUCTIONS OF OLD WELSH TEXTS.

The Text of the Mabinogion and other Welsh Tales, from the Red Book of Hergest. Edited by John Rhys and T. Gwynogvryn Evans. (Oxford: Privately Published.)

THE point of departure in historical philology is to have good texts. Of all the old literatures now studied the Welsh is, perhaps, the worst off in this respect, and the last to respond to the critical spirit of our times. We do not on that account desire to understate the merit of those Welsh patriots whose brilliant works shine like beacons in the history of Welsh literature—the authors of the *Myfyrion Archaeology of Wales* (1801), Lady Charlotte Guest and her Mabinogion, and the editors of the volumes of the Welsh Text Society. They published their texts as was the custom of their time, being preoccupied with the meaning rather than with the words themselves, not hesitating to settle the text according to their notions, without warning the reader of the alteration. The defect was that of their age rather than their own, and it would be unjust to reproach them with it. For we moderns, who have been taught in their school, and who benefit to this day by their labours, would thus—to adopt the simile of a French writer—be like lusty children that turn and beat the mother from which their own strength is drawn.

The editors of our own time can be more justifiably criticised. Mr. Skene's intention, in *The Four Ancient Books of Wales* (1868)—a book that, despite its faults, possesses a value for which the erudite Scot deserves our gratitude—was to reproduce the text letter for letter. The desire was excellent. Unhappily Mr. Skene has often misread the MSS. The next volume that Mr. Gwynogvryn Evans promises—the "Black Book of Carmarthen"—will correct the work of Mr. Skene, so far as one of the "four" ancient books of Wales is concerned. The MS. being difficult to decipher and also unique, Mr. Evans disarms criticism in advance by using photography to reproduce it. "Solem quis dicere falsum audeat?"

In this chronicle of Welsh philology Canon Robert Williams is less innocent, if we may not say more guilty, with his *Welsh Texts from the Hengwrt MSS.* (1874-5). At that period the rules for the publication of a text were recognised—to indicate in a precise manner with press-mark the MS. one publishes; to fix its date; to mark on the printed pages the corresponding pages of the MS.; to distinguish the hands of different scribes; and record faithfully the original text of the MS. wherever modified. Canon Williams did not observe these rules; and it is not even certain that he always copied his MS. faithfully. Yet his publication, which was left unfinished, is not without its use in the general history of literature. Being formed from texts principally translated from Latin or French, it enables us to follow the "gulf stream" of the literature of the Middle Ages; but it does not furnish a safe text for philologists—such a text as carries on its face its own verification.

It is this state of disorder in Welsh phil-

ology that inspired Messrs. Rhys and Evans with the idea of the present edition, of which the *Mabinogion* of the "Red Book of Hergest" forms the first volume. The general title of the collection is "Diplomatic Reproductions of old Welsh Texts," and a series of nine volumes is announced as being in preparation. The system adopted will apparently lead to much repetition. Thus, after having reproduced in this first volume the text of the *Mabinogion* from the "Red Book," the third volume will contain another version of several tales from other MSS. Then vols. v. and vi. will be devoted to a critical text of the *Mabinogion*. For ourselves, vols. v. and vi. would have sufficed, especially if they recorded the readings of the several MSS. Critical editions of Greek and Latin texts have been made in this way, and their editors generally kept to themselves the copies they had made of the originals. The editors of the "Welsh Texts" have elected to spare neither their own time nor the money of their subscribers. From the extreme of negligence Welsh philology thus passes to the extreme of minutiae. Having made this criticism on the plan of the work, we ought to recognise that the plan chosen has been most admirably executed.

At the end of the last century, or at the beginning of this, the celebrated Owen Pughe prepared an edition and a translation of the *Mabinogion*, of which fact we are surprised not to find mention made in the preface of the volume now under review. Homage paid to our predecessors does not dwarf the merit of the living. That edition remained unpublished among the papers of the Owen family (see the *Cambrian Journal*, vol. iv., 1857, pp. 132, 197, and 285). This fact explains why, in his dictionary, Owen Pughe gave numerous examples taken from the *Mabinogion*, then still unpublished. The first portion of the Mabinogi of Pwyll, Prince of Dyfed, was published anonymously (text and translation) in the *Cambrian Register* of 1795 and 1796, but it was reprinted with the name of Pughe in the *Cambro-Briton* (vol. ii., 1821, p. 271 and following). Nevertheless Lady C. Guest's edition (1838-39) must be regarded as the *editio princeps* of the *Mabinogion*. Her English translation, though open to criticism in certain details, can yet charm like the original; while the commentary, exceedingly rich and interesting in its literary aspect, makes it a work that cannot be superseded. The name of Lady Charlotte Guest will always be associated indissolubly with this pearl of Welsh literature. But, despite the care with which the text had been copied for Lady C. Guest by the Rev. John Jones (Tegid), it contained some evident errors, and these errors cast suspicion on the rest (see Zeuss's *Grammatica Celtica*, 2nd edition, p. 139). Yet the Mabinogion have been till now the chief text we possess for the history of Middle-Welsh.

This edition of Messrs. Rhys and Evans will remedy these imperfections. It is meant for philologists, and its object is to supply them with a copy of the text as faithful as can be obtained without having recourse to facsimile. In order to mark the different peculiarities of writing the editors have had recourse to nine sorts of characters. As soon as it was decided to give a diplomatic edition all these minutiae

became needful; for the form of the letter, in MSS. where various signs are employed to represent the same letter, is an important point in the restorations of verbal criticism. The system followed by Messrs. Rhys and Evans is complicated, and must have cost them no little trouble to carry out; but in its result it has produced an edition which, if the MS. were to perish, would make up for the loss.

This edition being for philologists, we have not to speak of the Mabinogion in its literary aspect. Still, we may venture on the remark that this new edition will contribute to make these poetic tales better known and appreciated. Not only is there an index of the names of men and places, which fills a void in Lady C. Guest's book, and permits us to follow better the history and action of the personages; but a more correct text facilitates the sense in several passages. We will only give one example, taken from the opening scene of "Kulhwch and Olwen." The Queen (mother of the hero) is at the point of death. We quote Lady C. Guest's translation:

"Therefore I charge thee that thou take not a wife until thou see a briar with two blossoms upon my grave. And this he promised her. Then she besought him to dress her grave every year that nothing might grow thereon. So the queen died. Now the king sent an attendant every morning to see if anything were growing upon the grave," &c.

Lady C. Guest has translated the text as it was given to her; but half a line had been omitted, and this, when inserted, gives the following sense:

"This he promised her. After which she summoned her confessor, and bade him dress her grave," &c.

In this way all becomes clear and reasonable, at least so far as it is reasonable in a woman to prevent her widowed husband from marrying again. The action of the husband, at least, becomes more rational.

Did space permit, we might have much to say on the Mabinogion themselves, at a time when the comparative study of literature has made such progress, and the science of folk-tales or storiology is being slowly built up. In particular, the careful and searching studies of Mr. Alfred Nutt deserve to be honourably mentioned. But we must not prolong this article. It suffices to have emphasised the value and originality of this publication. May Messrs. Rhys and Evans accomplish the series which they promise us! They will have rendered a great service to Welsh philology, and to comparative literature.

HENRY GAIDOO

CORRESPONDENCE.

EARLY BUDDHIST MISSIONARIES IN CHINA.

Wark, Northumberland: Jan. 18, 1888.

I accidentally saw Prof. Lacouperie's letter in the ACADEMY for December 31, relating (*inter alia*) to the name of the first Buddhist missionary who came to China from India.

His name in the original is *Chu-fa-lan*—that is, *Fa-lan*, which I think can only be restored to *Saddharma*.

It cannot be equivalent to *Dharmaraksha*, as Mr. Nanjio surmised, because that name is uniformly equated in Chinese by *Fa-hu*. Nor can the member *Fa* be a phonetic ideogram,

because in No. 38 of Nanjio's Catalogue (*not* 37) the symbol *fu* is restored to *Tan-mo*, which is undoubtedly equal to *Dharma*. We know that the interpretation of *Fa-lan* is *Fa-ch'ing*, and this on the lines of *Yin-Ching* (indisputably equal to *Sadvaha*, or *Sadvahana*) can only be restored to *Saddharma*.

The term or member *lan* in *Fa-lan* simply points to pre-eminence or excellency, as Wells Williams states *sub-voce*. S. BEAL.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. G. J. ROMANES has been elected Fullerian Professor of Physiology at the Royal Institution. He intends to devote the three years of his professorship to one continuous course of lectures on "Before and after Darwin." This year's course—"Before Darwin"—will give an historical survey of the progress of scientific thought and discovery in biology from the earliest times till the publication of *The Origin of Species*. Next year's course will be on "The Evidence of Organic Evolution," and the third year's course on "The Factors of Organic Evolution."

At a meeting of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society, on January 23, Mr. C. E. Bewsher, of the Mauritius, read "A Few Notes on the Seychelles Islands and the Coco de Mer, illustrated with coloured drawings by the late Gen. C. G. Gordon." It appears that General Gordon—whose personal friendship Mr. Bewsher enjoyed—believed the Coco de Mer to be the forbidden fruit, and the Seychelles Islands—on two only of which it grows—to be the site of the Garden of Eden. So strongly was he persuaded of the truth of this idea that he had soundings of the surrounding sea taken for the purpose of tracing the courses of the four rivers, and in the results of the soundings found confirmation of his view. Of course he imagined the land to have been depressed until only the tops of the mountains now appear above the sea as islands. The drawings, which were beautifully executed, were contained on two large sheets of paper; and among them was a small pen-and-ink sketch of the serpent on the tree, and Eve standing beside it.

My Telescope is the title of a little astronomical work by "A Quekett Club-Man," whose kindred volumes on the microscope have been so successful. It will be issued in a few days by Messrs. Roper & Drowley.

DR. MURRELL's *Massage as a Mode of Treatment* has been translated into French by Dr. Oscar Jennings, with a preface by Dr. Dujardine Beaumetz, of Paris.

THE last number of the *Essex Naturalist* contains a valuable "Report on the Denehole Exploration at Hangman's Woods, Grays, in 1884 and 1887." The report has been drawn up by Mr. T. V. Holmes, the President of the Essex Field Club, assisted by Mr. W. Cole, the hon. sec. The general conclusion seems to be that these deneholes were probably used for the secret storage of grain in British or Romano-British times. The report is well illustrated, and is supplemented by several appendices contributed by specialists.

WE regret to hear, on the day of going to press, of the death of Dr. A. de Bary, professor of botany at Strassburg, whose standard works are so well known in this country through the translations issued by the Clarendon Press. Next week we hope to give an account of his services to botanical study by one of his former pupils.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE late Prof. Key, in the preface to the first edition of his *Latin Grammar* (1846), an-

nounced his intention to prepare forthwith a Latin Dictionary for schools, arranged, like the Grammar, on the crude-form system. By the time when his *Short Latin Grammar* came out (1852) he had already made considerable progress in the execution of this plan; but he had also found it advisable to add to it the preparation of a dictionary arranged as usual; and, the matter growing under his hands, he at last (about 1856) undertook a work which might satisfy the requirements of mature scholars, and discontinued the smaller work. The MS. of this larger dictionary was left unfinished at Prof. Key's death in 1875. When the publication of the latter was first undertaken by the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, it was intended that it should be completed by another hand. But, after a lapse of time, the loss of which is greatly to be regretted, this ultimately proved impracticable, and it was decided to print the author's MS. as nearly as possible as he left it. Happily, incomplete as the work is, its value as a contribution to the study and understanding of the Latin tongue is almost as great as if Prof. Key had lived to complete it; since, from the time when he foresaw the improbability of his doing so, he adopted the plan of applying himself primarily to those words throughout the alphabet which he considered to require novel or special treatment, leaving the less important portion to be added afterwards; and he himself states, in reference to the dictionary, in the Preface to his book on *Language* (1874), that he had "incl. del therein nearly all those words in which he thought himself able to make some improvement." Although, therefore, only part (especially the letter A) has been filled in, and can be regarded as complete, or approximately so, yet the work may be taken to embody in a very large measure the results of a lifetime mainly devoted to the study of Latin.

THE second number of Prof. Viator's new periodical, *Phonetische Studien*—which, we are glad to hear, has found a large number of subscribers—will be issued in February. The articles by M. Passy ("Kurze Darstellung des französischen Lautsystems") and Herr Walter ("Der englische Anfangsunterricht auf lautlicher Grundlage") will be concluded; and there will also be "Beiträge zur Statistik der Aussprache der Schriftdeutschen" (I.), by the editor; "De l'accent de groupe en français," by M. Leveque, and several shorter contributions, reviews, notes, &c. The first volume will be completed by a third number, to appear in April.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

GRAMMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Saturday, January 14)

THE REV. T. B. ROWE, head master of Tonbridge, in the chair.—After a brief statement by the hon. sec. (Mr. E. A. Sonnenschein, of Mason College, Birmingham), as to the origin and constitution of the society, the following motions were proposed and carried: (1) that a name be selected to describe all sentences which are not simple (Miss Cooper, head mistress of the Edgbaston High School); (2) that the four names, "compound," "composite," "complex," "non-simple" be submitted to the society (chairman); (3) that further sub-divisions of the non-simple sentence be described by means of the terms "co-ordinate clause" and "sub-ordinate clause" (Prof. Moriarty, of King's College, London); (4) that the distinction between abstract and concrete as applied to nouns, and similar distinctions, do not fall within the province of grammar (the Rev. E. F. M. MacCarthy, head master of King Edward's Branch School, Birmingham, and Mr. F. Ritchie, of Sevenoaks); (5) that, for the purposes of schematisation a double name for each tense is required, the one part of the name describing the time, the other the state of the action (chairman); (6) that Miss Haynes's scheme of tenses be submitted to the society (Mr. C. M. Dix, Oratory School).

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, January 20.)

PROF. SEAR in the chair.—Dr. J. A. H. Murray gave his yearly report on the progress of the society's dictionary. During the past year above 100,000 slips had been sent in by readers: 40,000 by Mr. N. Douglas, 25,000 by Mr. T. Austin, 10,000 from Emerson by Mr. A. Shackleton, 4,372 by Mr. Henderson, 3,000 by Dr. Mayow; less numbers, though often most valuable, by Mr. C. Grove, Prof. Chester, Mr. A. Beesley, Mr. Prosser (early uses from Patents), Mr. Colland, Miss Edith Thompson, Rev. J. T. Fowler, Cecil Deedes, E. Peacock, E. S. Wilson, B. R. Wilson, &c. Consulting helpers were Mr. Thistleton Dyer for botany, Mr. Corbridge for coal-mining, Mr. Martineau for rare books in the British Museum, Mr. J. T. Platts for Persian and Eastern terms, Prof. Pollock for legal terms, Prof. Rhys for Celtic words—about 1 per cent. of so-called Celtic derivatives are really so—Prof. Rieu for Persian and Turkish. The greatest helpers were the sub-editors: Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Woods, Miss Browne, Messrs. Anderson, Beckett, Bousfield, Brandreth, Browne, Green, Henderson, Hallstone, Löwenberg, Mount, Nichols, Peto, Sugden, Schruppf, Simpson, Smallpiece, Woods, &c. Part IV. of the Dictionary was all in proof to "Carbon," finale to "Candle," copy in hand to "Carry." Vol. I. would end with B, though Part IV. would also open Vol. II., which would contain C and D. Mr. Henry Bradley had been appointed joint editor of the Dictionary, and had begun E. He would be responsible for Vol. III. Henceforth each editor would have to produce a part of 350 pages a year; that means four columns a day, four sent to press, four corrected and revised, and four returned in final. This speed must, to some extent, lessen research. No longer can twenty letters be written and much search taken to get six lines and find what "cadogan," an eighteenth-century way of officers' dressing their hair, exactly meant. Some words had taken a long time to settle the development of their meaning; "carry" was three days' work. The sub-editor gave it seventy-nine senses. These had to be grouped and reduced to sixty-three, with sub-headings. "Canon" was a hard word to work out, from the monk to the cathedral official. "Cantilevre," "cant" (a corner), "cabel," "cabinet," "calvered salmon," "campaign," "can," with all its meanings and inflexions, had also given much trouble. More good sub-editors were wanted, and more readers of early trade and art books in the Museum, and of modern novels and American authors, like Hawthorne and Lowell, whose promised readers in the United States had failed.—A special vote of thanks was passed to Dr. Murray for his report. Hope was expressed that Mr. Bradley's appointment and the regular publication of one part a year would be of great benefit to the Dictionary.—The hon. sec. wanted four editors of the work instead of two. Incompleteness was the necessary condition of such a book on its first issue; but, till it was out, no one had anything to work at in order to perfect it. Though the Dictionary was, and must be, defective, it was still the best in the world.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, January 23.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Bernard Bosanquet on "The Philosophical Importance of a true Theory of Identity." Believing that the theory of identity is the only fundamental question at issue between thinkers interested in German speculation and those of the distinctively English school, the writer was anxious to state the question precisely, and to trace its far-reaching consequences. Attributing to English thought the view that it is the ideal of identity to exclude difference, he first pointed out the nature of this principle in the province of logic, referring in particular to Hamilton, Mill, Jevons, and Herbert Spencer, and explained the truer doctrine of recent logic to the effect that an identity or universal is a meeting-point of differences, and that identity in judgment is incompatible with tautology. An analogous contrast of principle shows itself in psychology, especially in the question whether association by similarity can be reduced to a principle more like that of contiguity, and in atomism or individualism and the opposite conceptions in ethical and

political science. Brilliant as has been the history of British philosophy, it reveals a certain insensibility to the organic and coherent aspect of man's spiritual achievement, as the mere inspection of the range of British philosophical literature seems to demonstrate. There may be historical causes of this defect, which does not appear to be rooted in the national character, and which participation in the present movement of European culture, including among many elements an attempt towards a more sympathetic and vital philosophy, is tending to remove.—The paper was followed by a discussion, in which Mr. R. B. Haldane and others joined.

FINE ART.

THE MONTICELLI EXHIBITION.

THE MESSRS. DOWDSEWELL have at present on view in their galleries, New Bond Street, along with other things of interest, a comprehensive collection of the works of Adolphe Monticelli—a painter as yet not widely known in this country, though a small but well-selected series of his works was included in the Edinburgh Loan Exhibition of 1886. That he was at least an artist of the most pronounced individuality will be apparent to every visitor to the exhibition, though there may be more diverse opinions as to whether his especial individuality was legitimate and a thing to be praised.

The works now brought together represent several periods of his art, each clearly marked and distinguished by qualities of its own. At first he was academic, and aimed at classical correctness of clearly defined form. Ingres was then his master, the far-off divinity before whom he bowed. Of this period, No. 56, "La Jeune Mère," is fairly representative—a work of extreme interest, but interesting solely as a link in the painter's career; interesting, in relation to his future work, for its almost total lack of artistic value, or even of artistic promise—a work dull and formal in the definition of its masses, commonplace exceedingly in the character of its figures, feeble in the colouring of its grey-green wooded distance, and worse than feeble in the ruddy touches, so isolated and unrelated, which express the flowers that cluster round the vase. In No. 1, "La Fénaison," we find a distinct advance. This has clearly been done under the influence of Diaz. It is rather cold in general effect, there is a want of half-tones, its shadows sink too suddenly into absolute blackness, and its passages of warm colouring are still somewhat patchy and isolated; but it is, on the whole, a craftsman-like and pleasing work, the production of a man who is speedily gaining the power of doing what he will in his chosen medium. No. 14, "Dames et Enfants aux Champs"—especially in the treatment of its figures—connects itself more definitely with the first-named picture and its period. Yet its colouring—the vivid and sunny green and gold of its landscape—points, with sufficient distinctness, to the Monticelli of the future—to the Monticelli whose fully developed manner we know and value. In the productions of the next period—typically represented by works like No. 6, "La Harpiste"; No. 9, "Dolce far niente"; No. 10, "L'Invocation aux Dieux"; No. 41, "Fête dans le Jardin d'un Palais"; and No. 46, "Au Clair de Lune"—the painter may be said to have "found himself," to have asserted his artistic individuality, and at length spoken in his own artistic tongue. The subjects of this period are commonly parties of ladies, seated or reclining on the turf of gardens, on the sward of forests, or on the rocks of the seashore. Already the painter has reached the fullest subtlety of his colouring, though in his later works he frequently deals with more potent tones and combinations; the landscape

surroundings are broadly treated; the classical draperies of the figures are gracefully but vaguely generalised; and in each case the heads and faces are handled with much refinement and delicacy, with a beauty of dexterous finish which derives an additional piquancy from its contrast in method to the other portions of the work. We next pass to subjects like No. 19, "L'Entrée du Manoir," and No. 24, "La Musique." Here passages of delicate detail are wholly absent; but we find a certain definite blocking out of each figure, and frequently the most skilful and swiftly synthetic suggestion of form and action, along with greater force and power of ardent colouring than distinguished any former phase of the artist's work. Finally, we have a period of Monticelli's art where he seems to have abandoned form altogether, in which he blends tint with tint, and opposes pigment to pigment without any reference at all to "the thing signified," with no more aim to represent the qualities and appearances of natural things than we find in a Rhodian plate or a Persian carpet—a time when he seeks to be an exponent of the pure sensuous delightfulness that lies in colours subtly combined, and of this alone. "Finally" we said; yet it is hardly so, for there is in Monticelli's art a more ultimate finality still, a "last scene of all," a phase in which his work shows that his colour-sense had at length deserted him, and that in losing this he may be said to have lost all artistic value. Fortunately this phase—one sad enough to contemplate—is wholly unrepresented in the present collection.

"A colourist—that certainly," will probably be his characterisation by those who have made the round of this gallery lined with his work. "A great colourist," it might be added, without fear of serious question. And a colourist of a curiously exceptional range and variety. For almost all the greatest colourists of the past and the present, whether they have aimed at delicacy or at force, whether they have been Correggio or Titian, Orchardson or Watts, have in a sense been mannerists; for their works show constantly recurrent combinations of colour, certain definite harmonies and contrasts of hue which are habitual to each master, and by which his productions are recognisable. But, in the case of Monticelli, it is not too much to say that, if he sought for little else, he has at least taken all colour "for his province"; that his colour-schemes are exceptionally varied, and their range unusually wide; that he passes at will from colour potent and startling as a trumpet blast to colour delicate and cool and silvery as the sound of a stream rippling beneath the moonlight; and that his productions are recognisable as his, less by any recurrent and habitual combinations of hue, than by peculiarities of touch and handling which—as was to be expected—are sufficiently well marked in the art of a painter who, in much of his most typical work, seems to have discarded the time-honoured intervention of the hog's hair-brush, to have had a prejudice in favour of applying his pigments directly and undiluted from the mouth of the metal colour-tube. The variety of his colour is excellently emphasised by the arrangement of the present gallery, where No. 57, "Scène du Jardin," with its greys and blues opposed by blacks and reds, is placed beneath the glow of potent orange, culminating in fullest crimson and paling into delicate gold, of No. 58, "La Dame au Péroquet"; and the wan effect of dying day, with the dusky temple, and blue-clad suppliants, in No. 10, "L'Invocation aux Dieux," is set beside the ruddy joyous warmth of No. 9 "Dolce far niente," with its white dominant sculptured shape and the whiter necks and breasts of recumbent women flashing in points against the embrowned tones of herbage and of forest trees.

But a deliberate examination, a comprehensive criticism of Monticelli's work, will disclose that it contains much of worth besides that which relates solely to colour. His treatment of form is admittedly arbitrary and capricious; but it is nearly always most skillfully selective, and suggestive in a quite singular degree. As examples of this, we may instance the female forms to the right and left of No. 24, "La Musique." How expressive they are with all their slightness; how admirably, how rightly and thoroughly, each figure is felt beneath its robe! Or—to turn to works even more summary in their handling—take the dogs in No. 52, "L'Avenue," and No. 51, "La Cadeau de Fleurs." Is not each touch here laid with the most definitely calculated intention, with the most complete success? Could touches as few as these have placed the creatures before us more vividly, more completely? Does selective work like this not prove that the painter is no sloven or blunderer, but a man who in his youth had mastered form in its elementary, its academic and strictly measurable sense, and won medals—many of them—for such student work, and then passed on, quite deliberately and with clearly seen purpose, to a far subtler and finer perception and portrayal of form? Again, in his landscape work, Monticelli frequently attains great excellence in truth of tone and relation, and in rendering of atmosphere. As illustrative of these qualities, we may indicate the light grassy bank to the right of No. 36, "Paysage—Automne"; No. 32, "L'Arohe," which is filled and flooded with such a sense of clear, silvery, morning air; and No. 55, "Sur la Terrasse," with the amplitude and vastness of its space of sky.

We are far enough from asserting that Monticelli has said the last word in art. Painting has other and higher things within its range than he ever aimed at; but none more typical, or in stricter harmony with its own especial genius. And in these days, when the boundaries of the arts are so frequently confused, when graphic art so often tends to become merely literary—to be a narration, or a "preachment" of moralities—there is room enough, and need enough, for a painter like Monticelli, who concerns himself so exclusively with the things proper and peculiar to his own chosen craft, and contents himself with manifesting to us the most subtle and exquisite delights of colour, at which no other art than the painter's can do much more than vaguely hint.

J. M. GRAY.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE recent Academy elections were in no way a surprise, and they show, upon the whole, the tendency of the Royal Academy to pursue a popular course. Thus, the election of Mr. W. B. Richmond was (seeing how very little Mr. Richmond has contributed to the Academy) a tolerably prompt recognition of a fashionable portrait painter, who is a trained draughtsman, and will be of use in the schools. The election of Mr. Bloomfield was a concession to the claims of architects. This gentleman is not a young man; but his work deserved recognition long ago, and there was no reason why, because acknowledgment of its merits had long been delayed, it should be delayed for ever. Perhaps the strongest step—and the step most certain to be justified by good work still to be done—was the election of Mr. Onslow Ford, whose delightful bronze of "Folly" was one of the best purchases out of the funds from the Chantrey bequest, and whose labours are in every case of high dignity and sometimes of profound charm. But though, as will be seen, not much is to be said against any one of these elections—as times go—it is yet the fact that several justly

prominent artists remain outside. Not to speak, for the moment, of Sir James Linton—whose position as one of the chief upholders of English water-colour, does not, it would seem, commend him to the graces of the Royal Academy—there are yet waiting for tardy recognition such a master of the decorative painting of the figure as Mr. Albert Moore, and such a serious and accomplished and poetic student of landscape as Mr. Alfred Hunt. Then, again, among younger artists, there is the engaging landscapist Mr. Alfred Parsons, and Mr. J. C. Sargent—an individuality as brilliant as he is difficult to define. The two last-named gentlemen have already been the subjects of those Chantrey honours which now often precede election.

SIR JAMES LINTON is putting the last touches to the beautiful water-colour—"Waiting"—a single girl's figure, with puffed white sleeves and big brown hat; on the whole not only a lovely composition, but a splendid harmony in brown, green and gold. Sir James—with whom oil pictures are now quite the exception—has finished a striking portrait of a young American lady of great beauty of feature and distinction of carriage. She stands with extended hand holding a silver-tipped staff before curtain and landscape. The line of the back of the head and of the nape of the neck down towards the shoulder is of especially dignity and suavity. The lady's expression is agreeable. We have already said that she is handsome; and she wears a magnificent brocaded gown fitting lightly to an excellent figure. It is an extremely attractive portrait.

THE works which Mr. Haynes Williams has brought back from Fontainebleau, and will exhibit at Goupil's next month, are of a kind that will do him good with everybody, and most good of all with the most artistic. In a picture at the Grosvenor Gallery—perhaps some three or four years ago—this accepted painter of picturesque incident revealed a quite peculiar capacity for dealing with the charm of rich interiors in which no event passes at the moment, but which are charged for the imagination with historic and romantic association. Mr. Haynes Williams has now made about thirty chiefly finished pictures of all that is most engaging in the palace—in its finest galleries and in its prettiest *salons*—François Premier architecture, Louis Quinze decoration, furniture of the Directory, furniture of the Empire, pictures by Van Loo, wonderful hangings, precious objects of rock crystal, and the like. Mr. Williams has evidently been in thorough sympathy with the gorgeousness and art among which, for now nearly two years, he has worked; and when his exhibition opens we shall be able to realise much of the fascination he must himself have felt.

THREE courses of two lectures each on Sculpture will be delivered at the Royal Academy during the month of February. Mr. Alfred Gilbert will lecture on "The Arts immediately dependent on the Plastic Art"; Mr. A. S. Murray on "Sculptures recently discovered in the Acropolis of Athens," and on "Ancient engraved Gems"; and Prof. J. H. Middleton on "The Christian and Pagan Element in Mediæval Sculpture."

The Dudley Gallery Art Society will open next week an exhibition of watercolours at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

THE National Museum at Washington has undertaken the formation of a collection of casts of Assyrian and Babylonian antiquities in association with the Johns Hopkins University. The museum stands ready to make facsimiles and casts of Assyrian and Babylonian antiquities. An attempt is first being made to obtain copies of Assyrian antiquities preserved in

America. The Johns Hopkins University will attend to the proper arrangement and cataloguing of the collection, under the supervision of Dr. Paul Haupt, Professor of Semitic Languages, and Dr. Cyrus Adler, assistant in the Semitic courses, who will also co-operate in the work of forming the collection and of securing the loan of objects to be copied.

MESSRS. BUCK & REID—encouraged, doubtless, by the success of the etching of "Worcester," after Gainsborough, which they published last year—have now issued a companion to it called "The Way to the Mill." Both of these etchings are from "Gainsborough's Camera"—a screen filled with transparencies painted by himself, which is now itself to be seen at Messrs. Buck & Reid's. These landscapes on glass were painted by the artist for his own amusement, and are all beautiful in composition. The etching of "The Way to the Mill," which is by M. Brunet Debaines, shows a country road with some trees on the left, and a pond and bank on the right. In the centre and middle distance is a small hill with the mill perched on the top, and showing its profile against the sky. The peaceful charm of the composition is admirably rendered by M. Brunet Debaines.

THE STAGE.

"PARTNERS" AT THE HAYMARKET.

MR. BUCHANAN'S "Partners," produced at the Haymarket, and already, I was glad to find, a good deal amended and shortened since the first night, is really a very free adaptation of what is perhaps after all Daudet's best novel. The play owes more to *Froment jeune et Bistrot aîné* than Mr. Buchanan thinks. In the record of his obligations he aims to be very precise, but he ends by being insufficient. What he has not managed to transfer or convey is the brightness of the story. The whole Delobelle group, for instance—tragic actor who has nothing in him, devoted wife, and that daughter, Desirée, who is as a figure torn from a page of Dickens—is but poorly represented in "Partners" by the single character of Mr. Bellair. Mr. Buchanan may say it does not aim to be represented at all, yet the idea of the neglected tragedian who has no value is assuredly from Daudet at a distance. But the originality of treatment which Mr. Buchanan, in his "Author's Note," endeavours to imply, refers chiefly, we suspect, to the fact that whereas M. Daudet let his heroine go over the precipice, Mr. Buchanan is careful to pull her up on the brink. Hence, greater acceptability, no doubt, to the British public; and hence, too, some loss of naturalness in the story. Mrs. Borgfeldt's substantial innocence would have been in all likelihood established much sooner in real life than in Mr. Buchanan's fiction; and—not to speak of anything else—in real life that letter which attests her incorruptibility would not have taken so long to open as it does at the Haymarket Theatre. Mr. Buchanan may nevertheless have something to say in defence—even in artistic defence—of the course he has pursued. Unfortunately, however, he cannot rebut the accusation of having produced a piece which, even now that it is shortened, has about it too large a measure of dulness. Interest of a kind it has also—one character is thoroughly studied—the sombre-ness is at certain times very effective. There are two or three fine scenes. But, on the

whole, it must be uphill work for the actors; and without the aid of some very good acting indeed, the piece would have fallen to the ground. At present, what keeps it going is the impressive, and at times affecting, performance of Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and the admirable support which he receives from two or three of those who are associated with him. How long these things will suffice with a public moved by so many impulses—affected now by caprice, now by fashion, and now, one hopes, for a change, by sober reason—it is safest not to venture to prophesy.

Let us address ourselves to what is most interesting and what will be remembered the longest—the manner of the performance. And first we will point out its defects. Mr. Brookfield, a very skilled character-actor, plays Bellair, the tragedian—the Delobelle of Daudet. Delobelle in the French novel has no blood relationship whatever with the Froment and Risler, here the Derwentwater and Borgfeldt, group. Mr. Buchanan makes him the father of the erring, or almost erring, wife, and of the wife's well-behaved sister. Accordingly, there is even less room than in the French story for his obviously farcical carriage, and, at the present time of day, for a get-up presumably in imitation of a portrait of one of the Kembles by Lawrence, say, or Hoppner. At Mr. Brookfield's performance we smile, and yet grieve. In the critical slang of the moment, the "note" is "forced." The note is forced every bit as much by Miss Gertrude Kingston as Mrs. Harkaway, "a woman of fashion." The playwright represents Mrs. Harkaway as jealous and disgustingly vindictive, but still "a woman of fashion." Miss Kingston remembers the jealousy and vindictiveness, but not the bearing that would have compelled at all events a partial concealment of them. The lady's place in the drama is that of one who is not looked upon as offensive by her associates—of one who, with well-bred people, takes a fair rank. But the actress so represents her that she could hardly for the second time be with well-bred people at all. You would watch not only your reputation, but every pocketable nick-nac in your rooms, while you talked to her. To be so obviously distasteful requires skill on Miss Kingston's part, no doubt; but it is skill misplaced. Mr. Cantley's Charles Derwentwater is, I daresay, a little colourless. It has no worse fault, and the part itself may compel that. Lady Silverdale's part is sympathetic, and only wants in Miss Le Thiere a sympathetic voice. Heartiness she contrives to give it. A little child, Minnie Terry—Mr. Charles Terry's daughter, I believe—is so entirely unconventional as Mrs. Borgfeldt's little daughter that it is a pity Mr. Buchanan has not withheld from her the seemingly inevitable line from the good child to the depressed mother, "Mamma, why do you cry so?" Miss Marian Terry is, indeed, one of the most famous of tearful actresses; and she is here provided—after Borgfeldt's quite unreasonable refusal to listen to his wife's explanation—with all the motive and the cue for weeping which it would be possible to desire. She is somehow not at her strongest—the unnaturalness of the situation we may assume to be the cause of it—when she is listening to reproaches she is not permitted to answer,

because if she answered them, the play would end too soon. But Miss Terry—who never actually fails in the accepted business of the stage—is individual and convincing in at least two passages: the first, where Mrs. Borgfeldt bids to her husband a hysterical adieu—an adieu charged with a secret; the second, where the brute passion of Derwentwater (whom the feeble wife so foolishly idealises) is, as it were, upon the very point of overcoming her. The part of Alice Bellair (Mrs. Derwentwater's sister)—played by Miss Janet Achurch—is not a good one, but it is a mistake to say—as has been said somewhere—that it is the part of an *ingénue*. The *ingénue* assents to everything, and has no views of her own. Alice Bellair takes sides very distinctly, and carries her thought into action; and so Miss Achurch—always singularly real—is right in giving to the representation decisiveness as well as charm. Mr. Kemble's performance of a part more telling, since more varied, leaves—it can hardly be disputed—as little to be desired. He is the confidential, high-toned servant of a great house, perfectly; exaggerating nothing, doing justice to every word.

I have left Mr. Beerbohm Tree to the last, because, as Mr. Buchanan has managed things, his information alone can be elaborate and important enough to be the *raison d'être* of the play. If it errs at all, it is through over-elaboration, over-lengthiness, that it errs. But I am not inclined to blame it. It has humane and homely touches. It has its pleasant suggestions of comedy. It is obviously forcible where poor Borgfeldt has to suffer horrible things in his unwillingness to listen to explanations which might have cleared everything up. And it has, among its several satisfactory, its one original and finely exciting effect: the moment at which—convinced of his wife's falseness—the steady old merchant, loyal always to his "house," addresses himself, in the house's difficulty, with tearful valour, to the ledger. On the night I was in the theatre, that was done quite admirably. After all these details, is one to give one's general impression of "Partners"? That would be, probably, that the piece has but a few merits; its performance but a few defects.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

WE understand that a drama by Mr. Hall Caine, based upon his own novel, *The Deemster*, has been accepted by Mr. Wilson Barrett for early representation.

WE hear that Mr. Benson—whose travelling company has perhaps the best and the largest repertory of any company that goes about the provinces—hopes, within a twelvemonth or thereabouts, to be established in London. When he comes we trust he will have sufficient confidence in his present method of proceeding to dispense with costly scenery, and never to dream of long runs. What is wanted most of all in London is a manager who will audaciously rely upon the attraction of the art of acting as the single attraction to his theatre.

AT the Olympic the "Ticket of Leave Man"—almost the first of dramas which were at once "realistic" and sensational—takes the place of "Held by the Enemy." Mr. Henry Neville and Mrs. Stephens resume the parts

they played nearly a quarter of a century ago; and the part of Jem Dalton, played by Mr. Willard, must acquire new importance. The Olympic, it may be remembered, was the original home of the "Ticket of Leave Man."

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. DANNREUTHER gave his second concert at Orme-square last Thursday week. The programme included a new Sonata in C minor for piano and violin (Op. 45) by Grieg. The opening allegro is of considerable length, and is full of the composer's peculiar harmonies and rhythms. Each detail is interesting in itself, but the effect produced by the whole piece appears scarcely satisfactory. It needs to be heard more than once before one could say how much matter lies hid behind the manner. The second movement (allegretto) in E is in Grieg's more simple style; there is less effort and greater charm. The lively middle section, in E minor, contrasts admirably with the gently-flowing theme of the commencement, and also with its last presentation. The finale is animated, skilfully constructed, and perhaps healthier in tone than the opening movement. The sonata was well interpreted by Messrs. Gompertz and Dannreuther. The programme included Schumann's magnificent D minor Trio and Dr. Parry's clever pianoforte Trio in B minor. Miss Lena Little sang songs by Franz and Tchaikowski.

THE West branch of the English Goethe Society gave a musical evening at Queen's Gate Hall, South Kensington, last Saturday evening. Liszt's "Faust" Symphony was played on two pianos by Mr. G. Henschel and Mr. W. Bache. So far as we are acquainted with Liszt's works, this seems to us by far the most interesting. The "Faust" movement, with its tones of despair, its visions of love, and its moments of enthusiasm, is powerful. The "Margaret" section depicts Gretchen's love and devotion in strains which could scarcely be surpassed for tenderness and refinement. The "Mephistopheles" movement, though clever, is too realistic. The ending, however, for tenor solo and male chorus is fine. The solo part was sung by Mr. W. Shakespeare, and the chorus by some members of the "Liederkrantz" Society, under the direction of Mr. Martin Müller. The Symphony is most skilfully orchestrated, but in transcription the colour is lost. Still the arrangement for two pianos by the composer himself is effective, and the two pianists deserve the highest praise for their intelligent and sympathetic playing. Mr. Bache is of course known as a devoted disciple of Liszt. Mr. Henschel, whose accompaniments we have often admired, is decidedly a gifted pianist. The hall was crowded, and the performance much appreciated.

MDLLE. JANOTHA was the pianist at the Popular Concerts last Saturday, and again on the following Monday evening. Her Saturday solos were five numbers from Schumann's Kreisleriana, and they were carefully rendered. The young lady did not, however, present them with sufficient charm and feeling. On Monday she played three pieces. First, Schumann's Novelette in F, in too hurried a style, and with coldness, especially in the trio; Mendelssohn's Venetianisches Gondellied, from Fifth Book of "Lieder ohne Worte"—not the one marked in the programme-book—was given with much delicacy. Chopin's B minor Scherzo enabled Mdlle. Janotha to show off her excellent technique; but here, again, she was too impetuous. On both occasions she was encored. On Saturday Beethoven's Quartet in C was given, and on Monday Haydn's Quartet in A,

with the "whispering" fugue, was repeated. At the former concert, Madame Norman-Néruda played Handel's Sonata in D, and at the latter Vitali's Chaconne in G minor. Mr. Santley and Miss Carlotta Elliot were the vocalists. The latter was not in her best voice.

MR. HENSCHEL gave his tenth concert on Tuesday evening, and the programme contained many features of interest. It is some time since Mozart's "Haffner" Serenade was performed in London. This delightful work was written in 1776, to celebrate the wedding-day of Elise Haffner, daughter of a worthy Salzburg burgermeister. It is scored for a small orchestra; and the music, as befitted the occasion, is bright and lively. The wedding guests at Salzburg needed no analytical programme-book to help them to understand the simple construction of the allegro, or to follow the graceful andante, with solo violin part, the simple minuet and trio, and the merry rondo. It was the golden age when music could be left to speak for itself. Have we advanced since then? There are moments when even the staunchest admirer of latter-day music must wonder whether his musical heroes will stand the test of time as well as the old masters have done. The performance of the Serenade was good, though a little heavy at times; and the solo violin part was brilliantly interpreted by Mme. Norman-Néruda. She took the rondo at a pace which would probably have surprised Mozart. Mr. Henschel was wise not to play the remaining movements. Another revival was Bizet's orchestral suite, entitled "Roma." It was originally produced by Mr. Weist Hill at a Covent Garden concert, and afterwards performed by Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace. The music is decidedly pleasing and the orchestration clever. It contains the number of movements usual in a symphony, but the opening one is not in strict form, and this, together with the light character of the "Carnival" finale, probably induced the composer to call it a Suite de Concert. But there were two novelties. An overture, "Morte d'Arthur," by Dr. Bridge, written in 1885, was given for the first time in London. Tennyson's poem has, of course, furnished the subject. We leave those who are so disposed to discover the "Arthur" the "Lake" motives, &c.; but we prefer to look at it as abstract music, and see in it a very creditable effort of an English composer. It is perhaps a little spun out, and the influence of Weber is, at times, very strong; but it is well constructed and well scored. The second novelty was an Aria by Beethoven, lately published, sung by Mr. Henschel. The words are from Goethe's "Claudine von Villa Bella." The song is lively, but it is very early Beethoven, and might even pass for Mozart's. It was well rendered.

MR. AND MRS. HENSCHEL gave the first of a series of three vocal recitals at Prince's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. The programme was varied and interesting, and included songs of many schools and styles. Mrs. Henschel, though not in her best form, sang with perfect taste some of Schubert's songs, among which "Die junge Nonne," and the seldom heard "Dass sie hier gewesen." Mr. Henschel gave with much feeling a simple but pleasing aria from Hayden's "Orfeo," and with humour the quaint scene from "Il Maestro di Musica" of Pergolesi. Loewe's "Erl-King" proved an attractive novelty. Schubert's "Erl-King" has of course ousted it from popularity; but it is, nevertheless, a setting of Goethe's words of some power, and as a dramatic conception perhaps equal to Schubert, and, at the close, even finer. The concert-givers also sang duets by Handel, Henschel, and Saint-Saëns. There was a good attendance. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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The Forest of Essex. By W. R. Fisher. (Butterworth.)

THERE is always a flavour of romance about the story of an ancient forest, even when it has come to be associated in modern times with the idea of an Epping hunt or the humours of an August bank-holiday. Mr. Fisher's treatise on the Forest of Essex, more commonly known as Epping Forest, will find many readers who are interested in all that concerns the history of sport and the chase of the wild red deer.

The greater part of the work is concerned with the varying boundaries of the forest, the origin and development of the common-rights which were so successfully vindicated by the Corporation of London, and the curious customs of "lop-wood" or privileges of cutting fuel from pollards at certain seasons of the year, which lasted at least in one village until all inconvenient rights of that kind were bought up under the provisions of the Act by which the forest was devoted to public recreation. But the reader will also find a store of woodcraft and plenty of old lore about vert and venison. The forest, according to the lawyers, was a district apart, outside the common law, and governed by a quaint code, drawn up by men "who loved the tall deer like their father, and let the hares go free." It was a territory with great woods for the secret abode of wild beasts and fruitful pastures for their continual feeding, "kept for the princely pleasure of the king to hunt with his nobles for his recreation, when wearied with the burden of cares for the common-weal." In reading of the poachers with their cross-bows, the troubles of the purlieu-men with the deer in their corn, and the burlesque decisions at the verderers' court or justice-seat, the fancy goes back to Merry Sherwood and the dun deer in "Robin Hood's Larder"—the foresters pass with hounds in leash, and talk of the chase of the boar and bull, of a rout of wolves or a riches of martens to be chased; the hays and nets are set in a labyrinth of ambushes, an army of beaters is posted, and "bowmen through the groves glide, for to kill the deer." There seems to have been very little sport of the modern kind. The main object was to get the venison either by chasing the game with deerhounds, or killing them with arrows, crossbows, or handguns, with the aid of buckstalls, deerhays, and stalking-horses. The poachers, we are told, used "engines called wyers," and trammel-nets, and sometimes a "thief-net, baited with bottles, flowers, and looking-glasses," which seems to have been a device "for practising on the curiosity of the deer." The hunters used greyhounds and "brachets" or "brachs,"

something like the modern hounds, though not so strong, perhaps. Mr. Fisher quotes the song of the brach whose feet are sore: "I cannot follow with the pack a-hunting of the boar." The boar, however, was usually chased with a "long-legged hound," called *veltrarius* in the Exchequer records, descended, perhaps, from the ancient British dogs "strong enough to break the neck of a bull," which were well known even in the Roman arena. The name "veltrarius" is as old as the days of Martial. This hound is sometimes confused with the mastiff, which appears to have been a mediaeval importation from Central Asia. Mastiffs are often mentioned in the proceedings at the Forest Courts in company with other breeds which it is not easy now to identify, such as the "rain-hound," which keeps watch by itself in rainy weather, and the "stuckle-dog" or stone-hill dog, which is probably the "agassaeus" of the ancients, the "petrunculus" of the Burgundian Laws, and the terrier of modern times. In Justice Dodderidge's well-known judgment as to badgers being vermin in the eyes of the law, it was held that to dig a brock out of a neighbour's land is a trespass, "but he might have got him out either by smoking him out or by using of tarriers." The harriers of modern times appear as early as the sixteenth century. Dr. Caius describes them thus:

"We may know these kind of dogges by their long, large, and bagging lippes, by their hanging ears reachyng down both sydes of their chappes, and by the indifferent and measurable proportion of their making."

In the old "Charter of Peperkin" (which professed to date from Edward the Confessor, and was really thought worthy of enrolment among the public records of Edward II.), there is a grant of "hounds good swift and bould, four greyhounds and six raches for hare and fox and wild-cattes"; and the document contains other information or suggestions as to the early state of the forest. The grantee was to have the keeping of the forest within certain limits,

"With hart and hind, doe and bokke,
Hare and fox, catt and brocke,
Wylds foule with his flock,
Partriche, fesaunt-hen and fesaunt cock,
With green and wyld, stob and stock."

The last phrase refers, it would seem, to stubbed-ground and wood-ground, or fields and woods, and not, as Mr. Fisher suggests, to the right of having a gallows and pair of stocks. The hart and hind, always counted in separate classes as having different hunting seasons, take the first place, the hart being described as "a goodly beast, full of state in his gait and view, and among beasts of chase the chief for principal game and exercise"; the fallow-deer is merely counted as "a worthy beast," coming far short of the stateliness and boldness of the native red deer. Fallow-deer and pheasants are both considered to have been introduced by the Romans. Hares, after some uncertainty, were adjudged to be "venison," and included among the beasts of the forest; but in Lord Coke's time it became usual to treat them as being animals of warren. Rabbits, for which most warrens were instituted, are not mentioned in the document, and appear to have been very scarce in old times, owing, probably,

to questions of weather and drainage. Pheasants appear in connexion with Epping Forest as early as the Norman Conquest. It is said that the monks of Waltham had their choice of a magpie or half a pheasant apiece for their dinner on a holiday occasion. Pheasants were taken with the falcon, or called into a net by the fowler; partridges were taken either with the falcon or short-winged hawk, or netted, or caught with limed sticks.

Epping Forest was stretched soon after the Norman Conquest so as to cover almost all the county, except a small piece to the north-east of the Roman road from Colchester. Even that town itself was under the grinding laws of the forest, until the burgesses bought their freedom from the verderers' exactions and a right to kill vermin within their liberties. It seemed likely at one time that all England would be turned into a hunting-ground under the prerogative claimed by the Norman kings of making new forests wherever they pleased. Fortunately the practice was stopped by the great Charter of the Forest, which stayed the boundaries of the royal forests at the limits that existed under Henry II. Another great alarm arose under Charles I., when it was proposed by the high-prerogative lawyers to go back to the limits legalised by the charter, notwithstanding their shrinkage during centuries of inclosure and cultivation. The complaint is well expressed in a letter in the Strafford correspondence. "The justice-seat in Essex hath been kept this Easter-week, and all Essex hath become forest; and so, they say, will all the counties in England but three—Kent, Surrey, and Sussex." The revival of the obsolete laws turned out to be only a trick for increasing the revenue; and, after a good many people had been heavily fined, an Act was passed in 1640 defining the bounds of all forests as those which existed by common reputation in the twentieth year of James I. Thus ended the great controversy; and soon afterwards, the game being destroyed in the Civil War, and men's minds having been changed on many obsolete matters, the whole apparatus of Norman forest-law fell into deserved neglect and oblivion. CHARLES ELTON.

Sketches in History and Poetry. By the late John Campbell Shairp. Edited by Prof. John Veitch. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

THE late Principal Shairp was seen at his worst and weakest in his study of Burns for the "English Men of Letters" series. He is probably seen at his best in this volume of papers, which are very appropriately termed "Sketches"—unless, indeed, a claim for superiority be put in for the patient Wordsworthian photography of certain passages in his poetry, in which he almost succeeds in bending the bow of Thomas Aird. His criticism is pretty superficial ploughing, though good and honest of its kind. After his own fashion he loved Scotland, and Scotch history and poetry, although he had no sympathy with the disreputable, heretical, alcoholic, and Jacobinical elements in either. In this book there are no such revelations of his almost spinsterish likes and dislikes in the matters of taste and morality (Shairp's likes and dislikes, however, were those of one of Miss Ferrier's

blue-hooded refined spinsters of the old Scotch school) as disfigured, and yet gave a certain amusing piquancy to, his biography of Burns, whose hat was somewhat too large for his head. Yet even here, and when, as in his essay on "The Ettrick Shepherd," trying elaborately to do justice to Burns, he must needs give us his socio-political creed, for he tells us that

"Burns, with his genial fellowship, has a large leaven of social discontent and bitterness against the classes above him. Hogg, while his mind was as independent as that of Burns, had no quarrel with the gradation of ranks and the social order, though he found himself at the bottom of the ladder."

To regard, as simply so much naughtiness, any discussion of "the gradation of the ranks and the social order," to talk of "bitterness against the classes above him" in connexion with the poet who, in his "A man's a man for a' that," regarded "class" distinctions as altogether artificial, and destined to be obliterated by time—the naïveté of all this is not more remarkable than the capacity it indicates for rendering cloistered seclusion impervious to the deepest murmur of the world of to-day.

But in dealing with these "Sketches," there is, happily, almost no need to consider the late Principal Shairp's socio-political creed, but only his faculty for telling an old Scotch legend or historical incident agreeably, for investing Scotch antiquities with picturesqueness, for giving an air of something like beauty to the courteous commonplaces of conventional criticism. Five out of the ten essays, lectures, and addresses, which compose this volume, treat of subjects of the classes indicated, such as "St. Columba," "The Earliest Scottish University," "The Early Poetry of Scotland," "King Robert Bruce in St. Andrews Cathedral," and "The Ettrick Shepherd." Three in particular, "St. Columba," "The Earliest Scottish University," and "The Ettrick Shepherd," are probably better than anything that has previously been written on the same topics. Columba, indeed—

"with countenance so ruddy and hilarious, that even when worn with long toil and fasting, 'he looked like one who lived in luxury,' large stock of natural genius, quite herculean energy, by nature irascible and explosive, yet unselfish, placable, affectionate, full of tenderness for those about him, and most compassionate to the weak"—

Shairp seems to have regarded as a sixth-century Norman Macleod, and to have loved very much as he loved Macleod. In "The Earliest Scottish University," he works out very carefully the late Dean Stanley's "Mine own St. Andrews" enthusiasm for the Scotch university town which combines the charms of Oxford and Margate. In it, too, are given as good, though brief, biographies of John Knox and Andrew Melville as any ordinary English reader requires. Shairp does not show to such advantage when he deals with St. Andrews worthies nearer to our own time than Knox or Melville. Take, for example, what he says of the late Prof. Ferrier:

"Revolting from the traditional Scotch psychology, he grappled with questions which it had never dreamt of, and set the idealistic

philosophy on a line along which it still is travelling. And then he clothed his subtle speculations in a style that, for lucidity and incisiveness, recalled the charm of David Hume's."

To begin with, this passage is too suggestive of the eulogistic eloquence of an obituary notice in a provincial newspaper. Then, when a writer says that Ferrier "grappled with questions" which the traditional Scotch psychology "had never dreamt of," one is inclined to ask what of the contempt of the Scotch philosophy for Berkeleyanism, what of Reid, and, above all, what of Ferrier's ridicule of Reid? There is no question as to the high quality—"charm" seems a little affected in this connexion—both of Hume's style and of Ferrier's. But in what particular does Ferrier's "recall" Hume's?

Principal Shairp seems, however, to have put his very best into "The Ettrick Shepherd," the last lecture, it appears, that he delivered at Oxford in his capacity of Professor of Poetry. It "recalls"—to repeat his own rather dubious phrase—what Prof. Veitch has written on the same subject; but it is compacter, less effusive, and at once more truly critical and more genuinely appreciative. But for Shairp's desire, manifested rather than directly expressed, to elevate Hogg to a higher moral position than that occupied by Burns—by the way, was Hogg's drink-bill very much smaller than Burns's?—it might be said that this essay is, in its way and for its subject, not only just but perfect. Shairp does not ignore Hogg's obligations to some of his contemporaries, and he can scarcely be said to exaggerate when he says that

"in all literary history there is no nobler example of a strong man's holding out a hand to struggling genius than the bearing of Sir Walter Scott to Hogg from the first day he saw him till the last—such sound-headed, true-hearted magnanimity, which no insult could alienate, no failure discourage."

Further, Principal Shairp takes a sensible view of the secret—which was no secret—of Hogg's strength:

"No other poet, in our language, has ever described fairyland so well, or embodied the whole underwork of ghosts, spectres, wraiths, brownies, water-kelpies, dead-lights, with such an eerie sense of reality; and the reason was this—that to him they were real existences. He had reached full manhood before he felt the atmosphere of the nineteenth century, and began to disbelieve these things."

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Tenerife, and its Six Satellites; or, the Canary Islands Past and Present. By Olivia M. Stone. In 2 vols. (Marcus Ward.)

THIS book appears at an opportune moment, though published rather long after the author's actual journey. The Canaries have just lately come into wider repute and favour in Europe as a good resort for those who are compelled to, or can, avoid a Northern winter. Many people thus looked forward to Mrs. Stone's work, being the best substitute for a practically non-existing guide book. The author and her husband had great advantages over the ordinary traveller, and as yet no English people have followed in their steps. Mr. Stone took photographs even in the outlying islands;

and his botanical knowledge, it was thought, might lead to additions being made to Berthelot and Webb's carefully compiled lists of plants. Possibly, also, there might be some new scientific facts or theories upon the groups. Hence, for several reasons, curiosity was aroused among those connected with the Canaries.

Mrs. Stone may receive congratulations, when her volumes have been read through, for the pluck and energy that led her to "rough it" for many weeks, not only ashore under canvas, or with not over-clean surroundings, but afloat in the small island schooners, which were certainly never intended to carry English ladies. The outcome of it is an interesting and readable account of the Canary group that will, no doubt, be welcome to those wishing to learn something of a region and people that they previously knew nothing of—in most cases, we may say "absolutamente nada," as the Spanish phrase runs. Mrs. Stone, in speaking of her predecessors' writings on the islands, points out how short a time most of them stayed, and how "insufficient and misleading" their descriptions are. Such is a fair judgment on many of the English and French books; but there are several German writers whose accounts may be consulted with advantage, and generally without fear of inaccuracy. Mrs. Stone, however, cannot claim any great superiority over her predecessors, though she does seem, more than once, to imply it. She herself spent only about three weeks in Tenerife, the same time travelling and going about in Grand Canary (or Canaria, as she always formally calls it), while the remaining five islands were each allowed only a week. In such an allotted time, only part of each island could be seen. Even with note-book at work on horse or camel-back, and speaking fluent Spanish with intelligent *islenos*, we could hardly have expected from any lady traveller more than a readable and graphic journal of what she saw and heard. Such we have, with many pages of interest on places and on people and their ways. Probably some of these will seem strange reading to those who are unfamiliar with Spanish conservatism in an island province.

But to students of the history, topography, and science of the Canary Islands, or to the educated Spanish gentry, these volumes will cause disappointment. In the preface, we are led to expect great things; but, after diligent search through the space of something like 900 pages, we fail to find them. If, however, the following notes of criticism appear to bear harshly on a lady-author, whose health has been weak during the compilation of her MS., we willingly apologise to those concerned. Our only guide has been the cause of truth and true science; and, as we write within view of the Peak of Teide, with capable referees at hand to supplement much personal study and experience of the interesting *Islas Canarias*, we can disclaim any "cant of criticism," or mere love of fault-finding.

We have first to deal with a statement contained in the preface, which runs thus:

"I have, I believe, consulted all the works treating, however remotely, on the subject which have appeared, whether in English, Spanish, French, or German."

A lady writing thus may certainly maintain

the courage of her belief that she did really consult *a/l*, and even *remote works* on the Canaries in the four languages mentioned. If she did, and still retains the list of authorities, she would confer a boon on students, continental as well as English, by publishing such a desideratum. But we venture to challenge the accuracy of this belief. If Mrs. Stone had told us that she consulted all accessible works, there would be nothing to say on our part. Anyone, however, who has seriously investigated the bibliography of the Canary Islands will soon find the obstacles to be no light ones which he has before him, ere he can consult the whole of the literature, either historical or scientific. An additional reason for thus doubting the author's exhaustive research is to be found in the fact that the authorities with which she occasionally troubles us are well-known to previous writers. We may count the exceptions on one hand.

We are further led to ask the pertinent question, Why is the first volume so disfigured with misprints and mistakes in even common Spanish words? "Los pobres bestes," "reales de Avilion," "manto," "huerto," "tertulla," "higos-pigos," and the constant use of "del" before plurals, as "Pico del Muchachos"—these are flagrant instances that we select among the many. But the same want of care is shown in regard to topographical names. It is, of course, difficult for entire strangers to write correctly the names of places given by guides. In the case of Tenerife, however, we have an excellent map by Fritsch, correct so far as it goes. Mrs. Stone's researches might have helped her here. For Tenerife has no such village or hamlet as Tamino, its name being, as given by Fritsch, Tamaimo. So, too, with the Valley of Cauca (i. 127, &c.). Cauca seems to have been Mrs. Stone's mishearing of the probably Guanche name of Ucanca. She adopts the old spelling of Villa Flor in place of the modern name of Vilaflor. The pronunciation of the name is strictly according to the spelling of to-day. Then, in speaking of the bold crest of lava rock which overlooks the pretty little town of Vilaflor, like a watch-tower, we are sure that Mrs. Stone has been mistaken. It is called the Sombrero, not Sombrerita; and the real Sombrerito lies on the same ridge of the Cañadas Cliff, but to the westward of the Sombrero. These errors are not to be found in the text alone, but have been transferred to an improved map of Tenerife. From personal knowledge of the localities in question, we, therefore, venture to warn cartographers against transcribing new names from the maps in Mrs. Stone's work. The maps of Canary, Gomera, and Hierro are based partly on Fritsch's accurate topographical sketch-maps, but they are poor reproductions. Neither in the map of Gomera, nor in that of Canary are the peculiar physical features brought out clearly enough. We think the map to be most trusted is that of Fuerteventura, for which the author was indebted to a most intelligent, pleasant young Spaniard. But its orographical detail, as reproduced, is in part vague.

Mrs. Stone is rather confused in her description of Sta. Cruz de Tenerife as to the position of the Anaga mountains. She speaks of

them twice over as being on the west side of the bay or roadstead. It is hardly necessary to point out the impossibility of this, when reference to any chart shows them to be north-east and east of the town. Again, in speaking of the direction of the Barranco del Infierno, on the south-west side of Tenerife, the author tells us that this grand gorge runs in a north-east direction. Now this is assuming water to be capable of running uphill, for do we not always take the course of a river or valley from its head downwards? There can surely be no other opinion than that the Barranco del Infierno runs in a general south-west direction.

We have many other faults to find, such as the inaccuracy of historical dates and the misspelling of proper names. The town of Garachico was overwhelmed in 1706, not 1705; the date of Pope Clement VI.'s bull to Don Luis de la Cerda was 1344, and Alonso Fernandez (not Ferdinando) de Lugo landed in Tenerife on May 1, 1494. The name of the Guanche King of Anaga was Beneharo, and a Spaniard would be unable to recognise Donna Ignes Peraza as being intended for Doña Inés Peraza. Such are samples. There is neither time nor space to point out more. We have purposely omitted to discuss a few personalities and matters of doubtful taste. The "quality of mercy" is not always remembered by lady-writers quite as it should be.

Mrs. Stone asserts that her friends in the islands have kept her informed of all changes. There is one change, however, that she is not apparently aware of, and that is the abolition of the old *sereno* or watchman. Her table of expenses will prove useful to those who contemplate making a similar tour in the lesser-known islands. The meteorological tables for Port Orotava, which are quoted in the appendix from a recently published pamphlet by Dr. Öhrvall, of Upsala, are a good guide; but Herr Hermann Honegger's observations, extending over more than ten years, would have served better. *Apròpos* of meteorology, Mrs. Stone's name for the hot Sahara wind, "tiempo de abajo," is so rarely used in Tenerife that her statement must be taken with considerable reserve. "Tiempo del sur," or "south weather," is the common expression.

We have thus found Mrs. Stone's book satisfactory and unsatisfactory. As a work of authority on the Canaries, or as superseding former books, it has no place; but as a narrative of travel, pure and simple, it will be read with pleasure. In the absence of a good up-to-date English work on the islands, it is a pity that inaccuracy in every way should so characterise and stamp the volumes under notice.

GEORGE F. HOOPER.

Tertium Quid. By Edmund Gurney. In 2 vols. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

THE essays collected in these two volumes range over a considerable variety of topics—moral, metaphysical, and aesthetic; but the most cursory examination will show that they are marked throughout by the same predominatingly critical and controversial character. Single-handed, Mr. Edmund Gurney encounters one after the other such champions as Mr. Frederic Harrison, the author of

Natural Religion, Mr. Mallock, Mr. Arthur Balfour, the late Prof. Clifford, Prof. Pollock, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Alfred Austin, the opponents of "psychical research," both parties to the vivisection controversy, the devotees of Wagner, and, finally, in defence of his own musical theory, Mr. James Sully and Prof. Stumpf. In each instance he shows perfect knowledge of the subject under discussion, perfect mastery of dialectical fence, perfect good temper and good taste. To all who enjoy an exhibition of fine intellectual sword-play, the spectacle must be exhilarating; to all who take sides in the questions under discussion it may be also exciting.

Nevertheless, it would be a mistake to suppose that Mr. Gurney is nothing if not critical, although it may well be that with him positive opinions are most powerfully developed under the stress of opposition and negation. Moreover, being of an independent and original turn of mind, he has worked out certain views on questions of the day which bring him alternately into conflict with both parties to the dispute. It is this attitude that the title of his book is meant to indicate. The truth does not lie with either side, nor, perhaps, even between them, but in some third point that both have overlooked; or, again, their reasonings have been wasted in the attempt to analyse and explain some essentially inexplicable, irrational, irreducible element, revealed to feeling but inaccessible to logic. Were not the word aesthetician already appropriated to artistic perception, it would admirably describe the attitude of one who occupies this point of view.

As is natural with one who attaches such importance to feeling, Mr. Gurney professes himself an uncompromising utilitarian. Pleasure and pain are for ever recurring in his pages as the great standards of reference in opinion, in action, in taste. The central essay of the whole collection, that from which all the others seem to radiate, is entitled "The Utilitarian 'Ought.'" Its object is to supply a well-known and long-felt want in the ethical system of Bentham and Mill—to supply it with a theory of moral obligation; to show that, assuming happiness to be the sole end, and a larger quantity of it better than a smaller, then each of us *ought* to sacrifice his own happiness to the greater happiness of another or of others. It is rather remarkable that in this one instance Mr. Gurney should reduce to logical compulsion what almost everybody else looks on as a unique and, at least to our immediate consciousness, inexplicable feeling. For the rest, I quite agree with his theory, so far as the consciousness of moral obligation in any individual instance is concerned; that is, I hold that when we perform a disagreeable action because it is right, we are in much the same mental state as when we admit a disagreeable proposition because it has been proved to be true. And I can also see that anyone who once allows happiness in general to be desirable, must also allow that a greater quantity of it is more desirable than a less, even if the less quantity happens to be his own and the greater someone else's. But I cannot follow Mr. Gurney when he contends that the disinterested desire for another's happiness is equivalent to an admission that happiness in the abstract is desirable. It

seems to me that to help another because not to do so would involve a painful feeling for oneself is carrying disinterestedness as far as it ever goes; and that the wish to keep off that painful feeling has reference not to another's happiness but to one's own. But if so, it may yield to pressure exercised by the fear of pain from some other quarter; and, so far, I fail to see how the feeling of logical necessity comes into play on one side more than on the other.

It is easier, if not more interesting, to discuss the applications of hedonism than its logical foundation. Mr. Gurney is one of those who hold, as I think rightly, that happiness depends far more on the avoidance of pain than on the acquisition of pleasure; and that equal quantities of pain are equally to be avoided, whether the sufferer be a human being or some other animal. It is not he who would say with Charles Austin that we cannot give up field-sports because life is already so poor in pleasures. He further maintains—again, as I think, with justice—that the torture of one is too heavy a price to pay for the relief from moderate pain of any number of others. These principles are applied in two very interesting and ably written papers to the ethics of vivisection—perhaps the soundest, and certainly the most temperate, contribution yet made to the literature of that much-disputed question. Whatever may be thought of the practical suggestion to which it leads up—namely, that the granting of licences for experiments on living animals should be entrusted to a board of *savants*—it would be difficult, on utilitarian principles, to dispute a single position defended by Mr. Gurney; although his exposure of the fallacies advanced by each of the contending parties in turn is likely to draw down on him the bitter hostility of both.

A thinker so pre-occupied with the transcendent, incommensurable importance of pain cannot but take a somewhat gloomy view of this world, filled as it has been throughout the past with misery, and pregnant as it is with illimitable possibilities of misery in the future. Accordingly our critic, while on some points highly appreciative and sympathetic, has little patience with the author of *Natural Religion* when he offers us the physical universe as a fitting object for our devotional feelings; and not much more with Mr. Frederic Harrison's enthusiasm for the prospects of humanity. In both instances his arguments, powerful as they are, seem to be vitiated by the assumption that the feelings of adoration and rapture to which those writers appeal have never in reality been aroused by the contemplation of nature, or by the vista of future progress; and it seems also to be forgotten that the historical religions by which such feelings were confessedly fostered were at all times open to similar objections. Certainly, it is not for the purpose of rehabilitating any of those religions that Mr. Gurney comes forward; nor, assuming this to be the only world, will he accept the extreme pessimism of Mr. Mallock, against whom some of his most annihilating criticism is directed. The peculiarity of his own position—the *tertium quid*—lies in this, that a single miserable existence suffices to spoil the whole universe, and forces us to admit that it had better not have been. But, as Mr. Gurney

apparently does not agree with E. von Hartmann in thinking that the abolition of the universe is a feasible operation, his motive for publishing such an unexpected and cheerless view was probably to win a favourable hearing for his own doctrine of a future life, based on such evidence as the Society for Psychical Research may hereafter collect. He contends, with even more than his usual energy, and, I think, with all his usual force of reasoning, that men of science and disbelievers in the supernatural are not justified in refusing to examine the alleged spiritual manifestations which he and his colleagues have recently investigated. But, whatever else these gentlemen may succeed in proving to the general satisfaction, there is one point that their method of observation and experiment can never possibly establish, and that is the immortality of the soul. Let it be shown—what will be hard enough to show—that a disembodied consciousness, or a consciousness embodied in some finer sort of matter, survives its earthly tenement, there is still not the faintest presumption that it is bound to exist for ever. Again, the mere prolongation of existence beyond our present life carries with it no implication that the existence will be happy. Reasoning by analogy, one would rather say the contrary. Therefore, so far, Mr. Gurney's arguments for enlarging the possibilities of existence simply go to enlarge the possibilities of pessimism. It is otherwise, of course, with those who believe in a personal God of infinite goodness and power; but, if I understand Mr. Gurney aright, he has left that belief behind him. At any rate, his merciless dialectic leaves it with the bottom knocked out (vol. i., pp. 140-143). On the other hand, it is not easy to understand how the lives of certain persons can be "painful and inexplicable enigmas" to them, unless they start with the belief in a personal creator; so that from his own point of view our author's attempt to dissociate the two great elements of modern religion—God and immortality—must be held to have failed.

It was, perhaps, in the interest of his own psychical theory that Mr. Gurney undertook the searching criticism of Prof. Clifford's metaphysics, which fills the greater part of the essay entitled "Monism." So far as concerns that one particular mode of monism, the work of refutation is very neatly and effectively done. Clifford was most assailable when he left the solid ground of science and morality; and Mr. Gurney is strongest when he limits himself to negation. Still, Clifford's contention, that there must be some reason for the connexion between mind and brain, remains untouched, and suggests a strong presumption that the connexion is a necessary one.

I have little space left to notice the aesthetic discussions that make up Mr. Gurney's second volume, full as they are of interesting criticism. Moreover, the greater number of them relate to music—a subject on which I have no competence to speak. It may, however, be mentioned that here, as well as in his great work on the Power of Sound, even such unmusical people as myself can follow the author's reasonings with considerable intelligence and appreciation. At any rate, by sweeping away the old association theories, he helps us to understand why we do not enjoy the "quint-

essential" element of music; and, arguing from the known to the unknown, I conclude that his instructiveness for persons with an "ear" must be something enormous, or, rather, would be if they would read him, which he complains with bitter humour they will not. May I add a wish that the book had been written throughout in as clear and polished a style as these musical essays?

The two papers on poetry are charming. It is a singularly felicitous idea that the sound-pleasure in verse is not something added to the imaginative pleasure, but something multiplied into it; so that if, for example, we rate the former at 5, and the latter at 100, "the resulting pleasure is not 105, but 500" (vol. ii., p. 161). Elsewhere we find a most valuable protest against the view that poetic or literary beauty can be permanently divorced from morality. Mr. Gurney's utilitarian principles enable him to dissolve away the supposed antithesis; and this notice of what is essentially an ethical work cannot more fitly conclude than with his own admirable words:

"Once perceive that beauty has no merit or meaning save as a means of happiness, and it becomes immediately clear that, so far as 'beauty' is used in an *exclusive* sense—embracing some happiness-giving elements and not others—it has no claim to be considered the sole end or criterion of poetry. That it is the *dominant* quality . . . I have been doing my best to urge; but this clearly allows us to hold that not beauty in any exclusive sense, but happiness is the end and the criterion. . . . To those, then, who hold, as most who think at all do now hold, that morality in its widest meaning is the great progressive force of the world, and that 'joy in widest commonality spread' is the goal to which it tends, it is impossible, *ceteris paribus*, but that that poetry should convey most spiritual wealth, and involve the greatest number of enriched minutes, which is in recognisable harmony with these sentiments, rather than poetry which is markedly self-centred or markedly visionary and fantastic" (vol. ii., pp. 231-234).

ALFRED W. BENN.

The Life of Samuel Morley. By Edwin Hodder. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THERE cannot fail to be much that is interesting in the biography of a man whose sagacity, enterprise, and energy were the means of acquiring great wealth, which his benevolent feelings led him to expend in behalf of his fellow-men. Among the citizens of London and of other great towns there have always been many such; and among our own contemporaries Mr. Samuel Morley is entitled to rank even above his neighbour, Mr. George Moore, whose profits were similarly made and similarly employed.

But Mr. Morley was something more than a successful man of business and munificent citizen. He occupied an almost unique position in the Nonconformist world, where his influence, if not paramount, was extraordinarily great. To his credit be it said that it was exercised with moderation; and that, as life advanced and experience widened, his appreciation of those who differed from him on some religious matters showed a steady growth. It was late in life that he frankly admitted:

"Dissent, or Catholicism, or Methodism, or

Unitarianism, or Calvinism—in all these there may be more or less of error, but they who hold them are our brethren battling against the same evil."

Samuel Morley belonged to an old Nottingham family of substantial farmers and hosiers which had long been seated in the suburban village of Sneinton. As trade developed, it was found expedient to open a branch house in London, and its management was entrusted to John Morley, who became the head of the firm established in Wood Street and the founder of the fortune which his son Samuel inherited and enlarged. In 1860 the entire control of the Nottingham house also passed into the same hands; and thus Mr. Samuel Morley "stood at the head of the greatest concern of its class in the United Kingdom." He was a liberal and considerate employer, giving fair wages (paid in cash), and, by means of pensions and allowances, securing the permanent goodwill of those who had been in his employment.

Wealth is the avenue to power. As early as 1857 Mr. Morley was urged by Cobden and others to enter Parliament. Although deeply interested in the representation of Nonconformists and in the question of religious education then before the nation, he felt he could do better work outside than within the House; but, at the General Election of 1865, his friends prevailed upon him to stand for Nottingham, and, after a hard and bitter fight, he was returned at the head of the poll. The triumph, however, was shortlived. He spoke, indeed, in favour of the Church Rates Abolition Bill and on the Tests Abolition Bill, but was soon afterwards unseated on petition; and, although at a later date he re-entered the House as member for Bristol, his services were rather useful than conspicuous. He was not a brilliant speaker, nor had he any special charms of manner or choice of diction. Men listened to him because he spoke only when he had something to say, and something worth attention. His best speeches were on religious and social subjects; by such his sympathies were called forth. For controversy, political or other, he had neither inclination nor aptitude; and the general impression which one derives from his biography is that the philanthropic spirit in him was too predominant to allow him to be a strong partisan. No man had a firmer belief in the power of the press. He was one of the chief proprietors of the *Daily News*, and took a keen interest in its success; while among those who shared in his munificent and unostentatious gifts were not a few struggling authors and journalists.

Mr. Hodder in his preface justly remarks that Mr. Morley's career was deficient in striking incidents. In spite of this defect, he has compiled an interesting biography, and one from which many useful and valuable lessons may be drawn.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

Liberty and Liberalism. By Bruce Smith. (Longmans.)

THEORETICALLY a literary journal can have little claim to deal with politics, least of all with politics in the sense of party government. "Parties may come and parties may go, but letters flow on for ever." Nevertheless,

politics, like most other subjects of human concernment, cannot dispense with literature. Its arguments, whether in a newspaper article or in an ampler treatise, must be held amenable to literary criticism. Similarly, style, language, arrangement, are so many qualities on which literature has a right to pronounce judgment. It is from this standpoint of literary criticism that I venture to deal with Mr. Bruce Smith's contribution to present-day politics.

The object of the work is twofold—(1) historical, (2) practical. Under the first head the author enters at considerable length, and with undeniable insight and ability, into the rise and growth of what he terms Liberalism, meaning by the word civil liberty. Step by step he traces its course from the Norman Conquest to the Ballot Act of 1872. Since that time the gradual "broadening down of freedom from precedent to precedent" has, according to Mr. Bruce Smith, come to a halt. Nay more, the flowing tide has begun to recede, and a disastrous ebb has already made no inconsiderable regress. At this point the practical part of the treatise comes in, and it seems to me difficult to overrate either its interest or importance. The author adroitly leads the way to its consideration by erudite and well-reasoned chapters on "Spurious Liberalism," "Some Infirmities of Democratic Government," &c. By an overwhelming induction of instances he shows that whenever Liberalism has transgressed its natural limits by violation of large economic principles, by artificial restraint or stimulation either of industries or their products, by hurried, partial, or merely class legislation, the result has been always disappointing, oftentimes disastrous. English Liberalism of a former day recognised, according to Mr. Bruce Smith, these wise limitations, and did not, on the whole, attempt to encroach upon them; but the Liberalism of our own time has latterly taken an opposite direction. Recent illustrations of this retrogression are so well known that they will readily suggest themselves to well-informed readers. Its apparent aim is to establish by false notions of equality unequal social conditions. Mr. Bruce Smith, however, is not content with skimming the surface of politics by watching overt acts of legislation and their respective results. He occasionally penetrates into the first principles of his subject by considering the functions of the state and their relation to the true wellbeing of the citizen. Under this head, also, he warns his readers against spurious and retrogressive Liberalism, enforcing his warning by his belief that "the invaluable principle of individual freedom is in imminent danger of being lost to us at the very hour of its consummation."

It is needless to point out that Mr. Bruce Smith's very able work deals with subjects of a controversial nature, on which much has already been said and written, and of which we are doubtless destined to hear more in the near future. For this reason the book has a special and most opportune interest. It also possesses a value wholly independent of the political views of which it is so admirable an exponent. Its erudition is so great, its method so clear, its style so luminous and direct, its spirit and tone so ingenuous, and, so far as possible, free from the least taint of

political bitterness, that even opposing politicians may well have recourse to its pages, though they will in my opinion find its accumulated result rather a difficult nut to crack.

I may add, in order to remove a possible misapprehension, that, although the book follows the main lines of the Liberty and Property Defence League, and is described in a sub-title as "a protest against the growing tendency toward undue interference by the state with individual liberty, private enterprise, and the rights of property," it was, at least in its origin, a private undertaking. The author's experience of "advanced Liberalism" in the colonies, as well as in England, gives him an undoubted right to speak on the question.

JOHN OWEN.

NEW NOVELS.

An American Penman. By Julian Hawthorne. (Caseell)

Uncle Bob's Niece. By Lealie Keith. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

A Fair Crusader. By William Westall. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Young Mistley. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

By Virtue of his Office. By Rowland Grey. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

Lost Identities. By M. L. Tyler. In 3 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

Caught by the Tide. By Alison L. Garland. (Sonnenschein)

"HAPPY is the nation which has not lost faith in its detectives!" is the exclamation which will rise to the lips of every observant reader of Mr. Julian Hawthorne's *An American Penman*. We never ourselves have shared the opinion of those pessimists who treat the Great Republic as prematurely aged. It is young, very young; and we have never met a greater proof of its youth than the "Inspector Byrnes," who is the hero, the real hero, of this legend. Inspector Bucket is deplorably insular. The creations of French genius in this respect resemble their great original Vidocq in being not insular, but stagy. Inspector Byrnes is not insular; he is not stagy: he is of a type which never was on island or on stage, or anywhere except in youthful imagination. His idea, however, of setting up in his own business a young Russian who had been "run in" for stealing from the person, and who told him an admirable, but rather long, story of destitution and victimising was, on well-known principles, not unworthy of success, and it quite succeeded. If Count Fedovsky (whose real history has yet to be told, we feel sure of that) was what we suspect, he must have chuckled; but his punishment in marrying a young woman who could spell the pretty name of "Sally" as "Sallie" was, probably, equal to any offence. It is almost unnecessary to observe, as we have indicated the nationality of Count Fedovsky, that the wicked heroine is called Vera. It is well known that all Russian young women are called Vera, especially when they are bad, or good, or, in short, anything. And it is said, though not known (we hope that it is not true), that there are persons wicked enough to wish that detectives and Russians

were (as regards the novel only) swept into one vast grave whence neither had the least chance of emerging. As these wicked ones are confronted with a much larger public which loves detectives and Russians in novels, *An American Penman* is sure of an audience.

We remember *The Chilcotes* with pleasure, and the remembrance has not been dashed with anything unpleasant by *Uncle Bob's Niece*. The character which is our favourite is possibly not the author's favourite—indeed, she has taken but little trouble with her, and left her not only unwedded but unwooed. Yet Honoria Walton, friend of the heroine of this book, a partially emancipated young woman, who abides tranquilly in boarding-houses and surveys man and womankind, is a new and a good figure. The boarding-house itself, too, is something new in boarding-houses so far as novels are concerned. It is not the old shabby-genteel, or less than shabby-genteel, "Todgers's," but something quite different and very well touched in. The main personages are a little more hackneyed, and the main story—to us, at least—is a little less interesting. We have known the rough-diamond *oncle d'Amérique*, and his shy, and beautiful, and beneficent niece, and her good lover, and her bad lover (who is the good lover's cousin), and her lady patroness, who takes her up and puts her down, and all the rest of them—we have known them (we cannot say and loved them) long and well. But Honoria Walton is new, and we are glad to meet her. Still, it must not be imagined that even Miss Leslie Keith's more familiar persons are dull or tiresome. If we do not experience positive rapture at meeting them again, we can make our nod or bow to them, and even stay in their company, without discomfort or a longing to depart. Now that is really a great deal to be able to say, even if we had not Honoria (about whom, it is as well to add, there is no romance whatever) to console ourselves with.

It will soon be, if it is not already, as idle for a critic of novels to say that it is really a pity that such and such a novelist will write so much as for a critic of art to make a certain remark about "pains." But both remarks will remain true, for all that. With one veteran exception, we know no novelist to whom the criticism already suggested applies so well as to Mr. Westall; and the pity of it is, in his case, that, unlike the veteran person referred to, he has never given himself time to do anything really good yet. He has never done anything quite bad, it is true; but that is not the same thing. *A Fair Crusader*, for instance, is evidently a thing hastily cobbled up—a thing *hâclé*, to use one of those untranslatable words which wise writers always borrow and foolish critics always hold up their hands at. Take a prosperous brother home from the Indies; a stay-at-home ditto who has wedded a French governess in second marriage; a sister with a clever, but drunken, husband; a beautiful Salvationist in a poke-bonnet and an entanglement; some stories, which have nothing to do with the plot, about the Indian Mutiny; a "native" of the useful, but not harmless, kind; a little attempted poisoning and so forth, and you have *A Fair Crusader*. It is not uninteresting; it is not unreadable; it is very far from being either.

The author might indeed have made at least some of his characters talk rather more like gentlemen and ladies—for instance, the unlucky possession of a drunken husband is not a sufficient cause why a lady should talk like a barmaid; and his Salvationist or "Crusader" gives occasion to some writing about theological matters which is neither wise nor in good taste. But these things might have been excused if there were not marks of haste and roughness all over the story.

We referred—of course without expressing any approval of them—to the revolutionaries who wish that all detectives and all Russian counts and countesses (in novels) had but one throat. We believe, still without expressing any approval, that they would add secret societies to their wish, were it not that, given your detective and your Russian, a secret society is a mere development. *Young Mistley* deals in secret societies, and wicked Russian agents who try to assassinate patriotic Englishmen, and explorations of a diplomatic military kind in Central Asia, and what not. Now all this makes very interesting material, if it is treated with the right pen; but we fear the pen of the author of *Young Mistley* is not the right pen, though it is a pleasant pen enough in its way. You want for such a purpose, a feather of the same bird whence came that other pen that wrote "Trop loud!" when the grotto of Locmaria closed on Porthos, and we see not a trace of such a feather here. But there is an agreeable dog in the story, and a tolerable young woman Nihilist, and a journalist of extraordinary moral qualities (for which who among us is so rude that he will not salute the author of *Young Mistley*?), and other pleasant properties.

Why is a kind of modified villainy fated to the name of Stephen in novels? There was a Stephen who was not at all a nice person in one of the books of our youth, we forget which; there is Stephen in *The Mill on the Floss* who is certainly not quite what he should be, though he is more sinned against than sinning, and there is an awful "tiger" called Stephen Glade in *By Virtue of his Office*. This, however, is remark, not criticism. There was not a little merit in *In Sunny Switzerland*, and there is more in "Rowland Grey's" present venture. As very often happens in books written by ladies (it is not, we believe, denied that "Rowland Grey" is a lady), the naughty, heartless, prosperous heroine, who marries the bad lord, is nicer than the good, amiable, persecuted heroine, who marries the virtuous baronet; but that does not matter. The story is told with liveliness and good taste—two admirable things and, alas, by no means always found together, or even separately in the modern novel!

As we get to the end of our list, it is not for complimentary adjectives that we have to look. The three volumes of *Lost Identities* are, we regret to say, three volumes of something very like trash. When we say that the author, at nearly the beginning of her book, makes a dying soldier, half blown to pieces by a shell, dictate, as he lies under fire on the ground, a letter about four printed pages long to his father in this vein—"Her sweet face—I can see it now—will plead better," &c., "You will say with the kind

of smile I have seen in your face when you spoke to me about my mother," &c.—we shall have said nearly enough to convey to the wise what manner of book they have here. And we need only add that the three volumes live up to their first pages with a noble and unchanging constancy.

Caught by the Tide is a better book than *Lost Identities*, inasmuch as it is in one volume, not three. It is also apparently, if not certainly, a first attempt; while Miss Tyler has written "Anne Boleyn: a Tragedy," besides " &c." It is also, though the imbrolio is not well managed, fresher in its elements of mystery. *Lost Identities* deals only with the stale story of changing babies in cradles so as to secure a heritage; while *Caught by the Tide* gives us at least some brigands, and one decidedly strong situation. It must really be unpleasant to find a young person whom you regard as "an angel upon earth," and of whom you have rashly "made sure that she loves you," in the arms, and apparently quite comfortable in the arms, of your own discarded steward, who has made himself additionally disagreeable by assuring you that you are the wrongful possessor of somebody else's property.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

SOME BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY.

The Farmer's Friends and Foes. By Theodore Wood. (Sonnenschein.) Ranging through birds, beasts, and insects, and furnished with a good index, this handy compilation is exactly what most farmers need. It makes no pretensions to relate any new facts, but marshals in a pleasant way what is known to the credit or disadvantage of the different wild creatures with which the farmer is necessarily brought into contact. All country lovers will naturally find much that is of interest in this book. It would be better, as regards its form, were it furnished with a table containing the heads of the chapters. Mr. Wood attempts to balance the evidence for and against each creature as a friend or enemy to agriculture; and, with a naturalists' love for them, we are thankful to see that he generally finds mitigating circumstances in the case of all. Wood pigeons and bull-finches alone, he is compelled, by the strength of the evidence against them, to relegate to the list of avowed foes, and we must needs agree with him herein. The former can be shot and eaten, however, and might thus be called friends, as reducing the farmer's butcher's bill, while the latter can be snared and sold to the bird catchers. The author is not likely to conciliate farmers by telling them at the outset of his book that the very efforts they have made to rid their fields of insect enemies have greatly helped to ruin them, alluding to the expense of top-dressings to guard against the ravages of turnip-flies and the like. It is to be feared, however, that the following paragraph, which soon succeeds, will effectually cause many of his *clients* at once to close the book. If anyone is conservative in the matter of his meals, it is the British farmer. Judge, therefore, of his horror at finding his counsellor and guide writing

"I may here remark that, but for the influence of prejudice, which prevents us from availing ourselves of much wholesome and palatable food, these stack and barn-fed rats might be profitably employed for culinary purposes. From much personal experience, I can assert that the flesh of the rat is both delicate and well-flavoured, and that, when prepared in the same manner as that

of the rabbit, it forms a dish in every way superior."

The farmer has sunk low, but he has hardly come as yet to this point. There are some excellent pages on the life-history of aphides; but we must demur to accuracy of detail being obtained in the case of the common sparrow from exact calculations of the number of grains of corn which a sparrow consumes daily contrasted with the exact number of insects which it eats per hour, or of grains of corn which those insects would have devoured. Dr. Johnson, in a nicely-balanced case of sentimental morality, once said, "Nay, sir, the woman is in the wrong, and there's an end of it;" and we shall certainly say of the sparrow, knowing its many misdeeds and the few insects it does devour (when it can get anything else), "the sparrow is a mischievous bird, and there's an end of it." The citation of Mr. Morris as authority for a large number of vermin once destroyed on a Highland estate should be amended. Mr. Knox published the original list so far back as 1830. Every here and there the author indulges in a little special pleading for his favourites. The sparrow-hawk will save the wages of boys to protect the corn, the pheasant eats the grubs of *tipula*, and so forth. Our own predilections bid us wink at such arguments. After all, farmers too often err on the side of destructiveness. Mr. Wood's book need not be too closely scanned. It is sure to please every lover of rustic life, and, we hope devoutly, will stop much wanton, ignorant slaughter of the lower animals. In some future bird-city the grateful inhabitants ought to erect a statue in honour of their benefactor.

Nor'ard of the Dogger; or, Deep Sea Trials and Gospel Triumphs. By E. J. Mather. (Nisbet.) This book is interesting from three circumstances. First, it gives an excellent account of the work and perils of the 12,000 East Anglian fishermen who are generally tossing on the wild North Sea in order to provide cod and turbot for English dinner tables. Next, it relates from the very beginning a venture of faith which, originating with Mr. Mather's strong desire to do good to these men, has during this last year grown into a regular Mission to Deep Sea Fishermen, with a council, sub-committees, eight mission ships, and a floating hospital. Thirdly, and in strict accord with Her Majesty's well-known sympathy, especially for all her sea-faring subjects, the Queen has materially aided the mission, and graciously accepted the dedication of Mr. Mather's record of it. The Dogger Bank itself extends for some 170 miles long by 65 broad between England and Holland. Most of it is covered by very shallow water; and, in consequence, the seas which are raised by strong winds are tremendous. By means of the trawl some 400,000 tons of fish are annually gathered from it. Our readers may have admired the navy of trawling smacks at Grimsby, the metropolis of this kind of fishing, where a dock is set apart for these vessels. At this town, too, may be seen thousands of fish landed morning after morning by the steam carriers from the smacks out at sea—"prime" fish, as soles, turbot, halibut, and brill are called; "offal," under which name come plaice, haddock, cod, ling, conger, whiting, gurnard, and skate. The perils of this fishery are very great. A sudden storm may arise and wreck many of the smacks—excellent sea-boats as they all are. Thus, in March, 1883, a fearful gale drowned no less than 360 smacksmen and boys, and caused great damage to property. As the men generally stay at sea for a couple of months at a time, the results of their nightly catches are next morning sent on board a steamboat which carries the fish to Grimsby or Yarmouth; and this transference, which has often to be effected

in a heavy sea, is fraught with much labour and danger. In addition to this, until the last year, "coopers"—floating grog shops—have been allowed to corrupt the men. Mr. Mather's narrative shows how completely his energy checkmated these pests; how, by first aiding the bodies of the sick and those who had met with accidents, he found the way to these rugged fishermen's souls; and, finally, the exertions by which he has paved the way to regular missionary work being carried on at the Dogger Bank during the intervals of toil. The results of his labours are most cheering. Lucidly written and told without affectation or display, this book tells a remarkable story of wise perseverance. It is no common volume to be recommended in ordinary phrases. It is a book of deeply interesting tidings, illustrating a mode of life and a system of mission work comparatively unknown. And it tells the tale that can never be too often repeated, how self-denying love and brotherly sympathy will win the hearts of men—such hardened and thoughtless yet heroic men as fill the trawlers on the Dogger. No one who reads this book will henceforth despair of any section of the human family.

Practical Hints on Shooting. By "20-Bore." (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) The contents of this book answer to its title. It is extremely practical, and in all connected with guns, dogs, and game, shoots straight to the mark. For young sportsmen it is just the book to be put into their hands. The rules given for handling firearms, and providing against accidents during shooting, are admirable. The author condemns the pernicious practice of shooting over another's head while he "ducks"; and we are thankful that he denounces the massacre of our sea-birds during early August round the coast by excursionists and holiday-makers. Much as he commends the old practice of starting with two or three friends after breakfast for a long day's shooting over dogs, with the certainty of a small but tolerably miscellaneous bag, "20-Bore" fully explains the mysteries of battues, shooting grouse from mantlets, every department in short of modern sport with the gun. As old sportsmen, we demur to his advice to hold the left hand far down the gun's stock while shooting, and always to carry the gun on full cock when expecting game; but these are the new customs induced by breech loaders and repeating guns. The mechanism of the new guns and of John's shrapnell shells is fully explained with diagrams. Wild fowl shooting comes in for its quota; indeed, whenever we have tested this book it is full, lucid, and useful. An angler will be amused at the author's sentiment, "Were it not for shooting, hunting, coursing, and *perhaps fishing*" (the italics are ours), "life, indeed, were not worth living." In the second part of the book, which treats of the natural history of game, the author is hardly so happy. That "the pheasant was introduced into England by Jason," is as amusing a statement as Walton's grave dictum that fishing was invented by Noah. Again, there are certainly not "three kinds of woodcock" in England, though there may be two or three varieties. The curlew cannot be called "a small bird"; peewits are plover, whatever "20-Bore" may say; and the curious reason "which may account to a certain extent for the paucity of ptarmigan in England," that "they deposit their eggs on the open ground, thereby causing the loss of great numbers," is much like Tenterden Steeple causing the Goodwin Sands. "20-Bore" might surely find better and more recent authorities on birds than Mudie and Mrs. Mary Trimmer. "Rara aves" may be charitably put down as a misprint; the more so, as the first part of this book deserves high commendation, and ought to take a high rank among manuals of shooting.

The Silver Trout, and Other Stories. By Sir Randal H. Roberts. (W. H. Allen.) In spite of the author's modest disclaimer in the preface, that these ten little sporting essays are of any further value than *pour passer le temps*, we shall venture to grumble at their publication. A dozen equally good, or equally indifferent, papers of this kind, appear weekly in the sporting papers. There was no possible reason to reprint these particular essays from the *Field* and *Land and Water*. Neither the "Silver Trout" story, nor that of "The Man with the Green Box" possess any constructive power. The paper on "Trout-Fishing in the Rhenish Provinces," to be of much use to tourists, ought to have been dated. As it is, the state of matters it describes may be as they were last year, or as they were ten or twenty years ago, which makes all the difference in the world. The whole collection has a vague chronological aspect. The author catches a big pike, but the locality is carefully concealed, and it happened "when his companion was the late Mr. Francis Francis," who lived to a tolerable age, and has been dead more than a year. An account of the celebrated Waterloo run with the Pychley hounds on February 2, 1866, is the best paper in the book. Perhaps this volume might please the sportsman who wished "to pass away a weary hour," but he might easily find many books of much greater interest, and written in a more commendable style.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. SMITH, ELDER, & Co. announce a new and uniform edition of the complete works of Mr. Robert Browning, to be issued in monthly volumes.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & Sons will publish immediately an important work on *The War of the Succession in Spain (1702-11)*, by Col. the Hon. Arthur Parnell, of the Royal Engineers, based on unpublished MSS. and contemporary records. The volume will be illustrated with maps and plans.

A VOLUME on the "History of the Foreshore" will shortly be issued by Mr. Stuart Moore. It will treat of the subject from Saxon times downward, and will show the origin of the claim of the crown in the time of Elizabeth, the attempt to enforce the claim in the time of Charles I., which was one of the causes of the great rebellion, the dealings with the foreshore, and the law relating thereto down to the present time. The work will comprise an unpublished treatise on the subject from a MS. in the handwriting of Sir Matthew Hale, and a new edition of the treatise by Hall, together with a review of the crown proceedings in the present reign, and the practice in crown suits. From the author's long experience of the public records, it is expected that the book will be of much interest independently of its legal value.

MESSRS. BELL have in the press a Memoir of the late Dr. Steere, for eight years Bishop in Central Africa. The volume has been compiled by the Rev. R. M. Heanley, the editor of the Bishop's Sermon Notes, and will contain copious extracts from his letters, including a thirty years' correspondence with Lord Justice Fry.

THE next volume in the series of "Great Writers" (Walter Scott) will be *Burns*, by Prof. J. S. Blackie.

MR. DAVID NUTT will publish, in the course of the spring, the selected poems of Mr. William Ernest Henley. Besides the ordinary edition, there will also be a limited issue on large paper. In the "Bibliothèque de Carabas," Barnaby Rich's translation of the Second Book of Herodotus, faithfully reprinted

from the original (1584), with introduction by Mr. Andrew Lang, and illustrations by Mr. Graham Tomson; also Sir Thomas North's English version of the *Kalila wa Dimna*, "The Morall Philosophie of Doni, Englished out of Italian," a verbatim reprint of the edition of 1570, with introduction by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, and illustrations reproduced from the Italian original (1552); an English version of the Coptic Orders of Baptism and Matrimony, by Mr. B. T. Evetts, of the British Museum; and, in the series "English History from Contemporary Writers," Strongbow's Conquest of Ireland, Extracts from Giraldus Cambrensis, Regan, and other Anglo-Norman sources, as well as from the Annals of the Four Masters, the Annals of Innisfallen, and the remaining Irish annals, selected and translated, with introduction, notes, appendices, map, and illustrations, by F. P. Barnard, Head Master of Reading School.

Confessions of a Publisher is the title of a new book by the author of *Boote's Baby*, which will be issued shortly by Messrs. F. V. White, & Co.

MESSRS. ISAAC PITMAN & SONS will publish in a few days the *Transactions of the International Shorthand Congress*, held in London last autumn. The volume will contain a full report of the joint celebrations of the jubilee of phonography and the tercentenary of modern shorthand.

WITH reference to the special efforts now being made to promote technical education, a new and revised edition of Cassell's *Technical Educator* is announced for issue in serial form. The first monthly part will be published on February 24.

MR. D. W. DOUTHWAITE has been appointed assistant to his father, the esteemed librarian of Gray's Inn.

SIR W. W. HUNTER will give an address on "Recent Indian Movements," on March 3, at Willis's Rooms, on the occasion of the annual meeting of the National Indian Association. Lord Hobhouse will preside.

MR. FREDERIC HARRISON will deliver a lecture on "Humanity as a Religious Centre," at the South Place Institute, Finsbury, on Sunday next, February 5, at 4 p.m. Admission is entirely free.

PROF. C. HUBERT H. PARRY will, on Thursday next (February 9), begin a course of four lectures, at the Royal Institution, on "Early Secular Choral Music, from the Thirteenth Century till the beginning of the Seventeenth" (with illustrations).

THERE is to be sold in Paris at the Hotel Drouot, one day in February, an extraordinary collection of autograph letters and historical documents, of which the most remarkable portion consists of no less than a hundred and thirty-two letters from Cardinal Richelieu, addressed to Claude de Bouthillier, between the years 1629 and 1642, at which period that Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and "surintendant des finances" withdrew from Court employment. These Richelieu letters are written from Abbeville, from Amiens, from Soissons, from Reims—from the many places to which it was the business of the great minister, especially during the wars, to follow the king. For the most part they are written by his secretaries, Cherré or Charpentier. Some of them have been published. Others—eighteen in number—have never seen the light. Now and then, on the most private matters, Richelieu wrote with his own hand. Thus there is an epistle penned by him "two hours after midnight," on August 8, 1630, which bears, after its signature, the direction "Burn this letter after having read it to 51 and 52."

Who were designated by the numbers 51 and 52 has not, we believe, been discovered. The letter was probably read to them; but it is evident that, however this may have been, it was, after the manner of very confidential letters, not burnt afterwards, but carefully retained, in the most private of places, since here it is to-day, in very good condition, one of the most valuable in a dossier of peculiar interest.

MR. KARL BLIND has received from an old friend a curious version of one of "Grimm's Tales" in the speech of the Shetland people, which varies in details from the German.

SOME confusion seems to have arisen with regard to the "library" edition of Tennyson, now in course of issue by Messrs. Macmillan. Curiosity was naturally aroused by the announcement of the publishers that it would "contain everything that the author has published." Misled, perhaps, by this statement, a bold reviewer in the *Times* (January 27) undertook to single out and comment upon "a dozen or more of pieces, with which, if they have ever been previously published, we own to having no acquaintance. Among these is included the familiar lines "On a Mourner," as well as the still better known sonnet upon Bonaparte. As a matter of fact, the first volume of "Early Poems," published by Messrs. Macmillan last month, is not only identical in contents with the first volume of the edition issued by the same publishers in 1884, but is actually printed from the same plates. The sole novelty is the portrait, which apparently represents the poet at the time when most of these early poems were written; but unfortunately no information is given about this portrait—not even the engraver's name. It may be as well to add that Messrs. Macmillan's editions of the "Early Poems" (1884 and 1888) differ from that published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. in the "Parchment Library" in 1883 only by the inclusion of three new pieces—"Leonine Elegiacs," "Supposed Confessions of a Second-Rate Sensitive Mind," and "Rosalind"—and by the transfer of "Mariana in the South" from a later place to follow immediately after the famous "Mariana in the Moated Grange."

WE venture to go out of our usual course to mention a letter by Dean Plumptre in the *Guardian* of last week, in which he has felt it necessary to protest against the imputation (conveyed in a notice of his work on Dante in the *Church Quarterly Review*) that his own translation of the *Paradiso* is indebted to that previously published by Mr. F. H. Haselfoot.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE results of agricultural depression, long suffered in private, have at last come into public importance at Oxford. St. John's College has found itself compelled to ask the consent of the university to an alteration in its statutes, by which the duty of augmenting the salary of the Laudian professorship of Arabic (now vacant) by £450 a year is indefinitely postponed.

THE Senatus Academicus of the University of Edinburgh has appointed Dr. Hutchison Stirling to the Gifford Lectureship on Natural Theology for a period of two years. Dr. Stirling will probably enter on his duties in the course of next winter session.

THE Barlow lecturer on Dante (the Rev. Dr. Moore, Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford) proposes to deliver a course of six lectures at University College, London, on the following Wednesdays and Thursdays at 3 p.m., viz., February 15, 16, 22, 23, 29, and March 1. The opening lecture of this year's course, on February 15, will be on "The Tomb of Dante." The remaining lectures will be occupied with a

critical discussion of selected passages, chiefly from the *Paradiso*.

WE understand that among the candidates for the vacant chair of botany at Edinburgh are Prof. I. Bayley Balfour, of Oxford, the son of a former professor; and Mr. George Murray, of the natural history department of the British Museum.

SIR F. A. GORE OUSELEY, the professor of music at Oxford, will deliver a public lecture in the Sheldonian Theatre, on March 2, upon "English Church Music of Purcell and his Contemporaries," with illustrations.

MR. H. F. PELHAM, the newly appointed reader in Roman history at Oxford, is lecturing this term upon "Italy under the Emperors."

MR. F. MADAN is continuing, in the *Oxford Magazine*, his careful hand-list of recently published books, pamphlets, &c., relating to Oxford. He has now finished the year 1886.

THE Clarendon Press have just published, in large quarto form and printed in their boldest type, the text of the Laudian Code of Statutes (1636) and additions to 1767, edited by the late Dr. John Griffiths, for many years keeper of the archives, with an introduction by Mr. Charles Lancelot Shadwell, who ought—in the opinion of many—to have been Dr. Griffiths's successor. This introduction contains an interesting account of the steps by which the university recovered the power of legislation, of which it has lately made such abundant use. The volume is illustrated with a facsimile of the signatures of the heads of houses, &c., on the original MS. of the Code.

A TRANSLATION.

VITTORIA COLONNA, "RIME SACRE," SONNET VII.

THAT nestling hungerful, who sees and hears
His mother towards him flying through the wood,
And knowing that she comes to bring him food,
Loving the food and her, in gladness cheers;
But as she flies, struggles, with sudden fears
And quick desire to follow if he could,
Then pours forth song, as if he knew he would
But poorly thank her, though he sang for years;
So I, when the Divine and living ray
Which warms my heart, from my great Sun above,
Is lit up into richer, fuller day,
Spurred by affection, quick my pen I move,
And, not perceiving what myself I say,
I write the praises of the One I love.

LENA A. MACHRAY.

OBITUARY.

WE regret to hear, by private telegram from Rome, of the death of Mary Howitt, which took place there on Monday last, January 30.

For many years past she had lived at Meran, in company with her unmarried daughter, Margaret; and, after the death of her husband, she followed the example of her daughter in joining the Roman Catholic Church. She had gone to Rome to take part in the celebration of the papal jubilee, and was the first pilgrim presented to the Pope on that occasion. Mary Howitt, whose maiden name was Botham, was born (we believe) at Uttoxeter before the present century began, and had almost reached her ninetieth year. She was married to William Howitt in 1823. It would be impossible for us to enumerate the vast number of books which she produced both alone and in collaboration with her husband. No pair of writers were ever more popular, or better deserved their popularity; and both lived to a green old age.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for February opens with a learned paper, by Dr. Neubauer, entitled "Jewish Controversy and the *Pugio Fidei*." The gradual development of polemical relations between the Synagogue and the Church is exhibited with a fulness unknown in any accessible book, and will spare future historians of religion many hours of research. The author himself is led into a controversy on Raymundus Martini by the strong language of another writer in the *Journal of Philology*. Mr. Horton gives a thoughtful paper on Christ's use of the Book of Proverbs. The influence of the old Jewish Wisdom certainly deserves to be traced more carefully in both Testaments. But even if sayings of Christ in the Synoptic Gospels do suggest passages in the Septuagint additions to Proverbs, may we at once assume that He knew them in the Greek? Do we know the condition of the Hebrew text of the Bible used by Christ? Prof. Whitehouse summaries the critical views of Delitzsch (i.e. of the new Delitzsch) and Dielmann on the Pentateuch. He hits English scholars hard; but why should English scholars grudge their American colleagues the first start in a critical crusade against Graf, Kuenen, and Wellhausen? English scholars were certainly the first to write on the questions raised by Graf and Kuenen; and have not those American controversialists who are as yet most prominent made a false start? Prof. Whitehouse himself writes in the temper and with the modest independence of a progressive scholar, though he has not thoroughly worked his way out of the older school of conservatism. Prof. Elmslie is, we take it, a sympathetic bystander, whose *forte* lies rather outside technical Hebrew studies; else why does he direct public attention to the hypercritical, if not hyper-historical, novelties of English origin in Prof. Harper's *Hebræica*? We have only space to mention papers by those well-known writers, Dr. Dods, Prof. Curtiss, and Prof. Warfield.

THE January *Livre* follows an innocent habit, and puts a good foot foremost for the new year. The original part contains two articles of unusual length and substantive value. The well-known pen of M. Eugène Asse has perhaps found worthier subjects than "Le Chevalier de Nerciat," a writer not commonly known (and for cause) to English readers. No such oblique remark is necessary as to the much longer and more important paper on "Madame de Pompadour," the books she collected, and the engravings she amused herself by producing. This, by M. Gustave Paulowski, is full and interesting, and has the advantage of two very handsome *hors texte* illustrations. The first reproduces in green ink La Tour's well-known pastel of the lady, where the dress and accessories, unusually elaborate for the style, perhaps a little conceal the fact that the painter has not been able to communicate to the somewhat angular features and cold hard expression of his subject the charm which is to be found in such much slighter sketches as, for instance, his "Mademoiselle Fel." The other plate is the title-page for a collection of the engravings. The number is very well worth buying.

A NEW LIBRARY OF PHILOSOPHY.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. have in preparation—for issue simultaneously in London and New York—a series of philosophical works, under the general editorship of Mr. J. H. Muirhead, to be called the "Library of Philosophy." It will be arranged under three heads, comprising respectively works dealing with (1) schools of philosophers, (2) the history of thought in particular departments, and (3) the

subject matter of philosophy treated from an original point of view.

The first series will, it is hoped, ultimately cover the entire history of thought in the fields of metaphysics and ethics. At present it is proposed to deal more particularly with modern philosophy, and the following volumes have already been promised:—*Sensationalists*: Locke to Mill, by Dr. W. S. Hough, of Michigan; *Modern Realists*: Leibnitz to Lotze, by Prof. Andrew Seth, of St. Andrews; *Early Idealists*: Descartes to Leibnitz, by W. L. Courtney, of New College, Oxford; *Later Idealists*: Kant to Hegel, by Prof. W. Wallace, of Oxford; *Scientific Evolutionists*: Comte to Spencer, by Prof. John Watson, of Kingston, Canada; *Utilitarians*: Bentham to Contemporary Writers, by W. R. Sorley, of Trinity College, Cambridge; *Moral Sense Writers*: Shaftesbury to Martineau, by Prof. W. Knight, of St. Andrews; *Idealistic Moralists*: Kant to Green, by Prof. Henry Jones, of University College, Bangor.

The second series will include:—*The History of Logic as a Formal Science*, and of the Use and Influence of Logical Categories in Philosophy and the Sciences, by Prof. George S. Morris, of Michigan; *The History of Psychology*: Empirical and Rational, by Prof. Adamson, of Owens College, Manchester; *The History of Political Philosophy*: I. Plato to Rousseau, by D. G. Ritchie, of Jesus College, Oxford; II. Burke to the Present Day, by J. H. Muirhead; *The History of Economics*: Adam Smith to the Present Day, by Dr. J. Bonar; *The History of Aesthetics*, by B. Bosanquet; *The Evolution of Theology since Kant*, by Prof. Otto Pfeiderer, of Berlin.

By way of introduction, a translation of Erdmann's smaller *History of Philosophy*, in three volumes, by Dr. W. S. Hough, will be issued in October, 1888; and it is hoped that some of the other volumes will follow in the spring of 1889.

"ALADDIN" IN THE ORIGINAL ARABIC.

Abbazia: Jan. 22, 1888.

Histoire d' 'Alâ Al-Dîn | ou | La Lampe Merveilleuse. | Texte Arabe | publié | avec une Notice sur quelques Manuscrits des Mille et une Nuits | par | H. Zotenberg. (Paris, Imprimerie Nationale, MDCCCLXXVIII.)

In this booklet the modesty of the title is equalled only by the merit of the work. M. Hermann Zotenberg, the well-known translator of the *Chronique de Tabari*, has, after his fashion, taken in hand an interesting and much-disputed subject, and has treated it definitively in a style at once pleasant and learned—bristling with facts and figures, and readable withal.

Students of the "Arabian Nights" now know that ten of the Gallandian Tales (or eleven including the "Princess of Deryabar") are, or rather were, of unknown origin; and the list contained the two most widely read items—"Aladdin" and the "Forty Thieves." As I have said in the Terminal Essay to *The Thousand Nights and a Night* (vol. x., p. 105), conjectures about the provenance were manifold, but mostly ran upon four lines. Baron de Sacy held that they were found by Galland in the public libraries of Paris; Mr. Chenery suggested that they had been borrowed from the *Râwîs* or professional tale-tellers of Smyrna and the Levant, an opinion supported by the late Mr. H. C. Coote (*Folk-Lore Record*); and Mr. Payne (ix. 268) advocated the probability "of their having been composed, at a com-

* Large 4to. Notice, etc., pp. 1-52: Appendice, pp. 53-70. Text of Aladdin and Commencement du texte de Othavie (i.e., Shâwish the Maronite). Total pp. 156.

paratively recent period, by an inhabitant of Baghdad"; adding, however, that an examination of the various MSS. might yet cast some light on the origin of the "interpolated" Tales. On the other hand, I felt convinced (*loc. cit.* p. 105) that all would be recovered, because Prof. Galland was not the man to commit a literary *supercherie*.

While preparing for print the Gallandian tales early in 1887, I visited the Bibliothèque Nationale, where M. Zotenberg, keeper of the Eastern MSS., showed me a late purchase, containing the Arabic originals of Zayn al-Asmâ and "Aladdin"; and he kindly lent me his own transcription of the latter. I need not repeat the proofs which establish the genuineness of the MS.; they are fully detailed in the Foreword (pp. ix.-x.) to my "Supplemental Nights" (vol. iii.). The learned and genial author also favoured me with advance-sheets of his labours, especially his observations upon the MS. journals in the Bibliothèque Nationale (Nos. 15277 to 15280), which Prof. Galland kept till the end of his life. It appeared to me hardly fair to disclose at that time his main discovery, which was simply this: he had cleared up the real origin and provenance of the eight other Gallandian *Histoires* by quoting detailed and transcribed conversations with "M. Hanna (or Anna), Maronite d'Halep," alias Jean Dipi or Dippy, a French corruption of Diab. Now, however, M. Zotenberg has given ample extracts in his Notice, §iii., and has placed the colophon upon the disputed question. The following is Galland's manner of treating the matter:

"Samedi, 25 de May (1709). Le Maronite Hanna ma raconta le conte Arabe qui (suit): Un Sultan de Perse nommé Khosrou-Sohah n'estoit encore que Prince, qu'il se plaisoit fort aux aventures nocturnes, et c'est pour cela qu'il se déguisoit souvent pour mieux réussir à satisfaire son inclination. Il n'eust pas plus tôt succédé au Sultan son père, etc. C'est l'histoire des Deux Sœurs jalouses de leur cadette."

I may here again mention that M. Zotenberg empowered me to offer his 'Alâ al-Dîn to an "Oriental" publishing firm, well-known in London, and that the only result was the "no-public" reply. The mortifying truth is that Oriental studies are now at their nadir in Great Britain, which has long shown so small in the Eastern world. Let me still hope, however, that the *tirage à part*, which is confined, I am told, to 150 copies, will, with the author's permission, appear either in separate form, or, at any rate, among the pages of the Royal Asiatic Society, or of what seems now to be taking its place, "The Kāmashāstra."

R. F. BURTON.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BOUCHOT, H. Les reliures d'art à la Bibliothèque Nationale. Paris: Rouveyre. 25 fr.
COMBES, E. Profils et types de la littérature allemande. Paris: Fischbacher. 7 fr. 50 c.
CORTAU, E. En Océanie: voyage autour du monde en 345 jours. Paris: Hachette. 4 fr.
DOMKE, A. V. Lutherdruke auf der Hamburger staatsbibliothek 1518-1531. Leipzig: Weid. 10 M.
JOSEPHY, O. Die Medallien u. Gedenkzeichen der deutschen Hochschulen. 2. Hft. Berlin: Laverrens. 16 M.
LECOUVE, E. Soixante ans de souvenirs. 1^{re} Partie. Ma Jeunesse. Paris: Métel. 6 fr.
MUNKER, F. Friedrich Gotthilf Klopstock. Geschichte seines Lebens u. seiner Schriften. 2 Hft. Stuttgart: Göschen. 7 M.
SCHUSTER, L. Johann Kepler u. die grossen kirchlichen Streitfragen seiner Zeit. Graz: Moser. 4 M.

THEOLOGY.

- TRITTEL, L. Die alexandrinische Uebersetzung d. Buches Hosea. Ein Beitrag zu den Septuaginta-Studien u. der Auslegung d. Propheten Hosea. 1. Hft. Karlsruhe: Bielefeld. 1 M.

HISTORY.

- CHRONICON SICULUM incoerti authoris ab anno 340 ad annum 1395. Cura J. de Blasio. Naples: Furchheim. 15 L.

- HERMANN, O. Ueb. die Quellen der Geschichte d. siebenjährigen Krieges v. Tempelhoff. Berlin: Weber. 1 M. 50 Pf.
- KAULICK, J. Papiers de Barthélemy, ambassadeur de France en Suisse 1792-1797. T. 2. Paris: Alcan. 15 fr.
- KLOPF, Onno. Correspondenz epistolare tra Leopoldo I. Imperatore ed il P. Marco d'Aviano, Capuccino. Graz. 10 M.
- LETTERS de France de Von Vizine à sa sœur à Moscou, avec une introduction par le vicomte E. Melchior de Vogüé. Paris: Champollion. 3 fr.
- SARRO, L. La regina Anna di Savoya. Milan: Treves. 5 L.
- SEIDEL, E. Montesquieu's Verdienst um die römische Geschichte. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
- WILCKENS, O. A. Geschichte d. spanischen Protestantismus im 18. Jahrh. Gütersloh: Bertelsmann. 4 M.
- ZIESSBERG, H. R. v. Zur Geschichte der Räumung Belgiens u. d. polnischen Aufstandes (1794). Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M. 40 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- FIGUIER, L. L'année scientifique et industrielle, 1887. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
- HAUSER, F. Ritter v. Die Ocephalopoden d. bosnischen Muschelkalkes v. Han Bulo bei Sarajevo. Leipzig: Freytag. 5 M. 80 Pf.
- OIT, A. Le problème du mal. Paris: Fischbacher. 7 fr. 50 c.
- SEELIGER, H. Zur Theorie der Beleuchtung der grossen Planeten, insbesondere d. Saturn. München: Franz. 3 M. 40 Pf.
- TRUANT, L. A. u. O. N. WITT. Die Diatomaceen der Polycystinenkreide v. Jérémie in Hayti, Westindien. Berlin: Friedländer. 18 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- LEDAIN, Epigraphie romaine du Poitou. Paris: Ombapion. 5 fr.
- MARSHALL, O. De Q. Remmii Palaemonis libris grammaticis. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 10 Pf.
- MONTET, E. La noble Leçon: texte original, d'après le manuscrit de Cambridge, avec les variantes des manuscrits de Genève et de Dublin. Paris: Fischbacher. 12 fr.
- MYSTRE, le, de Sainte Barbe, tragédie bretonne. Texte de 1567, p.p. E. Ernault. Paris: Thorin. 34 fr.
- MÜLLER, G. Ozar Agadoth. 3. Bd. Wien: Lippe. 4 M.
- NOULET, J. B., et C. CHABANEAU. Deux manuscrits provençaux du XIV^e siècle. Paris: Maisonneuve. 15 fr.
- RECHAU, P. Origine et philosophie du langage; ou, principes de linguistique indo-européenne. Paris: Fischbacher. 3 fr. 50 c.
- ROBERT et CAGNAT. Epigraphie gallo-romaine de la Moselle. Paris: Champion. 30 fr.
- SPRENGS, J. J. Idioticon rauracum. Bearb. v. A. Socht. Bonn: Hanstein. 2 M.
- WESSELY, C. Griechische Zauberpapyrus v. Paris u. London. Leipzig: Freytag. 9 M. 30 Pf.
- ZOTENBERG, H. Histoire d'Alkal-din ou la Lampe merveilleuse. Texte arabe, &c. Paris: Maisonneuve. 7 fr.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE OLD SCHOOL OF CLASSICS AND THE NEW."

London: Jan. 30, 1888.

May I make a few remarks in reference to certain criticisms in the last number of the ACADEMY on my paper in the *Fortnightly* for January, entitled "The Old School of Classics and the New"?

It is in substance an attack on Prof. Sayce and others who seem to hold the same views as he does concerning the way in which the study of classics ought to be pursued. It also endeavours to illustrate Prof. Sayce's canons of enquiry and methods of arguing. To do this, it was necessary that I should touch lightly on some points which I treated more fully and more trenchantly four years ago in *Hermathena*. When I said then, "I do not intend to write again on this subject," I meant (and surely was understood to mean) that I would not take any further part in the discussion which was then proceeding in the pages of *Hermathena*. I kept my promise, and did not make any reply to Prof. Sayce's sur-rejoinder, the defiant tone of which showed very clearly how well he appreciated the advantage of having no answer to fear.

Now let me deal with the specific remarks of the ACADEMY. (1) In the *Fortnightly* I wished to avoid as much as possible discussion of grammatical points, and to dismiss as soon as possible a topic which I had already handled. In *Hermathena*, x. 122, I did not omit *δρα*, but

translated the whole passage, which runs, "He sent presents to Delphi not a few, on the contrary, to count (*δρα*) the silver offerings only, a very large number at Delphi are his, but over and above these he presented a vast deal of gold." Plainly *δρα* is not connected with *πλείστα*. The eminent scholars to whom we owe our Greek Dictionary would not have thought of deliberately connecting the words in this passage; but erroneous classifications will creep into a work on so large a scale. Plainly the words could not mean "the most possible" here; and if they did, surely "the most possible" is not a synonymous phrase with "the most part of," so that Prof. Sayce does not err in company with the eminent lexicographers. (2) It seems to me that it is probably quite true that Gyges contributed "a very large number" of silver offerings, and that it is absolutely incredible that he contributed "most" of them; and that Herodotus is not, at any rate, responsible for the latter statement. (3) The passage, "It is with H. as a historian," &c., does occur in Prof. Sayce's original preface, but he repeats it (*Hermathena*, x. 107) in his reply to my strictures, and, therefore, it may fairly be taken by me as applying to them all. Finally, I maintain that if one meets a volume containing the text of three books of Herodotus with footnotes, one may accurately describe it as an edition of three books of Herodotus. But, even though it were not an edition, is that any reason why its author should escape censure for erroneous comments?

R. Y. TYRRELL.

It was never suggested in the ACADEMY that Prof. Sayce should escape censure for erroneous comments. The object of the note was to show, from one example, that his offence is not quite so rank as it has been represented. And, despite Prof. Tyrrell's rejoinder, we are of the same opinion still. For, as to (1), surely Liddell and Scott's connecting *δρα* with *πλείστα* = the most possible, is no less culpable than Prof. Sayce's rendering of *πλείστα* as "the most." (2) Prof. Tyrrell has not met our argument that Prof. Sayce's note remains substantially unaffected when *πλείστα* is translated correctly. (3) Is it altogether fair to maintain that a general statement made in answer to an article containing several charges necessarily applies to each charge, when a special reply is also made to the charge in question? And, finally, may it not be other than accurate to describe a volume containing a text with notes—and also with elaborate excursions—as an edition *simpliciter*, when the author, both impliedly by his title-page and expressly in his preface, has protested that he is dealing "with the history rather than with the language of Herodotus, and with that history only in so far as it bears upon the East"?

THE WRITER OF THE NOTE IN THE ACADEMY.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "FORS."

Oxford: Jan. 28, 1888.

Prof. Max Müller, in a postscript to a letter published in the ACADEMY on January 28, attempts to show why *Fors* cannot be derived from *ferre*. Appealing to the authority of Brugmann, he says that *√bhar* is an *ē* root, and in Latin this original *ē* remains unchanged before *r*.

May I be allowed to point out that this argument of the learned professor is irrelevant, for no one has ever maintained that the *o* in *fors* was the precise phonetic equivalent of the *ē* in *fero*. It would really seem as if Prof. Max Müller had never heard of the *e*-grades and of the *o*-grades of the "Ablaut" series of the European vowel-system. For a full and clear account of this system I would refer the pro-

fessor to Brugmann's *Vergleichende Grammatik*, pp. 246-261. The fact is there is no difficulty whatever in connecting *fors* and *fero*, the *o* of *fors* being the deep-tone of the high-tone *e* in *fero*. Any number of analogies could be given. Here are a few: *sora*, *sēro*; *mora*, *√mer*; *uorsus*, *uerto*; *mora*, *√mer*; *toga*, *tēgo*; *socius*, *sējuor*; *pondus*, *pendo*; *extorris*, *terra*. For many instances of the occurrence of this deep-tone *o*, see Max Müller's *Lectures on the Science of Language*, ii., p. 352.

The connexion of *fors* with *fero* is held by the following philologists—Brugmann (*op. cit.*, § 285), Curtius, Vanicek, Corssen, Bréal.

A. L. MAYHEW.

THE ISIS, OSENEY, WINDSOR, AND WANDSWORTH.
Nottingham: Jan. 30, 1888.

The only argument in Mr. Birch's letter that affects my proposition is that the word *wāse* is only mentioned four times in "the whole range of Anglo-Saxon horography," those four instances being between the Ock and the Thames-Isis. This may be so, but I do not see that it compels us to admit that *wāse* is an early form of the name Isis. Mr. Birch would apparently argue that if a *ἑκὰς λεγόμενον* in one of these early charters should bear some trifling likeness to a neighbouring river-name, it is proof conclusive that the word in question is an early form of the said river-name, however contrary to phonological laws the equation of the two words might be. Most philologists would prefer to leave the *ἑκὰς λεγόμενον* unexplained rather than adopt such a violent solution. But in the case of *wāse* we have no difficulty as to the meaning of the word; and its identification with the Isis is, as I have said, absolutely forbidden by the evidence of the charters themselves. If Mr. Birch will look over the boundaries, he will see that the *wāse* therein mentioned was in each case at some distance from the Thames-Isis, which river is independently mentioned under its proper name of Thames. If, as Mr. Birch suggests, "those who wrote down the boundaries for the Abingdon charters, being better acquainted with the Thames than with the tributary Wasa, incorrectly used the former word where they should have employed the latter," it is hardly likely that they would have gone on to refer to the Wasa as a feature in the boundaries entirely distinct from the Thames-Isis. This suggestion not only assumes that they wrongly described in a legal document so important a river as the Thames-Isis, but that they also transferred the proper name of this great river to some other object in the perambulation. Such a hypothesis is manifestly untenable.

Mr. Birch's *naïf* reference to Clarke's *British Gazetteer* (1832) for the etymology of Oxford is of interest as showing that the erroneous derivation of Oxford from a non-existent Ouse is much older than some of the correspondents of the ACADEMY who have been struggling for the dubious honour of originating this idea seem to be aware of.

As to the derivation of Oseney, it is clearly enough from the personal name O'sa, gen. O'san. It occurs as O'san-ig in 1006 in the Abingdon History (i. 417, 1); and the same name is recorded, as I believe Mr. Boase has already pointed out, in O'san-léah, A.D. 984, in the same work (i. 392, 22; 393, 3). This derivation is supported by the fact that most of the other islands in the vicinity derived their names from personal names. Thus we have Hinxey from Hengest, Ydeles-ieg from Y'del (= *yδ* + *ila*), Bottan-ig from Botta, Cuddes-ig from Cūð, Cytan-ig from Cyda, Huddes-ig from Hud, Snitan-ig from Snita, and Utan-ig from Uta. Of the *ey*'s cited by Mr. Birch, two, Botley and Iffley ("Gifteleia," A.D. 941-946; *Hist. Mon. de Abingd.* i. 89, 28; "Givetelei"; Domesday Book),

are not derived from *isg*, an island, but from *leah*, a lea, &c. Ox-ey is, no doubt, like Oxford, derived from *oxa*, an ox.

Mr. Birch refers to Prof. Rhys's derivation of *Oseney* from *Ouse*, and of *Ouse* from **ansa*, a deity (= Gothic *ans*, A.S. *ōs*). But Prof. Rhys has withdrawn the latter etymology; and he will, I have no doubt, also surrender the former, since both depend upon an assumption that this learned scholar now admits to be wrong.

I will not follow Mr. Birch into the "Ock" theory, for there is no necessity to reopen this discussion, Mr. Birch's philology being no sounder than that of the other advocates of this theory, and his examples being pretty much the same as theirs. But I am struck with the beautiful simplicity of the system of local etymology sketched by Mr. Birch. It is a very convenient one, requiring no great amount of research, and being as generally applicable as a patent medicine. The plan is to take a part of a local name that one does not understand, and to hold that it is "a generic equivalent of river or water in one of the remotest languages of England," and then to say, if the name of the nearest river cannot be explained as a "dialectical" representative of this "generic equivalent," that the river has changed its name, its original name being so and so. This is delightfully easy; but, since we have necessarily no records of these "remotest languages," it is open to the reproach of transferring local etymology from the domain of fact to that of fiction.

One of Mr. Birch's "generic equivalents" is *wandl*, which he detects at Wenlock, Cheshire(?), on the river Wenlock, which name is, he says, "a reduplicated word comparable with *Wendover* (*dour*, water)"—that is, "Wenlock" is *wandl* + *ock*, both of which are supposed by him to mean "water," and "Wendover" is *wandl* + Celtic *dwr*, "water." Wenlock appears to be a Celtic name (see Rhys, *Lectures*, p.), and as such I dare not attempt to explain it; but the *over* of "Wendover" is merely the Old-English *ofer*, "bank," &c. This name occurs as "Wendovre" and "Waudoure" in Domesday. It is not likely that *dwr* would have assumed the form of *over*. As to the "wend" of this name, Mr. Birch is probably correct in connecting it with the Wandle at Wandsworth; but that stream, so far from deriving its name from this imaginary "generic equivalent" for water, has, I believe, simply derived its name by a back-formation from the settlement of Wandsworth, just as the river Penk at Penkridge (*Panno-crucion*) has been evolved from the name of that village, as Prof. Rhys has shown. As these back-formations are of great interest, and are often very difficult to prove, I will state the grounds for the conclusion that Wandsworth is an instance of this process, even though this leads me somewhat away from Mr. Birch's letter.

The name of Wandsworth occurs in 1376 as "Wandles-worthe" (Riley, *Memorials of London*, p. 401), in 1382 as "Wandales-worth" (*id.*, p. 464), and in 1200 as "Wandles-wurth" (*Rotuli Chartistarum*, p. 178, 28). Our next witness is the Domesday Survey, where the name occurs as "Wendales-orde," "Wandales-orde," and "Wandes-orde." These three forms are of great importance. They establish the facts that in the Survey *wand* and *wend* are identical, and that the liquid *l* was sometimes omitted by the scribes, although there is clear proof that it existed in the name. There is a very early mention of Wandsworth in a contemporary charter of A.D. 693 in *Cart. Saxon.* i. 116, 26. It is there spelt "tō Wendles-wurðe," which is the correct Old-English form. "Wendles"

embodies the gen. sing. *es*, and the nom. must have been "Wendel." This is merely the English form of the name of the Vandals, the nom. sing. "Wendel" being attested by the compound "Wendel-saē," in Alfred's translation of Orosius, i. 1, and in the *Chronicles*, anno 885. But the gen. sing. forbids the explanation of "æt Wendles-wurðe" as "village of Vandals," and it is equally opposed to the explanation "village on the Wandle." The name can, I think, be only derived from the personal name *Wendel, a pet-name regularly formed by taking the first stem of a full-name beginning with "Wendel," such as the "Uendil-bercht" of the *Durham Liber Vitae*, 10, col. 1, Sweet, *O. E. T.*, No. 97.

It may be objected that this evidence is not strong enough to upset the derivation from the river Wandle. But a consideration of other local names embodying the name "Wendel" will, I think, overcome this objection. It must be remembered that there is no river Wandle at any of these places, and a derivation from such a river-name is therefore inadmissible. Windsor is another of Mr. Birch's examples. The early forms of this name are "Windles-ora," A.D. 1061 (*Chron. E.*), and "Wendles-ore," "Windles-ora," A.D. 1065 and 1066 (*Cod. Dipl.* iv. 165, 9; 178, 19). In Domesday it is "Windles-ores," so that we have here another example of the omission of the liquid after *d*. The change from "Wendel" to "Windel" may be illustrated by the twelfth-century name "Windil-gerus" in the *Durham Liber Vitae*, 6, col. 1. The *ger-us* here does not represent the Old-English *gār*, but the corresponding High-German *ger*.^{*} Probably the Surrey "Windlesham," the Durham "Windle-stone," and the Dorset "Windle-ham" are of the same origin as Windsor, but I am unable to cite any early forms of these names. In the charters we have, A.D. 985, "Wandles-cumb" (*Cod. Dipl.* vi. 120, 5), and A.D. 769-85, "Uendles-clif" (*Cart. Sax.* i. 341, 11, 34).[†] In Domesday we find "Wendles-berie," "Wendle-berie," and "Wending-berie,"[‡] Wellingborough, Northants; "Wandes-berie" (*æt Wendles byrig*), Wendlebury, Oxfordshire; "Wanddes-lei" (*æt Wendles léage*), Wandsley, Notts; "Wandes-treu" (*æt Wendles trowe*), Wandstrow, Somerset;§ "Wandres-laga"|| (*æt Wendles léage*), Wensley, Yorkshire; and "Wandes-lage" in the same county, which I

^{*} That is, the name is of Norman introduction. It was probably originally "Wandel-gér" (*cf.* the Lotharingian "Wandelmus" in Ordericus Vitalis, ii. 139, 8, and the forms of the name of S. Wandrille. Hence the changes here are *wandel*, *Wendel*, *Windil*).

[†] In this case the name of the river running at the foot of the cliff is recorded. It was the Tyne, so that it is plain that "Wendles-clif" did not derive its name from the river-name.

[‡] This may be explained either as embodying the possessive or adjectival suffix *ing*, or as standing for "æt Wendlinges-byrig," where Wendling would be, like Wendel, a pet-form of a full name. In either case Wendling-berie and Wendles-berie are derived from a man whose full name began with Wendel. Wendling has, however, overridden the shorter form.

[§] *Cf.* "Wandes-traw," A.D. 1065; *Cod. Dipl.* iv. 164 14 (dubious charter).

^{||} "Wandres" for "Wandles" is caused by the French preference for the lingual *r*, as in the familiar instance of *rossignol* = Latin *lusciniola*. Similarly, S. Wandrille is called "Guandre-gisilus" (i. 138-11; ii. 347, 7) and "Wandre-gisilus" (ii. 5, 2; 10, 5; iii. 84, 19; 104, 13) by Ordericus Vitalis, the name being originally "Wandle-gisil." An even more pertinent example is Ordric's spelling of Windsor or rather "Windles-ora." He Latinises this as "Windres-oria," acc. pl. (iii. 381, 12), and as "Windres-oria," dat. pl. (ii. 199, 21). *Cf.* also Wandrei and Wande, Cambridgeshire, in Domesday, which probably represent *æt Wendles-isge*.

am unable to identify. Geoffrey of Monmouth connected Wandlebury Hill, Cambridgeshire, with the Vandals, but it more probably represents "Wendles beorh," and thus has the same origin as the above names.

The evidence of these forms seems to me to prove that Wandsworth is derived from the personal name *Wendel, and therefore the river Wandle must be a back-formation from the name of that township.

W. H. STEVENSON.

THE MYTH OF CUPID AND PSYCHE.

London: Jan. 11, 1888.

A correspondent in New Zealand sends me the following note on Canon Taylor's theory that the story of Cupid and Psyche is in origin a Babylonian lunar myth. My correspondent argues that the incidents in the tale do not fit the phenomena. But I understand that the learned think this defect makes no difference. However this may be, Mr. Atkinson's remarks on lunar aspects in New Zealand are interesting.

A. LANG.

Nelson, New Zealand.

In the ACADEMY for June 18, Canon Taylor summarises the main points of this tale regarded as a lunar myth. The sun-lighted part of the moon, at first appearing as a slender crescent, is Psyche; the earth-lighted part is her lover Cupid, who, after the first few nights, vanishes altogether; Psyche, having accidentally dropped burning oil on his shoulder, made a scar which is visible "as the great spot on the right shoulder of the full moon," while on its lower limb may be seen the mark she made on his thigh in trying vainly, though a little roughly as it seems, to detain him; and, lastly (omitting other particulars), she goes down to Hades in search of her lost lover, and the lunation ends.

May an outsider suggest that this explanation seems in part not self-consistent, and seems, moreover, to succeed, so far as it does succeed, by ignoring half the material facts?

I do not know what are the canons of "the method of orthodoxy"—a method Mr. Lang is accused of not pursuing, but there must be among them some equivalent of the old legal saw "Allegans contraria non est audiendus"; and the interpreters of the myth, I submit, ought not to say that Cupid, having "disappeared altogether," is still present in, or as, the full moon to show his scars. Moreover, whatever the features on the moon may be which are taken to represent his two wounds, it is clear that they must be visible either before or after, probably both before and after, full moon—that is *ex hypothesi* on Psyche herself.

But the greater difficulty is that the theory ignores the obvious and material fact that the phenomena of the waxing moon recur in the waning moon, only in an inverse order. There is indeed authority for saying that the earth-light is even stronger on the waning than on the crescent moon. Cupid's visits, therefore, are all repeated; the scars, whosoever they are, vanish; and Psyche, having resumed "her slim girlish figure," disappears, as she first appeared, with her lover in her arms; and so the visit to Hades, in search of one not lost, becomes at least unnecessary, and, if still insisted on, should be presented as an incident in the wedding journey.

I may add that where the sky is translucent, as it is here (and I presume in Babylon), it seems rather a misuse of the word to speak of the earth-lighted part of the moon as *dark* during the first and last two or three nights of the lunation, or rather of the moon's visibility. It is then, not, of course, comparable to the other part in brightness, yet strongly golden.

A. S. ATKINSON.

* I think that this is Wandsworth, although there is no evidence on the Roll to prove this.

STRONG PRETERITES.

Cambridge: Jan. 28, 1888.

Many "strong preterites" similar to "rew" for "rowed" seem to occur about Cambridge. An old gardener here (an Essex man) uses "mew" (*myoo*) and "snew" (*snwoo*) for "mowed" and "snowed." A former cook of mine (a Norfolk woman) used to say that my cockatoo "shruck" and "scruch" at her. A middle-class tradeswoman in the town informed my wife that certain fish were better "frew" (*froo*) than boiled; and another gave it as her opinion that the character of servants in later life depended upon how they were "roor" ("reared") at home.

WM. WRIGHT.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Feb. 6, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.

5 p.m. London Institution: "The Asmonaeans," by the Rev. W. Benham.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The History of Architecture," V., by Mr. G. Aitchison.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Yeast: its Morphology and Culture," II., by Mr. A. Gordon Salomon.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: A Paper by Prof. Maspero.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Wundt's Theory of Apperception," by Mr. J. S. Mann.

TUESDAY, February 7, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin," IV., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "British Columbia," by Mr. H. C. Beeton.

8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "Pronominal Forms in Egyptian: their Relation to Semitic," by Mr. Le Page Renouf; "The Raising of the Two Colossal Statues of Ramesses II. at Memphis," by Major A. H. Bagnold.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Alexandra Dock, Hull," by Mr. A. O. Hurtzig.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Herpetology of the Solomon Islands," III., by Mr. G. A. Boulenger; "Some New Lepidoptera from Kilima-njaro," by Mr. Arthur G. Butler; "Certain Points in the Visceral Anatomy of the Lacertilia," by Mr. Frank E. Beddard; "The Birds' Nests Caves of Northern Borneo," by Mr. D. D. Daly.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 8, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Continuation of Elementary Education," by Mr. W. Lant Carpenter.

8 p.m. Geological: "Some Remains of *Squatina Cranei*, sp. nov., and the Mandible of *Belonostomus cinctus*, from the Chalk of Sussex," by Mr. A. Smith Woodward; "The History and Characters of the Genus *Spiastrea*, D'Orbigny (1849), and the Identity of its Type Species with that of *Glyphastraea*, Duncan (1837)," by Dr. George Jennings Hinde; "The Examination of Insoluble Residues obtained from the Carboniferous Limestone at Olifton," by Mr. E. Wethered.

8 p.m. Microscopical: Annual Meeting, Presidential Address by the Rev. Dr. Dallinger.

8 p.m. Shelley Society: "Shelley's Women," by Mr. W. K. Parkes.

THURSDAY, Feb. 9, 2.30 p.m. British Museum: "The Languages and Races of the Babylonian Empire," II., by Mr. G. Berlin.

3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Early Secular Choral Music," I., by Prof. C. H. H. Parry.

8 p.m. London Institution: "Primitive Natural History," by Prof. G. J. Romanes.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The History of Architecture," VI., by Mr. G. Aitchison.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Etching and Mezzotint Engraving," by Prof. H. Barkoner.

8 p.m. Telegraph-Engineers: "Alternate Current Transformers, with Special Reference to the best Proportion between Iron and Copper," by Mr. Gilbert Kapp.

8 p.m. Mathematical: "The Volume generated by a Congruency of Lines," by Mr. R. A. Roberts; "The Free and Forced Vibrations of an Elastic Spherical Shell containing a given Mass of Liquid," by Mr. A. E. H. Love; "Isoscelians," by Mr. R. Tucker.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, Feb. 10, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "Arched Ribs and Voussoir Arches," by Mr. H. Medway Martin.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Work of the Afghan Frontier Commission," by Capt. Mansfield.

8 p.m. New Shakespeare: "An Elizabethan Book-seller," by Mr. Sidney L. Lee.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Safety Lamps in Collieries," by Mr. W. H. Precoe.

SATURDAY, Feb. 11, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Experimental Optics," IV., by Lord Rayleigh.

SCIENCE.

Verner's Law in Italy: an Essay in the History of the Indo-European Sibilants. By R. Seymour Conway. (Trübner.)

MR. CONWAY'S essay is, if I am not mistaken, the first published result of the revised regulations for the Cambridge Classical Tripos. It was written early last year as a dissertation for the Language Section of that Tripos (part ii.), and is now issued in a somewhat expanded form. The regulations do not apparently require publication, as in the case of almost all prize essays; but Mr. Conway has been well advised to print his dissertation.

He was fortunate in selecting a subject which really needed working out on the lines of modern science; and it cannot be fairly questioned that he has made some valuable contributions of his own to the better understanding of it. As might be expected from a young scholar, trained in the best English school of philology, the whole investigation is based upon the principles of Brugmann and Osthoff. Indeed, Mr. Conway knows his *Grundriss* (as he familiarly calls the most recent treatise of the former scholar) almost too well for the comfort of his readers, who will find some stumbling-blocks in their way, if they are not quite so well acquainted with Brugmann's line of enquiry and method of expression. It sometimes happens, too, that Mr. Conway has, by the cumbrous structure of his sentences and the undue compression of his thought, made the way of his reader needlessly rough for him. Some of the time spent on revision might well have been devoted to securing somewhat more ease and clearness of form. But this is of little importance in comparison with the real value of the subject-matter. Mr. Conway has, in the first place, collected with great thoroughness the facts of the letter-changes which he has to discuss, grouping anew those familiar to every student of Latin, and adding to them, with a completeness not previously attempted, the answering phenomena in other Italic dialects, especially Umbrian and Oscan. Secondly, he has endeavoured to give a more thoroughly scientific explanation of these facts by determining the conditions under which the regulative laws operate, and the nature of the interfering causes which at first sight give an appearance of irregularity. The task evidently calls for a very rigorous procedure both in phonetics and in etymology, and a thorough knowledge of the history of the Italian dialects. It is only just to say that Mr. Conway is fully equipped for his task; and that, although on some points his case is not quite made out, it would not be easy to find indications of incompetent knowledge or unscientific method.

Verner's law, which incidentally explains the change from *s* into *r* in English, is, or ought to be, by this time not less familiar than Grimm's even to the schoolboy. But I do not know that any attempt has been made to apply it systematically to the similar phenomena in Latin. The objection may have been felt that there are no traces of its action here on the other fricatives, as in the Teutonic languages. But there seems to be no valid reason why its range should be the same in the two groups; and each may well be examined by itself.

The laws which Mr. Conway believes that he has discovered are the following:

"A. Medial *s* between vowels (1) following an unaccented syllable (*a*) become voiced (*p*) in pro-ethnic Italic, and in Latin after the first change of accent; and (*b*) further became *r* in Latin, Umbrian and other rhotacising dialects, while it was kept in Oscan and other non-rhotacising dialects; (2) following an accented syllable (*a*) was kept in all dialects, (*b*) except in Latin and Faliscan, where it became *r* even when following an accented syllable, if it was (*i*) followed by *i* or *u*, and (*ii*) preceded by *i* or *u* or a long vowel or diphthong. B. Medial *s* before nasals, (*a*) when following an unaccented syllable was lost without compensation; (*b*) when following an accented syllable (*i*) arising before and (*p*) after the period of rhotacism was lost with compensatory lengthening of the preceding vowel; (*ii*) arising during the period of rhotacism became *r*."

For the period of rhotacism Mr. Conway accepts, and supports by some fresh evidence, the generally received date 450-350 B.C.

The importance of the part which the accent plays in this theory is evident. It is very generally admitted that the primitive system of accentuation had been completely abandoned during the time of the Italic unity; and that a practice had sprung up, to which there are many analogies in English, of accenting all independent words on the first syllable. How and under what conditions this system gave way to that which we find in literary Latin, so that *existimo* became *existimo*, is a question on which very little light has as yet been thrown. Mr. Conway believes that the facts of rhotacism demonstrate an intermediate stage, when the accent had become bound by quantity in so far that it could not go back behind a long syllable in the penult, or, if the penult was short, behind a long syllable in the antepenult, but could go back to the fourth from the end or to the initial syllable, if all that intervened between it and the last were short. Thus *existimo* was no longer possible, but *caeruleus* was admitted. The evidence of this is found in the fact that there are no words which necessitate the assumption of the earliest accent, and none which need the supposition of the latest, while there are many which exclude in some instances the earliest, in others the latest, all, however, admitting the intermediate. Individual cases are open to discussion, and longer familiarity with the theory may show weak places in it; but the method of proof is rigidly scientific, and Mr. Conway is fully entitled to the credit of a good working hypothesis.

With regard to the exceptions which stand in the way of admitting Mr. Conway's general canons of rhotacism, it is impossible to feel that all doubt has been removed. To assume that *ara* has been affected by the analogy of *arere* is certainly somewhat strained, especially as we have no indication that Varro's derivation was due to a popular feeling rather than to a grammarian's device; to suppose that *aerum* was dragged after *aurora* because of the "picturesque connexion between the two, which was sure to be kept up," is hardly natural to anyone not defending a thesis; and the treatment of *virus* is far from convincing. But it would be premature to regard these and a few more exceptions as fatal; satisfactory explanations may yet be found, and

the attractiveness of the theory is such as to well repay the search for them.

It is impossible to discuss within the present limits the numerous incidental points of interest arising in the main discussion, or the careful and suggestive appendixes. The essay deserves a cordial welcome, not only for what it contains, but also as a promise of excellent work in the future. Once more a gentle protest must be raised by expressing the hope that a scholar who has induced his printers to give us "connexion" will prevail upon them for the future to spare us "disyllable."

A. S. WILKINS.

OBITUARY.

ANTON DE BARY.

ANTON DE BARY, whose death occurred on January 19, has been for the last twenty years the most prominent figure in the botanical world. He has laid the very foundations of accurate knowledge of more than one branch of botany, and has proved himself the true successor of Robert Brown and Hugo von Mohl.

He was born at Frankfort on January 26, 1831, and having entered the University of Berlin came under the influence of the celebrated Alexander Braun. He began at once the work of original research; and, in his *Untersuchungen über die Brandpilze*, published when twenty-two years of years, there is no trace of a prentice hand. The next memoir of note was his *Untersuchungen über die Familie der Conjugaten*—an investigation full of interest to the student of the development of sexuality in lower organisms. These researches established his reputation for brilliant work; but when, in the year following (1859) the publication of the last memoir, there appeared *Die Mycetozoen* (second edition, 1864), de Bary came at once into the front rank of biologists. In this remarkable paper there was told the life-history of these organisms, which have continued to fascinate everyone since. There is hardly a biologist of note of the present generation who has not at some time or other "taken up" the Mycetozoa. Are they animals or plants? Or is it profitable to put the question in that form at all? They had been considered fungi of high organisation, until at one stroke they sank so low in the scale of classification that the botanist likes to think of them as beyond the frontier line altogether. Next followed the *Recherches sur le développement de quelques Champignons parasites*, in which our knowledge of Peronosporae especially was much extended. Next *Die Fruchtentwicklung der Ascomyceten* gave rise to much discussion—limited, however, to botanists. In the meantime de Bary and Woronin had established the *Beiträge zur Morphologie und Physiologie der Pilze*, consisting of a series of memoirs coming out at uncertain times and continued down to a few years ago. In 1866 his handbook, *Die Morphologie und Physiologie der Pilze, Flechten und Myxomyceten*, represented the first serious attempt to establish order in the vast literature of mycology. It was a splendid performance; and the impetus it gave to research, and, better still, the direction, cannot be overvalued. Numerous memoirs followed. De Bary became editor of the *Botanische Zeitung*, a weekly journal, in addition to his other labours, and enriched it with much of his own work. Among the papers published during this time was the account of his investigation of the potato disease, which attracted much notice in this country. A great labour was carried on during these years and finally saw the light in 1877—his *Vergleichende Anatomie der Vegetationsorgane der Phanerogamen und Farne*—a book representing enormous

labour as well as insight of the highest order. In 1878 he published his charming primer of botany; and another period followed in which papers now and then appeared—for example, that on apogamy—and during which he was perfecting what was nominally a second edition of the great book on fungi, but turned out to be in point of fact a new work. In 1884 appeared the *Vergleichende Morphologie und Biologie der Pilze, Mycetozoen und Bacterien*, which, in many respects, stands not only above his own previous work but well in advance of anything in the contemporary literature of botany. In 1886 his *Vorlesungen über Bacterien* came as an especial pleasure to those who wished to see this group dealt with by an accomplished naturalist.

It would be interesting to point out in greater detail than these columns permit the direct influence of de Bary's work on agriculture and on medicine, as well as on the progress of botany. His method of cultivation of disease organisms has been the one by which all true progress has been made in that study.

During these years of productive labour de Bary held the post of professor of botany, first at Freiburg, then at Halle, and, since the war, at the new German University of Strassburg. Both in Germany and in this country numerous pupils are striving to carry on his work in the spirit of their master. His remarkable personal kindness and delightful humour inspired those who have had the privilege of working under his direction with feelings of devotion not only to botany but also to Anton de Bary.

GEORGE MURRAY.

DR. F. V. HAYDEN.

DR. HAYDEN, the well-known American geologist, whose death has been recently announced, was born in Westfield, Massachusetts, on September 7, 1829. His early training at Albany, N.Y., prepared him for a medical career, and during the war he acted as a surgeon and medical inspector. His own tastes, however, inclined towards geology; and he acquired considerable reputation by his exploration of the Yellowstone and Missouri rivers. As head of the Geological and Geographical Survey of the Territories he displayed remarkable enthusiasm, and published in rapid succession a series of noble volumes and maps, which were generously distributed to all scientific centres. For many years he held the Professorship of Geology and Mineralogy in the University of Pennsylvania, but was led to resign this position when the administration of the Survey demanded his entire attention. Dr. Hayden will be long remembered in the United States, if only for the action he took in securing for the people the Yellowstone National Park.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH'S EMENDATION OF "PHARS." IX. 567.

Woolleigh, Mayfield, Sussex: Jan. 24, 1888.

Tempting as is the late Bishop of Lincoln's most beautiful emendation of Lucan, *Phars.* ix. 567, on which Mr. Robinson Ellis has set his imprimatur (*ACADEMY*, January 21), there is one difficulty in the way of accepting it which my defective reading does not enable me to remove. Are there any Stoic parallels to the sentiment which it puts into the mouth of Cato? Pompey, when mortally wounded (viii. 629), assures the gods that he is happy, and that none of them can deprive him of this. Here is sound Stoical doctrine—the familiar paradox that virtue and blessedness can be no more than perfect. A wise man who dies in the moment of attaining them is the equal of Jove who possesses them eternally, because a perfect moment is equal to a perfect eternity. Cato,

in the ninth book, is asking Labienus—is the oracle of Ammon to be consulted as to the truth of a number of Stoical commonplaces, among others, according to the MSS.: Whether life, even long life, be nothing [apart from virtue]? Whether the age [to which one lives virtuously] can matter? And two lines later—Whether it be enough to will what is praiseworthy? The phrase, as the MSS. give it, is both pretentious and slovenly; but the sentiment suits Cato and the context. The addition of a single letter gives an exquisite phrase of the kind that Lucan aimed at; but if long life only puts off true happiness, praiseworthy desires and unsuccessful endeavours are not enough. No doubt a noble death itself is happiness according to Lucan, but the Stoics certainly held that happiness was possible at any and every moment in this life. To accept the emendation we want to know that Lucan Platonised, and that he could contradict himself in the course of three lines without calling upon us to admire the feat.

G. A. SIMCOX.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE medals and funds to be given at the annual meeting of the Geographical Society, on February 17, have been awarded as follows: the Wollaston Medal to H. B. Medlicott; the Murchison Medal to Prof. J. S. Newberry, of New York; the Lyell Medal to Prof. H. Alleyne Nicholson; the Wollaston Fund to John Horne; the Murchison Fund to E. Wilson, of the British Museum; the Lyell Fund to Arthur H. Foord and T. Roberts.

In the February number of the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute* there are at least two papers of unusual interest. One of these is a thoughtful sociological study of the natives of the Lower Congo, by Mr. R. C. Phillips, who has lived among them for many years; the other is Canon Isaac Taylor's paper on "The Origin and Primitive Seat of the Aryans."

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

WE congratulate the editors of the *Classical Review* (David Nutt) on the bound volume which signalises the completion of their first year. They have succeeded in redeeming, in a fuller measure than might have been anticipated, the ambitious promise of their prospectus; and they have thrown in an index, compiled by Mr. W. F. R. Shilleto, which is in itself a marvel of intelligent labour. The double number for February has also just appeared. We observe that the distinction between original articles and reviews has practically disappeared—through no departure from the original plan, but by raising some of the reviews to the rank of original articles. Mr. Jevons, while noticing Gruppe's work on Greek mythology in its relation to Eastern religions, makes a valuable contribution of his own to a question that is now much to the front. We would also specially mention Mr. Tozer's account of a visit to the native land of Horace, Mr. Wheeler's letter on archaeological schools at Athens, and Prof. Jebb's rendering into Greek iambics of the two most famous stanzas of Shelley's "Adonais." We venture to quote the first lines:

Ἰσοῖς δ' ἔμπερος ἐμπεσὼν ἔφη μορος
δόξης ἀμολοῖς παθίκου κληρουχίας.

THE new number of the *Journal of Philology* (Macmillan) contains two papers on Aeschylus, by Mr. Macnaghten and Mr. Housman; notes on Propertius, by Mr. Paley; on Juvenal and Martial, by Prof. J. E. B. Mayor; on the *Aetna*, by Mr. R. Ellis, with an appendix of emendations on the *Opuscula Vergiliana*, contributed by Prof. Unger, of Halle; on the Numasios

Inscription, by Mr. H. D. Darbishire; on the date of Calpurnius Siculus (a very important article), by Mr. R. Garnett; on some passages of Nonius, by Mr. Onions; *Adversaria*, by Prof. Nettleship; and some lexicographical notes, by Mr. Haverfield.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.—(Monday, January 16).

T. G. FOSTER, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. P. Roscoe being unable to read his promised paper on "Prof. Wilson," Mr. Vodoz read one on "Rabelais." He began by pointing out the intimate relation that existed between the Renaissance and the Reformation, the Renaissance giving a new strength to the Reformation and preparing its triumph. He went on to show how greatly these two movements were favoured in France, both by the indifference with which they were met at court, and by the policy of a king who had no beliefs, and whose power was under no firm control. Among the first who saw that the old society had "outlived" itself, and whose life's work it was to bring about the formation of a new one, he would place François Rabelais, and Jean Calvin. Rabelais, the type of the Renaissance, played, as it were, into the hands of Calvin in dealing by his satirical wit the strongest blow that had ever been struck in France against the rule of ignorance and superstition. Having given a short account of his life, Mr. Vodoz showed how Rabelais was a true representative of the Renaissance, by his erudition, his freely cultivated mind, and his endeavours to further the study of classical literature. His enemies seemed to have agreed in giving him the character of a cynical mocker. Mr. Vodoz contended that he was most earnest at heart. The mask of folly he wears being but a shield, behind which he hides to throw his darts with impunity. Beautiful page, judicious thoughts, pleasant scenes even, abound in the strange book which was produced by his power of imagination, entirely bent on a sharp criticism of human nature and of society. A short account was then given of that book, "The Life of Gargantua and the Heroic Deeds of Pantagruel," with quotations tending to show the profound knowledge which Rabelais possessed of the heart of man, and that only a writer filled with the highest aspirations for truth and love could place in the mouth of his heroes such words as those of Pantagruel "in his prayer to God, before a fight with 300 giants." If Rabelais refused to stand by Calvin, it was not to fall into the other extreme, the Church of Rome; but he would be independent of either. He stands alone in his century, alone he represents the period of transition in literature.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, January 19.)

A. W. FRANKS, Esq., V.-P., in the chair.—Mr. R. S. Ferguson exhibited the seal of Sir Joseph Cradock, Commissary of the Archdeacon of Richmond, 1654. The seal bears a seated figure in a royal gown holding a pen. Mr. Scharf exhibited a large picture of four men playing cards, traditionally supposed to represent Lord Burleigh and his friends—an attribution which has nothing to support it. The picture at one time belonged to Lord Falkland, was known to Horace Walpole, and is now in the possession of Mr. Colnaghi. It is described in *Archæologia*, vol. viii. The painting, which is an oaken panel, was at one time ascribed to Zuccherò, but is more probably by Cornelius Ketel. It has been repainted to a considerable extent. Gold and silver coins lie on the table, many of which are of the time of Elizabeth, and none later.—Mr. Robert Day, junr., local secretary for Ireland, described four dug-out boats, discovered in Lough Erne and the Claddagh river, of which the smallest measured 22 ft. 6 in. by 2 ft., and the largest, 55 ft. by 2 ft. The workmanship showed no trace of metal tools.—Mr. Peacock contributed an account of a further portion of the list of Church goods destroyed as superstitious in Lincolnshire in 1566, which has recently been discovered in the Episcopal registry at Lincoln.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(Monday, January 23.)

SIR THOMAS WADE, president, in the chair.—Sir Monier Williams laid before the society some letters from Jain Pandits. In doing so, he remarked that most oriental scholars were now of opinion that Vardhamana Mahāvira (Nāpātha) and Gautama Buddha were contemporaries. The Jains were an independent sceptical sect, probably a little antecedent to the Buddhists; at any rate, a sect of Niganthas or Digambaras (naked ascetics) existed before the Buddha's time. Gautama Buddha's main idea was that liberation from the cycle of rebirths (Samsāra) was to be by means of knowledge, evolved out of the inner consciousness through meditation and intuition; whereas Mahāvira's main idea was that liberation came through bodily mortification. The term Jina (conqueror) was used in both systems; but the Buddha was a Jina through meditation, while the Jain teacher was a Jina through austerity. The Jains had a notion that sin and shame went together, and that if they got rid of clothes they would get rid of sin; hence Mahāvira and his followers walked about with the air or sky (Dig) as their sole covering. On the other hand, one of the chief points on which the Buddha insisted was that of decent clothing. Nakedness (says the Dhamma-pada) cannot purify a mortal who has not overcome desires. It seemed possible that Devadatta, Gautama's cousin and great rival, belonged to a Digambara sect, opposed to the Buddha on this point; for in ancient sculptures he was represented nude or semi-nude, in close proximity to the robed Buddha. Even among the Digambaras Jaina, a protesting party arose, called Svetambaras, clothed in white robes. This separation of the two chief Jain sects must have taken place (according to Dr. Bühler) some time before the first century of our era; probably the Digambaras preceded the Svetambaras, though each claimed to be the oldest. Svetambaras objected to the Digambaras naked images of the twenty-four Jinas. They also admitted women into the order of ascetics, which the Digambaras never did. They also had distinct sacred books called Angas, Upāṅgas, &c., the composition of which is referred to the end of the fourth or the beginning of the fifth century B.C. The Digambara sacred books were of a later date (composed probably in the fifth or sixth century after Christ); but the Digambaras maintain that the Svetambara canon is spurious. The Jains called their twenty-four prophets Tirthankaras "ford-makers"—i.e., making a way across the ocean of transmigration. The Buddhists use this term for a heretical teacher. Jains had no stupas or dagabas for relics. They believed in the existence of souls, which the Buddhists denied. Jaina metempsychosis extended to inorganic matter. Their "three jewels" were right belief, right knowledge, right conduct. They laid even greater stress on the prohibition "kill not" than the Buddhists, and they made good and evil (or merit and demerit, Dharma and Adharma) two of their six fundamental eternal principles.—Mr. Ranj Lal, of Delhi, a member of the Jain community, read notes on some of the modern practices and tenets of the Jains.—Sir William G. Davis made a statement on the former differences between the Jains and the Vaishnavas at Delhi, and on the manner in which those differences had now been happily removed.—A discussion followed.

BROWNING SOCIETY.—(Friday, January 27.)

THE REV. MR. HARRISON in the chair.—Dr. Furnivall (president) announced that the Olympic Theatre had been engaged for the afternoon of Thursday, March 8, for a performance of Mr. Browning's "Blot in the Scutcheon," Miss Alma Murray and other well-known actors lending their assistance. He then proceeded to read a paper on "Abt Vogler," by Miss Ormerod. The paper dealt rather with the biography of the man than with the use he served in the poem by Browning, and was intended to supply members with fuller information as to his personality and surroundings than they already possessed. For this purpose Miss Ormerod had been requested to make an abstract of Dr. Carl Emil von Schachhäutl's *Life of Abt Vogler*, and this formed the substance of the paper. Dr. Schachhäutl, who was born in 1803, eleven years before Vogler died, collected the details of his life. He knew many of his friends, and had met only

one man hostile to him, and that was an organ-builder. Vogler was born in a suburb of Würzburg, lived a wandering, and to some extent, adventurous life, and died in 1814, at Darmstadt, loaded with honours. He had many brilliant qualities, among them an extraordinary gift for languages; and he himself relates, in a letter to his native town, that during five months of his travels in Spain, Africa, and Greece, he had confessed 1,500 persons in twelve different languages. Added to his more dazzling gifts, he had untiring industry, indomitable courage, and fervent piety. The paper then gave details of the many vicissitudes of his life, among the most interesting incidents of which were the enthusiastic admiration of his pupils, Weber and Meyerbeer, and his friendly rivalry with Beethoven at a musical *soirée*, when each extemporised alternately on a theme given by the other. His musical compositions have not stood the test of time, although his opera, "Castor and Pollux," was received with great appreciation during his life. But he founded three schools of music, in Mannheim, in Stockholm, and in Darmstadt, and there is a touch of the highest genius in his attempt to render in music the impression made upon his mind by pictures. His skill lay in extemporisation, in reforming the mechanism of organs, and in the construction of a portable concert-organ, which he called the orchestrion. As a reformer of organs he met with much jealousy and suspicion, and had to suffer from the ludicrous accusation of pilfering organ-pipes. He took extraordinary pains to render accurate the simplification of organ-mechanism; and his plan still survives among organ-builders, and is known as the Abt Vogler plan. He himself admitted his deficiency in the gift of melody, and his wandering life was hostile to greatness.—The chairman recorded the thanks of the society to the writer of the paper. The relation of Browning's poems to the life lies expressed in the title, where he is indicated as extemporising on an instrument of his own invention. It is as a reformer frustrated, but confident of after-recognition that he serves Browning's aim.—Some members expressed disappointment that the poem was not more directly handled in the paper.—Dr. Furnivall explained that it was just such a biographical paper that was asked for. Abt Vogler suited Browning's desire to give expression to the momentaneity of music.—Dr. Berdoe called attention to the strong similarity of thought in the fourth canto of the poem and some lines in "Paracelsus."—Mr. Slater considered the paper valuable as giving definite knowledge of the man.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE OF PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos, and Lithographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should try a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—Geo. Reed, 115, Strand, near Waterloo Bridge.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

THOUGH the exhibition contains a sufficiently complete series of works by the English masters of the last, and the first years of the present, century, the show is by no means a very representative or a very captivating one. It cannot be said to exemplify this year—as does so signally the rival show at the Grosvenor Gallery—the most sympathetic qualities of our school.

The Earl of Jersey's so-called "Portrait of a Sculptor" (119), by William Dobson, is a fine performance in the manner of the painter's master, Van Dyck, having, however, a certain individuality which agreeably distinguishes it from mere school work. The physiognomy of the anonymous artist (or, perhaps rather, *dilettante*) portrayed is stamped with that peculiar sensitiveness and melancholy which appear as the distinguishing characteristics of so many attractive personalities at that time of uncertainty and foreboding to which the picture belongs. Sir Joshua Reynolds is represented by that imposing family piece, "The

Marlborough Family" (120), which is one of the few remaining relics of the former pictorial splendours of Blenheim. It must have been, and, indeed, still is, in many parts, a splendid piece of colour. Some of the individual portraits, too, are excellent, and especially the group of three children in the foreground, which has all the delicious freshness and *espieglerie* of Sir Joshua's best manner, notwithstanding the characteristic affectation of the attitudes. Yet the master—evidently seeking to emulate Van Dyck's performances in the great Wilton family-group and other similar works—has not succeeded better than did his prototype in giving real dramatic cohesion to his picture, or in removing the uncomfortable impression that we have here a gathering of persons going through the awkward process of making believe that they are not posing, but have been caught by the painter in attitudes of unconscious dignity. An unusually splendid and well-preserved specimen of the system of colouring which distinguished the maturity of the same artist is the otherwise not very expressive or interesting full-length of "Dr. Ash" (39), contributed by the Governors of the General Hospital, Birmingham. This glowing, if a trifle hot, harmony of many reds and tawny hues, shows Sir Joshua rather in his Rembrandtesque than in his Venetian phase.

Nothing here adequately sustains the reputation of Gainsborough, or shows to the full his unequalled sprightliness and charm, save, it may be, the too hastily executed "Portrait of the Hon. Mrs. Henry Fane" (27), lent by Mr. Thwaites. This—if it cannot, from a technical point of view, take high rank among Gainsborough's achievements—is a characteristic presentment of the female dandy, distinguished rather by an air of supreme fashion than by a real refinement or an unaffected dignity of bearing. Romney is this year hardly seen to better advantage at the Academy than Gainsborough, though no less than eight works bear his name. The only portrait which reveals to the full his peculiar qualities of distinction and undemonstrative elegance is that of the Earl of Westmoreland (122) (lent by the Earl of Jersey). Were it not for a certain characteristic opaqueness and harshness of colour in the costume and accessories, this reposeful, yet vivacious, rendering of a handsome young nobleman, all too conscious of his high lineage and personal attractions, would be worthy to rank with Gainsborough's famous "St. Leger" at Hampton Court, and with Reynolds's portraits of the youthful Prince Regent. No English portrait here is more remarkable than Sir Henry Raeburn's "Lady Raeburn" (13), contributed by Lord Tweedmouth. We find in this undemonstrative delineation of a homely, yet sympathetic, matron of middle-age neither feats of the brush nor special charm of colour, though the technique—at any rate in the painting of the head—is firm and skilful. On the other hand the portrait shows a searching and unaffected truth of characterisation; it reveals a grasp of the personality represented, such as we do not find in an equal degree in any other English work in the exhibition. It is a living, and, more, a thinking being who looks down from this modest canvas, all unconscious, too, of the eye of the beholder. A fine portrait, too, is the "Paul Sandby, R.A." (22), by Sir William Beechey—broad both in characterisation and in execution. That of the "Countess of Cork" (43), by Henry Perronet Briggs, is also of considerable interest, as being a good specimen of a comparatively little known though evidently highly competent painter. Richard Wilson's two noble scenes from the "Vale of Llangollen" (152 and 158), lent by Sir W. W. Wynn, though they have not all the charm of his earlier

Italian subjects, fully vindicate his right to be considered one of the pioneers of English landscape.

It was a somewhat cruel proceeding to place between two fine and delicately atmospheric examples of Turner's second manner—the "Linlithgow" (37), and the beautiful "Ivy Bridge" (41), which so closely resembles, in composition and scheme of colour, a water-colour of the same time, which has been recently seen at Burlington House—Sir A. W. Callcott's learnedly-composed and solidly-painted "Classical Landscape" (40). The leaden hues and palpable artificiality of this, in its way, fine work, are thus made disagreeably prominent. Turner is further represented by the "Narcissus and Echo" (11), belonging to the year 1804—a work which now appears uncertain and blurred in execution, and can never have been among the fine productions of the master. Of about the same period must be Lord Leconfield's singularly beautiful and pathetic "Evening" (7). It is only the corner of a wooded park bathed in the waning light of a sun already below the horizon, but the deep orange reflections of which still show through the branches of the trees: in the foreground is a pool, half overshadowed already by the gathering shades of night, at which drink cattle and a horse. Here the poet-painter, preserving a measure of realistic truth, and resisting the temptation to manipulate unduly the elements of his picture, has infused into it a deeper pathos than marks some of the more tragic and conventionally idealised creations of his later time. The pathos—that of a tender regret for evanescent and fast-waning beauty—is here evolved without effort by a revelation of the natural affinities of the scene with a phase of human emotion; while, in the more disquieting production of his stormy maturity, Turner's primary object would appear to be—using nature as his instrument rather than seeking its representation as an ultimate aim—to express a personal mood, stormy, desponding, or fantastic.

Constable has rarely painted more magnificently than in the "Brighton: the Beach and Chain Pier" (48), lent by the Rev. T. Sheepshanks. Yet even this splendid exhibition of technical mastery does not suffice to redeem the irretrievably prosaic subject chosen. To accomplish this it would have been necessary to add the piquancy of a strong human interest, as it is understood in the most modern phase of French art; a suggestion of bustling movement, the clash of combined toil and energy, would, perhaps, have supplied what is wanting. However, it would be difficult to imagine finer painting than is shown in the cloud-laden sky; a greater skill than is brought to bear on the delineation of the vanishing row of houses which follows the line of coast; or a more remarkable realisation of never-ceasing movement than is supplied by the dark-green, ruffled sea. A fine specimen of the art of Collins is the landscape entitled "Bird-catchers" (10), in which the unusually important figures have an atmospheric envelopment peculiar to the painter. In the suggestion of such effects he was, indeed, without a superior among his contemporaries.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

JAPANESE ART AT THE FINE ART SOCIETY'S.

Down to the present time it may be said that the interest of the Japanese collector in England has been little influenced by accurate knowledge of the history of Japanese art. Large collections and fine collections have been formed with no other guide than the taste of the collector; and, though some of these, like M. Louis Goussier and Messrs. Audley and

Bowes, have studied the subject as much as they could, and have published beautiful and interesting works on the subject, and Mr. Franks has extracted all available information in the catalogues of his collection of pottery and porcelain, they have all had to collect and learn at the same time. Mr. Ernest Hart also has done his best in his lectures at the Society of Arts to summarise existing knowledge with regard to the different branches of Japanese art; and his republished catalogue is made specially valuable by the index of marks and signatures, given in Japanese as well as English characters. Yet, without disparagement to the knowledge of all these connoisseurs, Dr. William Anderson's work on the Pictorial Arts of Japan, and his catalogue to the collection of Japanese drawings at the British Museum, represent a standard of historical knowledge and scientific arrangement combined which no other writer has attained. What he has done for pictorial art is its division into accurate periods and schools, with accounts of the various artists, and distinction of various styles; and the opening of the new room at the British Museum, in which the most remarkable of the fine collection of Japanese drawings will be displayed, will, with the assistance of Dr. Anderson's catalogue, afford for the first time a permanent opportunity for the study of Japanese pictures.

It has been the aim of Mr. Huish, in this exhibition now being held at the galleries of the Fine Art Society, to afford an opportunity for something like a systematic study of other branches of Japanese art. With the assistance of Mr. Kataoka, he has arranged and classified some two thousand specimens of Japanese pottery, carving, lac, and bronzes, and other metal work, having first, by permission of the owners, chosen them from their collections. The exhibition, therefore, represents the pick of several fine collections (the contributors number more than fifty), and contains a large quantity of very choice things. So numerous and so choice are they, indeed, that it is impossible to describe, and very difficult to select, the choicest; and we must leave both tasks unattempted here. As a guide to the collection, Mr. Huish and Mr. Kataoka have compiled a catalogue which, when completed and corrected, will contain a clear description of each article, with notes as to its date and school, and the artist, when known.

The articles in the outer room are principally carvings and bronzes. Mr. Cyril Flower's bronze group of an eagle or falcon and a monkey is the first prominent object. On the same table will be found some specimens of armour in thin hammered iron, belonging to Mr. Ernest Hart, said to be of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, one of which, a helmet with a dragon coiled round it, weighs less than a pound. In the case (Y) in the same room are some fine carvings, most of them those large and elaborate modern groups in ivory, wonderful in workmanship, but unknown in the days of the Daimios, when the Samurai wore the costume shown in the doll lent by Mr. Alexander. But here are some old carvings also—notably Dr. Anderson's figures of Ni-O (23 and 24). In a case at the side are some very fine specimens of old sword-guards. In sword-mounts generally—those guards, caps, and rings on which the Japanese artists have bestowed such exquisite skill in chasing and inlaying with various metals—the exhibition is very rich, the chief contributors being Mr. E. Gilbertson, Mr. E. Hart, M. Bing (the well-known French collector), Mr. Spread, and Mr. Huish.

As may be supposed the netsukes are numerous and fine. In nothing does the Japanese art genius show itself more unmistakably than in sculpture in little; and these small

buttons, or toggles, sometimes full of impish humour, sometimes so perfect in imitation of nature and often such miracles of execution, have from their first appearance in this country aroused the collector's appetite. Nothing will satisfy the desire for netsukés when it once sets in. In one case at South Kensington Museum, there are now some four or five hundred lent by Mr. Thomas Gray, C.B.; and these are said to form considerably less than half of his collection. At the Fine Art Society there are more than can be properly seen in one visit, especially as they are difficult things to see, or at least to examine, unless you can take them in your hand and turn them round and round. Mr. H. Seymour Trower, Mr. Massey Mainwaring, Mr. E. Gilbertson, and Mr. F. G. Smith, are the principal lenders of netsukés. The names of the different artists are given in the catalogue. And it is possible that before long the names of these little masters of Japan (difficult though they be to remember) will be well known to collectors, and that a vast amount of time will be spent in learning their signatures in Japanese characters, while a veritable "Ikkan" or "Miwa," will fetch a great many times its weight in gold.

Perhaps the principal feature of the exhibition is the fine collection of works in lac; and Mr. Huish has rightly devoted a good deal of his interesting introduction to the catalogue in describing the process of constructing and decorating these beautiful things, which are the most purely national and unique of all Japanese productions. So Japanese are they that they require almost a separate education for their due appreciation by a Western. A process so slow, so elaborate, and, after all, so subdued in its ultimate effect, as that of lac-work was probably never imagined or executed by any other people except the Japanese, and by them could only have been brought to such perfection under the peculiar conditions of the feudal times of Japan. The employment of lac in Japan goes back, we believe, to the fourth century, if not further; but it was not till the eighteenth that the perfection of manufacture and decoration was reached. Nearly all the specimens here belong to the last or the present century. The art of lac-work differs from others in that not only the decoration but the substance on which the decoration is laid, or in which it is embedded, or out of which it is carved, is the result of the artist's labour, being a series of layers of the lac gum laid one over the other, each layer going through a separate process of hardening, polishing, and drying; sometimes morsels of gold leaf of different colours and different sized grains are embedded in the layers; sometimes the design is thus built up in the bulk with extraordinary patience and care, so that the whole lies beneath the polished surface; sometimes the layers are of different coloured lac and the design is carved in the substance; sometimes the lac is inlaid, sometimes incrustated, with different coloured lacs, and mother-of-pearl, and coral, and other coloured substances. Specimens of all kinds and of the finest quality—cabinets and caskets, medicine boxes and writing cases, and numberless other objects, including a saddle and a reading desk in gold and black lac, in aventurine and Nashiji, and a dozen other varieties, are lent by the Duke of Edinburgh, Mr. Salt- ing, Mr. Massey Mainwaring, Mr. E. Hart, Mr. Wm. Alexander, Mr. W. J. Stuart, M. Bing, and others too numerous to mention.

The many beautiful and curious specimens of bronze work and carving in the large room, the fine but small collections of Satsuma and Imari, and the cases in which choice examples of other kinds of Japanese pottery and porcelains are enshrined, we must leave our readers to discover for themselves.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

OBITUARY.

J. W. INCHBOLD.

A PAINTER of considerable originality and achievement has just passed away. Born in Leeds on April 29, 1830, John W. Inchbold died at Headingley on January 23, 1888.

Mr. Inchbold's works in oil and water-colour are known to a good many lovers of landscape art. He was an ardent student of nature, and in his earlier days worked with painful fidelity according to the laws of the strictest sect of the pre-Raphaelites. We remember one of his first essays—a study in oil of grass and dandelions, exhibited at the British Institution, which was a marvel of microscopic accuracy. Gradually, as his artistic sense and power of expression developed, Mr. Inchbold adopted a larger and more sympathetic treatment. Not infrequently our enjoyment of his works is partially marred by the prevalence of a peculiar greenish blue tint for which the artist appeared to possess a strange predilection. But he has left behind him many fine works, both in oil and water-colour, which are free from this defect. Among his pictures painted in Venice, Switzerland, and Cornwall, are many choice examples of his feeling for atmosphere and for delicate nuances of colour in water and foliage. "Drifting"—a lake scene, which was shown at the Grosvenor Gallery a year or two ago—is one of his best oil pictures.

Mr. John Inchbold was a successful etcher, although very few of his plates have been published. A little volume of sonnets which he brought out in 1877 proved him to possess the power of poetic thought and expression in another medium besides that of the painter.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE COLOSSI IN THE FAYUM.

Medinet el Fayum: Jan. 20, 1888.

Readers of Herodotus will remember the strange account which he gives of two pyramids in Lake Moeris, with statues on the tops of them. As such an arrangement would be most improbable architecturally, it is desirable to clear up this account. In hopes of finding something of the XIIth Dynasty, I accordingly began to work on the remains at Biahmu, which are usually supposed to be what Herodotus mentions.

In the few feet of dust and chips over the ruins I found innumerable fragments of the two great colossi, carved in very hard yellow quartzite sandstone, and polished with the utmost brilliancy. The only feature I recovered was a nose, which is $11\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide. The colossi were therefore about eight times life size, or 35 feet high seated. The thrones had the usual figures of the Niles holding plant-stems, and around the bases were nome figures. These colossi of 35 feet high had bases at least 3 feet high, and were placed on pedestals which remain about 22 feet high, making a total of 60 feet high.

These pedestals were each surrounded by an open court, with walls sloping up outside nearly as high as the pedestals; hence from a distance the colossi would appear as if seated on the tops of pyramids.

The age is fixed by a part of an inscription of Amenemhat III., the king who formed, or regulated, Lake Moeris. So Herodotus was correctly informed on this point. His mistake about the size of the structures was doubtless due to his seeing them from a distance during the inundation.

M. Grébaut has kindly allowed me to work on his own nomination, in the Fayum, this season, for the private exploration which I have now undertaken; so my next points of research will be the pyramids of Hawara and Illahun, and the Labyrinth, wherever that may be.

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE recent election of Mr. William Bell Scott as an honorary member of the Royal Scottish Academy is a graceful and well-merited recognition of this veteran worker's manifold and singularly varied services—as painter, etcher, teacher, poet and critic—in the cause of art and literature.

M. NAVILLE leaves for Egypt this week, to resume and complete his excavations at Tell Basta (Bubastis).

By the death of the Rev. J. J. Heywood, which occurred some months ago, another somewhat remarkable collection of prints comes into the market. Messrs. Sotheby will sell them, we understand, some time during the month of March. Those who know that Mr. Heywood, a few years before his death, had at least one good sale of prints in Wellington-street, and that he sold to Mr. Ellis, of Bond-street, not only his library, but likewise his unequalled collection of the etchings of Méryon—of which he issued privately a daintily printed catalogue in some sort complementary to that of Mr. Wedmore—will, possibly, be surprised to hear that other things remained to him. As a matter of fact, quite a large miscellaneous collection has still to be dispersed. It will be found richest, we understand, in Hollars—only the duplicates which Mr. Heywood possessed by this master having previously been offered. Then there are also said to be a certain number of good mezzo-tints, besides a considerable quantity of inferior works amassed in the process of giving extra "illustration," as it is called, to favourite books. The sale promises altogether to be one of the most interesting of the season.

EARLY in February will be opened, in Brook Street, a gallery of Shakspearean heroines. Sir Frederick Leighton has painted Desdemona; Mr. Alma-Tadema, Portia, wife of Brutus; Mr. Calderon, Juliet; Mr. Goodall, Miranda; Mr. Herbert Schmalz, Imogen; Mr. Val Prinsep, Mariana; Mr. Phil Morris, Audrey; Mr. F. W. Topham, Isabella; Mr. E. Blair Leighton, Olivia; Mr. G. D. Leslie, Anne Page; Mr. E. Long, Katherine; Mr. Macbeth, Rosalind; Mr. Dicksee, Beatrice; Mr. Perugini, Silvia; Mr. Poynter, Cressida; Mr. H. Woods, Portia; Mr. A. Waterhouse, Cleopatra; Mr. Yeames, Cordelia; Mr. Marcus Stone, Ophelia; Mr. Luke Fildes, Jessica; Mr. Richmond, Joan of Arc; and Mrs. Alma-Tadema, Queen Katherine. An illustrated catalogue, with an analysis of each play, has been written by Mr. W. E. Henley. These pictures will in course of time be engraved and published as supplements to the *Graphic*.

THE exhibitions that open next week include a collection of drawings and paintings of Venice, by M. A. N. Roussoff, at the Fine Art Society's, in New Bond Street; a collection of water-colour drawings by past and present students of the Institute, at the Goupil Gallery, also in New Bond Street; and a collection of water-colour drawings and sketches by Miss Clara Montalba, at Mr. McLean's in the Haymarket.

THE twenty-seventh annual exhibition of the Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts will also be opened next week at Glasgow.

THE STAGE.

"FASCINATION" AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN and Miss Harriett Jay took the right measure of their piece at the Vaudeville when they called it an "improbable comedy." It brings into the full nineteenth century a Rosalind masquerading in boy's clothes; but the new Rosalind is stirred somewhat by jealousy, and her investigations take her into haunts which are not very choice. It is true that the lady whose relations with her

own lover she suspects is described repeatedly as a fashionable beauty, if not a professional beauty, or a society beauty. Yet at the same time we are informed that nobody recognises her, and that at the very least she has a past which is discreditable. Perhaps Mr. Buchanan's and Miss Jay's notions of her were a little indefinite. Her conduct in the play does not seem to be very blameworthy. Nevertheless, it requires extraordinary tact on the part of an actress to reconcile us to the appearance of a young gentleman in a swallow-tail coat and trousers, among some rather fast people—among, at all events, a group of undesirable men, of whom a mischievous and ancient duke is about the worst, and a silly but good-natured and fairly innocent clergyman about the best. And Miss Jay—for it is the authoress herself who plays the part—does display extraordinary tact, unquestionably. In the mere matter of wearing boy's dress with naturalness and refined ease, she surpasses the most famous actress of the day. And other qualities she has besides the art *de savoir porter*—not *la robe*, but the swallow-tail. She acts, in every sense, with spirit and feeling—takes the piece safely through its emotional passages, and through, at least, her share of comic situations. She betrays feeling with discretion, and swaggers very prettily. There can hardly before have been afforded so large an opportunity for exhibiting Miss Jay's command of certain not unimportant phases of histrionic art.

All the while, the piece remains what it professes to be—"improbable." And, we must remember, to confess a fault is not always to atone for it; hence, the difficulty of taking even the serious scenes quite seriously. It is only when the pure comedy is being enacted that we can receive what passes with complete confidence. There are some well-imagined comic characters. The mischievous and somewhat wicked, but habitually genial old duke is at least a happy sketch, though Mr. Fred Thorne is not seen at his best in embodying him. Mr. Scot Buist and Mr. Royce Carlet help the play considerably. Mr. Conway is forcible and picturesque. Miss Vane—with whom London playgoers are not yet very familiar—performs with earnestness as the lady of doubtful position whose heart is touched by the lover of "Rosalind." But the part wants investing with a more obvious fascination, we think; and to that Miss Vane may direct her further efforts. As the gay and good-hearted clergyman, Mr. Thomas Thorne is very quaint and funny. You like him, you disapprove of him—then you discover that, though distinctly skittish, he is excellent at heart, and a firm and timely friend. Mr. Thorne's dry and absolutely unconscious humour, and his complete discretion, serve him admirably in this character. He is always entertaining, yet he never exaggerates—whatever others may do, he, at all events, never "forces the note."

We shall not prophecy long life for "Fascination," since our prophecy of a very long run for "Heart of Hearts"—following on the immediate and almost phenomenal success of its first representation—was not entirely realised. But it is, in its own way, a clever comedy, though an "improbable" one. And it is acted smoothly all round, and really well by several, and as well as it could possibly be by Miss Jay and Mr. Thorne. F. W.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. WILSON BARRETT is keeping his promise, in the spirit as well as in the letter, by the Wednesday matinees which he has already instituted. For two or three Wednesdays now he has been performing "Hamlet"; and the

performance, it is almost needless to say, is not less acceptable at the Globe than it was at the Princess's. On Wednesday next, Mr. Barrett changes the bill, and presents three short pieces, in two of which he is seen to very particular advantage. One of these is "A Clerical Error"; the other, "Chatterton"—a play in which his capacity for picturesqueness and pathos is evidenced in the most unmistakable of ways. "Chatterton" is a small piece, but it is a great performance.

MRS. BERNARD BEERE is changing the bill at the Opera Comique, after a very successful season with "As in a Looking Glass," and—a remarkable contrast to her presentation of this or that adventuress—is about to appear in a wholly sympathetic part.

WE have received from Messrs. Reeves & Turner the essay they have published on the Juliet of Miss Alma Murray, by Mr. Frank Wilson. Mr. Wilson, who proves himself to be a most thoughtful student of the drama, was the spectator of five out of the six performances of the character of Juliet which Miss Alma Murray gave in Edinburgh. He made careful notes of the proceedings; and by means of these notes he succeeds in showing us not only the general merit of Miss Alma Murray's performance—which no one who has seen her in the Constance of Mr. Browning or the Beatrice of Shelley could doubt—but, what is more to the point, the particular reading given by her to certain passages, and the effect she thereby obtains. Mr. Wilson—like every other critic—is really more interesting when his method is explanatory than when it is purely laudatory. He takes us through Miss Alma Murray's performance point by point, and makes us feel her careful reverence for the Shakspearean text. There may be reverence in a new reading when it is adopted with reasonableness and after due consideration. Thus, in the Second Act, Miss Murray adopts two of Mr. P. A. Daniel's emendations: "Bondage is hushed," instead of "Bondage is hoarse," and

"her airy tongue more hoarse than Fame
With repetition of my Romeo's name,"
instead of

"her airy tongue more hoarse than mine
With repetition of my Romeo's name."

In the second scene of the Third Act, to quote Mr. Wilson, "out of the 116 lines and part-lines allotted to Juliet, she speaks 102, while, on referring to the text-books of the two latest London revivals of the play, we find these lines reduced to 68 and 70, respectively." In the fifth scene of the Third Act—a scene with Lady Capulet—"throughout the dialogue with her mother immediately following Romeo's exit, Miss Murray's replies were given more as if dictated by some somnambulistic influence from within than as if she were entirely alive to the purport of Lady Capulet's words. It was only at the announcement of the projected marriage with Paris that she began to take full possession again of her protective mental faculties." We need not multiply instances of the actress's art, nor of the care with which Mr. Wilson now, like Mr. Moseley previously, has followed its display; but it is evident that Mr. Wilson's pamphlet must be full of interest to the student of the stage and of Shakspeare.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

WE have to notice three (and, should space permit, four) concerts during the past week at which Miss Fanny Davies appeared. Last Saturday she played some numbers from Schumann's Davidsbündler. That she should not play all was not

surprising, for M^{de}. Schumann herself, both in this work and in the Carnival, is in the habit of omitting certain numbers. But, having that inch, Miss Davies seems to have taken an all in returning to No. 9 after playing No. 14, and afterwards giving No. 13, and connecting one or two of the movements by an improvised prelude. If she has M^{de}. Schumann's authority for this, it might have been stated in the book. Her performance was by no means up to the usual standard, although the playing was correct. She did not seem to warm to her work. Signor Piatti gave for the first time a lesson for Viola d'Amore, by Attilio Ariosti, adapted by the performer for his instrument. Ariosti is generally mentioned as one of the three composers who each wrote an act of the opera "Muzio Scaevola," Buononcini and Handel being the other two. Yet, according to Dr. Ohryander, Ariosti had nothing to do with this opera. He published some lessons for the Viola d'Amore, in the playing of which instrument he was an expert. The music of this lesson has a very Handelian flavour. The adagio in F sharp minor is exceedingly graceful and melodious. All the pieces were given to perfection by Signor Piatti. At the same time one would have liked to have heard them on the original instrument, the peculiar soft and delicate tones of which would have added charm to the music. The concerted pieces were Mozart's Quintet in C for strings, and Beethoven's G major Trio (Op. 1, No. 2). Mrs. Hutchinson was the vocalist.

On the following Monday evening Miss Davies played a Fugue of Bach in A minor, one of his lightest and most genial fugues. The young lady fully made up for any shortcomings on the Saturday. Her rendering of the piece was mechanically correct; but, besides that, in her conception of it, she instinctively recalled M^{de}. Schumann. Brahms' Rhapsodie in G minor (Op. 79) was also given with much charm and beauty of tone. Signor Piatti repeated his "Ossian's song" Ballad for violoncello—a simple and picturesque little piece. Of course the composer was encored. Miss Liza Lehmann, the vocalist, was very successful. Mendelssohn's fine Quintet in B flat was admirably interpreted under the leadership of M^{de}. Norman-Néruda. The concert concluded with Beethoven's Sonata in A for piano and violoncello (Op. 69).

Miss Fanny Davies gave a pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, and it was unusually well attended. Beethoven's Waldstein Sonata is not well placed at the beginning of a programme: late arrivals distract the performer. This means that Miss Davies did not do herself full justice. There was, however, some very good playing, especially in the latter half of the allegro and in the adagio. As a pupil of M^{de}. Schumann, Miss Davies was pretty sure to give an interesting reading of Schumann's "Etudes Symphoniques." It was, in fact, an excellent performance—plenty of tone, and yet not hard; clear phrasing, and proper feeling. Etude 4 (the canon variation) was, however, the least satisfactory. Later on came Brahms' Rhapsodie in G minor and a Mendelssohn Lied beautifully rendered; while for the last piece the young lady selected Rubinstein's difficult Staccato Etude in C, for her clever playing of which she was much applauded. Fräulein H. Sioca sang songs by various composers. Her voice is not sympathetic, but her method is good. Miss Davies accompanied all the vocal music most delightfully, but it was scarcely wise of her to do so. The plan of having a singer at a pianoforte recital is excellent; with an accompanist it would be a rest for the player, and anyhow a change for the audience.

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LITERATURE.

Australian Ballads and Rhymes: Poems inspired by Life and Scenery in Australia and New Zealand. Selected and edited by Douglas B. W. Sladen. (Walter Scott.)

THE beginnings of a literature must always be deeply interesting, and the beginnings of Australian literature are peculiarly so. Two reasons may be mentioned—first, that Australia is the only continent whose history dates back scarcely more than a hundred years (for of aboriginal history there is none); and secondly, that Australian literature, properly so called, came into being hardly more than forty years ago. Literature of an imaginative order cultivated under such conditions receives an advantage and encounters a difficulty at one and the same time—an advantage so far as modes of life and thought and aspects of external nature are all new and unworked; a difficulty so far as it lacks legend or historical foundation, which is often so great a stimulus to imagination. Whether the advantage or the difficulty preponderate must be a matter of individual opinion; but the present writer would be disposed to think that the sight of the "Pacific's sunny waves" keeping holiday along the "far-stretching shores" of "Summer's home" beyond the sea, and the profound stillness of evening under the azure sky of the Southern Cross, would make up for the want of many an old-world story.

Considering how short a time it has had an individual existence, it is not surprising that Australian literature should be so little familiar in England. For, although the poems of Lindsey Gordon, Kendall, Alfred Domett, and Mr. Brunton Stephens are known to a few, and Marcus Clarke's powerful novel, *For the Term of His Natural Life*, is appreciated probably by a wider circle of readers, and although Mr. Patchett Martin has introduced Lindsey Gordon to the public in *Temple Bar* and Mr. Stephen Thompson has written a thoughtful article on the subject generally in a recent number of the *Contemporary Review*—very little criticism has appeared. Hence Mr. Douglas Sladen's pretty little volume is doubly welcome, not only as the first poetical anthology of the "youngest born of Britain's great dominions," but for its pleasant introduction to the singers whose songs have made it up, and for a valuable study of Henry Kendall as a bush poet. It was not to be expected that these singers of a new hemisphere should always be strong in the mechanism of their art, for the genuine poetic impulse in such a case usually precedes a sense of the necessity for what has been aptly called the "mere scaffolding of poetry." Nevertheless it must be added that little can be urged on the score of technical imperfection against the writers quoted in this

book. But, should any reader feel a deficiency in respect of poetic form, let him turn to the prefatory essay and find a sufficient excuse. Mr. Sladen says:

"Those who have contributed to this volume are, for the most part, people who loved the free air of the mountain top, and the mysteriousness of the forest, the fierce excitement of race and chase, the honest thrill of manly sports, and the glory of nature—from the magnificent Australian sky down to the fringed violet or the azure wren. Not a few of them have, in what Gordon calls the "old colonial days," had their lives hanging on a thread in the perilous march of exploration or guerilla warfare with bushrangers and aborigines. This volume is essentially the work of people who have meditated in the open air, and not under the lamp; and, if its contents oftentimes want the polish that comes only with much midnight oil, they are mostly a transcript from earth and sea and sky, and not from books.

"Not that Australia has lacked poets, like her own child Kendall, as smooth as a pebble polished with the tireless patience of the waves. But these are the exceptions; and we confess that, for the most part, we hope to please the reader with what our poets have to say, rather than the way in which they say it."

If we may pass over Wentworth—born in Norfolk Island in 1791, and a competitor for the prize poem on "Australasia" won by Praed at Cambridge, but better known as the founder of responsible government at Sydney—we may term Charles Harpur the Homer of Australia, though his poems were first published in 1840. Of those here given, "The Aboriginal Mother's Lament" has distinct pathos, and a certain quiet dignity; while "The Creek of the Four Graves" (in blank verse—a form not much affected by contributors to this volume) describes vividly an old colonial experience, and a struggle with those "whose wild speech no word for mercy hath." Space will only permit me to quote one stanza of the poem which Kendall dedicated to his memory:

"And far and free, this man of men,
With wintry hair and wasted feature,
Had fellowship with gorge and glen,
And learned the loves and runes of Nature."

Kendall will always be remembered as the first writer, possessing genuine poetic gifts of a high order, who was a native-born Australian. He is pre-eminently the poet of nature. Here is a passage of true delicacy and beauty:

"October, the maiden of bright yellow tresses,
Loiters for love in these cool wildernesses;
Loiters, knee-deep in the grasses, to listen
Where dripping rocks gleam and the leafy pools
glisten:
Then is the time when the water-moons splendid
Break with their gold, and are scattered or
blended
Over the creeks, till the woodlands have warning
Of the songs of the bell-bird and wings of the
Morning."

And how delightful is his "September in Australia," which is original also, despite what its metre shows him to have learnt from Mr. Swinburne. But, indeed, all Kendall's poems are more or less charming, and it would be easy to write an article in their praise, dwelling on his power of word-painting. Lindsey Gordon is here represented by "The Sick Stock-Rider" and "The Exile's Farewell." The former poem is, in its own way, a masterpiece; once read it will never be forgotten. And it is remarkable as owing its

strength to a rare combination of many very different qualities. Mr. Sladen's critical remarks on Gordon are especially happy; but I should be disposed to differ from the opinion he expresses as to the superiority of others of his poems over "How we beat the Favourite"; and I think Mr. Stedman does it mere justice when he calls it "the best racing ballad in the language." The influence of the writer of such original and perfect work of its kind as this ballad or "The Roll of the Kettledrum" will spread, not only in Australia, but wherever horses are loved and martial ardour kindled; and men will think with the deeper regret of the wasted life and sad fate of the poet. Though represented here by some verses, not without a certain daintiness and imaginative fervour in the grim simile with which they close, Marcus Clarke will be best remembered by his novel, and by the appreciative, yet discriminating notice of Lindsey Gordon prefixed to the posthumous edition of Gordon's works. Alfred Domett, the hero of Mr. Browning's "Waring," is the most noteworthy of New Zealand poets. He is represented here solely by selections from "Ranolf and Amohia," a poem which, despite many faults, will live—not only because of its genuine poetic beauty, but because its descriptive passages depict scenes, such as the famed Pink Terraces, that have now passed away.

Mr. Sladen has not neglected the claims of Australian poetesses. Both the lyrics he gives from Mrs. J. G. Wilson are poetical in substance and tuneful in diction. The second is called "A Spring Afternoon in New Zealand":

"We rode in the shadowy place of pines,
The wind went whispering here and there
Like whispers in a house of prayer.
The sunshine stole in narrow lines,
And sweet was the resinous atmosphere.
The shrill cicada, far and near,
Piped on his high exultant third.
Summer! summer! he seems to say—
Summer! He knows no other word,
But trills on it the livelong day;
The little hawk of the green,
Who calls his wares through all the solemn
forest scene.

"A shadowy land of deep repose!
Here where the loud nor'-wester blows,
How sweet, to soothe a trivial care,
The pine trees ever-murmured prayer!
To shake the scented powder down
From stooping boughs that bar the way
And see the vistas, golden brown,
Stretch to the sky-line far away.
But on and upward still we ride
Whither the furze, an outlaw bold,
Scatters along the bare hillside,
Handfuls of free uncounted gold,
And breaths of nutty, wild perfume,
Salute us from the flowering broom.
I love this narrow sandy road
That idly gads o'er hill and vale,
Twisting where once a rivulet flowed
With as many turns as a gossip's tale.
I love this shaky, creaking bridge,
And the willow leaning from the ridge,
Shaped like some green fountain playing,
And the twinkling windows of the farm
Just where the woodland throws an arm
To hear what the merry stream is saying.

"Stop the horses for a moment, high upon the breezy stair,
Looking over plain and upland, and the depths
of summer air,
Watch the cloud and shadow sailing o'er the
forest's sombre breast.
Misty capes and snow-cliffs glimmer on the
ranges to the west.

Hear the distant thunder rolling, surely 'tis the
making tide
Swinging all the blue Pacific on the harbour's
iron side.
Now the day grows grey and chill, but see on
yonder wooded fold,
Between the clouds a ray of sunshine slips and
writes a word in gold."

Mrs. Hubert Heron's "Explorer's Message" tells tenderly a pathetic story of not unfrequent occurrence in "old colonial days." I regret that I have only space to give a brief extract from her poem "Braidwood," descriptive of upland scenery in New South Wales:

"No sound is heard
Save the deep soughing of the wind amid
The swaying leaves and harp-like stems, so like
A mighty breathing of great mother earth,
That half they seem to see her bosom heave
With each pulsation as she living sleeps.
And now and then to cadence of these throbs
There drops the bell-bird's knell, the coach
whip's crack,
The wonga-pigeon's coo, or echoing notes
Of lyre-tail'd pheasants in their own rich tones
Mocking the song of every forest bird.
Higher the travellers rise—at every turn
Gaining through avennued vista some new
glimpse
Of undulating hills, the Pigeon-house
Standing against the sky like eyrie nest
Of some great dove or eagle. On each side
Of rock-hewn road, the fern trees cluster
green,
Now and then lighted by a silver star
Of white immortelle flower, or overhung
By crimson peals of bright epacris bells."

Mr. Brunton Stephens, Mr. Patchett Martin, and Mr. Garnet Walch are writers of a widely different character, yet each possesses qualities of a high order; and it is especially to them that we must look for the future of poetry in their continent. Mr. Brunton Stephens's poem called "The Midnight Axe" is a vivid and weird story of crime, containing in a large measure the attributes which thrill us in Hood's "Dream of Eugene Aram"; while, as a proof of his versatility, he gives us "My other Chinese Cook" and "Drought and Doctrine," which are both genuinely humorous. Mr. Patchett Martin's "Bush Study à la Watteau" is clever, piquant, and witty; indeed, it is as a writer of light humorous verse that this poet especially excels. Mr. Garnet Walch has succeeded both in serious and humorous verse. His "Little Tin Plate" is a pretty tale forcibly told of the death of a little child at the diggings, and of a father's grief and fidelity to his memory. Again I must regret that space does not permit me to make extracts. Nowhere more than in his Nature poems descriptive of Australia does Mr. William Sharp show his genuine poetic gift. The first of the excerpts from him is entitled "Bell Birds," and contains the notable line

"And Silence woke and knew her dream was
day."

Had it been possible I would have wished to refer to Mr. George Gordon McCrae, who wrote the fine poem "Balladeadro," descriptive of native life and tradition, to Mr. Percy Russell, to Mr. John Bright (an early friend of Lindsey Gordon), and to Mr. Thomas Heney, author of "The Hut on the Flat." I must be permitted, however, to give a lyric by Mr. Philip J. Holdsworth—

vivid and passionate as such a lyric should be:

"MY QUEEN OF DREAMS.

In the warm-flushed heart of the rose-red West,
When the great sun quivered and died to-day
You pulsed, O star, by yon pine-clad crest,
And throbb'd till the bright eye ashened grey.

Then I saw you swim
By the shadowy rim
Where the grey gum dips to the western plain,
And you rayed delight
As you winged your flight
To the mystic spheres where your kinsmen reign!

O star, did you see her? My queen of dreams!
Was it you that glimmered the night we strayed
A month ago by these scented streams?
Half-checked by the litter the musk-buds made?
Did you sleep or wake?—
Ah, for love's sweet sake,
(Though the world should fall, and the soft stars
wane!)

I shall dream delight
Till our souls take flight
To the mystic spheres where your kinsmen reign!"

Surely it is well that poems such as these, dealing more or less spontaneously with life and nature under unconventional conditions, should be made readily accessible—when, as Mr. Stedman has just told us, our present-day verse is too artificial. We must, therefore, hope that this interesting little volume may have the undoubted success it deserves.

H. T. MACKENZIE BELL.

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Robert Ferguson, the Plotter. By James Ferguson. (Edinburgh: David Douglas.)

"English Worthies."—*Claverhouse.* By Mowbray Morris. (Longmans.)

MR. AIRY, in this careful edition of the Lauderdale correspondence, has given valuable material for the history of a critical period. His papers in the *Quarterly Review* for April 1884, and in the *Historical Review* for July 1886, present a clear, if not an unbiassed, narrative of its main events. It is a pity that he did not feel himself at liberty to correct the vile and valueless spelling of the correspondence. Printer and reader should have been spared a useless repetition of this part of the editor's task. A list and *précis* of the letters would have been welcome—for the index is not of the fullest. The volumes can hardly be said to be interesting, though that is the fault of nobody but the writers. The spectacle afforded us of rascality triumphant (or, if militant, mainly with other rascality) is not exhilarating; and one had need be a strong partisan to sympathise much with the victory of either side.

Concerning this period, a fierce contest was waging some thirty years back among our countrymen north of the Tweed—Southrons held aloof, as became them. The heroes of that Iliad were (omitting lesser names) Prof. Aytoun, Mr. Mark Napier, and Principal Tulloch. Macaulay, the Ate of the conflict, died at the end of the year in which Mr. Napier's book on Claverhouse appeared; but had he lived he would probably have "gone on never-minding." His siege had been laid in due form, like that of the Abbé of the anecdote, and was too complete a work for reconsideration. He had re-awakened popular

interest in history; and a bold and free handling, with plenty of contrast and no hesitation, was essential to his method. Picturesque and "cook-sure" history has its cost. Fluency must tremble down to stammering, if every broad statement and telling antithesis be paused upon and subjected to strict examination.

Party spirit has had full sway over the writers on this period. There is not much to choose between the animus of Wodrow and that of Napier. Of its overt manifestations the reader has warning, but the unauthorised inference or the quiet *suppression veri* is a harder matter to fight. When Napier is silent on the case of Hislop, or makes perfectly sure of the pardon of an offender expressly left "to the mercy" of Claverhouse's lieutenant-general; when a Tory biographer of Sharpe equivocates about the promise of safety made to Mitchell, and scouts the possibility of any bishop detaining a letter of grace—such slurrings are as likely to pass unchallenged as the "common fame" allegations of Wodrow.

The value of the Lauderdale Papers is that they give us unimpeachable evidence as to the character and aims of the men who governed Scotland, and significant (if not so positive) indications of the temper of their opponents.

Lauderdale himself was a renegade, base as the "tyke" by whose "three skips" he so often expresses his contempt. His spring of action was ambition of the most vulgar sort. His strength lay in the personal favour of Charles, which he obtained and secured by slavish dependence on the king's pleasure. Therein he had the congenial support of Rodgers and Chiffinch, "very kind and civil at all times." To his abilities—mainly consisting in a dogged, unscrupulous persistence—Mr. Airy does full justice, "with advantages." Lauderdale used them of set purpose to bring his native country—"poor old Scotland"—into utter subjection to his royal master.

The maintenance of episcopacy by Lauderdale (whose religious bias, if he had any, was to presbytery) was a venial fault. The remembrance of his earlier days supplied a constant incentive to watchfulness. He could not forget how potent a factor in the Great Rebellion had been that very Covenant whose resurrection was now threatened and whose name was still a spell to conjure with. Nor were the victories of the Long Parliament wholly unavailing, even in Scotland. When the Court of High Commission was set up, it was an anachronism and fell within the year; and the proclamation, fining landlords on whose estates conventicles were held, was allowed to become a dead letter.

The imposition of episcopacy was, so far as we can gather, neither invited nor repudiated by any national feeling. When such a feeling has existed in Scotland, its manifestations have been unequivocal. The ministers, of course, resented their loss of power; but from their own admissions of the lukewarmness of that generation we may gather that the prospects of such a change did not perceptibly check the full-flowing tide of loyalty. In the absence of other irritations, those who disliked the bishops would probably have grumbled, yet submitted. But "the Whigs were dour

and the Cavaliers were fierce," and the repeated collisions between the Cameronian flint and the governmental steel at length kindled a conflagration. With the smouldering, kindling, blazing stages of that conflagration it was the business of Claverhouse to deal. The sectaries were embittered and rendered desperate by the sense of national defection from their principles. They knew that they were a minority, a "remnant"; but they claimed to be the real nation, and demanded not indulgence but supremacy. There was for a while hypocrisy on both sides—an affectation of tolerance, and an affectation of loyalty—but the feeling of irreconcilable hostility was there; and the instinct was just, whatever may be said as to the methods of the conflict.

The position of the episcopal clergy was wretched enough. They were blamed for not doing what they had no power to do. The bishops, seeing that the disorder in the Whig districts not only was an obstacle to the general welfare, but rendered the due performance of their own functions an impossibility, suggested practical measures for dealing with the growing anarchy, and are styled "bad men" for their pains by Mr. Airy. He thinks that they suggested the inbringing of the Highland host; but he adduces no evidence for that opinion, while he has recorded the fact that Athol, one of the "opposition" lords, had himself first proposed that measure in council. After all, the government had to be carried on, and from the baseness of the men in power we must not rashly infer that all resistance to them was founded on piety or patriotism. Two months before the coming of the Highland host, the Ayrshire covenanters had been working by a sort of moonlighter organisation, had broken into the house of the minister, and had threatened to kill him if he preached again.

Had Lauderdale been a better man, he would doubtless have been able to make better use of Leighton—that earnest but recluse spirit, an ecclesiastical Falkland vainly "ingeminating Peace." But Leighton's failure must not be laid wholly to the charge of Lauderdale. Leighton was amazed, and lost his way "among the thorns and dangers of this world," and had not Falconbridge's energy to break through the briars or cobwebs in his path. He lacked ability to rule, and so his virtue shone bright and calm, but lonely and useless. And it suited the court policy to have creature-bishops who might be played, and bullied, and deserted as might turn out expedient.

The opposition lords had no very lofty principles. Their resentment against Lauderdale was mainly personal; and their patron at court was Monmouth, whose frivolous, not to say treacherous, character is set in a new light by Mr. Ferguson's lately published study of his namesake the Plotter.

Charles, notwithstanding all his protestations that he intended to maintain his authority, was clearly that "sovereign lord, the king, whose word no man relied on." To the terror of Lauderdale's agents, he admitted the opposition lords to kiss his hand; and there is something comic in the reiterated, but evidently half-hearted, assurances that all was well, which those agents nervously sent to the anxious viceroy.

Moving among this base and motley crowd, the calm stern figure of Claverhouse acquires by contrast an added dignity; but his career is scarcely full enough for such a memorial as Mr. Morris has endeavoured to raise. He is the hero of one battle. His place among English worthies seems disputable. That he was not a type of the Scotch loyalists of his day, however much to his credit personally, does not add to his value as a subject of biography. And even the contrast he presents to his fellow officials is not fruitful of instruction; for his close reserved character did not fence in any marked originality. Even in his military capacity he was avowedly an imitator of Montrose.

Mr. Morris has made a very fair defence for his hero. Claverhouse was a man under authority, and was very careful not to exceed its measure. He held severity to be the truest mercy in dealing with rebellions.

"I am as sorry to see a man die, even a Whig, as any of themselves; but when one dies justly, for his own faults, and may save a hundred to fall in the like, I have no scruple."

To the straggling, struggling, but mainly victorious volumes of Napier Mr. Morris is deeply indebted; and he has brought discretion, judgment, and literary ability to his work. With the enormous Wigton episode he is happily unconcerned. The John Brown incident he has put in its right light, and he has not followed Napier in his rash assumption that the younger Brown was spared. In the case of Andrew Hislop (which Napier, with more prudence than candour, omitted to mention) Mr. Morris makes some little fight, but at last fairly throws up his brief with a comparison of Claverhouse to Pilate—"He preferred his own convenience, and the prisoner was put to death."

Dundee's brief military career is the subject of an interesting and animated narrative, and his private history is set forth as fully as the meagre materials allow. There is an involved and mysterious transaction about the transfer of land from the Lauderdale to Claverhouse, very circumspcctly condensed from Napier, but made, if possible, a trifle darker than before.

As to the upshot—the character of Claverhouse—it is (as usual) to little purpose that anybody gleans after Scott in his chosen fields. The Queensberry papers, disinterred by Napier, might, if discovered in time, have availed to temper the harshness of Macaulay's judgment; but it is difficult to see that Scott's estimate would have been essentially, if at all, altered. Even after reading Mr. Morris, much more after reading Napier, we turn for fuller light, for relief, refreshment, and repose, to the ever-living portraiture of Claverhouse in *Old Mortality*. And his ghost (like another apparition) vanishes with a melodious twang to the music of "Bonnie Dundee."

R. C. BROWNE.

TWO BOOKS OF TRAVEL IN THE LEVANT.

Letters from Crete. By Charles Edwardes. (Bentley.)

Pen and Pencil in Asia Minor; or, Notes from the Levant. By William Cochran. (Sampson Low.)

MR. EDWARDES'S book is one that ought not to be judged from its table of contents. A

glance at this makes it plain that he did not see much of Crete; in fact, his acquaintance with that island was confined to a residence of some duration in Canea, the capital—or, rather, in one of its suburbs—a visit to the town of Candia, and two or three excursions into the interior. But the real merit of his work lies outside the sphere of topography. It is to be found in a feature of his writing, for which in one place he apologises to the correspondents to whom his letters are addressed—his "trivial observations on human nature." These certainly need no apology, for Mr. Edwardes has the gift of seeing in ordinary men and women and ordinary occurrences more than other people would see in them. Besides this, his impressions of nature are those of a painter—only the suggestiveness of his imagination saves his descriptions from the fault of word-painting; and he possesses a considerable vein of humour. In his preface he tells us that one of the books which he took with him to Crete was Curzon's *Monasteries in the Levant*; and there is ample evidence in his narrative that he had imbibed the spirit of that delightful book. Until we had read these letters, we were unaware how much might be made of an Englishman's ignorance of foreign languages. The author informs us that, beyond his native tongue, he knows no language except a little French—"invertebrate French"; and, consequently, as he established himself in a native house, and carried out his furnishing, housekeeping, bargaining, and general intercourse with the natives without the help of an interpreter, he had numerous difficulties to encounter. To say the truth, we hear rather too much of these before the end of the volume is reached; but some of the incidents thus produced are very amusingly described. Here, for instance, is the story of the purchase of furniture:

"As my furnishing could not be postponed, we went from this quarter of the town to that, I seeking what I thought necessary, and Georgio and the ass carrying what I purchased. But I trust in mercy I may be spared such another series of wrestles of wits and tongues, handicapped as I was with no adequate knowledge of Greek. How, for instance, would you express that you wanted your bed to be of wool, not feathers; that you were not fond of green counterpanes as compared with purple; that you felt sure the price for such and such a thing was outrageous unless there was good reason for contrary argument, and so on—all by signs and frantic attempts at onomatopoeic illustration? I simulated lying on the counter when I wanted a mattress, put my cheek in my hand for a pillow, and tickled the shopman's coat up to my neck to symbolise counterpane, blankets, &c. And the way it amused everyone except myself made me the more impatient! Georgio grinned without ceasing; and there was so much general laughter that even the weak ass took heart of grace, and indulged in several discordant prolonged brays, which sounded derisive."

But these linguistic deficiencies were productive of corresponding benefits. The English fleet was lying at this time in Suda Bay, and there was a talk of the cession of Crete to England. The political world of Canea was consequently in a state of excitement; and under such circumstances a limited vocabulary might be mistaken for reserve. Accordingly Mr. Edwardes, when relating a

conversation which he held with the French consul, tells us: "The caution with which I moulded my French sentences has convinced him that I am a diplomatist." In describing his every-day life, he gives the following account of the capture of the inevitable fowl for dinner.

"I am obliged now and then to descend into the garden and prick down this or that bedraggled bird for instant death. If it is a hen, it proves to be one that has laid eggs until she can lay them no more; if a cock, an ancient bird, the rheumatism of whose stiffened joints makes him the last in the general scamper of escape from an inspection that might prove fatal to any one of them."

This last sentence is not unworthy of a place in the famous mock-heroic description in *Kothen* of the slaughter of the fowls by the British deputy-provisionary-sub-vice-prospecting-consul at Paphos. But this sort of drollery, though it ripples through Mr. Edwardes's book, is only an accompaniment to a sympathetic interest in the people among whom he was thrown. In particular, his description of the inhabitants of a leper village—for there are several of these in Crete—is highly pathetic. Through the medium of this record of every-day incidents a good deal of information is to be gathered about Cretan politics and their moving causes. In his account of these the author is very impartial. He believes that the people with their present constitution are well off under Ottoman rule, while at the same time he recognises that the memory of the treatment which they have themselves survived, and the traditions of former persecutions which have been handed down from their ancestors, render it impossible for them to be content with any form of Turkish government. The stories which he has to tell of outrages against Christian women by Moslems, even in times of peace, go far to justify this view.

We will add one more passage from this book, as a favourable specimen of Mr. Edwardes's power of describing scenery. It represents the Cretan Ida as it appeared in the spring-time, when it is covered with snow.

"There is one other presence that has to be acknowledged—that of Mount Ida, sixty miles away. I had looked at this holy hill again and again while we were going along; but had not recognised that it was at all concerned with the earth on which we were treading. Far away, over the nearer hills, there was a grey mist where earth and sky seemed to meet, and in one place this mist was white instead of grey. Gradually I caught myself tracing a shadowy form through this uncertain atmosphere, and at last I understood that this etherealised shape was not essentially ethereal."

Mr. Cochran's *Pen and Pencil in Asia Minor* is in many ways a contrast to this. Notwithstanding the dancing dervishes at full twirl that are represented on the cover, it is a businesslike volume, full of substantial matter. The primary object which the author had in view in making his journey was to enquire into certain points connected with the silk trade. Mr. Cochran had been for many years a student of silk-production, and had endeavoured to bring about the introduction of that branch of industry into parts of the British empire where it did not exist, though the climate was suited for the purpose,

especially New Zealand and Ceylon. But he felt that it was of the first importance to secure a remedy for the diseases that have decimated the silkworms of Europe, and are rapidly destroying those of China; and, as he was aware that such a remedy had been discovered by M. Pasteur, and that this was being practically applied in the neighbourhood of Smyrna by Mr. John Griffith, an experienced silk-farmer, he went to Asia Minor, in order to learn by personal observation how far the experiment was successful. The result was that he was perfectly satisfied; and as he found that sericulture was being carried on there on a large scale and according to the most approved methods, he has devoted nine chapters of his book to a detailed account of the whole subject, including the production, rearing, and educating of the silkworm; the maladies to which it is subject, and the remedies for them; the silk harvest and its preliminaries; and the varieties of the mulberry, and the best modes of growing them. This copious discussion, based as it is on the experience of a working system, ought to be of great value, both to students of the question and to persons engaged in the trade.

In order to avoid the tediousness of a continuous treatise, Mr. Cochran has introduced these technical chapters in various parts of the narrative of his journey after his arrival at Smyrna. Other chapters are devoted to similar subjects, connected with trade and manufactures, such as the making of Turkey carpets, and German competition. His remarks on the last point corroborate the reports which have reached our ears of late from various parts of the globe, to the effect that German traders are more enterprising and more successful at the present time than English; and the reasons which he assigns for this are the same that have been given elsewhere—viz., first, that they are better educated, especially in respect of the knowledge of languages, and by this means are better qualified to communicate directly with the natives; and, secondly, that they are more elastic in adapting themselves to their customers, and, instead of forcing upon them the articles which are produced with least trouble to the manufacturer at home, endeavour to provide them with articles which suit their taste. To these reasons we may add a third, which Mr. Edwardes notices when speaking of the commerce of Crete, that British merchants grant no credit to the native dealers, whereas Austrians and Germans allow from three to six months' credit and give facilities for exceeding those terms.

Mr. Cochran's narrative of his journey is not the least businesslike part of his volume. He gives it in full, from a description of seasickness in St. George's Channel, after starting from Liverpool, to an account of the Isle of Anglesea on his return to Holyhead. Much of this might have been omitted with advantage, but we are in some measure reconciled to it by the author's genial and sensible mode of writing. During his residence in the East he visited Constantinople, the sites of the Seven Churches of Asia, and other places near the west coast of Asia Minor; and, besides giving an account of these, he has described the Greek and Turkish institutions of Smyrna, and has discussed at length the question of

brigandage, which has long been a burning one in that neighbourhood. Perhaps the most graphic notice in the volume is that of the site of Hierapolis with its petrifying waters, which, having poured for centuries over cliffs three hundred feet in height, have produced incrustations that present the appearance of frozen cascades. It should be added that the book is profusely illustrated with woodcuts, which are taken partly from photographs and partly from the author's sketches. Many of the latter, especially the vignettes, are charmingly pretty. Among the most attractive are the views of the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, of the snowy peak of Mount Cadmus in Phrygia with the windings of the Maeander, and of the channel between Euboea and the island of Andros. Those of Mr. Cochran's readers who get tired of his "pen" will find ample compensation in his "pencil."

H. F. TOZER.

RECENT WORKS ON THE HISTORY OF ISRAEL.

Histoire d'Israel. Par Ernest Renan. I. (Paris: Calmann Lévy.)

Storia degl' Israeliti dalle origini fino alla Monarchia, secondo le fonti bibliche criticamente esposte. I. By D. Castelli. (Milan: Hoepli.)

Our readers may be surprised to hear of two new books on the history of Israel after the startling and profound works of Nöldeke, Wellhausen, Robertson Smith, Kuenen, and Stade, the last of which appeared only a year ago. What new documents have been brought to light that would justify two works on such well-trodden ground? It is true that M. Naville has discovered the site of Pitom, and found there bricks made without straw—a fact related in Exodus; but this discovery does not help to elucidate the immigration of Israel into Egypt, nor their emigration from it. The Moabite stone has been known for fifteen years, and has even been declared lately a fabrication. Assyrian inscriptions have not of late added much to Biblical history. Moreover, the critical school being unanimous on the point that the Hexateuch (the Pentateuch and Joshua) has been compiled from three chief documents, viz., the Yahwistic, the Elohist, and the Editorial or Redactorial, their differences now relate solely to the question of still further subdivisions, such as the second Elohist and the late interpolator. But all this concerns the history of the Bible, and not of the people of Israel as a political body. On the other hand, the advanced historians of Israel agree that the patriarchal narratives are not historical; that Israel, as a whole, never went to Egypt, and, in consequence, never came out of it as a compact nation; and, finally, that the conquest of Palestine was never made as described in the Pentateuch and in Joshua.

What then is the object of M. Renan's and Prof. Castelli's histories of Israel, if all that they have to tell can be obtained from the translation of the German or the Dutch? And, after all, is it worth while to write a negative history? Prof. Castelli, for instance, sums up the whole historical part of Genesis with the following adaptation of Deuteronomy xxvi. 5, in a plural form: "I miei antenati erano Siri nomadi, emigrano in Egitto, dove dimo-

rarano." The rest is legendary! M. Renan, who forestalls our objection against writing a history of Israel without accepting the Hexateuchal documents as historical, makes the following statement in his classical preface:

"Cette histoire mécontenta les esprits étroits à la française, qui n'admettent pas qu'on fasse l'histoire de temps sur lesquels on n'a pas à raconter une série de faits matériels certains. Des faits de ce genre, il n'y en a pas dans l'histoire d'Israël avant David. Pour contenter les historiens de cette école le présent volume devrait être une page blanche. Une telle méthode est, selon moi, la négation même de la critique. Elle a un double inconvénient. Elle mène ou à une crédulité grossière ou à un scepticisme non moins aveugle: les uns admettant les fables les plus indigestes; les autres, pour ne pas admettre de fables, rejetant de précieuses vérités. Le fait est que, sur des époques antérieures à l'histoire proprement dite, on peut encore avoir beaucoup de choses. Les poèmes homériques ne sont pas des livres d'histoire; et pourtant, est-il une page plus éclatante de lumière que le tableau de la vie grecque mille ans avant Jésus Christ qui nous est offert par ces poèmes? Les récits arabes antéislamiques ne sont pas de l'histoire; et pourtant, il est permis de faire d'après ces récits des peintures d'une surprenante vérité. Les romans arthuriens du moyen âge ne renferme pas un mot de vrai, et sont des trésors de renseignements sur la vie sociale de l'époque où ils sont écrits. Les légendes des saints, pour la plupart, ne sont pas historiques, et néanmoins elles sont merveilleusement instructives pour ce qui tient à la couleur des temps et aux mœurs."

Following this poetical view, M. Renan is right in employing the Hexateuchal documents to write in his well-known brilliant style a poetical history of the nomadic life of Israel according to the story of the patriarchs, the conception of *Yhwh* according to Moses's narrative of what happened on the Horeb or Sinai, the history of the Beni Israel in Egypt, and their wanderings in the desert. But, since the documents bearing on these subjects are recorded as late as the ninth century B.C., and many yet later, how can they be made use of for real history? Better justified is Prof. Castelli when he calls this part of the description the legendary history of Israel. However, giving up the pedantry of words, we may say that M. Renan's book is admirable and attractive in general; but his comparison of the Biblical narratives with late Eastern and Western literary productions must be taken as purely poetical. From his great knowledge of Semitic inscriptions, he is master in the part where he treats the mythological past of Canaan. Of course, for the epoch of the Judges, and much more for that of Saul and the early career of David up to his entry in Jerusalem, with which his first volume finishes, he stands on firmer ground. Perhaps it would have been better to avoid expressions like "le brigand d'Adullam"; but I suppose we must admit poetical licenses. Anyhow, M. Renan will introduce the Old Testament by his splendid style to his compatriots, just as he did with his *Origines du Christianisme*; and that is something for a country where the Bible is scarcely known. Translations of Wellhausen and Kuenen would not have done the same service.

Prof. Castelli proposes to himself the same object for his fellow-countrymen in Italy, where the Bible is no better known, and where

Biblical criticism is quite a foreign study, even to the learned class. He does not pretend to brilliancy, but he makes clear to his readers what has been done by his predecessors in all countries in the field of Biblical criticism. In fact, we may safely say that he is more intelligible and accessible than the German works on this subject. In many points he follows his own way, and is therefore very often original. He employs, like Kuenen, the terms "prophetic" and "sacerdotal" documents instead of the usual Jehovistic and Elohistie. His putting side by side the different documents of the same narrative (as he has also done for the legislative part in one of his previous works)—such as the creation, the deluge, the genealogical tables, and other documents—will prove very convincing as to their duality. We hope that in his second volume, which will begin with Saul, he will give a comparative table concerning the various authors of the different documents. Perhaps M. Renan will do the same in his second or third volume.

We may mention, in conclusion, two remarkable essays recently published in German relating to the split between Judah and Israel in the time of Rehoboam. The one by Dr. Maybaum (in the *Zeitschrift für Völkerpsychologie u. Sprach.*, xvii., 3, p. 290), where the author tries to prove that Shiloh was destroyed by Rehoboam, and consequently translates the passage in Gen. xlix., "until he will destroy Shiloh and to him will then be the weakness of nations." The other, by Herr M. Friedmann (in the *Jubelschrift zum siebenzigsten Geburtstag des Prof. Dr. H. Grätz*), in which the author represents the split as the ancient feud between the houses of Judah and Joseph, as already hinted in the blessing of Jacob, Judah powerful and Joseph struggling for power. He also gives plausible explanations as to the two calves, instituted by Jeroboam, and his alteration of the feast of Tabernacles from the seventh month to the eighth. It is impossible for us to take notice of all essays relating to Biblical history which are published in special periodicals, and incidentally in commentaries on biblical books. It is worth while, however, to draw attention to Prof. Franz Delitzsch's preface to his fifth edition of his commentary on Genesis, in which he accepts (as already pointed out in the ACADEMY) the views of the modern school.

AD. NEUBAUER.

NEW NOVELS.

The Second Son. By Mrs. Oliphant. In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

Countess Irene. By the author of "Caterina." In 3 vols. (Blackwood.)

More than He Bargained For. By J. Robert Hutchinson. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Jewels of Prince de Janville. By Almhain (Sonnenschein.)

Renée Mauperin. From the French of E. and J. de Goncourt. (Vizetelly.)

A Mystery Still. By F. du Boisgobey. (Vizetelly.)

The Meudon Mystery. By Jules Mary. (Vizetelly.)

One is naturally surprised, on taking up *The*

Second Son, to find on the title-page no other author's name besides that of Mrs. Oliphant; for the story has been appearing serially in the *Atlantic Monthly* as written jointly by Mrs. Oliphant and Mr. T. B. Aldrich, and is also thus announced by the American publishers. However this may be explained, the volume before us shows little sign of collaboration. Mrs. Oliphant's style and the subject-matter she chooses are alike well known. She has written a large number of pleasant stories of the kind that appeal to admirers of the late Anthony Trollope. But while these stories, in the judgment of the present reviewer, show less of romantic sentiment than the writings of any other eminent novelist of the day, they are occasionally remarkable for a certain note of distinction—not a rare or in any way an impressive note, but of sufficient potency to act as a mild leaven. Less frequent even is imagination, as distinct from fancy and invention; though in some of her short tales and sketches, notably *The Besieged City*, the higher quality is manifest. In *The Second Son*, however, there is no hint of imaginative faculty, while the note of distinction—even in the attenuated degree displayed in Mrs. Oliphant's later novels, and, it may be added, in her Literary History—seems to me wholly absent. It might be unfair to describe *The Second Son* as primarily a novel with a purpose; but if it be regarded in this light it must be as advocating the rigid upholding of the moral basis of the rule of primogeniture. Edmund Mitford is "the second son." In his refusal to accept the position of an heir over the head of his elder brother he is true to his principles, and, in the main, praiseworthy—so long as that brother lives; but, after Roger's death, his motives and decisions become incomprehensible. Stephen, a third brother, is the villain of the story—not a melodramatic villain, but a vulgar society scoundrel. The plot turns upon his abduction and attempted ruin of a girl called Lily Ford. The chief merit of the book is in the lifelikeness of the principal characters, with the exception of Edmund. The squire, the father of the three brothers, is an admirable portrait, for which, however, originality cannot be claimed. The reader gets too much of Stephen. His vulgarity pervades the story like the rank aroma of certain weeds. As for the love element, it is present in ample proportion, and is of the sturdy, mediocre quality to which Mrs. Oliphant has accustomed us.

The author of "Caterina" displayed in his first book an intimate and sympathetic acquaintance with Viennese life. In *Countess Irene* he—or, as I am inclined to think, she—has again placed the story amid Austrian scenes and people. The countess herself is a charming and impulsive girl, with a wonderful voice inherited from her mother, who was once a famous singer. Count Walter Nugent and an old Irish friend named Harding have informally arranged that the two daughters of the latter should marry the sons of the former. To this secret end Herbert Harding is sent to live in Austria, there to be thrown into constant companionship with Irene; while Natalie Nugent and Harry Harding are left to fall in love with one another in Ireland. The plot is a fairly good

one, and its evolution sufficiently skilful; but to many readers the chief interest will probably be in the Viennese portions of the story, and the glimpses into the life of the people, such as are afforded in the chapter recounting Herbert's skilful outmanoeuvring of the landlord-music-seller. Although the Countess Irene acts the part of the good simpleton, the chief female personage in the story is a young Polish singer, Olga Levinsky *alias* Esther Loewe. Her weakness and folly as well as her misfortunes are the cause of all the inopportune disasters as well as of some of the good fortune that results. In the end Irene marries Herbert; and, though the latter is a man of determination, the reader will probably not grudge him a little sympathy in advance for the troubles he is pretty sure to meet with from his impulsive wife.

More than He Bargained For is a story of the old Company days in India. The author seems to have a good eye for nature, and certainly possesses the faculty of picturesque, if somewhat too florid, description; but his characters are not very strongly sketched, with the exception of Tom Flinn—a wealthy indigo-planter, who is apparently meant as a type of the Anglo-Indian at a period when the loosest morals prevailed—and his Mussulman manager, Hoosein Khan. After a good deal of preliminary matter the plot turns upon Flinn's illicit love for Hoosein Khan's adopted daughter, who ultimately is found to be no Moslem maid but the child of a Captain de Winton. Two love episodes enliven the romance, and both come to happy conclusions, although not until the murder of Flinn by Hoosein, who, after a prolonged struggle between avarice and honour, thinks he will preserve his daughter from Flinn's harem and at the same time save his equally precious gold by stealthily murdering his *farangi* master. Flinn believes that he has a hold over his manager sufficient to force him to yield Zilla; but he never dreams of Hoosein's attempting violence, and thus gets more than he bargained for—as does Hoosein Khan as well. One of the bases of the story—that of the adoption of the little English girl by the Mussulman manager—seems highly improbable; but the narrative is brisk and interesting throughout, and may be recommended as a graphic and presumably trustworthy picture of a bygone period in the Madras presidency. Its sub-title—"A Tale of Passion"—is a misnomer. It is a story of unbridled licence on the one part and of warm but commonplace affections on the other. Of "passion"—that much misunderstood word—there is not a trace.

"Almhain" is a new writer who, scorning the conventionalities of the ordinary novel, makes his hero a Piccadilly jeweller. The plot turns upon the robbery from Mr. Bonham's safe of some valuable jewels belonging to the Prince de Janville, among which is an ancient Central American ring, whose uncanny specialty is the faculty of bringing evil to its possessor. At first the reader will be seduced by the hope that he is going to be entertained with a mysterious tale after the manner of *The Moonstone*, but the bogey part is ere long apparently forgotten by the author himself. Charlie Bonham is discharged after trial, but only to find himself a ruined man.

His marriage, which was to have occurred on the day succeeding the night of the robbery, is indefinitely postponed, and he retires into obscurity on a pittance. Heroes of this kind never behave like sensible mortals, so the reader will hardly be surprised to find Bonham acting in a manner that would qualify him for a home for imbeciles. Finally he falls in with a beneficent and aristocratic "commercial," and the two comrades are ultimately successful in tracing the diabolical ring. Of course all ends right. Joseph Eaglebank, the father of the young lady, is the best-drawn character in the book. This wealthy "self-made man" was at eighteen a violent Radical, when he was possessor of a Sunday suit of clothes, a shovel, and a pig. So long as this pig lived he remained a Radical; but when the cot in which it was kept was burnt down and Joseph's Radical brethren—like the gentry of Cathay of whom Elia wrote—gleefully devoured roast pork, and at the same time mockingly refused compensation, Joseph at once adopted Conservative principles, and held by them for the remainder of his days.

We have M. Zola's authority that *Renée Mauperin* is more of a novel than any of the other books written by the Brothers de Goncourt, and also that "never has the approach of death [from heart disease] been studied with more painful patience." Truly enough even the most fleeting tremors of the disease are here duly narrated; but if M. Zola knows of nothing in literature "more touching or more terrible" his familiarity with books must be confined to the productions of the Paris school of "naturalists." The book is interesting in the same way that a vulgar play, a street incident, a *bourgeois* family party, may hold our attention—as an indication of the habits or proclivities of people whose ways of life and thought are different from our own. The deadly commonplace, the sordid life, of the majority of the middle classes in France has been the theme of many novelists from Balzac to Zola, and now it is beginning to pall even upon the vitiated Parisian palate. Of its class *Renée Mauperin* is a good example, though it is not nearly so powerful a psychological study as that strange and morbid book *Germinie Lacerteux*.

A Mystery Still is in the best manner of its prolific author. It is interesting and even exciting, and the plot is neither bewilderingly intricate nor palpably absurd. The beautiful Claudine Marly is one night found murdered; but no one save a maid named Olga, whose silence is secured, ever suspects the real assassin. The lover and the husband of the latter kill each other in a duel decidedly *d l'Américaine*, and the comely and pleasant Marchioness de Benserade is even happier as a widow than of yore. Moral: those who commit crimes, which are never likely to be discovered, are the people who obtain the most enjoyment out of life.

The Meudon Mystery begins with the discovery of the leg of a murdered woman beneath a cartload of straw, and ends with the triumph of justice. Between the first and last chapters the pages reek with crime and bloodshed. One wonders if any of the Boulevard novelists could even conceive of a

story without revolting crime, commonplace adultery, or wearisome criminal details.

WILLIAM SHARP.

SOME CLASSICAL SCHOOL BOOKS.

Demosthenes: The First Philippic; Olynthiacs I.-III. By Evelyn Abbott and P. E. Matheson. (Clarendon Press.)

The Apology of Plato. By St. George Stock. (Clarendon Press.)

Lysias, Epitaphios. By F. J. Snell. (Clarendon Press.)

Plutarch's Life of Nicias. By H. A. Holden. (Pitt Press Series.)

Xenophon, Oxyropeia, Books III.-V. By H. A. Holden. (Pitt Press Series.)

QUITE a row of neatly bound little volumes comes before us from the Clarendon Press—the texts in green cloth, the notes in brown. They look as if they would wear well. They are of handy size and large clear type. If only schoolboys would apply to them half the care and energy which have been expended in preparing them, the schoolmaster's world would return to the golden age. *Incipe, parve puer!*

First on the list is Messrs. Abbott and Matheson's instalment of the Philippic and Olynthiac speeches of Demosthenes. This seems to us a model of what a schoolbook should be. There are no words wasted in it, and it is full of matter. The notes—clear and to the point—are helped out by a serviceable analysis of each speech; and the whole is prefaced by a bright introduction, which begins far enough back not only to interest the reader in what Demosthenes has to say, but to put into his hands all the threads of the business which is going on. We observe with pleasure that the notes, besides explaining the Greek and elucidating constructions, also point out the *technique* of the speech, showing the applicability of a simile and the appropriateness of a word or argument, so as to give boys some idea of how the oratorical effects are produced. The text is that of Bekker.

"The world," says Mr. Stock, "will always be the better for the Apology of Socrates;" and we heartily agree with him. But it is necessary to make it accessible to the modern world; and Mr. Stock has gone manfully to work with introduction, running analysis, and notes. The introduction wins for the hero the sympathy of the reader before he comes to Socrates' own words. It sets forth what little is known of the man, describes his surroundings, and does as much, perhaps, as can be done to explain the standing wonder of his judicial murder. About the notes we have no complaint, except that we should like a few more of them. Here and there a phrase over which a junior student may stumble is passed by. In 23B, ταῦτ' οὐκ ἐστὶ μὲν ἐνὶ καὶ οὐκ περιττὸν ζητῶν, it might have been pointed out that ταῦτα=διὰ ταῦτα, as often in Plato and Aristophanes. In 30A, ταῦτα καὶ νεώτερον καὶ πρεσβύτερον ποιῶσα, why is the dative case used instead of the accusative? Mr. Stock has nothing to say on the subject; but it would have been well first to warn schoolboys against translating "This I will do to young men and old," and then to suggest that it is an instance of ethical dative, or *dativus commodi*, "This I will do for their good."

The circle of classical authors adapted for school use is being perpetually widened, and now Lysias is brought well within the curriculum by Mr. Snell's commentary on the *Epitaphios*. The editor does not seem quite convinced of the genuineness of the speech,

though he sums up in favour of it; but he rightly thinks it worth reading for its own sake. The text which he follows is that of Cobet, but the readings of Scheibe are also noticed. No real difficulty is passed over in the commentary; but Mr. Snell will find by experience that a somewhat fuller system of notes is more useful, at least to young readers. They want more words made about a passage before they see either that there is a difficulty or what its explanation is. It would be a very useful lesson in history to take a class of boys through the *Epitaphios* and make them read at the same time Grote or Cox on the Persian Wars. The boys would be the better for seeing the nature and origin of Lysias's mis-statements and for being made to understand what means we have of correcting them.

We are glad to see that Dr. Holden has not allowed himself to be deterred by objections from editing the *Life of Nicias* upon the same plan as the *Lives of Sulla* and the *Gracchi*. The portion of Greek text being small, it is quite possible, without unduly swelling the volume, to satisfy the wants of students of different degrees of proficiency; and no other plan could make the book so useful at schools or for the General Examinations at Cambridge. Dr. Holden gives us a carefully written introduction upon Plutarch, his *Lives*, and his authorities for the *Life of Nicias*, discriminating in this last section what can be traced to Thucydides and what must be due to some other source, such as Philistus or Timaeus. Then comes the text, in which he has mainly followed Sintenis. We notice, however, that in c. 14, l. 33, while Sintenis has a colon at *εἰς*, Dr. Holden puts the colon at *κέρκος*. Now, while *αἶται* is rather awkward with either punctuation, it is, perhaps, more awkward to have it beginning a sentence without any particle, as Dr. Holden prints it. In c. 18, l. 49, instead of *καθάρει*, which is an old puzzle, he proposes, though he does not venture to adopt, *καθόλου* or *παράπαν*. In the commentary, which is as clear and helpful as Dr. Holden's notes are wont to be, we have marked one or two places where the meaning may possibly be other than what he assigns. At the end of c. 21, *τῶν περιγενομένων ὀλίγοι μετὰ τῶν δαλῶν ἀπεσώθησαν*, where he translates "only a few got back safe with their arms," *μετὰ τῶν δαλῶν* is, perhaps, more emphatic than schoolboys will understand from this version. "Few of those who got back brought their arms with them." In c. 26, l. 44, we should think that the talk is rather of the army expecting successes than of Nicias expecting them. Nicias was not hopeful about the expedition. At p. 119, it strikes us that "these sort of speculations" is queer English to issue from a University Press. We should have liked to see notes upon the making of the shield in c. 28, and on the reason why the Athenian prisoners at Syracuse were branded with the figure of a horse (c. 29); but it would be ungrateful to pick any more small holes in a very excellent piece of work.

Dr. Holden has also been carrying a stage further his edition of the *Cyropaedia* of Xenophon, of which the first part was noticed in the *ACADEMY* of July 2, 1887. Books iii., iv., v., are now treated on the same plan as books i., ii., and we can follow the young Cyrus down to his reconciliation with his jealous uncle. Cyrus is as tedious as usual in these books, and the reader finds none of that magic charm of manner in him which so struck Artabazus. But Dr. Holden accompanies him patiently through all his marches, battles, and speeches, and clears up with wonderful success the sometimes obscure expressions of Xenophon. Part of the obscurity is due to confused constructions—common enough in all Greek writers, and yet a thing which the study of those very writers teaches us to detect and to

avoid. Dr. Holden's notes on pp. 15, 39, 75, 87, 92 of his commentary are excellent examples of how to cut the knot of such entanglements. In book iii. 1.23, does not *ὁ δὲ παραυθουμένης*, which he translates "not even when they try to talk them over," rather mean "when they try to encourage them"? In v. 2.13, Gobryas surely wants to find a son rather than a son-in-law. He would like to adopt any honest Persian, as he talked of adopting Cyrus in iv. 6. 2. On v. 1. 26, *ἀρεθόμεθα κ.τ.λ.*, Fischer translates *facile et patienter feremus indignationem et iram Cyaxaris, dummodo a te ornemur*, and Dr. Holden follows him. But nothing has been said about Cyaxares, whereas allusion has been made in § 20 to *πυρκαϊκῶν καὶ κινδυνέων*, and these seem rather to be the hardships to which *ἀρεθόμεθα* applies—unless (as is just possible) the passage be playful, and speak of the hardship of seeing Cyrus's face and the burden of being favoured by him.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will shortly issue a volume of poems by the late Principal Shairp, of St. Andrews and Oxford. They consist mainly of pieces published in magazines or left in MS., and represent Shairp's later work, although a few poems from the volume *Kilmahoe* are included. The book has been edited by Mr. F. T. Palgrave.

MR. FISHER UNWIN is about to publish the first issue of a *Government Year Book*. The object of this annual volume, which is edited by Mr. Lewis Sergeant, is to give a concise sketch of the forms and methods of Government in every country of the world, with an abstract of the written constitutions, and materials for the purpose of reference and comparison. A brief review is added of the chief occurrences of the past year bearing upon and illustrating the several constitutions.

MR. J. P. JOHNSON has nearly finished a work on the writings of Thackeray, which will be illustrated with several hitherto unpublished portraits of Thackeray, and of his father and mother, and will also contain a facsimile of an unused wood engraving from one of the novels. The volume will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

A NEW life of Shelley, by M. Felix Rabbe, the translator of his poems into French, will be published shortly by Messrs. Ward & Downey, in two volumes, under the title of "Shelley: the Man and the Poet."

MR. J. L. JOYNES has in the press a volume of translations of poems by German writers of '48, including Freiligrath and Heine, as well as others not so well known to English readers. The volume will be published by Messrs. Foulger & Co., under the title of *Songs of a Revolutionary Epoch*.

MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY will send to the libraries at the end of next week two new novels in three volumes: *Marvel*, by the author of "Molly Bawn"; and *A Voice in the Wilderness*, by Miss Catherine Fothergill.

MESSRS. BALDOCK & Co. announce a novel, entitled *Satan outdone by a Lawyer*, by "Libra," the Anglo-Indian lady, whose *Darkness* and *Daylight* has lately been published by the same firm.

THE library edition of Mr. Hall Caine's last novel, *The Deemster*, having been exhausted some weeks ago, the publishers (Messrs. Chatto & Windus) have sent to press a one-volume edition. We understand that Messrs. Appleton are issuing the book in America at twenty-five cents.

MR. GARDNER, of Paisley, will issue immediately a limited edition of Dr. Bucke's *Life*

of Walt Whitman, which has been out of print for some months. He will also publish, at the same time, *English Critics on Walt Whitman*, edited by Prof. Dowden.

A NEW edition of Mr. Stuart Glennie's *Greek Folk-songs* will be issued almost immediately by Messrs. Ward & Downey. It will contain an essay, which did not appear in the first edition, on "The Science of Folklore."

THE Deutsche Verlags Anstalt, of Stuttgart, have acquired the right of translating Mr. William Westall's *Two Pinches of Snuff*, for publication in Germany, Austria, and Switzerland.

THE following cheap editions of novels are announced by Messrs. Ward & Downey:—*Gretchen*, by Rita; *The Old Factory*, by William Westall; *Double Cunning*, by J. Manville Fenn; *A Lucky Young Woman*, by F. C. Philips; *In Luck's Way*, by Byron Webber; *Passages from the Life of a Lady*, by Hamilton Aide. One-volume editions of the following are also announced by the same firm: Lady Wilde's *Ancient Legend of Ireland*, and John F. Keane's *Three Years' of a Wanderer's Life*.

ON Tuesday next, February 14, Messrs Sotheby will sell by auction a very choice collection of rare English books, drawn from several libraries, and mostly bound by Bedford. Among them are first editions of Milton, Chapman, Swift, Gay, Sterne, Gray, Bewick, Byron, Shelley, Dickens, Tennyson, &c. But perhaps the two greatest rarities are Sterne's sermon on "Elijah and the Widow of Zerephath," printed at York in 1747; and the only known copy with coloured plates of Charles Lamb's *Prince Dorus* (1811).

THE registers of St. George the Martyr, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, are being printed in its parish magazine, copies of which, price one penny each, can be obtained from Mr. W. Vernon, bookseller, of 40, Lambs Conduit Street. The church was not constructed until about the beginning of the last century, but for at least a hundred years after that date the neighbourhood was inhabited by a very fashionable class. Many illustrious persons have worshipped within its walls, and the entries in the registers should be of a valuable character. The first name in the section of the burial registers printed in the magazine for this month is as follows: "1714, January 28, Robert Nelson, Esq., of Gloucester Street. Vir insignis."

WITH reference to a note in the *ACADEMY* of last week, we are informed that the engraving of Lord Tennyson, as a young man, which appears in the first volume of the new edition of his poems published by Messrs. Macmillan, is from a portrait of him drawn by his sister-in-law, Mrs. Weld.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

MR. GEORGE W. CABLE has for some time past been making an extensive enquiry into "The Negro Question" in the Southern States of the Union. At the request of the editor of the *Contemporary Review*, he has written an article very fully setting forth his observations and conclusions. It will appear in the March number, and be published simultaneously in several leading American journals.

THE Duke of Argyll is now writing a series of popular articles for *Good Words* on "Darwinism as a Philosophy," with special reference to its bearing on fundamental questions in religion. The first will appear in the March number, together with the beginning of Miss Linakill's "Vignettes of a Northern Village," and an article by the Countess of Aberdeen on "Our Mothers and Girls."

MR. HARRY FURNISS's portrait of Mr. Spurgeon, drawn from life, will be the second of

the "Gallery of Pulpit Portraits" in the *British Weekly*. It will appear next week as a supplement, with a biographical sketch by the editor of the *Expositor*.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

On Thursday in the current week a grace was approved by the senate at Cambridge for founding a professorship of Chinese. The duties of the professor are defined to be "to teach the principles of the Chinese language, and generally to promote the study of the Chinese language and literature in the university"; and it is expressly stipulated that he shall receive no stipend unless and until the university shall otherwise determine. Sir Thomas Wade, late British minister at Peking, and now president of the Royal Asiatic Society, is at present living at Cambridge, and recently gave his invaluable Chinese collection of books, &c., to the university library.

On Tuesday next, February 14, a new statute relating to the lending of books from the Bodleian will be promulgated in congregation at Oxford to the following effect:

"That the curators of the Bodleian library have power, under certain conditions, to lend printed books to certain persons who are in charge of university institutions, and to lend printed books and MSS. to the delegates of the Clarendon Press."

At both Oxford and Cambridge, it will be proposed next week to present petitions to the Queen in Council, in opposition to the joint petition of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons asking power to confer degrees in medicine and surgery.

It will be proposed to confer the degree of Doctor of Music, *honoris causa*, upon Herr Joseph Joachim, on the occasion of his visit to Oxford next Tuesday to give a concert in the Sheldonian theatre. It will be remembered that a similar distinction was granted to Herr Richter a few years ago.

MR. GOSSE, the Clark lecturer at Trinity College, will deliver a course of four lectures at Cambridge this term on "The Literary Criticism of the Age of Queen Anne." The subjects of the individual lectures will be as follows:—"Rymer's Attacks on Shakspeare," "Jeremy Collier's Critiques on the Stage," "John Dennis," and "Criticism in Addison and Shaftesbury."

MR. SINKER's Life of the late Hon. Ion Keith-Falconer, Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, who died in May last while engaged in missionary work among the Arabs near Aden, will be published about the end of the present month by Messrs. Deighton, Bell & Co.

MR. F. W. BOURDILLON, the translator of "Aucassin & Nicolette," is now delivering a course of lectures at Oxford on "Poetry."

MR. J. W. CLARK has been elected president of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, in place of the late Count Trotter. At the next meeting of this society Mr. H. Gadow will read a paper on "The Character of the Geological Formation as a Factor in Geographical Distribution," illustrated by observations in Spain and Portugal.

FROM the *Cambridge University Reporter* we learn that, at the litany at Great St. Mary's, on Ash Wednesday, "doctors of divinity wear copes."

THE *Durham University Journal* is printing, in its fortnightly numbers, a bibliography of recent books, &c., relating to the university or written by Durham men.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE LIGHTHOUSE, BIARRITZ.

No home of pleasure or dear household days,
But a bleak tower whose single beauty lies
In the bright flame piercing the murky skies,
And lighting far-off seamen on their ways.
Shaken by rain or storm that madly plays
About the rough-hewn stones; where breakers
rise
And toss their foaming crests, as horse that
bles
To the far goal, or shaggy hound that bays
At castle gate and would an entrance win.
There are a few such brave beleaguered souls
Who bear a beacon light, and hear the din
Of a great strife below, and the winds off
Would ruthless beat them down, but the wave
rolls
And breaks—leaving their steadfast flame
aloft.

B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

OBITUARY.

SIR HENRY SUMNER MAINE.

THE death of Sir Henry Maine, in the maturity of his intellectual powers, is an irreparable loss alike to the world of letters, to his own university, and to the government of India. Among authors a teacher, at Cambridge a man of affairs, in the India Office a philosopher—he brought to each of his many duties the varied experience gathered elsewhere, and it would be hard to say in which he was the most distinguished. His published works will always attest his connexion with teaching—at Cambridge, at the Temple, and at Oxford. But it should never be forgotten that more than half of his active life was devoted—like all that of John Stuart Mill—to the service of India. The general public will never know how large a part he played in the councils of the viceroy and of successive secretaries of state, for Indian statesmen do their work behind a screen. It is certain, however, that his profound knowledge of India not only supplied him with some of his most effective illustrations in comparative jurisprudence, but also gave a tinge to the political philosophy of his latest volume of essays.

To Englishmen, Austin and Maine stand forth as the champions of two rival schools of jurisprudence. Austin, founding ultimately upon Hobbes and more immediately upon the utilitarianism of Bentham, deduced a system of analytic jurisprudence as logical in its parts and as far removed from practice as the political economy of Ricardo. Maine, coming later—his *Ancient Law* was published thirty years after the delivery of Austin's first lectures—drew his inspiration from the doctrines of evolution that were already everywhere in the air. He was sworn to no school and propounded no system. He was not even the originator of the historical method; but he applied it with a clearness of vision and a wealth of examples that mark the master mind. To the erudition of a German and the lucidity of a Frenchman he added that fertility of imagination which has been the boast of Englishmen since the time of Bacon. Austin is said to have regretted that he was not born in the days of the mediaeval Schoolmen. Maine is emphatically the product of the age and the country of Darwin and Herbert Spencer. In place of the arid definitions of Austin, which even lawyers can barely stomach, he has painted for us a series of brilliant pictures showing the growth of legal institutions from prehistoric times. Under his skilful treatment, the procedure of ancient Rome and the contemporary land system of India alike become not only intelligible but even attractive. Some of his phrases—such as that about the change from *status* to contract—stamp themselves upon the memory, and one feels that the general

impression can never be modified by subsequent research except in unimportant details.

But though Maine lectured on law, his real work lay in the wider field of history. In this connexion it is curious to remember that *Ancient Law* appeared in the same year (1861) as the second and last volume of Buckle's *History of Civilisation*. The latter work took the reading public by storm, but—it is sad to confess—is now dead and buried. The success of the former was by no means extraordinary at the time; a second edition was called for only in 1863, and the third not till 1866. But, if we consider the permanence of its influence, it is hardly going too far to call it by that much abused epithet "epoch-making." For it represents to this day the most successful application to the historical sciences of the comparative method borrowed from biology, which is not the least of the intellectual achievements of the latter half of the nineteenth century. Among its numerous progeny may be reckoned Fustel de Coulanges' *La Cité Antique*, Elton's *Origins of English History*, Sir A. O. Lyall's *Asiatic Studies*, and F. Seebohm's *English Village Community*.

Henry James Sumner Maine was born in 1822. His father was a doctor practising in England, but of Scotch descent. He was educated at Christ's Hospital, and afterwards at Pembroke College, Cambridge, where he graduated in 1844 as senior classic and also among the senior optimes in mathematics, besides gaining the Craven scholarship and several other university prizes. Having been elected fellow and tutor of Trinity Hall, he was appointed in 1847, at the early age of twenty-five, regius professor of civil law; but he vacated this chair in 1854 to accept the readership on jurisprudence at the Middle Temple. In 1862 he was nominated legal member of council in India—a post first filled by Macaulay, and subsequently by Sir Fitzjames Stephen. His term of office was almost coincident with the governor-generalship of Lord Lawrence. The principal statutes passed and chiefly framed by him are thus enumerated by Mr. Whitley Stokes, in the introduction to his *Anglo-Indian Codes*:—The Succession Act and the Marriage Act of 1865, the Companies Act of 1866, the General Clauses Act of 1868, and the Divorce Act of 1869. In 1871, shortly after his return home, he was appointed to the Council of the Secretary of State for India, which office he held until his death. In the previous year he had been invited to the newly founded chair of comparative jurisprudence at Oxford; but this he resigned in 1878, on being elected master of Trinity Hall at Cambridge. It was only last year that he accepted the Whewell professorship of international law at Cambridge, vacant by the resignation of Sir W. Vernon Harcourt; but we believe that he delivered only a single course of the lectures on this subject upon which he is known to have expended great pains in preparation. His health of late had not been good, and he suffered especially during the hot weather of last year. In the beginning of January he went to the south of France for change. He died at Cannes, from an attack of apoplexy, on Friday, February 3; and at Cannes he was buried on February 8, a special funeral service being held on the same day in the chapel of Trinity Hall.

Apart from periodical literature, Maine's first publication was a paper on "Roman Law and Legal Education" in the volume of *Cambridge Essays* (1856). *Ancient Law: its Connexion with the Early History of Society and its Relation to Modern Ideas*, appeared—as already mentioned—in 1861. His professorship at Oxford bore fruit in three volumes—*Village Communities in the East and West* (1871), *The Early History of Institutions*

(1875), and *Early Law and Custom* (1883). His last book was *Popular Government* (1885), consisting of essays reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*. We believe that none of the addresses have been published which he delivered as Vice-chancellor of the University of Calcutta.

Of the honours that Sir Henry Maine received it must suffice to mention that the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques chose him to succeed Emerson as foreign associate; and that he was himself specially gratified to hear last autumn of the public compliment paid to him in his class-room by Prof. Sohm, the eminent legist of Leipzig. J. S. C.

THOMAS H. DYER, LL.D., died at Bath on January 30. He was born at St. Dunstan's in the East, London, on May 4, 1804, and was educated privately. His early years were passed in a city house; but he soon retired from commercial life, and, after a lengthened stay on the continent, where he made a particular study of Rome, Athens, and Pompeii, entered upon a protracted course of authorship. His works were numerous, but they were all marked by labour and erudition. He compiled accounts of the history, topography, and remains of *Ancient Rome* (1864) and *Ancient Athens* (1873), and wrote histories of the *City of Rome* (1865) and of the *Kings of Rome* (1868). He explored the ruins of Pompeii; and his narrative of the remains went through several editions, and was supplemented in 1867 by *Pompeii photographed*. Several years were spent on the preparation of a *History of Modern Europe* (1861-4, 4 vols.), which chronicled the period from the fall of Constantinople to the end of the Crimean war; and its success justified a second edition in five volumes (1877) when the narrative was brought down to the year 1871. These elaborate works did not exhaust his literary labours. He engaged in the fascinating pursuit of emending the tragedies of Aeschylus—*Tentamina Aeschylia* (1841) was the title of the volume which he published. He also produced a life of Calvin (1850); and he put forward in 1873 a *Plea for Livy*, in answer to the criticisms of Prof. Seeley. Mr. Dyer was honoured in 1865 by the university of St. Andrew's with the degree of LL.D.

MR. WILLIAM DAVY WATSON died at 5, King's Bench Walk, Temple, on January 30. He was born at Kidderminster on May 12, 1811, and from 1821 to 1827 was educated at Hazelwood, near Birmingham, the school which the father of Sir Rowland Hill established and directed. For the next two years (1827-29) Watson was at University College, London, and then he matriculated at Trinity, Cambridge, where he took the degree of B.A. in 1835, and M.A. in 1837. In November of the last year he was called to the bar at the Inner Temple. Mr. Watson was at one time editor of the now defunct *Edinburgh Courant*, and he was for many years London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, when his communications were frequently quoted in the London papers. He was the author of *Trevelthan*: a Cornish Story (1848), *Lily of St. Paul's* (1852), and *Cache-cache*: a Tale in Verse (1862). For more than twenty years he was a familiar figure at the Reform Club. His ready knowledge bore witness to his extensive reading.

WE have also to record the death, at San Remo, of Mr. Edward Lear, widely known as the author of several books of "Nonsense Verses," but also a hardworking and accomplished artist—and, yet more, the "E. L." to whom Tennyson addressed the exquisite little poem beginning:

"Illyrian woodlands, echoing falls
Of water, sheets of summer glass,
The long divine Peneian pass,
The vast Akroterian walls."

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

IN the new number of *Mind*, which marks the entrance of the journal upon its thirteenth year, Mr. F. H. Bradley continues his psychological studies by a discussion of pleasure and pain, desire and volition. His treatment of these difficult subjects is fresh and suggestive, though he has now and again a rather provoking way of hinting at his meaning rather than fully declaring it, and though it may well be doubted whether, with all his anxiety to write pure psychology, he does not occasionally confuse the subject by introducing properly metaphysical conceptions. In a second article Dr. Cattell, who has been collaborating with Dr. James Ward in the Psychological Laboratory at Cambridge, manages to give, within narrow limits, a fairly intelligible *résumé* of the results of research in the first and typical psychological laboratory—that instituted by Prof. Wundt at Leipzig some eleven years since. The results are of quite sufficient value to make one welcome the multiplication of these workshops, and more especially the recent establishment of one at Cambridge. Mr. T. Whittaker ingeniously argues that state action is not necessarily opposed to individualism, in the sense of the doctrine that sets up as its ideal the unimpeded self-development of the individual. The remaining article, by Mr. D. G. Ritchie, discusses, in a comprehensive and interesting way, the connexion between the origin and validity of ideas. He contends with great force that they are perfectly distinct; but the relation is probably less simple than this. The common notion, gently ridiculed by the essayist, that the value of a person or an institution is affected when its origin is known, is hardly likely to be pure delusion. It might, one thinks, be shown that a study of origins is exceedingly helpful in testing values. If, for example, religious belief were invented by a class of persons called priests for the sake of terrifying and maintaining their hold over vulgar minds, surely this would tend to lessen the logical value of the belief. If, on the other hand, religious ideas are shown not to depend on any such external influences, but to spring up under every variety of circumstances, this would serve to some extent to support their claims on our minds. Thus the study of origins is by no means immaterial to the logical or ethical consideration of validity, though Mr. Ritchie does good service in bringing out the real distinction between the two.

THE veteran archaeologist, Mr. Charles Roach Smith, has contributed a paper to the *Antiquary* on the walls of Chester. Whatever opinion we may hold as to the date of their construction, the views of one who has devoted a long life to the study of everything relating to Roman Britain cannot but be of value. His reminiscences of investigations made forty years ago are very interesting. Mr. H. P. Maskell's paper on Emanuel Hospital is carefully compiled. We wonder how many of our readers have ever heard of this interesting old place; yet it stands within easy distance of Westminster Abbey. It was founded in 1594 by Anne, widow of Gregory Fiennes, Lord Dacre of the South, for the poor of Westminster. From Mr. Maskell's account we should fear that it is now in a decaying condition. We trust that an effort will be made to preserve not only the charity but the quaint old buildings. Mr. T. W. Shore's "Traces of Old Agricultural Communities in Hampshire" throws additional light on an obscure subject suggested by Mr. Seebohm's *English Village Community*. It seems that "the people of Ithorpe are lords of their own manor, and to this day exercise their manorial rights." Mr. Walter Haines communicates extracts from the churchwarden accounts of Stan-

ford-in-the-Vale, Berkshire. There is much in them concerning the holy-loaf or *eulogia*, about which a note of explanation should have been given. Many of his readers will not understand what the entries mean. The holy bread was given away in many, perhaps all, the churches in England in the unreformed days. The rite survives still in France; we are not aware that it has continued to be observed elsewhere.

YORKSHIRE possesses so many historic and biographical memories that it may be hoped its inhabitants, particularly those belonging to Hull and Holderness, will not allow Mr. W. G. B. Page's praiseworthy venture to perish for lack of support. Last year's numbers of *The Hull and East Riding Portfolio*, (Hull: Page), contain several papers of great interest to archaeologists, which are illustrated from old prints and maps of some rarity. Among these articles may specially be named "The Early History of Spurn Head," which covers a period of some 300 years. It is the work of Mr. L. L. Kropf. "The Monastic Institutions of Hull and its Vicinity" is another article, which ought to prove useful to the dwellers in that district, and "The Lake Dwelling in Holderness" is a record which should certainly not be forgotten. When local magazines and "Notes and Queries" are springing up all over the country, it will be lamentable if Hull and the neighbourhood should lose the benefit of *The Hull Portfolio*, and of Mr. Page's sympathetic editorship, for want of a few more subscribers.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BUONAI, R. Der Sudan unter ägyptischer Herrschaft. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 6 M.
BUNSDON, O. Abyssinie et Angletorre (Théodoros): perfidies et intrigues anglaises dévoilées. Paris: Barbier. 8 fr. 50 c.
D'HAUSONVILLE, Le comte. Prosper Mérimée, etc.: études biographiques et littéraires. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 8 fr. 50 c.
HORNES, M. Dinarische Wanderungen. Cultur- u. Landschaftsbilder aus Bosnien u. der Herzegovina. Wien: Graessner. 6 M.
MIEBE, C. Die Stellung Augustins in der Publistik d. gregorianischen Kirchenrechts. Leipzig: Hirsch. 3 M.
NIOX, L'Expansion européenne: empire britannique et Asie. Paris: Bachelin. 8 fr. 50 c.
QUELLENCHRIFTEN I. Kunstgeschichte. Neue Folge. 1. Bd. Der Anonimo Morelliano (Marcoantonio Michel's notizie d'opere del disegno). 1. Abth. Text u. Uebersetzung. v. Th. Frimmel. Wien: Graessner. 2 M.
SARRAN, E. Étude sur le bassin houiller du Tonkin. Paris: Oudot. 18 fr.
SCHLELL, Dupont de Nemours et l'école physiocratique. Paris: Guillaumin. 7 fr. 50 c.
WESTERHOLZ, F. v. Die Griseide-Sage in der Literaturgeschichte. Heidelberg: Groos. 2 M. 40 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

- BERLA, R. Die vorgeschichtlichen Rundwille im östlichen Deutschland. Berlin: Asher. 6 M. 50 Pf.
CADIER, L. Les États de Béarn depuis leurs origines jusqu'au commencement du XVI^e siècle. Paris: Picard. 10 fr.
FELDZUG d. Prinzen Eugen v. Savoyen. 12. u. 13. Bd. 1710-11. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 30 M.
GESS, F. Die Klosterinstitutionen d. Herzog Georg v. Sachsen. Leipzig: Grieben. 1. M. 30 Pf.
GLASSON, E. Histoire du droit et des institutions de la France. T. 2. Époque franque. Paris: Pichon. 10 fr.
GOURY DU ROSLAN, J. Essai sur l'histoire économique de l'Espagne. Paris: Guillaumin. 7 fr. 50 c.
KOCH, H. Richard v. Oorwall. 1. Th. (1299-1287.) Straßburg: Heitz. 2 M.
MATTHEIS, G. Die Leiden der Evangelischen in der Grafschaft Saarwerden (Elaass). 1577-1700. Straßburg. Heitz. 3 M.
MILOVANOWITZ. Les traités de garantie au XIX^e siècle. Paris: Rousseau. 8 fr.
SCHMIDT, A. Handbuch der griechischen Chronologie. Hrg. v. F. Mühl. Jena: Fischer. 16 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BEOBACHTUNGEN, magnetische, d. Tiffler physikalischen Observatoriums in den Jahren 1881-5. Hrg. v. J. Mielberg. St. Petersburg: Eggers. 3 M.
KIMES, G. H. Th. Die Entstehung der Arten auf Grund v. Vererbener erworbener Eigenschaften nach den Gesetzen organischen Wachstums. 1. Th. Jena: Fischer. 9 M.

OPPENHEIM, Entomologien, ed. C. G. Thomson. Fasc. XI. Monographie der Campoplegiden. Lind. 6 M.
 WILKIN, N. Beiträge zur Entwicklungsgeschichte der physiologischen Gewebesysteme bei einigen Florideen. Leipzig: Engelmann. 7 M.
 WITTE, J. H. Das Wesen der Seele u. die Natur der geistigen Vorgänge im Lichte der Philosophie nach Kant u. ihrer grundlegenden Theorien. Halle: Fischer. 7 M.

PHILOLOGY.

ANDREAS, P. Die Handschriften d. Priekes of Consilience v. Richard Rolle de Hampole im britischen Museum. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 DIETRICH, deutsche, d. Mittelalters. 6. u. 7. Bd. Ulrich's von Liechtenstein Frauendienst. Hrg. v. R. Bechstein. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 7 M.
 PAULSON, J. Studia Homodica. I. De re metrica. Lund. 4 M.
 WULFF, Fr. Le Lai du cor: poème du XIII^e siècle, restitution critique. Paris: Welter. 8 fr.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FORS FORTUNA.

Oxford: Feb. 4, 1888.

I am afraid it might appear uncourteous if I did not answer the Rev. A. L. Mayhew's letter in to-day's ACADEMY; but I must confess that it seems hardly fair that learned journals should be encumbered by discussions which might quite well be settled by a post-card. The Rev. A. L. Mayhew not very long ago found fault with what I had said about the French *calin*. If he had written to me, instead of writing to the ACADEMY, I should have told him in private, what I did not quite like having to tell him in public, that he had never perceived the real difficulty of the etymology of that word, namely, the accent; and that a reference to an etymological dictionary, before writing to the ACADEMY, would have shown him that the etymology which he thought was his own had been proposed long ago by others.

The same applies to his strictures on my etymology of *Fors*. Mr. Mayhew is good enough to inform me that in Latin, too, there is such a thing as *Ablaut*, and he refers me to Brugmann's *Vergleichende Grammatik* that I may see how the *o* in *fors* is the deep tone of the *e* in *fero*; nay, he recommends me to study my own *Lectures on the Science of Language* in order to learn this new lesson. As Mr. Mayhew is an eminent divine, I do not resent this peculiar tone of argument. If I am not mistaken, I think I had the honour of counting Mr. Mayhew among my audience when, shortly after the appearance of Curtius's essay, *Die Spaltung des A-lautes im Griechischen und Lateinischen*, I lectured on the vowel-changes in Sanskrit, Greek, and Latin. During the last twenty years this subject has been running like a red thread through almost all philological controversies. Curtius, to put it as shortly as possible, held that the *e* variety existed before the European, the *o* variety before the classical separation. Scherer, in his *Geschichte der Deutschen Sprache* (1868), went a step further, and traced the Teutonic vowel triad *a, i, u*, back to an earlier vowel triad, *a, e, o*. Then followed Fick, *Die ehemalige Sprachenheit der Indogermanen Europas* (1873), and Bezenberger, *Die A-reihe der Gotischen Sprache* (1874). Ever since we have had no rest. The whole science of language seemed to turn round *a, e, o*. Next came Schmidt on *ē* in his *Vocalismus*, then Fick on European *ā* and *ē*. But it was Amelung who, after publishing his valuable essay, *Die Bildung der Tempusstämme durch Vocalsteigerung*, in 1871, was the first to claim *ē* (1873), as prior to the Aryan separation. All these observations, however, remained isolated and unaccounted for till scholars turned again to Sanskrit, and discovered in the Vedic accentuation the true key to all this vocal variety. How, after Benfey and other Vedic scholars—myself among the rest—had shown the working of that secret spring, extending its influence from the Vedic *vēda* and *vidmā* to the Modern German *ich weiss* and *wir wissen*, this solution of the riddle could again have been neglected or rejected,

seems strange indeed. "Back to Sanskrit!" ought to be the war-cry in the science of language, as "Back to Kant!" in the science of thought. Verner, after explaining the exception to Grimm's law by a reference to the Vedic *Svaras*, showed how the difference between *e* and *o* in German could likewise, under certain circumstances, be accounted for by the Vedic accent. After the existence of an Aryan *ē* had once been proved, that discovery reacted on the new theory of double gutturals, which was started by Ascoli, and confirmed by Schmidt and Fick. It was Collitz who clearly proved, what others may have divined, that the palatalisation of the gutturals was originally due to the primitive Aryan *ē*. With this discovery all the materials were ready which enabled De Saussure to give us his complete theory of the primitive system of the vowels in the Indo-European languages (1879)—a theory lately placed in the clearest light by Hübschmann, in his *Indogermanisches Vocalsystem* (1885). I may have omitted several books which supplied important contributions. In the elaboration of the Aryan vowel-system and its influence on the theory of the *Ablaut* Brugmann, Osthoff, Humperdinck, and last, but certainly not least, Merlo, have treated the same subject, each in his own masterly way, both in their larger works and in numerous contributions to the leading linguistic journals.

When one has thus watched from year to year this interesting period in the science of language, and followed the numerous discoveries, so far as it is possible for a man who no longer counts among the "youthful grammarians," it is somewhat strange to be advised by the Rev. A. L. Mayhew to study the *Ablaut* theory in the recent compendium of Brugmann.

Is Mr. Mayhew not aware that what have been called the *e*-grades, of which he fears that I never heard, are more fully realised in Sanskrit than anywhere else? Where can he find the four steps of the root *bhar* more completely represented than in *bhāra*, *bhāra*, *bhrīti*, and *bhra* (in *anavabhra*)?

That the *ā* of *bhāra*, the *Hochstufe*, was represented by *o* in the classical languages, was known as far back as Schleicher's Compendium. How *ā* and *ā* were actually pronounced in Sanskrit, at the time of the Prātishikhyas, is difficult to determine; but it is at all events curious that even in modern Sanskrit the sound of the English *o* is often represented by *ā* and *ā*. Thus Doctor is written *Dāktar*. But, however that may have been, who would have doubted that a root like *bhar* could in Latin, as it does in Greek, have developed the vowel *o*?

May I now ask the Rev. A. L. Mayhew a few questions? Does he really think that every root must develop or does develop every one of these four changes? Does he really think that it is mere chance that Sanskrit *bhar* should be *fero* in Latin, but Sanskrit *mar*, *morior*? Does he really think that the change of *verto* to *vortus* is due to *Ablaut*? Does he really think that *pondus* from *pendere* is quite regular, and has he never read in De Saussure, p. 79—

"Le latin, fort chiche de ses *a*, en met parfois où il n'en faut point. Il a les neutres *pondus* de *pond* et *foedus* de *fid*, alors que la règle constante des thèmes en *a* est de garder *a*, dans la racine?"

Does he really think that *extorris* comes from *terra*, and not from *torreo*, the causative of *ters*? Has he not, before writing to the ACADEMY, taken at least the trouble to find out whether I was right in saying "that *bhar* is an *e* root, and that in Latin this *e* remains unchanged before *r*?" It was surely not very difficult to look through a Latin dictionary, and to see whether *fero* under any circumstances changes its *e* into *o*. I am afraid Mr. Mayhew may adduce *fordus* as an instance; and to avoid another letter I say at once that *fordus* cannot

be derived from *fero*. My argument, therefore, remains entirely untouched by Mr. Mayhew's friendly observations. The root *bhar* never takes *o* in Latin. *Fors* would be the single instance when we should have to admit such a change; and, therefore, though I did not think it necessary to use that argument in support of the much stronger mythological arguments advanced in my *Biographies of Words*, I still hold that the absence of the transition of *e* into *o* in all derivatives of the root *bhar* is a strong inducement to the comparative philologist to look for another root, such as *har*, which in Latin shows a decided predilection for *o*.

The Rev. A. L. Mayhew finishes his letter by informing me that Curtius, Vanicek, Corssen, Bréal, and Brugmann derive *Fors* from *ferre*. He might have blown an even louder trumpet by saying that everybody derives *Fors* from *ferre*. Does he really think I should have written on *Fors*, and tried to discover for it a new etymology, if I had not known of these attempts at accounting for the original conception of *Fors*? Or does he think that the *Quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus* applies to philology as well as to theology?

I must apologise for this long letter, but I really had no time to be shorter, and no wish to be curter. May I, in conclusion, assure my friend and almost next-door neighbour, Mr. Mayhew, that I shall always be delighted to discuss these matters with him in private; but that they hardly seem to me to call for a *disputatio publica et solennis*. I hope, therefore, he will not consider me wanting in proper respect if in future I decline to take part in these friendly, but somewhat obsolete, jousts.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

Oxford: Feb. 4, 1888.

A friend has kindly pointed out to me that, in some of my examples of Latin *ō* related to Latin *ē*, I have mixed up words which properly belong to the *ō*-grade with some that really belong to the weak or zero-grade. It is true that Brugmann connects *mors* with *√mer*, but *mors* is not in the *ō* or deep-tone grade, but in the zero-grade, the Latin *-or-* representing Indo-European sonant *r*. Compare the connexion of Latin *cor* with Greek *καρδ-ιη*. See *Vergleichende Grammatik*, § 285. The relation between *fors* and *fero* is precisely analogous.

A. L. MAYHEW.

"AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE."

Glasgow: Jan. 26, 1888.

Mr. Bradley, in his review of the two recently published translations of the charming *fabliau* of "Aucassin and Nicolette" (which is, I understand, singular in being written in prose, interspersed with snatches of verse), in the ACADEMY for January 21, remarks:

"It is curious that a work which is so widely known, and which offers such tempting opportunities for the display of the translator's skill, should until now never have been rendered into English. As it never rains but it pours, we have now two different versions, published within a few weeks of each other."

But the tale of "Aucassin and Nicolette" was rendered into English verse so far back as 1796-1800, by G. L. Way, in his *Fabliaux, &c.*, from Le Grand's collection, which first appeared in 1779; and it is "curious" that last year a friend of mine showed me a MS. translation which he had just finished, and was not a little surprised when I informed him that the tale was already well known in English. Whether he will print his version now that such scholars as Mr. Bourdillon and Mr. Lang have forestalled him, is perhaps more than doubtful—unless "for private circulation only."

It appears from Loundes that Way was not the first to render any of Le Grand's collection into English, since he mentions the following works, in one of which, at least, I should suppose the tale of "Aucassin and Nicolette" may be found :

"Tales of the 12th and 13th Centuries, from the French of M. Le Grand. London, 1786. 12mo, 2 vols.

"Norman Tales, from the French of M. Le Grand. London, 1790. 12mo.

"Tales of the Minstrels, translated from the French of Mons. Le Grand. London, 1796. 12mo."

The "aged captive" in the second line of the opening verses in the original text of the tale is certainly "a puzzler." This is how it opens in Mson's edition of Barbazan's *Fabliaux et Contes*, &c., Paris, 1808; tome i., p. 380:

"Qui vauroit bons vers oïr
Del deport du viel caitif
De deux blax enfans petis,
Nicolette et Aucassin
Des grans paines qu'il soufrit,
Et des prouesses qu'il fist
Por s'amie à le cïer vis."

And on the word "caitiff" in the second line is the following footnote:

"M. de Sainte-Palaye a copié *antif*, mais il n'existe pas dans le manuscrit, et il ne signifieroit rien ici, puisqu'il ne seroit que la répétition du mot précédent: il en convient lui-même dans sa copie qui est à la Bibliothèque de l'Arsenal."

Le Grand, in his version, or paraphrase, of the tale (ed. 1781, tome iii., p. 31), altogether ignores the "aged captive," probably because he could make no sense of it. This is how he begins:

"Qui de vous veut entendre de bons vers et les aventures antiques de deux amans jeunes et beaux? C'est Aucassin et Nicolette. Je vous dirai tout ce qu'Aucassin eut à endurer pour sa Mie au teint de lis, et toutes les prouesses qu'il fit pour elle."

Way's rendering of Le Grand thus opens (ed. 1815, p. 5):

"What wight is he that fain would now be told
Of rare adventures fallen in days of old?—
Sweet verse I sing, and goodly deeds I tell,
Of a young pair that loved each other well:
Young were they both, in love their hearts were met,
Their names were Aucassin and Nicolette.
All that the youth essay'd, by day or night,
For his sweet maid, with skin like lily white,
And all his prouesses, and all his pains,
The fruitful compass of my tale contains."

Le Grand has been charged by some captious critics with having travestied the compositions of the Trouvères; but this is not true, though it cannot be denied that in the case of most of the tales of a "free" nature which he has included in his collection his modesty (a not very common virtue of French writers in the last century) was such that the "point" is altogether missed. Yet his collection is not without its value to the many who cannot read twelfth-century French; and, on the whole, it is very useful to students of the history of popular fictions.

Way's English metrical versions after Le Grand are pleasant reading. There is a peculiar charm in the archaic, or now seldom used, words and phrases which he employs, as in the *fabliau* of "The Grey Palfrey," one of the most delightful of love-tales; "The Norman Bachelor"; "The Priest who ate Mulberries"; and "The Priest who had a Mother in spite of himself." And one can only regret that he did not live to give us more of them in the same dress.

In conclusion, I may state that there is a remarkable likeness between the story of Aucassin and Nicolette and that of Florence

and Clariet, in the Charlemagne romance of Duke Huon of Bordeaux.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

HUGUENOTS AND THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

London: Feb. 6, 1888.

It may not be generally known that, in connexion with the refugees who came to England after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685, there is preserved at the College of Physicians a document, dated 1792, containing a resolution of that college "to subscribe £50 towards the relief of the suffering clergy in France—refugees in the British Dominions." It is of great interest to know that this old and historic college came nobly to the help of the foreign pastors at a time when the Royal Bounty Fund was impoverished by the exigencies of the previous appeals which had been made to it.

The college had for its first president the celebrated Thomas Linacre; and medical science can number some eminent Huguenot names among its past ranks, of whom may be mentioned those of Baron, Blondel, Le Fevre (physician to Charles II.), De Moivre, Martineau, and Roget.

An abstract of the document above mentioned is to be found in the valuable Report of the Historical MSS. Commission (vol. viii., part i.), which also states that there are about 200 volumes of MSS. in the library of the college.

By the intolerant Edicts of France, in 1680, medical men were excluded from holding any public employment. Other hard measures were successively imposed on those of the Protestant faith, so that it is hardly surprising that many settled in England. Between the years 1681 and 1689, no less than nine French refugees were admitted to the ranks of the college.

S. W. KERSHAW.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Feb. 12, 5 p.m. London Institution: "The Roman Conquest of Judaea," by the Rev. W. Benham.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Arts immediately dependent on the Plastic Art," I., by Mr. Alfred Gilbert.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Yeast: its Morphology and Culture," III., by Mr. A. Gordon Salamon.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "A Journey in the Interior of Labrador in 1887," by Mr. Randle F. Holme.

TUESDAY, February 14, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin," V., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Principles of Design, as applied to Bookbinding," by Mr. H. B. Wheatley.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Recent Impressions in India and Australia," by Lord Brassey.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Economic Use of the Plane-table in Topographical Surveying," by Mr. Josiah Pierce.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "The Akkas, a Pigmy Race from Central Africa," by Prof. W. H. Flower, with Notes by Emin Pasha; "Skulls from the Hindu Kush District," by Dr. J. G. Garson.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 15, 8 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "The Tomb of Dante," by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Type-writers and Type-writing," by Mr. J. Harrison.

THURSDAY, Feb. 16, 8.30 p.m. British Museum: "The Languages and Races of the Babylonian Empire," III., by Mr. G. Bortin.

3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Early Secular Choral Music" with Illustrations, II., by Prof. Hubert Parry.

8 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture: "A Critical Discussion of Selected Passages from Dante," I., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.

6 p.m. London Institution: "Pictures of the Year," by Mr. H. Blackburn.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Arts immediately dependent on the Plastic Art," II., by Mr. Alfred Gilbert.

8 p.m. Linnean: "Self-fertilisation and Cleistogamy in Orchids," by Mr. H. N. Ridley; "The Birds and Mammals of Hudson Bay Territory," by Dr. John Rae.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Etching and Mezzotint Engraving," II., by Prof. H. Herkomer.

8 p.m. Chemical: "The Analysis of Wackenroder's Solution and an Explanation of the Formation of its Proximate Constituents," by Prof. H. Debus; "Polarisation of Light by Mutual Displacement of Bromine and Chlorine," by Prof. Thorpe and Mr. G. W. Rodger; "The Action of Phosphorus Pentachloride on Salicylaldehyde," by Mr. O. M. Stuart; "Some Reactions of Nitrogen Chlorophosphure," by Mr. Ward Coleridge.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, Feb. 17, 1 p.m. Geological: Annual General Meeting.

8 p.m. Philological: "The Illusions of Monosyllabism," by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Some Developments of English Pottery during the last Fifty Years," by Sir Henry Doulton.

SATURDAY, Feb. 18, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Experimental Optics," V., by Lord Rayleigh.

SCIENCE.

A PICTURE BOOK OF COMPARATIVE COSMOLOGIES.

Ethnologisches Bilderbuch mit erklärendem Text. 25 Tafeln. Zugleich als Illustrationen beigegeben zu dem Werke "Die Welt in ihren Spiegelungen unter dem Wandel des Völkergedankens." Von Adolf Bastian. (Berlin: Mittler u. Sohn.)

AMONG the pursuits which for many years have occupied Prof. Bastian is the study of man's representations of the shape and nature of the universe. His works contain a mass of materials and dissertations on this interesting subject, and he has now had the happy thought to collect in a picture-atlas some of the most striking of these as imagined by nations not yet arrived at the scientific stage. The illustrations are accompanied by more or less of explanation, and are considered to stand in connexion with the volume on cosmologies.

As might be expected, the pictures have far more effect on our mind than the dissertation. Thus, mere description how the Egyptians fancied the firmament in the likeness of the heaven-goddess is weak in comparison with the actual pictures, especially that on plate vii., showing her standing with feet in the east and arching her body over the sky till she touches the west with her finger-tips, so that the sun in his divine bark sails up her legs, over her back, and down her arms. So quaint is this imagination that, notwithstanding its antiquity, it seems not to have spread into other mythologies. Another fancy of this kind belongs to Peru, where the heaven is typified by an overarching serpent, whose two heads touch the eastern and western horizon, while the rain-god above pours down the showers from his earthen pot. It seems from the note that in an old Chinese temple of the Wu family there is sculpture something like this—namely, "the arch of heaven formed by a double-headed dragon." In both cases, it seems as though the idea may have been developed from the rainbow, which in folklore is held to be a serpent. Among the Aztec picture-writings here reproduced from the Vatican Codex are seen two little mountains with a man between, in which, were it not for the explanation, would be hardly recognised a cosmic idea which has lasted on from antiquity and established itself in the most distant nations. They are the two clashing mountains, which in Mexican myth are located on the way of the dead, where, provided with the proper charms, the departed soul has to dodge between them before they can close again and crush him. It is in the Buddhist cosmology that the clashers

appear in what seems their original and purposeful meaning. They are two rocks or cliffs on the horizon which open and close like jaws or doors, and let the sun through at sunset and sunrise to and from the space beyond. We should expect, indeed, to find them depicted in Buddhist world-pictures; but Prof. Bastian, who has, perhaps, examined more of these than any other Orientalist, seems never to have met with them, or he would have reproduced them here. It would be interesting to see a birch-bark picture of them among the North American Indians, in whose folklore they have a not less established place, and to set over against such a rude sketch the conception formed of them by some Greek painter showing the Argo making her perilous passage through the Symplegades.

The pictures collected by Prof. Bastian fall into two classes, interesting in two different ways. Some are taken direct from nature, and depict the universe as it seems to the untrained observer. Such are the canopy of heaven with sun and moon as represented by the Delaware Indians, and the Peruvian map of earth and sea and sky. Though belonging to a very different stage of thought, the drawings of the world as conceived by Greek, Arab, and Indian philosophers come under the same class. Here the earth floats like a leaf on the waters, covered in by the bell-like sky, or it forms the flat top of a cylinder, or stands on a cube in the middle of a flat world-disc, or is borne like a table on many posts, or carried by the famous elephants who stand on the tortoise. It would be well, however, to know more particularly whence Prof. Bastian compiled this series of figures, of which some seem familiar, but others as if sketched by a modern artist to match the ancient descriptions. A different interest attaches to those which, based on abstruser conceptions, passed from one country to another, undergoing such changes that history is required to interpret them, while, on the other hand, they themselves furnish history by proving intercourse to have taken place between the nations which adopted them from one another. No doubt the great source of cosmic theory was Babylon, where the astronomical conception of the spheres or zones of the seven planets took shape in the planet-temples, like that of Borsippa, rising in successive stages. The idea is plainly discernible in the scheme of the Buddhist *sakwala*, where Mount Meru occupies the centre round which lie concentrically the seven great rocky circles with the seven seas between, and outside all the huge encircling mountain-ridge. Not less obviously Babylonian in conception are the Brahmanic and Buddhistic heavens in successive stages inhabited by beings of different grades of form and deity. The South Sea Islanders' schemes of upper and lower worlds, with regions of gods and souls, of waters and clouds, of emptiness and thought, of darkness and nothing, must seem to us too philosophical for barbarians to have invented. But if considered as the result of borrowed Asiatic ideas, they are what might be expected; and it is worth the reader's while to compare them here with the stages of Buddhist *devatokas*, or worlds of gods, and *arupalokas* or worlds of formless spirits. Thus in

Buddhist cosmology, as well as in the allied Moslem scheme of the seven heavens and earths encircled by the ocean and the mountain of Kaf, the rational Babylonian astronomy survives lowered into unintelligent dogma. Its development in the scientific direction by the Greek mathematicians is not illustrated here; but Christendom furnishes several related world-schemes. It was not for nothing that Kosmas made his voyage to India, for he brought back Mount Meru and put it up in the centre of his world for the sun to set behind, covering the whole with a firmament in the shape of the ark of the covenant. In a mediaeval picture reproduced from Didyon's *Iconographie Chrétienne* the seven heavens of the planets are marked with their signs, while above them a three-faced Trinity, much like a four-faced Brahma, leans pensively over his creation. It is an interesting consideration, raised in one's mind by this picture book, how physical and moral conceptions have worked in together. The firmament and the underworld required physically for the sun's journey by day and night became homes for departed souls undergoing a brighter or darker fate, while the astronomical paths of the planets became a series of graded regions to lodge the blessed and the damned according to their deserts. The resemblances between the heavens and hells of the Campo Santo at Pisa and those of a Buddhist temple are rooted in common history.

E. B. TYLOR.

OBITUARY.

ASA GRAY.

DEATH has been laying his hand heavily on the foremost rank of botanists. Only a very few months ago, reviewing the *Life of Darwin*, I wrote that, of the little band of apostles of evolution, all but one were still with us. Asa Gray has now joined his friend and master. In September last, a company of foreign botanists, probably the most illustrious ever seen in England, met at Manchester on the occasion of the meeting of the British Association. Of these, the two most distinguished were unquestionably Anton de Bary and Asa Gray. De Bary has just left us in the prime of manhood, Gray in the fulness of years.

The life of the greatest botanist—may we not say the greatest naturalist?—that America has yet produced was an uneventful one. Born in 1810, at Paris in the state of New York, he was intended, as a youth, for the medical profession; but soon, under the influence of Torrey of New York, the Nestor of American botany, he turned his thoughts to the pursuit of pure science. In 1842, he was appointed to the professorship of Natural History in Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass., a position which he held during the remainder of his life—residing in a house attached to the Botanic Garden there—though he has not lectured since 1873.

Dr. Gray's special work was in structural and systematic botany, especially the flora of his own country, of which he possessed a profound knowledge. Among his more important works are (in conjunction with Prof. Torrey, and never completed) *Torrey and Gray's Flora of North America*; *The Botanical Text-book*; *Structural Botany—How Plants behave and How Plants grow*; two charming popular introductions to the study of botany; the *Botany of the United States Expedition under Captain Wilkes*, and many others of less importance. In addition to these, his contributions to descrip-

tive botany were very numerous, in the form of communications to the *American Journal of Science*, the *American Naturalist*, the *Proceedings of several learned societies*, and other periodicals. Unfortunately, these have never been collected during the lifetime of the author.

But Dr. Gray did not work only in the arid field of descriptive botany. Such essays as that on "The Flora of the Rocky Mountains," written in conjunction with Sir J. D. Hooker, and the address on "The Characteristics of the North American Flora," presented to the meeting of the British Association in Montreal in 1884, show an insight into some of the most difficult problems of biology, a grasp and power of mind, which indicate the master intellect.

The leisure of his later years afforded Asa Gray the opportunity of frequent visits to this country, attracted largely by his fifty years' friendship with Sir J. D. Hooker. And here, mingling with the older and younger followers of his own science, he won the love of all by the child-like simplicity and purity of his nature, and the combined geniality and vivacity of his conversation. There was indeed in him much that reminded one of Darwin: the same gentleness and humbleness of nature, the same perfect fairness in controversy, the same generosity towards antagonists. In Asa Gray science has lost a true and faithful servant, his friends one whose memory will ever be held in affectionate esteem.

ALFRED W. BENNETT.

THE death is also announced at Balmuto, near Kirkcaldy, of Dr. J. T. Irvine Boswell, one of the highest authorities on British plants. Under his earlier name of Syme, he is best known as the editor of Sowerby's magnificent *English Botany* in eleven volumes, with coloured plates of every species. About twenty years ago he abandoned the teaching of botany in London for a Scotch lairdship in Fife, and took the name of Boswell, being lineally descended from the same family as the great biographer.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NEW ASOKA INSCRIPTION.

Vienna: Feb. 1, 1888.

By the last Indian mail I have received from Dr. James Burgess facsimiles of the new inscriptions in Bactro-Pali, or northern Indian characters, lately discovered at Shāhbāzgarhī. I believe that I shall act in accordance with his intentions, if I make known at once that the new find contains in nine lines and a half Asoka's twelfth rock-edict, which is missing in the published version of Shāhbāzgarhī, or Kapurdigiri, as the older erroneous appellation used to be.

The facsimile is, like all the previous similar publications of Dr. Burgess, truly excellent and easy to read, except in a certain number of passages where the stone has been damaged. For these a comparison of the original paper-cast will be indispensable. The edict offers none of those monstrous words and forms which have hitherto made the Shāhbāzgarhī version the despair of the epigraphist and the philologist. It is even almost free from clerical mistakes. The only certain one is an erroneous repetition of the words "so cha puna tatha haratnam" in l. 6. Among the new readings which it shows, the form *prashada* or *prashanda*, which occurs fifteen times instead of the *pāsada* or *pāsanda* (found here twice) of the other versions, possesses a great interest. It fully confirms Prof. Kern's derivation of the word *pāshanda*, "a sectarian," from the Sanskrit *pārshada*, "a member of an assembly or school." The analogy of the northern Pali forms *Priyadarsi* and *dharma* for *Priyadarśi*

and *dharma* shows that *ra* is used, in my opinion only graphically, for *ar*. Hence, *prashada* may stand for *parshida*, which comes very close to the Sanskrit original.

Another *varia lectio* proves the correctness of my explanation of the words "*tehi vatayvam*," Gîrân, l. 8, and "*tehi vataviye*," Kâlsî, l. 34. The new version has (ll. 7-8):

"*ye che tatra tat-a prasana tesha(m?) vatava[:]*
devanam priyo na tatha danam va puga va mahati
gatha kiti[:] *salavadhi siya ti savraprashadanam.*"
And to those who adhere to this (or) that (faith) it must be said: The Beloved of the gods does not think as (highly) of liberality or ceremonial worship as (of) what—hat an increase of the essence may happen among all sectarians.

The genitive *tesha* (*m?*) leaves no doubt that the corresponding *tehi* of the other versions is, as I conjectured in the *Zeitschrift der Deutsch-Morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, vol. xxxvii. p. 386, the dative (not the instrumental) of the plural. G. BUHLER.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH'S EMENDATION OF LUCAN, IX. 568.

Trinity College, Oxford: Feb. 6, 1888.

Though I find it difficult to believe that the line of Lucan (ix. 568)—

"An sit ulta nihil et longa an differat aetas"—

can be right either metrically or grammatically, and though Mr. G. A. Simcox's interpretation, by which *et longa* is made to mean "even long," and *differat*, "can matter," appears to me to labour under every possible objection—of metre, pause, and meaning—yet it seems worth while to say a word in defense of Bishop Christopher Wordsworth's emendation—

"An sit ulta nihil? det longa an differat aetas?"—

from the point of view on which it is attacked, of inconsonancy with Stoic teaching. The bishop himself quotes Seneca, *Epist.* 73, a passage which I will copy at length:

"Quemadmodum ex duobus sapientibus qui senior decessit, non est beator eo cuius intra pauciores annos terminata virtus est: sic deus non unicit sapientem felicitate, etiamsi unicit aetate. Non est ultus maior quae longior."

The last words the bishop quotes wrongly, it would seem, "non est *ulta* maior quae longior"; but in itself this statement is not only in harmony with the rest of the words quoted, but with other passages of Seneca. So *Epist.* 101:

"Ubi stabilita mens soit nihil interesse inter diem et saeculum, quicquid deinceps dierum rerumque venturum est ex alto prospicit et cum multo risu seriem temporum cogitat. Ideo prope, Lucili, uluere et singulas dies singulas ultas puta."

And he goes on to commiserate the wish of Maecenas to live even in torment, provided only he *may* live. The real good may be that, whether late or soon, we must die—"Nega nunc magnum beneficium esse naturae, quod necesse est mori." In this last sentence he seems to suggest very nearly what Lucan puts more epigrammatically—"Does long life give increase of happiness, or only defer what may prove (not a misfortune, but) a blessing, death?" ROBINSON ELLIS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. RUSKIN has presented to the Natural History Museum, at South Kensington, his large diamond and crystal of ruby, both remarkable for their excellence as mineral specimens, on condition that the following characteristic inscriptions shall always appear on the labels descriptive of the specimens:

"*The Colenso Diamond*, presented in 1887 by John Ruskin, in honour of his friend, the loyal and patiently adamantine first Bishop of Natal."

"*The Edwardes Ruby*, presented in 1887 by John Ruskin, in honour of the invincible soldiery and loving equity of Sir Herbert Edwardes' rule by the shores of Indus."

THE Palaeontographical Society has issued its volume for 1887, containing a large mass of technical matter full of interest to students of British fossils. Dr. G. J. Hinde continues his monograph of Fossil Sponges, while Prof. Rupert Jones and Dr. H. Woodward commence their monograph of the Palaeozoic Phyllopora. The fossils of the Inferior Oolite are especially well cared for, Mr. W. H. Hudleston taking the Gasteropods, and Mr. S. S. Buckman the Ammonites.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MR. GEORGE BERTIN has written for the series of "Abridged Grammars," published by Messrs. Trübner—under the general editorship, first of the late Prof. E. H. Palmer, and now of Dr. R. Rost, of the India Office—a volume dealing with the various languages of the cuneiform inscriptions. In the space of little more than one hundred pages, he gives very concise sketches of the grammar of the five following languages: (1) Sumerian-Akkadian, (2) Assyrian-Babylonian, (3) Vannian, (4) Median, and (5) Old Persian. The book will be dedicated to Prof. A. H. Sayce, to whom the author expresses his indebtedness, especially as regards Vannian and Median.

In the *Celtic Magazine* for February, Mr. T. Cockburn gives an account of Prof. Windisch's investigations into the Indo-European verbal forms with a characteristic *r*, more especially the Latin and Celtic *r* passive. The original paper appeared in the *Transactions* of the Royal Saxon Society of Sciences, under the title, "Ueber die Verbalformen mit dem Character R im Arischen, Italischen und Celtischen." Prof. Windisch points out that the Indo-Iranian languages had forms in *r*, which appeared more especially in the third plural perfect middle. He thus dispels the idea that the Latin and Celtic passive forms in *r* are unique, and shows how impossible it is that this *r* could arise from the rhotacising of intervocalic *s*, which would be necessary if the form arose from affixing *se* (oneself) to the stem, as the old theory had it. Mr. Cockburn thus sums up the results arrived at:

(1) "The *r* is in its origin identical with the nominal suffix *ra*. (2) It was used originally in the third person plural only, as was the case in Sanskrit and Zend. (3) It was transferred by analogy to the third person singular. This took place in Latin and Celtic. (4) It was further transferred in these languages to the other persons with certain limitations."

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Anniversary Meeting, Tuesday, January 24.)

PROF. FLOWER, V.-P., in the chair.—The officers and council for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—*President*: Francis Galton; *Vice-Presidents*: Dr J. G. Garson, Prof. A. H. Keane, F. G. H. Price; *Secretary*: F. W. Rudler; *Treasurer*: A. L. Lewis; *Council*: G. M. Atkinson, E. W. Brabrook, C. H. E. Carmichael, Hyde Clarke, A. W. Franks, Col. H. H. Godwin-Austen, T. V. Holmes, H. H. Howorth, Prof. A. Macalister, R. Biddulph Martin, Prof. Meldola, the Earl of Northesk, O. Peek, Charles H. Read, Lord Arthur Russell, Prof. A. H. Sayce, H. Seebohn, Oldfield Thomas, M. J. Walhouse, Sir C. P. Beauchamp Walker.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—(Thursday, Jan. 26.)

C. D. FORTNUM, V.-P., in the chair.—Mr. W. J. C. Moens read a paper on the bibliography of the "*Chronyc historie der Nederlandtcher Vorlogen*, etc.," printed by Solen at Norwich,

1579, showing that genuine editions were falsely dated for purposes of concealment, and also specifying certain pirated editions, in which passages reflecting on the Papacy were omitted.—Captain Acland Troyte read a paper on the "*Harmonies*" of Nicholas Ferrar, which were scrapbooks containing woodcuts illustrative of the History of the Jews and of the Life of Christ, with the passages referring to them pasted underneath. Copies of these were presented to the family of Charles I. Two of the volumes were exhibited.—Mr. J. Gardner D. Engleheart exhibited a mediaeval bell, which belonged to the town clerk of Pickering, bearing the name of William Stokesley and figures of S. Michael or S. George and the Dragon, the Virgin and Child, S. John the Baptist, and a crucifix. It is of fourteenth-century work.—Rev. J. G. Lloyd exhibited a pewter coffin chalice from Rhoscrowther, Pembrokeshire.

CAMBRIDGE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, January 26.)

DR. JACKSON, president, in the chair.—Mr. W. Robertson Smith read a paper on the sacrifice of a sheep to the Cyprian Aphrodite (Lydus, *De Mensibus* iv. 45). Like the service paid to Venus Verticordia and Fortuna Virilis at Rome, of which Lydus speaks in the same chapter, the sacrifice in question fell on April 1. It was argued that this coincidence is not accidental, and that both ceremonies are Oriental in origin and connected with the feast of Venus among the Harranians on the first three days of Nisan, spoken of in the *Fihrist*, and with the spring feast at Hierapolis (*De Dea Syria* 49). The Roman rite was not ancient (Macrob. *Sat.* i. 12), and like other features in Italian Venus-worship must have come from the great Phoenician sanctuary of Venus-Astarte at Eryx. The words of Lydus ἐν μάρτυρι δὲ τῇ Ἀφροδίτῃ τοῖς ἀνδράσι οἱ καὶ ἡ Ἥρα must refer to the special ritual of the day at Rome; and the sacrifices of Juno compared with those of Venus are probably those offered in the Regia to Lucina by the regina sacrorum on the Calends of every month, viz. *agna vel porca*, answering to the sheep and wild boars of the Cyprian rite. The difference in the sex of the victim corresponds to the known preference of the Paphian goddess for male victims, which again may be connected with her androgynous character. A variety of arguments conspire to show that the Cyprian rite was an atoning sacrifice; and, according to many analogies, this points to the correction ἐκνευσμένοι for ἐκνευσμένοι in the description given by Lydus. The priests, clad in sheepskins, offered to Aphrodite the sacrifice of a sheep. But it also appears that one type of Astarte had a sheep for her sacred animal and was originally a sheep-goddess. The symbolism of the ram, so common on Cyprian coins, and sometimes directly connected with Aphrodite, leads to the conclusion that the Cyprian goddess was in fact the sheep-Aphrodite, and that the rite in question was one of those mystical *phania*, analogous to totem sacrifices, in which the sacred animal is sacrificed by men of its own totem kind. The most complete parallel is found in the lustration at the Lupercalia. Faunus-Lupercus, like his priests the Luperci, is clad in the goat-skin, and goats are sacrificed to him at the Lupercal. The subject was illustrated by reference to other rites of a similar kind, especially to the annual atoning sacrifice of Hera Acraea at Corinth, where the victim is a goat—that is, a victim ordinarily excluded from the altars of Hera—while its sacrosanct character appears in the fact that the thing was so arranged that the animal procured its own death without the intervention of the hirelings who managed the ceremony. Similarly at Eryx the victims were supposed to offer themselves freely at the suggestion of the goddesses. This implies that they were sacred animals, which again implies that atoning sacrifices had a place of unusual prominence in the worship of the Oriental Aphrodite, since sacred animals are not offered except in atoning and mystical rites. The key to all this was sought in primitive totemism (*Enyc. Brit.*, "Sacrifice").

FINE ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IV.

WE have already spoken in general terms of the interesting, though unequal, collection of sculptures, ornamental bronzes, medals, and plaquettes, belonging to the periods of the early and the achieved Renaissance, which is contained in the water-colour room; and we may now proceed to examine a few of the prominent examples exhibited. The famous "St. Cecilia," by Donatello (28), one of the glories of Lord Wemyss's collection, is here, and somewhat surprises those who only know it through the reproduction made for the Arundel Society; for it is executed in that dark *pietra serena* peculiar to Florence. It has been almost everywhere accepted as a work of the master himself, and is included in that *catalogue raisonné* of his works issued last May in Florence, under the auspices of Sig. Gaetano Milanesi, in commemoration of the five-hundredth anniversary of his birth—an enumeration, however, which is by no means so exhaustive, or so critical, as might have been expected under the exceptional conditions of its publication. To breathe a doubt as to the correctness of the attribution might, therefore, appear the rankest heresy. Yet, exquisite as is the purity of the outline, daintily as the lightly-expressed draperies are disposed, extraordinarily fine as is the chiselling of the low relief, the work does not produce on us quite that impression of latent energy in repose, of individual characterisation, which marks all the finer productions of Donatello. To suggest a doubt, is not, however, to deny outright; and it would be hard to point to any other sculptor who could have achieved the work, unless it be the great Florentine's most successful follower, Desiderio da Settignano, by whom there is an unfinished bas-relief, also in *pietra serena* (34), in the gallery. The "Virgin and Child surrounded by Cherubs," attributed to Donatello (43), which is lent by Mrs. Cockerell, is a fine replica in marble of the relief at St. Petersburg. Remarkable as both works are for refinement of execution, the emptiness of the conception, and the somewhat meaningless type both of the Virgin and of the cherubs, prevent us from classing them among the productions due to the master himself. Several repetitions of the subject, in *gesso*, both painted and uncoloured, are to be found in the gallery. Much the same criticism may be applied to Mr. Drury Fortnum's charming marble relief, "The Virgin and Child" (35), more modestly ascribed by its owner, with a query, to Desiderio; although this reveals a higher degree of individuality than the last-mentioned example. A finer and more exquisitely finished original, with slight variations, is to be found in the Gallery at Turin. The bas-relief of the "Virgin and Child" (40)—which appears to be a copy with variations, and in lower relief, of that which at the Bargello is given, though not with general acceptance, to Donatello—is open to considerable suspicion. It is chiselled with much delicacy; but some of the detail, especially where it differs from the original, would appear to point to a modern origin. Over several other works here it has been sought to cast the glamour of the same great name. It is difficult to understand on what grounds Sir J. C. Robinson's curious alto-rilievo, showing Lucretia stabbing herself (Case C, 5), is attributed to Donatello; while the exquisite little head of the young St. John from the same collection (Case C, 4), though it bears a certain resemblance in its tenderness of conception and style to the beautiful S. Giovannino bust in the Casa Martelli at Florence, approaches, in our opinion, still more nearly to the manner of Mino da Fiesole. His, too, is a name which

has been strangely misused in this exhibition, which, however, contains at least one undoubted work from his hand—the exquisite bas-relief, "The Virgin and Child with Angels adoring," signed "Opus Mini" (37), and showing a great resemblance of style to the ciborium, similarly signed, at Sta. Maria in Trastevere, at Rome. Seeing that Mr. Gambier Parry is the happy owner of this treasure, it is somewhat surprising that he should attribute to the master himself his other bas-relief, "The Virgin and Child" (41), which is an agreeable performance of the same school, but far below the level of Mino himself.

There is nothing here from the hand of Antonio Rossellino, whose name appears twice in the catalogue. Of the works attributed to him, Mr. Parry's ugly and expressionless relief, "The Virgin and Child" (39), may possibly have issued from the Rossellino atelier; but Mr. Donaldson's large alto-rilievo of the same subject (30)—a somewhat vulgar and over-ornamented work of the end of the fifteenth century—has little or nothing in common with that school. The fine marble relief contributed by Mr. Henry Vaughan (36), showing in profile the bust of a beautiful woman, with locks lifted from the forehead and loosely knotted behind the head, cannot be said to belong to the school of Donatello, save in so far as all sculptured reliefs executed in Florence during the latter half of the fifteenth century do so belong. It is a work, fine in conception rather than subtle in execution, which in a vague way recalls the painted portraits of Giuliano de' Medici's beautiful mistress, Simonetta Vespucci, and especially the portrait attributed to Botticelli, in the possession of Colonel Sterling.

A comparison of Mr. Heseltine's bronze bust, called "Filippo Strozzi" (29), and ascribed to Benedetto da Majano, with the marble bust in the Louvre and the terra-cotta which from the Strozzi Palace has passed into the Berlin Museum—both well-authenticated portraits by that artist of his protector—must prove that the work at the Academy has been mis-named. Neither does it, in our opinion, bear the characteristics of the style of Benedetto. It must be remembered that bronze portrait-busts belonging to the fifteenth century are extremely rare, marble, stone, terra-cotta, and *gesso* being the materials usually employed. We should be inclined to place Mr. Heseltine's bust in the first twenty years of the sixteenth century.

The enamelled earthenware of the Della Robbias is represented by the beautiful tabernacle (12), by Andrea della Robbia, and the bas-relief, showing the last moments of Santa Maria Egyptiaca, by the same master (14), both of which Mr. Drury Fortnum recently lent to the Burlington Fine Arts Club. It is impossible to accept as genuine productions of the Della Robbia atelier either the bas-relief of the "Virgin and Child" (11), or its pendant, the relief in which the same subject is encircled with a border of flowers and fruit (16). We should be inclined to attribute to the earlier time of the great Luca della Robbia himself one of the most exquisite things here—the unglazed terra-cotta medallion, showing the "Virgin and Child surrounded by Angels" (Case C, 7), lent by Sir J. C. Robinson, and by him given to Lorenzo Ghiberti. This little work reveals a tenderness and a devotional fervour such as are hardly characteristic of the last-named great sculptor; while the artful simplicity shown in the modelling of the draperies—which, without exaggeration, duly emphasise the forms beneath—is quite worthy of Luca at his best. We cannot do more here than call attention to the finely-composed bas-relief roundel, "The Virgin and Child with Adoring Angels" (9), dated 1428, and bearing

the name Nicholo; this its owner, Mr. Fortnum, considers to be possibly either an early work by Luca, or by the bronze-caster, Niccolò Baroncelli, of Florence. The same collector lends the curious portrait-bust of Lorenzo il Magnifico, attributed to A. del Pollajuolo, and supposed to have been moulded from the face of that prince after death.

It is unnecessary to describe anew the magnificent "Virgin and Child, and Little St. John" (38)—an unquestioned work belonging to the first period of Michel Angelo's practice, and the great glory of the Royal Academy's private collection. It shows how absolute was already the master's departure from the types and forms of the fifteenth century, and how he had deliberately renounced the aims of the quattrocento masters, taking as his ideal imposing majesty of proportion, and a generalised grandeur, in lieu of a poetic realism, serving to heighten the expression of devotional fervour. It would be interesting to know on what evidence—whether that of drawings, documents, or mere analogy of style—Sir J. C. Robinson has based his somewhat audacious attribution to Michel Angelo of the painted terra-cotta statuette of the "Dead Christ" (Case C, 3). The pose of the carefully and finely modelled figure is an adaptation—mannered in its studied elegance—of the "Christ" in the famous "Pieta" at St. Peter's, and the form is, like that of Michel Angelo's statue of the Saviour at the Minerva, completely nude; but it is impossible to recognise, either in its conception or in its anxious finish, the supreme breadth and vigour which Buonarroti would have imparted to a model of this kind, designed, as it would have been, if he had indeed produced it, as a preparation for a larger work. An examination of the collection of original wax models at the South Kensington Museum, or of the contents of the Casa Buonarroti at Florence, would, we think, amply support our view, should it not be deemed that the work speaks for itself.

The early decadence of Italian sculpture in the first half of the sixteenth century is well illustrated by Mr. Heseltine's pretty alto-rilievo (46), correctly ascribed to Agostino Busti, as is proved by a comparison of its workmanship with that of the statuette, from this sculptor's famous tomb of Gaston de Foix (Case C, 2), lent by Sir J. C. Robinson.

Lack of space prevents us from discussing in detail the fine series of decorative bronzes, plaquettes, and medals which completes this section of the exhibition. The most remarkable bronzes are those of Mr. Drury Fortnum, including examples attributed to Lorenzo Ghiberti, Ricio of Padua, Peter Vischer of Nuremberg, and many others. Particularly enjoyable is Mr. Salting's exquisitely well-chosen collection of medals of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, which almost rivals in beauty, if not in completeness, the famous collection of M. Dreyfus, at Paris. Special attention should be directed, among these last, to the quattrocento series, including such rarities as the magnificent example of Pisano's great "Ludovico Gonzaga"; the well-nigh unique "Victor Pavonius," from the Bale collection, ascribed to A. Marescotti; and the very important "Andrea Barbazza" by Sperandio.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

LETTER FROM CYPRUS.

Larnaka: Jan. 10, 1888.

ON our way to Cyprus, my companion and myself spent a few days at Smyrna, and were there shown an interesting collection of Anatolian ware. It belongs at present to Mr. Lawson, of the Ottoman Imperial Bank, and comes from Kutaya, in Phrygia. It represents all that is now left of a very beautiful manufacture

of pottery, which never extended beyond a narrow local limit, and has been extinct for nearly three hundred years. Though evidently of Persian origin, it includes no plates, and consists entirely of vases and similar vessels. The colouring is rich and diversified, a soft blue found on three of the vases being simply exquisite. In some cases the figures represented on the ware are in relief. Unfortunately, there is no chance that any more examples of the ware are likely to be met with; otherwise it would doubtless attract as much attention as the coarser and rougher ware of Rhodes.

The weather favoured us in our travels through Cyprus, and we visited all the places we hoped to see. But I was disappointed by finding how few traces of their presence have been left by the English upon the island since my last visit to it, seven years ago. It is impossible not to contrast the external appearance of Cyprus under English rule with that of Algeria, as I saw it last winter, under French rule. There is no carriage road to connect even the capital of a district like Paphos with any other place in the island; the harbour of Famagusta is still silted up; steamers come rarely and irregularly; and except at Larnaka a hotel is unknown. And yet for those who want a soft, warm climate in the winter, Cyprus offers exceptional attractions. Kyrenia and the neighbouring northern coast are an improved Riviera as regards both scenery and climate; and Kyrenia itself is the centre of pleasant excursions to such mediæval ruins as the castle of St. Hilarion or the abbey of Bellepaix, while it is connected with the capital Nikosia by one of the few carriage roads that exist.

The malady that afflicts Cyprus is the common one of want of money. The surplus revenues of the country, instead of being spent on public improvements, go to assist the English and French governments in paying the holders of the guaranteed Turkish debt; and the necessary expenditure of the local government is kept at starvation point. At the same time, the scanty population of the island is taxed to the utmost—indeed, after a year of drought like the last, beyond the utmost; and the want of proper means of communication between Cyprus and the outer world, as well as between one part of the island and another, prevents capital from being invested in it. While, therefore, the country is being drained of its money, nothing comes into it in return, though its wine is excellent even now, and might be made equal to the best French claret if only French manufacturers could find it to their interest to bring their capital and their workmen into the island. But Cyprus must be provided with a good port—such as could be made at Famagusta for less than £300,000—before the trade and prosperity of the island can be expected to revive.

It is pleasanter to turn from the present of Cyprus to its past, when, as is testified by the numberless remains of cities and tombs, it must have supported a large and flourishing population. But the temples and shrines that once adorned it have long since been levelled to the ground. The traveller who expects to find stately columns or ancient walls will be grievously disappointed. The wars that have swept over Cyprus have left scarcely anything of early date standing above the ground. The ancient sites of the island are marked by subterranean tombs or mounds of broken pottery and stone. Hard by the monastery of Akhiropiti, on the northern coast, the docks of the old port of Lapithos may be seen cut in the rock, and here and there the squared stones that lined the quay, with holes drilled through them for holding the hawsers of the ships. At Kuhliss, the ancient Paphos, there still exist some relics of the famous temple of the Phœnician Aphro-

dité, as well as the two sacred stones of the smaller shrine on the sea-shore, where the goddess arose from the foam of the waves. We spent a night in the farm which has succeeded to the castle of the Lusignans, which was itself built on the foundations of the older temple. Behind the castle is a line of gigantic stones, cleanly cut and fitted together, which represents a portion of the western wall of the great Phœnician shrine. Some of them are pierced with those curious holes, like the hieroscopes of a Christian church, which are met with also in the Phœnician temples of Malta and Gozo.

Nothing is left of the smaller temple on the sea-shore except a few shapeless ruins and two menhirs, or upright stones, of great height, each with a large rectangular hole drilled through the centre. One of the stones is unheaven; the other is cut, and has probably replaced in Greek or Roman times an older and more sacred monolith, which had been destroyed. The two stones, like the stones Jachin and Boaz in front of Solomon's Temple, or the upright stones in the "Giants' Tower" in Gozo, are memorials of the worship of Bethels, or sacred stones, common throughout the Semitic world, which the Phœnicians brought with them to Cyprus. The famous Black Stone of Mekka is a standing witness to the tenacity with which the Semite has clung to this primeval form of worship, and another curious illustration of the same fact is to be found near Larnaka. Here, in the pretty Moslem sanctuary of the Tekké, above the Salt Lake, is the reported tomb of Mohammed's nurse, one of the most holy places in the Mohammedan world. The tomb is built under a megalithic structure, consisting of two upright stones, some fifteen feet in height, and a third stone of great size which rests upon them. The two uprights have been defaced by carving, stucco, and whitewash, but the third stone remains pretty much in its original condition. The legend runs that the stones were conveyed from Palestine by invisible agency, like the Holy House of Loreto. The archaeologist, however, will prefer to see in them a relic of the Phœnician, or pre-Phœnician age, whose sanctity was respected down to the time when a Mohammedan tomb was erected under it. The stones seem to have been cut, like the huge vaulted stones which form the roof of the pre-Hellenic tombs and shrines of St. Lazarus at Larnaka, and St. Catherine at Salamis. These have been transformed into chapels of the saints whose names they bear; but their pagan origin is still indicated by the votive rags tied to the twigs of a bush that grows before the entrance of St. Lazarus's shrine.

The Greek successor of the Phœnician Paphos, Neo-Paphos, has little to show the traveller except rock-cut tombs and the traces of the old harbour; but the modern town of Ktima, or Baffo, on the cliffs above, is a beautiful spot, with steep mountains behind and rich gardens in front sloping down to the blue sea. The road from here to Poli-tes-Khrysokhou, where Dr. Ohnefalsch-Richter has disinterred Hellenic vases and similar remains, is exceedingly bad, part of it indeed consisting of the dry bed of an almost perpendicular water-course. It may be inferred from this that a good deal remains to be done in the way of road-making in the district of Paphos.

The path from Poli to Karavostasi is wild and picturesque. Karavostasi adjoins the site of Soli. Here I sought in vain for any traces of an age earlier than that of the Romans; but in the Limniti Valley, about two miles to the west, Dr. Richter has found pottery of the Mykenæan type.

The museums and collections of Cyprus, however, have impressed me with the belief that, so far as tombs are concerned, the most interesting results are likely to be obtained by

excavations in the prehistoric necropolis of Paraskevi, close to Nikosia. This has been worked for many years, but many of the tombs contained in it are still unopened. Most of the "Kypriote" cylinders sold in Nikosia probably come from it. On one of them, now in the Cyprus Museum, I noticed the figure of a double-headed eagle, like that on the Hittite monuments of Asia Minor. A Babylonian cylinder, with two lines of cuneiform inscription, has recently been found in one of the tombs.

The pottery of Paraskevi is for the most part pre-Phœnician, some of it being incised and the lines filled with white; some of it again being ornamented with reliefs, which frequently assume the figure of a snake. In one instance, I observed the figures of deer delineated in precisely the same way as on cylinders of the "Kypriote" class. I may note here that Dr. Richter has some rude clay cylinders which seem to me to be imitations, not of Babylonian cylinders, but of Egyptian cylinders of the XIIth Dynasty; and that Col. Warren possesses five remarkable Babylonian cylinders with cuneiform inscriptions—which at present I am unable to read—which are said to come from Ammogeti, in the neighbourhood of Old Paphos. It may be hoped that Mr. Ernest Gardner, who is just now digging on the site of an old Phœnician fortress at Liodari, near Nikosia, on behalf of the Hellenic Society, may find it possible to undertake some excavations also at Paraskevi.

While at Nikosia, I made a copy of the Phœnician inscription found last year at Dali, of which Mr. D. Pierides has already given an account in the ACADEMY. Until the lime which has accumulated in many of the letters has been removed by hydrochloric acid, much of it must remain illegible; but enough can be read to show that it is an inscription dated in the third year of "Baal-melech, king of Kition and Idalion, son of the king 'Az-Baal, king of Kition and Idalion, son of the king Baal-melech, king of Kition." As Baal-melech I. is called king of Kition only, Mr. Pierides concludes that Idalion was a conquest of his son.

From the excavator's point of view, I must confess that my visit to Cyprus has been a disappointment to me. Excavations at Old Paphos (Kuklia), important as they would be for the history of Phœnician art and the worship of Aphrodite, would, I fear, be too costly to be undertaken except by a government; and at places like Neo-Paphos, Soli, and Salamis, the relics of antiquity seem too modern to be worth the trouble of disinterring. Even the tumuli in the vicinity of Salamis, so far as I was able to examine them, have all been opened, apparently in the Roman period. One of them, on the road from Famagusta to Larnaka, has been built round a core of cut stones. It is probable that the best sites for the excavator are to be found in the Karpas Promontory—at all events, these have hitherto escaped the spade of the treasure-hunter or antiquary, and the immense caves which exist in their neighbourhood are full of promise to a disciple of Prof. Boyd Dawkins. The excavations, however, undertaken at Kurion by the Vicomte de Castillon, the French consul at Larnaka, on behalf of the Louvre, in order to test Gen. di Cesnola's account of his discovery of a temple-treasure there, show what may be discovered even on sites which have been frequently worked. Among the objects found by him is a beautiful Hellenic vase of the best epoch, with the words *Μεγδαλης καλός* scratched upon it. Within it was placed a second vase, and in this a bronze helmet. Many articles of gold were found at the same time, as well as specimens of Phœnician glass. Among the jewellery is a gold ring, the *chaton* of which has been engraved by Phœnician artists with

the representation of a ship. The brow and stern of the ship terminate in the head of Anubis, and upon the deck are figures in a semi-Egyptian style, one of them being that of a seated deity.

I cannot conclude this letter without a word of thanks for the kindness and hospitality which we have met with everywhere among the English residents in Cyprus. The traveller appreciates this all the more in a country where there are no hotels, and where the houses of the natives, and even the monasteries, are comfortable and filthy in the extreme.

A. H. SAYCE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BORNHOLM RUNIC FONT.

Copenhagen, Denmark: Feb. 6, 1888

At the recent university festival here in honour of the great Danish linguist, R. K. Rask, a little literature sprang up relating to him. I would especially point out a well-written life by Dr. F. Rönning, who has had access to his letters. It runs to over 150 pages in octavo, and is most interesting. But the chief work on this occasion was a small folio, by Prof. Dr. L. F. A. Wimmer,* on the famous sandstone font in the island of Bornholm (No. 1978 in Liljegren's *Run-urkunder*), the most precious in all Scandinavia. It bears a series of carefully sculptured figures, and a long Runic inscription descriptive of the pictures in the several panels. A generous money-grant by His Excellency the Chamberlain Scaevnius, the Danish Cultus-Minister, made this costly publication possible.

The book is excellently printed by Thiele on fine paper, and has three admirable copperplates by Prof. Magnus Petersen, two of them devoted to this piece; while the third shows the font at Bjersjö in Scania. This latter also is richly sculptured with Biblical events, arranged under seven round arches, and is well worthy of study and comparison, some of the subjects being the same on both. But it has only Latin letters (some words in Latin, others in old Scanian Danish), and is dated by Wimmer at about 1230. In addition hereto, Prof. Petersen has engraved four other old fonts used by the author in his investigations.

My readers, perhaps, know that there are many rune-rusted fonts in Scandinavia, only two in England. But what makes this Bornholm treasure—the only one in the island—so remarkable is the curious fact, independently pointed out some years ago by three Northern runologists—Profs. Carl Sæve, Leffler, and Wimmer—that the words are in the early dialect of Gotland, where indeed it was probably carved. The fine stone of that commercial centre was often exported in the middle ages, sometimes with the work upon it “ready-made.” We have even a runic grave-minne in the Swedish province of Upland, which expressly states that it was brought from Gotland and raised over the deceased. Wimmer fixes the age of this Bornholm relic at the last half of the thirteenth century. It is true that our Bornholm “dipstone” was published long ago, in 1827 (*Antiquariske Annaler*, Kjöbenhavn, vol. iv.), by C. Thomsen, with a comment on the inscription by Finn. Magnussen, and two copperplate engravings; but the drawings were poor, the runes often blundered, and with many lacunæ. Nobody could, therefore, handle it with any confidence. We owe the clever recovery of the staves and the faithful and beautiful pictorial treatment to Prof. Wimmer and his gifted artist. However, this first attempt was in the infancy of Northern archaeology, and was better than nothing. We

stand on the shoulders of our fore-goers, and have entered into their labours, and learn even from their errors.

Besides the usual strange nondescript decorative carving below, the upper bowl gives a life of Christ arranged in compartments, each spanned by a tri-lobed arch, cut off from its neighbour by a pillar. A charming effect is gained by each pillar having its own character. Every column, base, and capital shows variety of tasteful ornamentation. The scenes pictured are: (1) the annunciation; (2) the meeting of Mary and Elizabeth; (3) the birth of Christ; (4 and 5) the coming of the three Kings on foot, with their gifts; (6-8) their return on horseback, bearing branches; (9) the scourging of our Saviour; (10) He is led away, bound; (11) the crucifixion, Christ in profile, draped from head to foot, stands close to the cross, held by one executioner on the left, while another on the right holds a hammer and a large nail.

We have here precious materials for students of olden art, costume, and Christian symbolism. Space forbids entering into details, or discussing the language of the 431 later or Scandinavian runic characters, of which comparatively few have greatly suffered. I will only speak of one group, the first panel-scene and its explanatory text, partly as a specimen, and partly because we here meet something uncommon. The runes say:

“PITA IR SANTI GABREL OK SEHPÍ SANTA MARIA AT HAN SKULDIBARN FYPA.”

THIS IS SAINT GABRIEL, EKE [and, who] SAID TO-SAINT MARIA THAT HO [she] SHOULD a-BARN [child] FEDE [bear].

Gabriel, winged, has a rayed nimbus; his right hand holds a sceptre. (Mary and the attendants have the simple nimbus, Christ always the crucial glory. The three magi are crowned, without nimbus.)

Most curious, perhaps unique, is the conventional representation of the Divine dove. It descends on the head of the Virgin, not into her ear. But no one would suspect it to be a dove at all. It is, in fact, a round ball, from which issues a staff, both before and behind. Now this is only the wear and tear of the usual symbol. The body of the bird has become a round centre, the lower staff its neck and head, the hinder rod its tail. Also, in the next compartment, where she stands embraced by Elizabeth, exactly the same debased symbol enters the top of St. Mary's head.

Written last of all is the name of the excellent sculptor, Sihrafr Mesteri, Master Sihraf. This name is found on a dozen runic monuments in Gotland and other parts of Sweden. So far as I know, it does not occur in any other Scandogothic land.

Several other runic monuments are mentioned incidentally in the pages before us. Among these is an early Christian grave-memorial at Valleberga in Scania, of special interest to Englishmen. It tells us of the two men there commemorated that

“PER LIKIA I LUNTUNUM”

THEY LIE IN LONDON,

just as other Scandinavian rune-stones speak of Bath, Dundee, and other places in different lands. It was found in 1867; and, in 1868, I engraved and published it in my *Old N. Run. Mon.*, vol. ii., p. 820 (see also vol. iii., p. 350). I there showed that London was certainly the proper translation of this Luntunum; and at p. 9 of his work Prof. Wimmer accepts my attribution as quite correct.

I do not profess to agree with Prof. Wimmer in all he has said, for no book is faultless; and I differ from him as to several vital questions, both as to runes and linguistics. (Besides which, he has given no index.) But all this has nothing to do with the matter. His exhaustive

monograph does him honour as a learned runesmith, and shows the patience and talent he has devoted to the decipherment of the doubtful marks, as well as his skill in expounding their meaning in the light of modern speech-lore. I, therefore, have pleasure in heartily recommending this elegant volume to all interested in the traditions with which it is connected. Those who are fascinated by rune-craft will learn much; those who follow the attractive and daily spreading science of Christian picture-writing will find here a plentiful harvest. The latest British additions to this store are Allen's *Christian Symbolism in Great Britain and Ireland*, and the book by Miss Margaret Stokes, on *Early Christian Art in Ireland*.

GEORGE STEPHENS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE fourteenth exhibition of the Nineteenth Century Art Society will open next Monday, February 13, in the Conduit Street Galleries.

MESSRS. CASSELL & COMPANY are about to publish, in serial form, a *Pictorial Scrap-Book*, which will contain about 3,000 pictures, including natural history, historical, biblical, and general subjects. The first monthly part will be published on February 24.

MESSRS. VIRTUE have sent us a proof impression of the plate which appears as a frontispiece in the February number of the *Art Journal*. It is an etching by Mr. Macbeth Raeburn, after one of Mr. J. Pettie's simplest and most effective pictures—“Ho! Ho! Old Noll!” which was to be seen in the jubilee exhibition at Manchester last year. The reproduction is a good piece of work, being particularly successful in its lights and shadows.

THE plate chosen by the Council of the Art Union for the current year is a line engraving by the veteran, Mr. Lumb Stocks, of Mr. J. B. Burgess's picture of “A Spanish Letter Writer.” The subject tells its own story and ought to be popular, though we fear that the Art Union will never again reach its highwater mark of prosperity, attained in 1875 and 1876 with its two prints after MacIise's “Meeting of Wellington and Blucher” and “Death of Nelson.” Of more recent years the most successful issue seems to have been Frith's “Road to Ruin.”

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

WHEN the “Woman Hater”—Mr. Lloyd's farcical comedy at Terry's Theatre—has run its course, its place will be taken by a piece of serious interest, in which, of course, Mr. Edward Terry will himself appear. We are glad to hear that Miss Rose Norreys and Miss Maude Millett are engaged for this production.

“CUPID'S MESSENGER,” by Mr. Calmour, is immediately to precede—if, indeed, it is not already preceding—“Partners” at the Haymarket. “Wet Paint” was probably put up hurriedly and never destined for a long run.

MR. EDWIN OLEARY's “Mirage”—a new piece in four acts—was appointed to be performed at a matinée at the Princess's on Thursday.

MISS MARY ANDERSON's season at the Lyceum will not extend quite to the time of Mr. Irving's return. It ends before the close of March, and, during its course, the lady will have presented nothing but the “Winter's Tale.” Miss Anderson contemplates another tour in America.

THE Olympic revival of “The Ticket of Leave Man” is immediately to suffer—so we understand—by the withdrawal of Mr. Henry Neville, an excellent Bob Brierley, but one

* *Döbefonten i Åkirkaby Kirke*. Fol. Köbenhavn, 1887, Gyldendalke Boghandel. Pp. 84.

whom certain critics rather rashly regard as the only Bob Brierley possible. There will, however, remain as very notable features of the performance—during the limited time still allotted to it—the garrulous landlady played by Mrs. Stephens and the Jem Dalton of Mr. Willard, which is allowed on all hands to be as strong a thing as any which this most capable and interesting actor has yet done. Apropos of Mr. Willard, it is worth mentioning that he is a possible tenant of the St. James's Theatre after Mr. Hare and Mr. Kendal vacate the place this summer.

UNDER the title of "Love and Half-pence," an ingenious comedietta, by Mr. William Poel, was brought out at St. George's Hall on Tuesday in last week. It is in some measure an adaptation from a French play, of which a version by the late Mr. John Oxenford was produced nearly thirty years ago. But the piece, as it now stands in Mr. Poel's name, contains a somewhat different list of *dramatis personae*; and, to judge from at least one or two jesting allusions which the last generation would never have understood, has been written "up to date." It was interpreted last week by Mr. Poel himself—who played very appropriately, with a good deal of dry humour; by Mr. Hinton Grove, the latter part of whose performance was decidedly entertaining; by Miss Hepworth, who is safe and sympathetic; and by Miss Mary Dickens, who played with extreme freshness, heartiness, and fun. The young lady has perhaps hardly been cast for a comedy part before; yet this was quite the best thing we have thus far seen Miss Dickens do. And it is a line in which she may most reasonably be encouraged to, in some measure, devote herself.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MDME. DE PACHMANN (Miss Maggie Okey) gave a pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall on Monday afternoon. She commenced with Brahms's Sonata in F minor (Op. 5), a work which makes heavy demands on the performer. The lady's rendering was in many points satisfactory, but at times lacking in breadth and energy. The rest of the programme consisted of a number of short pieces, and these were given with finished technique, charm, and refinement. In Schubert's beautiful Impromptu (Op. 90, No. 3), in Henselt's "Si oiseau j'étais," in Liszt's "Au bord d'une source," and in her own pieces she fairly won the hearts of her hearers. It may be thought that Mdme. de Pachmann was treading on dangerous ground in attempting some Chopin pieces, and especially the Etude in thirds—the beauty and poetry of which was first revealed to us by her husband; but she achieved a brilliant and well-deserved success. Mdme. de Pachmann owes, no doubt, much to her husband, and his influence may easily be traced; yet she has character and merits of her own. There was a very large and appreciative audience.

At the Popular Concert on Monday evening a quartet of Haydn's was substituted for that of Brahms in C minor. Mdme. Norman-Néruda had slightly injured one of her fingers, and had been unable to rehearse the modern composer's work. Of Haydn's eighty-three quartets there are certainly many which are child's play to such accomplished artists as Mdme. Norman-Néruda and her associates; but there are others which stand quite as much in need of rehearsal as those of Brahms. We say this because there are musicians who look down with pity—not unmixed with contempt—on Haydn's art-work, and who from one work would have us learn all. Haydn, at his best, is by no means to be despised. Mdme. Frickenhaus was the pianist, and played Schumann's Sonata in G minor.

The lady really only touched the surface of the work. Excellent fingers she possesses, and in pieces of a lighter character they are of great service to her; but, in a rendering of Schumann's compositions, if once technique gets the upper hand, the music loses much of its charm and nearly all its meaning. The public seem, however, to have enjoyed the performance, for an encore was demanded. Mdme. Frickenhaus gave some modern piece with grace and finish. The concert concluded with Beethoven's ever-popular Septet.

Mr. Henschel, taking time by the forelock, gave an In Memoriam Wagner concert (No. 12 of his series) last Tuesday evening at St. James's Hall. The programme commenced with Beethoven's "Eroica." The performance, on the whole, was a very careful one. The March was taken slightly faster than usual, but we think it an improvement. The Scherzo lacked crispness, and the Trio was hurried and hazy. The Wagner selection included the usual "Tristan" pieces, the Siegfried Idyll, the "Parsifal" Prelude, and the Kaisermarsch, some of them given with considerable effect. But let us say one word about the scheme itself. Every true Wagnerite knows that the performance on a concert platform of excerpts from the music-dramas is contrary to the preaching—if not to the practice—of the master. They are heard there at a great disadvantage. One must not, however, be too ideal. It was by giving detached movements from Beethoven's symphonies, even at the Paris Conservatoire, that the French public first learned to understand the mighty genius. But in giving excerpts some care should be had in the arrangement. On Tuesday there was a want of contrast in the first three; and, though there was plenty of it in the Kaisermarsch, that piece always appears to us quite out of place in the concert-room. And once more Wagner, with these disadvantages of place and position, was put before the audience just after they had heard one of Beethoven's finest symphonies. Richter's plan of putting a Beethoven symphony at the end is, we think, a wise one. No one can touch the Bonn master in his own department; and Wagner's music without his drama has an unequal chance after the older master.

Miss Esther Barnett, a young and talented pupil of Mr. T. Wingham at the Guildhall School of Music, gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. She played Bach's Italian Concerto and his Fugue in A minor with great nimbleness of finger. Her reading of the C minor Variations of Beethoven, if neat as to technique, was somewhat affected, and there was not good contrast of tone. In a number of short pieces by Mendelssohn, Bennett, Chopin, &c., she was heard to much advantage. Her strong points are her elastic touch, and her delicate and refined style of playing. She ought to develop into a first-class pianist. An unusually large audience were liberal in their applause, and her effective rendering of a Barcarolle by her master resulted in an encore.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTE.

THE prospectus of the seventy-sixth season of the Philharmonic Society is an interesting one. Mdme. Schumann is announced to play Chopin's F minor Concerto at the first concert, March 15. During the season Herr Edvard Gieg will play his Concerto in A minor, and conduct a new orchestral work; M. Charles H. Wider will conduct his "Music to a Walpurgis Night"; and M. Tchaikowsky will make his first appearance in England, and conduct a new work of his own. The season, consisting of seven concerts, will end on June 16. Mr. F. H. Cowen will be the conductor.

WARD & DOWNEY'S NEW BOOKS.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1888.

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LITERATURE.

English Newspapers: Chapters in the History of Journalism. By H. R. Fox Bourne. (Chatto & Windus.)

A COMPLETE history of English newspapers and a full account of English periodicals are among the dreams of compilation which have often dazzled the minds of literary students. The last antiquary who essayed to undertake a descriptive narrative of all the national periodicals was Mr. Cornelius Walford. The outlines of the work were carefully defined, much of the materials was collected together, and enthusiastic experts were engaged under his supervision in adding to the stores already amassed; but ere half the introductory work was completed the master-mind which planned and directed the operations was removed from our midst. Mr. Fox Bourne has wisely refrained from attempting an impossible task. He has not attempted to describe in detail the incidents relating to every newspaper which has issued from the press; he has forborne from chronicling the brief life of the weakly prints which have expired of inanition after the publication of a few numbers, and from following in every detail the career of those journals which influence, unconsciously it may often be, every morning and evening the views of the average Englishman. It has been his aim rather to give a selection from the ample materials which lie ready at his hand than to stupefy the reader with a mass of dry facts which he could not satisfactorily digest. He has endeavoured to show the bearing of journalism upon the politics and literature of our nation, and to illustrate the manner in which the conduct of English newspapers has influenced for good or for evil the course of English social life. Still, even when the task is undertaken in this discriminating spirit, there are some paragraphs in the volumes of Mr. Fox Bourne which may be likened unto a catalogue of dry names. These, however, can be easily omitted by the judicious reader; and he will readily acknowledge, if it has ever been his lot to peruse the previous compilations of Mr. Knight Hunt, Mr. Alexander Andrews, and Mr. James Grant on the same subject, that the latest historian of our English newspapers has far exceeded his predecessors. The contributions of the first two men of letters were marked by much research; and the volumes of Mr. Grant, obviously defective as they were in many respects, have been subjected to more derision than they merited. But whether fullness of description, accuracy of detail, or interest of narrative are regarded, his predecessors must all yield the palm to the narrative of the latest historian of our national press.

A work like this tempts a middle-aged Englishman into taking stock of the changes

which have taken place in the newspaper world during his own lifetime. The leading English daily paper still maintains its place; but, owing to the changes of legislation affecting newspapers, its predominance is not so marked as of yore. With the repeal of the tax on advertisements, and the paper duties, many of its rivals have been able to realise enormous profits even at the price of a penny, and there are at least four morning papers in London now whose daily sale averages about 200,000 copies. The *Morning Star*, founded as the organ of the Manchester School, and numbering among its contributors one of the three leaders of the English home-rulers, has long ceased to exist. The same fate long ago befell the *Morning Herald*, the high-priced expounder of the views of the Derbyite school of Conservatives; but its cheaper contemporary, the *Standard*, has grown and expanded until it has become the representative champion in the press of the views of the middle-class residents in and around London. Mr. Fox Bourne says of these journals that for some time they were maintained "by a subsidy from the Emperor Napoleon III.," but, unless my memory has deceived me, the paid defender of the Tuileries was the *Morning Chronicle* in its expiring days. In the evening papers of London there have been greater changes still. One ably conducted journal, the *Express*, which always failed to influence public opinion as much as its merits justified, perished nearly twenty years ago. The *Globe* has from about that date advocated different opinions in politics from those which it previously maintained. We have seen the foundation of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and witnessed the chequered career which it has passed through in sentiment and in style. Its offshoot and rival is but the creation of a few years, and only a few days ago there appeared another evening paper to represent the opinions of a different class of politicians. The *Literary Gazette*, which Jerdan owned and edited for so many years (there are some curious letters from him in the two volumes of Canning's correspondence recently published) expired long ago of inanition; but its more pushing rival, which was founded some sixty years ago by Silk Buckingham, flourishes in undiminished vigour. Every profession and every class now maintains an organ in the press. The doctor, the lawyer, the architect, the artist, and the builder, each has one or more journals of his own. Those whose interests are confined to the promotion of gas, and the enterprising engineers, who have covered the earth with a network of telegraphic cables and who seek now to revolutionise the world of lighting, have both able advocates of their views in the public press. Those among us who have the good fortune to possess capital of their own were long content with papers published once a week, but during the last year or two a daily financial paper has obtained for itself by the independent character of its comments considerable influence and circulation. The *Economist* still maintains its place as the chief weekly organ of the investor, but it has now to compete with an energetic rival. The age is especially conspicuous for speculation on the Stock Exchange and for widespread interest in sport. *Beil's Life in London*,

which the athlete of twenty-five years ago was content to peruse for its descriptions of cricket-matches and regattas, is no longer among the living—even the perennial reproduction of its chronicles of the prize-fights of old at last failed to attract; and the sportsman of to-day can now revel in the *Field* or riot in the *Pink-un*. The *Record* still lives; and those who know it now as the champion of Evangelicalism will learn with surprise that Cardinal Newman once contributed to its columns. The influence of the *Guardian* survives undiminished; but both of them have now to contend with pushing rivals of a lower price. As the representative of every section of Dissent the *Nonconformist* maintains its high character for honesty and ability; but each school in the world of Non-conformity has now its separate exponent of opinion. The first number of the *Tablet* was published in 1840; and, in spite of the rivalry of another organ of Roman Catholicism, it still retains an influential circulation.

Mr. Fox Bourne supplies us with an abundance of information on the gradual growth of newspaper circulation. A tax on newspapers was surreptitiously carried through Parliament in June 1712; and when it came into law, "many eminent authors," to use the words of Addison, "published their last words." By the operation of this impost the circulation of the *Spectator* itself was reduced to less than half of the original numbers; and, from the figures given by Steele, it is inferred that the issue fell from 3,200 to 1,600. Under the first George newspapers made little progress. It was Walpole's design to "noble" the press by bribes rather than by repression, and he spent in this way about £5,000 a year. Bolingbroke's articles in the *Craftsman* gave an ephemeral value to that paper; but when they ceased the public journals once more lapsed into neglect. In newspaper enterprise the last twenty years of the second George (1740-60) are only remarkable for the publication by Cave in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of lengthened reports of proceedings in Parliament, and for the share which Dr. Johnson took in their expansion and revision—a subject which has recently exercised the talents of Boswell's erudite editors, Napier and Birkbeck Hill. With the articles of Wilkes in the *North Briton*, and with the letters of Junius, the influence of the London press grew by leaps and bounds. The blunders of the ministers under the young king did more in five years to promote newspaper power than the combined efforts of all the English journalists had accomplished in the previous century. In the two and twenty years, from 1753 to 1775, the daily average grew, in spite of the doubling of the stamp-duty and the advertisement-tax, from nearly 24,000 to close on 42,000; and although the circulation did not, probably owing to repeated increases in these imposts, increase in such rapid proportions in the next twenty years, the character of the newspaper press in London showed marked improvement. Great newspaper editors began to appear above the horizon; and the names of three of them—James Perry, John Walter, and Daniel Stuart—are permanently written in history. The pages in which Mr. Fox Bourne has chronicled the progress of their journals, and the contributions of the illus-

trious writers whose aid they enlisted, stand out as the freshest and brightest sections of his volumes. Never again were such distinguished names in English literature numbered among the writers in the daily press. Lord Campbell obtained employment on the *Morning Chronicle* as the theatrical critic, and some amusing adventures which he passed through in that capacity are narrated in his *Life*. Thomas Campbell published some of his most stirring poems in its pages, and Coleridge found Perry a generous paymaster for some contributions to his paper. John Walter raised the *Times* to a high place among the journals of the day, and the punishments which he suffered for libels on the royal dukes did not quench his ardour. Daniel Stuart's paper, the *Morning Post*, under his able editing increased its circulation twelve-fold in eight years, and he numbered among the writers on his staff five illustrious names. Sir James Mackintosh was his brother-in-law, and for many years his chief adviser; and the writers in his pay included, probably owing to Mackintosh's introduction, Coleridge, Lamb, Southey, and Wordsworth. Into the schemes of Stuart for extending the importance and the circulation of his journals much insight is afforded by his amusing reminiscences in the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and Mr. Fox Bourne has acted judiciously in embodying in his own pages considerable extracts from these entertaining glimpses of the past. Two other names are worthy of especial mention. *Cobbett's Register* made the public familiar with a style full of force and vigour, and placed before them opinions always fresh and original, if sometimes marred by eccentricity. The views of the Hunts in the *Examiner* were more worthy of adoption; and the pages of their paper were often brightened by essays written with a gracefulness of feeling and a lightness of fancy in which Leigh Hunt had no living equal.

The race of eminent editors and contributors continued to flourish after the dawn of this century. For many years John Black edited the *Morning Chronicle* with unflagging zeal; and, by the aid of many of the leading Whig politicians, and such critics as Hazlitt, continued to keep his paper in the front rank. Was not Hazlitt, I may ask *en parenthèse*, the author of the article in the *Edinburgh Review* for 1828 on the newspaper press, to which Mr. Fox Bourne often refers for a keen criticism of some London paper? Under the rule of Thomas Barnes the *Thunderer* began to distance all competitors. His power in political life was always deemed considerable; but the full extent of his influence with Lord Lyndhurst was not appreciated until after the publication of the journals of Charles Greville. The structure which Barnes partly raised was completed by Delane, whose name is still remembered, and will probably be transmitted through several generations, as the ablest newspaper editor in Queen Victoria's reign. Fonblanque's name is associated with the *Examiner*; Dickens and Harriet Martineau are two of the illustrious dead who were connected with the *Daily News*; and William Johnson Fox, the member for Oldham, long exercised an extraordinary power over the public through his articles, as "Publicola," in the *Weekly Dispatch*.

On the characteristics of such newspapers, past and present, the pages of Mr. Fox Bourne afford adequate information. Open his volumes where you will there is no lack of matter, both instructive and entertaining, written with complete freedom from prejudice. I have noted a few insignificant inaccuracies in his narrative, but they are of slight moment and can be easily corrected without detriment to its substance. "John Bee," quoted in i. p. 141, is usually considered a pseudonym for John Badcock; Roger North's *Examiner* (p. 49) is a misprint for *Examen*; the name of Canon Mozley is misspelt on ii. 186; and the wrong Christian name is given for the proprietor of the *Queen* on ii. 295. The merits of John Horne Tooke and John Taylor, "everybody's Taylor," as he was sometimes styled, are matters of opinion; but Mr. Fox Bourne inflicts somewhat summary punishment on both of them. Not the least of the good qualities shown by him is the good taste with which he refrains from unnecessary intrusion into the privacies of the newspaper life of the present day.

W. P. COURTNEY.

TWO VOYAGES TO THE WEST INDIES.

The English in the West Indies; or, the Bow of Ulysses. By James Anthony Froude. (Longmans.)

Down the Islands: a Voyage to the Caribbees. By William Agnew Paton. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

TRAVELLING in these days has become "the contemplative man's recreation." He goes on board his screw steamer with the honest purpose of improving his own, and it may be others', knowledge of foreign parts. When he comes back and writes it all down it often as not appears that he has made no serious business of observation, but has amused himself with reflections on the badness of "the government" and what not. It is this recreative habit and the decay of the habit of observation that makes the run of modern books of travel such dreary reading. With a few very well-known exceptions—nearly all of them travellers into unknown regions—naturalists alone keep up the character of observant travellers.

Whatever may be said of Mr. Froude's book on our West Indian possessions no one can complain of its sharing the dulness I speak of. There is a delightful charm in being taken on one's travels with a man who, from the outset to the end, is unhesitatingly communicative as to his personal enjoyment of the journey. The reader sees with him the rough Atlantic, the gleaming tropical sea, the wooded headlands stretching into it, the negro and his dwelling-place, as only the West Indian Mail Company can enable him to see them. One is taken into his confidence in the matter of tobacco—one cannot expect much more. On his outward voyage Mr. Froude gains the personal regard of his readers, and especially of his reviewers, by an excellent story. Among his fellow-passengers was

"a missionary who, for the most part, kept his lips closed. He did open them once, and at my expense. *Apropos* of nothing he said to me, 'I wonder, sir, whether you ever read the remarks upon you in the newspapers. If all

the attacks upon your writings which I have seen were collected together they would make an interesting volume.' This was all. He had delivered his soul and relapsed into silence."

The author thus disarms criticism—at all events from pointed weapons.

Mr. Froude tells us that his purpose in writing this book is so fully explained in the book itself that there is no need of a deliberate statement of it in the preface. It may be fairly concluded that his purpose was rather mixed. The one thing which is stated over and over again above all else is his apprehension of what he thinks the consequences would be of giving the negroes a large measure of self-government. Since nobody wants to give them this, and very few negroes are to be found who claim it, one fails to see what it is all about. West Indian native newspapers sometimes claim it; but, since these newspapers circulate chiefly among the official class, which they live by worrying, little attention need be paid to them. Mr. Froude tells us himself that the negro is perfectly happy (no mortal is happier) under British rule. The danger is from the home government. "Oratory" (Mr. Gladstone) and Radicalism he foresees will in time extend the vote to the negro population, and then our colonies will become each another Hayti. Every one may judge for himself of the prospects of sufficient leisure for the home government to enable it to consider measures for granting to negroes what they do not demand. Every one, moreover, has heard of the gentleman who was frightened at the bogey of his own construction; but I think that it was some one else who wrote the account of it.

The island of which, next to Hayti itself, Mr. Froude gives us the most depressing picture is Grenada—"an island of [black] peasant proprietors." He visited this "scene of desolation and desertion" for a few hours, and spent them dining with a friend. It is a pity he was not more fortunate in the source of his information. The scene must have been to a considerable extent contemplated through other eyes. This place, which he would have us believe is ripening for another Hayti, is the one island of all our West Indian possessions the inhabitants of which have had the courage and enterprise to abandon sugar altogether and undertake the cultivation of other products. There is probably not an acre in it under the cane. Cacao has, perhaps to too great an extent, taken its place; but the planters are alive to this risk, and a botanic garden has been established for the experimental culture of other products. No other colony, except Ceylon after the coffee blight, has shown an equal amount of foresight and determination. No other island, if we can trust Mr. Froude, is so near the verge of social ruin and abandonment to negro rule, with attendant Obeah and cannibalism.

In Jamaica the economic outlook was depressing, but Mr. Froude's depression was surely carried too far when he felt some disappointment with the botanic garden. Here, at all events, one might have expected hopeful words. The significance of a botanic garden to the tropical agriculturist can hardly be over-estimated. Hope springs in it eternally. To it the planter looks for new products and

for information about them. The Jamaica Gardens are the one bright spot in that unhappy island. Mr. Froude visited them within a year of the end of Mr. Daniel Morris's vigorous administration. An American gentleman said to him :

" 'There are dollars in that island, sir, if they will look for them in the right way.' Nothing of this kind was going on at Castleton; so much the worse; but perhaps things will mend by-and-bye."

As for the English in the West Indies, what they have done and left undone, there is no useful account such as may be gathered from other sources. What Mr. Froude says of oratory may be in part very fittingly said of his own book. The delight of reading his travels is dangerously seductive and positively misleading (if I may distinguish between these words) to the reader who is in search of information as to our West Indian possessions.

The causes of West Indian depression are not far to seek, and the remedy is no affair of mystery. It is possible that we may see again a period of great prosperity founded on the cultivation of a single product, as was the case in the days of the sugar supremacy of the West Indies; but it is hardly likely—it is not very desirable. It would repeat the old history of the Irishman and his potatoes. It is more probable that the West Indian planter will gradually learn to stand on as many legs as possible, and through the agency of botanical economics and his own perseverance rescue himself from his present despondent state. Little good is to be done by longing after the fleshpots of the days of sugar planting and slavery. The competition of beet may be a much disguised blessing to the West Indies; but, at all events, it has taught a lesson to the planter which he is slowly learning. Mr. Froude is well aware of it; and it is much to be regretted that his book contains so little about it and so much about the imaginary horrors of future black republics.

It would be very ungracious to part with a grumble from a book which has given me so much pleasure in the reading of it. One cannot expect again the charm to be found, for example, in the account of Père Labat's travels in these islands. Mr. Froude did not leave the beaten track, and the mail steamer intervenes often in the narrative. There is a noble account of the naval victories by which these islands became ours. His estimate of Rodney is rivalled only by Sir Blennerhasset Portico's in Mr. Gilbert's ballad, if I may be so irreverent as to make the comparison. The most interesting and delightful part of the whole book is the account of Dominica.

Mr. Paton went "down the islands" from New York in the roomy and comfortable *Barracouta*, which calls at nearly all the ports. He thus saw a great deal of the Caribbean group and covered much of the same ground as Mr. Froude. He writes in the highest spirits from beginning to end. He did not carry letters of introduction to the governors, but contented himself with dutiful calls on the American consuls. He "made friends" with everyone he came across, including "the nigger" generally. One gets rather tired of the quantity of fruit

he and his fellow-passengers managed to consume; but much may be forgiven to so light-hearted a traveller. Mr. Paton by no means confines himself to the pleasures of life. He diligently studied statistical accounts of the islands, and steers most judiciously between their discrepancies. The result is an excellent, and on the whole trustworthy, sketch of the history and resources of the Caribbean islands. He went there "without prejudice," and looked persistently on the happier aspect of everything. He shows little insight into the future, and pretends to little. But, speaking of the future of the coloured races, he says (p. 211):

"It is not too much, however, to expect that in time the negroes will know how to govern themselves—they are capable of acquiring that knowledge, and, having acquired it, of using it wisely and man-fashion."

If left to themselves now, he agrees with Mr. Froude and with everybody else, they would sink to the level of Hayti. Mr. Froude carefully notes the presence of American ships in the West Indies; and at Hayti says, "The Yankee, whether we like it or not, is the acknowledged sovereign in these waters." Mr. Paton, himself an American, cannot behold shipping without asking "Where, oh, where, are the Yankee ships?" However, he cannot help noting the American fish smacks and timber drogers at Barbados; and, without going so far as Mr. Froude, it must be acknowledged that the American knows his market in these islands. This is a good book to read after Mr. Froude's. It dispels the gloom if it does not open our eyes very widely. It is refreshing to read Mr. Paton's opinion of the price of emancipation:

"As I studied the columns of figures of this grand book-account, the record of the noblest financial transaction ever negotiated by the men of any nation, I could not help indulging a feeling of pride that I was a kinsman of the nation of shopkeepers."

Mr. Froude, in spite of himself, interests us most in his own opinion of what he sees; Mr. Paton successfully tells us of the scenes of his journey, with which he connects himself only in a good-humoured casual way.

GEORGE MURRAY.

A Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, Sects, and Doctrines; during the First Eight Centuries. Edited by William Smith and Henry Wace. Vol. IV. N—Z. (John Murray.)

THIS welcome volume completes not only the particular work to which it properly belongs, but the whole series of cognate publications, beginning with the original issue of the *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities* in 1842. It has itself been long awaited, for the third volume appeared so far back as 1877, and the reasons for this delay are briefly explained in the preface. One claim made therein by the editors is substantiated by inspection of the volume—that there has been no crowding and scamping of the work towards its end, as is too often the case in biographical dictionaries, but that the important letters it contains have been given space commensurate with that devoted to the earlier part of the alphabet. In any future recasting of the whole series, should it ever

be feasible, there are some articles scattered throughout this dictionary which would be more conveniently transferred respectively to the *Dictionary of the Bible* and the *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, as, for example, Prof. Salmon's erudite paper on Simon Magus, one of the best in the new volume. And although the series, as just said, is now complete, yet it is so rather as regards the plan and the promises of the editors than as a *Ding-an-sich*. For it is not practicable to draw a hard and fast line at the year 800; and a further dictionary, which shall take us through the Middle Ages down to the close of the fifteenth century, is still needed by students of Christian antiquities and literature. In some respects it is even more needed than what we are here given; for we are living now under institutions which have been powerfully influenced by mediæval events and thinkers, and which are largely inexplicable without reference to them.

The first article of much importance is that on Neo-Platonism. It is good, but a little thin here and there, and relies too exclusively on Vacherot. The reader interested in the subject will want to know more of Proclus and Olympiodorus than is told him (Iamblichus gets space enough); and references might have been supplied to the writings of Keil, Simon, St. Hilaire, Bouterwek, and Biet, perhaps Matter also, in the list of authorities. Nestorius, by Prof. Stokes, and also the allied article on Nestorianism, are careful and accurate. Some note of the occasional recrudescence of Nestorianism in Western theology down to recent times might have been made with advantage. "Origenes" is a good example of Prof. Westcott's minutely careful scholarship, and is bibliographically a very useful article. The speculative portion, less adapted to the writer's special gifts, is scarcely so adequate. It is to be hoped that the suggestion thrown out as to the production of a really complete edition of Origen's works will be taken up and acted on. He is too stimulating an author by far to be neglected as he has long been. The companion paper, by another writer, on the Origenistic Controversy, has been very carefully executed; and commendation is specially due for the pains the author has taken to clear the tangle which has gathered round the acts of the Home Synod and the Fifth General Council in the matter of Origen's condemnation. My own examination of the question has led me to the conclusion that there was no condemnation by the Fifth Council, and that the raid against Origenism which undoubtedly followed the dissolution of that assembly was due to personal pressure brought to bear by Justinian on the Asiatic bishops. Dr. Salmon's Papias is almost exhaustive, and of his usual excellent quality. Under Philo of Carpasia, it would have been worth while to say that his Commentary on Canticles has been largely borrowed from by Gregory the Great. It is an interesting literary problem to ascertain the process, for though Gregory was long resident in Constantinople he never condescended to learn Greek, and this seems to point to an early Latin version. The hypothesis that Gregory is the original, and that the corresponding passages in Philo are later interpolations (which is adopted by Cornelius à Lapide) labours under two difficulties—that

evidence is lacking for Greek borrowings from Latin writers, whom Greeks were apt to despise; and the fact that *Poilo* is invariably superior to Gregory in the parallel places, which is not the wont of borrowers. I speak from direct comparison of every line of both the glosses in question. Mr. Ffoulkes, in his valuable essay on Predestination, usefully traverses and corrects the hyper-Augustinianism of Prof. Mozley's treatise, in which he followed the line of St. Prosper so closely, with kindred disregard of a great part of Augustine's mind as shown in many detached portions of his works. Prof. Ince's article on the heretic Pelagius is too brief in its notice of Semi-Pelagianism, which has no separate article devoted to it. And as Semi-Pelagianism so-called—that is, the teaching of the school of Cassian—has always prevailed widely in the West as a counterpoise to the Augustinianism of Aquinas, and helped partly to mould the seventeenth-century revolt against Calvin, it should have been accorded more space. The article on "Pelagius I., Pope," fails to bring out the invalidity of his pontificate, for he was intruded, apart from the irregularities in other respects attending his consecration. Dr. Lipsius sends a very careful analysis of the curious Gnostic work, *Pistis Sophia*, which makes all but a very few readers independent of any other source of information. "Polycarp" is another of Prof. Salmon's most helpful articles, and as full as his Papias. The separate article on Proclus makes some amends for the curt mention of him in the article on Neo-Platonism, but scarcely fixes his place in the movement, or puts his peculiar teaching plainly enough before the student; and the bibliography omits the Frankfurt edition by Creuzer, in 1820, of the *Institutio Theologica* and the Commentary on the Alcibiades. "Prudentius" is a good and full article; and Mr. Lock has read the hymns appreciatively. He might have referred to the position held in English hymnody by versions from them, notably Dr. Neale's fine rendering of "Corde natus ex Parentis," and more than one competing attempt at the well-nigh untranslatable "Jam moesta quiesce querela." Dr. Cazenove, in his article on the "Quicumque Vult" holds (in the present reviewer's mind, rightly) with Dr. Caspari, Dr. Brewer, and Mr. Ommanney, for the relatively early date of this creed or hymn, as against the critics who bring it down to the verge of the eighth century. Under "Romanus (IX.)," his distinguishing epithet, "the Melodist," by which he is known in Greek ecclesiastical literature, is omitted. There are some interesting historical facts left out in the notice of St. Rusticula; and they ought to be inserted in any fresh edition. My special reference is to her arrest by Chlotaire II. There are three or four omissions of persons named Rusticus, of no great prominence, it is true, but yet occurring in kalendars and martyrologies, and so needing some commemoration. Under "Sibylline Oracles" a protest must be entered against the acceptance of the Greek etymon proposed by Varro and accepted by Lactantius. The Sibyls first appear in Latin Italy, not even in Magna Graecia, and it is to Latin we should look for the source of their name. We get it in the obsolete *sibus*=wise, preserved for us by

Festus, and surviving in its compound *persibus*. "Sibulla" is thus a feminine noun formed thence, and meaning "wise woman." Synesius is given considerably more space than he is entitled to upon any ground, no fewer than forty-six columns being assigned him, or almost three times what is allowed to an epoch-making man like Augustine of Hippo. In Dr. Salmon's copious article on the "Teaching of the Twelve Apostles," he leans to the view that the so-called eucharistic section relates to the benediction of ordinary meals, but does not quite decide the point. The lack of contact, so to speak, with the earliest liturgical forms known to us seems to me a strong argument for this theory. Dr. Gwynn's scholarly discussion of the curious "Acts of Thecla" is a good example of the thoroughness with which all remaining documents of the earliest Christian centuries are now being sifted, to make them yield up the last grains of evidence which can throw any light on the many unsolved problems of Church life and organisation. Mr. Venables has very justly estimated the noteworthy common-sense and lucidity of Theodoret as an exegete. He would serve still as an excellent guide for simple expository sermons, a class of homiletics too little cultivated. Dr. Swete's "Theodore of Mopsuestia" is a commendable piece of work; but it hardly brings out his peculiar prominence as the leading Broad Churchman of his time, nor yet how his teaching prepared the way for that of Nestorius, and later of the Adoptionists. Canon Bright has dealt with a thorny subject in "Theophilus of Alexandria" with moderation and learning; and full proof of the high rank he held as a theologian is supplied. Dr. Lipsius is again well to the front with his "Valentinus," containing a minute account of the once powerful form of Gnosticism whose hierophant he was. The article on "Pope Vigilius," by Mr. Barnby, is a successful handling of a very intricate and repellent piece of Church history, which requires a special motive to induce any scholar to disentangle for himself. It may be worth while to note, under Dr. Cazenove's article on "Vincentius of Lerins," that the famous canon of orthodoxy he laid down, "Quod ubique, quod semper, quod ab omnibus creditum est," is merely a sonorous nullity in the view of not a few of its critics; but that their objection falls to the ground when this maxim is compared with the common law of England, based on almost identical principles, and open to precisely similar cavils, as thus being unreal and non-existent, whereas it has formed a considerable factor in our jurisprudence, and is as definite as the statute-law itself. Canon Raine has tried to hold the balance carefully between the advocates and the opponents of Wilfrid of York in the matter of his quarrel with the national authorities, lay and clerical, and his appeals to Rome. Under Zosimus, when the episode of Apianus is referred to, and the canon on appeals to Rome cited by that pope as Nicene is mentioned, the writer says that it "was, in fact, one of Sardica," and refers to the article on Pope Julius I., by the same author. I believe myself to have demonstrated that this so-called Sardican canon is a Roman forgery, the cumulative proofs against its genuineness

being overwhelming; and Bishop Hefele has pointed out a like forgery in the alleged Letter of the Council of Sardica to the pope, which is treated as genuine, as are the canons also, in the article cited.

It is necessarily impracticable to do more than thus touch on a few of the many hundred entries in this important volume, whose slight defects can be readily amended, and whose value to students can scarcely be over-estimated.

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

TWO COLLECTIONS OF LITERARY ESSAYS.

Literary Sketches. By H. S. Salt. (Sonnenchein.)

Men and Letters, Essays in Characterisation and Criticism. By Horace E. Scudder. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, & Co.)

THE custom in these days is for authors to gather up their contributions to the magazines and make volumes of them; but, in dealing with such collections, it is necessary to distinguish carefully between the magazine article, pure and simple, which has accomplished all it ought ever to be required to accomplish when it has appeared in the periodical for which it was written, and that higher kind of literary work for which the magazine serves only as a temporary repository. There are, no doubt, many essays, belonging to the first rather than to the second class, which are quite worth gathering up.

Both the books named at the head of this review are collections of magazine articles—the former English, the latter American. But, on the whole, their merit is above rather than below the average of this class of literary work; and the authors, having seen fit to gather together and submit to the world these samples of their literary skill, I do not see that the world has any good reason to complain. Mr. Salt's work is, indeed, somewhat unequal; and, while some of his papers are excellent, two or three could very well have been dispensed with. The first, entitled "Two Kinds of Genius," is of little value; that on "The Tennysonian Philosophy" shows that the author has failed to appreciate properly anything but the graceful form of Tennyson's work. Mr. Salt fears it will be found that Tennyson's thoughts "when sifted, are light as chaff, and that his philosophical system is a mixture of opportunism and shallow optimist theories." The head and front of Tennyson's offending is that he has not been quite as respectful to certain aspects of scepticism and religious unbelief as Mr. Salt could wish. In his poem, "In the Children's Hospital," he has depicted a "terrible doctor, with red hair, big voice, big merciless hands," who, when the nurse timidly suggests prayer for a dying child,

"... muttered half to himself, but I know what I heard him say,
'All very well—but the good Lord Jesus has had his day.'"

Upon which Mr. Salt angrily remarks:

"In this passage Lord Tennyson has deliberately gone out of his way to couple disbelief with roughness and brutality; and I cannot imagine anything more disingenuous than to draw a picture which may conceivably be true in itself, but is calculated to suggest an absolutely erroneous inference to the mind. There

may be doctors like the one described, devoid of all gentleness and humanity; but it is not their belief or disbelief that made them so. Gentleness is not an invariable concomitant of Christianity any more than of scepticism."

But who said it was? Certainly not Lord Tennyson, here or elsewhere. Mr. Salt must not suppose that if the poem named suggests "an absolutely erroneous inference" to his mind, everyone else is in the like case. Few men, during the last half century, have done more to liberalise thought than Tennyson.

Where Mr. Salt is in sympathy with his subject, his work is much more satisfactory. This is the case in his essay on James Thomson ("B. V."). He displays here fine critical discernment. Almost as good is the study of "Shelley as a Teacher." Shelley's "great and cardinal belief," he affirms, "was undoubtedly in the perfectibility of man, the belief that the good is more potent than the evil, and that man's redemption must be worked out by no external revelation, but by the innate sense of virtue and love."

If we except a slight confusion in the philosophical phrases, that is entirely true. The papers on Thoreau, Edgar Poe, and Hawthorne are also good, though the first-named is, perhaps, spun out rather too much. I think Mr. Salt is quite right in describing Thoreau as "one of the most remarkable and original characters that America has yet produced." A quarter of a century after his death his fame is steadily rising; and my own experience, extending over a good many years, is that the more familiar I become with his thought the wiser it appears.

Mr. Scudder was joint editor with Mrs. Taylor of the *Life and Letters of Bayard Taylor*, published two or three years ago, and he is already favourably known to some English readers by his skilful handling of materials in that work. His present volume consists of eleven brief critical and biographical papers, the first of which has for its subject "Dr. Elisha Mulford" and the last "The Future of Shakspeare." From Mulford to Shakspeare is surely a far cry, and the fact that Mr. Scudder has treated both subjects with tolerable success is a point in his favour. At any rate, he is not as deficient in a sense of proportion as some of his fellow critics in America have shown themselves to be. He may discuss Mulford and Shakspeare in the same book, but he does not confound their merits or count them of equal importance. He does not, like Mr. Whipple, talk of "rapt communion with the spirits of such men as Bacon, Milton, Webster, and Channing!"

Two essays are devoted to Longfellow, concerning whom Mr. Scudder by no means shares Mr. Salt's opinion that he is "the demigod of popular mediocrity," or "B. V.'s" about "Excelsior," expressed in one of the most foolish passages he ever wrote, which Mr. Salt quotes with approval. One of Mr. Scudder's two essays is devoted to a description of "The Shaping of 'Excelsior.'" In the Harvard College library,

"spread open in one of the cases, are the first and second drafts of 'Excelsior'; and a rare chance is given of seeing how a poet, when he has seized upon the central thought of a poem, will sometimes work industriously at its final form. The first draft was written upon the blank spaces of a letter received by the poet

from Charles Sumner, so that the very paper of the poem had already an historic interest."

The essay on "Longfellow and his Art" is more solid, and, excepting a good contribution to Emerson literature, entitled "Emerson's Self," is, perhaps, the best in the book.

Most of Mr. Scudder's papers bear rather too strong an impress of their original use as articles written for such occasions as the publication of some notable book or the occurrence of some important literary event. The consequence is that, in some cases, a little disappointment is felt at what appears to be the inadequate treatment of a great subject. Thus the paper on "A Modern Prophet" (Frederick Denison Maurice) is not a study or a criticism of the great English teacher, but simply a well-written summary and review of Col. Maurice's biography of his father. But, if Mr. Scudder's book is not profound, at any rate it contains much intelligent and thoughtful criticism; and, above all, there is indication of force in reserve which entitles us to expect still better things hereafter from the same pen.

WALTER LEWIN.

NEW NOVELS.

His Cousin Betty. By Frances Mary Peard. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Every Inch a Soldier. By M. J. Colquhoun. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

Little Miss Primrose. By the Author of "St. Olaves." (Spencer Blackett.)

Mine Own Familiar Friend. By the Author of "The Golden Milestone." (Digby & Long.)

Only an Advertisement. By C. L. Martin. (Elliot Stock.)

The Fortunes of Albert Travers. By B. S. Berrington. (W. H. Allen.)

Mary, the Queen of the House of David. By the Rev. A. Stewart Walsh. (Sampson Low.)

Among the Cape Kaffirs. By Ernest Glanville. (Sonnenschein.)

His Cousin Betty is an enjoyable and ingenious story of a trivial kind, and ought, to a certain extent, to satisfy Mr. Ruskin; for its main object is to show how people can be unhappy and torture each other, though married. John Leyburn and his brambly Devonshire cousin are rather uninteresting while they are each single, and even when—Leyburn being knocked down in place of another and a better man—they stand to each other in the relationship of patient and nurse. But marriage reveals, or perhaps forms, their characters. Betty, from being a love-sick child of nature, develops into a strong, self-respecting, and even self-assertive woman; and John only becomes tolerable when he returns to his wife in the last chapter, the ghost of himself, and dependent in almost every sense on her. But John is, from the first and very nearly to the last, anything but satisfactory. He ought not to have been misled by the representations of his unreal, match-making, and mischief-making sister into marrying a girl towards whom he is not quite certain as to his feelings. He tries to exonerate himself in the eyes of his wife by

laying the blame on this sister, with the help of a letter, which he allows to be discovered in a very clumsy fashion. But he knew Horatia's nature and he ought to have taken with more than one grain of salt any assertion of hers, and in particular any assertion to the effect that Betty wished and expected him to marry her. Mrs. Peard here makes a blunder, and of a kind to which she is not prone. Leyburn's gentilities and pruderies also become very tiresome. But the mistake involved in the portraiture of Leyburn, and minor ones which could be pointed out, are more than atoned for by the character of Betty, who has in her some of the qualities of Bathsheba Everdene, and a spice of Mr. Norris's favourite type of heroine. On the whole, she is probably Mrs. Peard's best character; certainly she is her most finished portrait. Lillias, Betty's anxious and eminently sisterly sister—with, however, a love affair of her own in the background—and even the provoking Horatia, are carefully sketched. Devonshire and Bohemia are both introduced into this novel, but are not made too much of. There is, indeed, very little that is inartistic, and nothing savouring of disproportion or excess in *His Cousin Betty*.

Who is it that gives *Every Inch a Soldier* its title? Is it Whitby, who fights gallantly enough for queen, country, and wife in the agony of the Indian Mutiny, but who is neither better nor worse than most English officers? Or is it Hodson, to rehabilitate whose reputation the last of "Mr. Colquhoun's" three volumes seems to have been chiefly written? It cannot surely be that half-ne'er-do-well, half-lunatic Wake *alias* Brown, with his weakness for getting into scrapes and finding treasures. "Mr. Colquhoun" should have styled his(?) book "Every Inch a Deceiver," for the one genuinely strong character in it is Louisa Page or Wake, a thoroughly unscrupulous Anglo-Indian "grass widow" (with, however, a jealous husband in attendance), who quite merits her nickname of "Unlimited Loo," and who, having been in training all through three volumes for the divorce court, would seem, not inappropriately, to find her way into a harem at the end. There is a good deal of military vigour in *Every Inch a Soldier*, and a trifle too much tipsiness and coarse fun. The scenes at the exciting period of the Mutiny are, to all appearance, drawn from the life; but the plot, into which they are worked, has been hastily constructed.

Little Miss Primrose is full of those prettinesses and pettinesses, which one has learned to expect from the Author of "St. Olave's," with an even slighter plot than usual. Nothing could be less adequate than the misrepresentation which separates Nelly Willoughby and Mark Heslington, except the explanation which brings about a reconciliation. The old maid who gives the book its name, with her little romance carefully preserved in the lavender of memory, keeps far too much in the background for a fairy godmother. But *Little Miss Primrose* gives us an abundance, though not a superabundance, of country scenery, society, and gossip. There is nothing specially notable about the inevitable squire, parson, and hard-up officer, although the last, Capt. Percy

Mannersby, reminds one, both in character and in fate, a little too much of Capt. Rawdon Crawley. The draperies and the flowers in *Little Miss Primrose* are all arranged very prettily; the sarcasms are not too pointed; and there are no more pronounced sensations than a dinner-party, a fancy dress ball, and a runaway marriage. The real life of the story is contributed by the two adventuresses—the sisters Celia and Petsie—the one of whom has married a parson before the story begins, while the other marries a captain, who, of course, develops into a brutal baronet before it ends. *Little Miss Primrose* would be but a stagnant pool but for Petsie Lavendale, with her mischievous fibs, and her artificial naïveté, and the pretty play of her plump white shoulder, and her innocent query—"Do you think my dress is cut too low for the country, Celia?" to which Celia returns the momentous reply—"One can go just as far in the country now as one can in town."

There is plenty of literary ability distributed over *Mine Own Familiar Friend*; and Lord Manorbier has a variety of chastening experiences in his life before the place once occupied by a coarse-minded music-hall singer is taken by the refined clergyman's daughter. Its author, indeed, commands an easy style, as *The Golden Milestone* proved clearly enough, and has rather a turn for sarcasm. But *Mine Own Familiar Friend* is too long; most of the characters in it are too self-conscious, and the two leading incidents—the violent death of the first Lady Manorbier, and the repentance by the wife of the hero's cousin of her treachery towards him—are rather hurriedly and inartistically introduced. The author is very much more at home among country girls—all modesty, simplicity, and delicacy—than among red-haired, loud-voiced *artistes*, who every second hour or so "feel deucedly hungry."

Only an *Advertisement* is a very readable, well-written, and improbable story of two mysterious children who are separated by an advertisement, and by the rather selfish lady who by means of it fills a want that had been left unsupplied by nature in her household. Kezia, the sister who has, during the early part of her life, the harder fate of the two, is naturally the stronger and morally the more attractive; and her adventures when in the hands of Nance Crinch and other less reputable persons, form the best part of this story. The author writes a careful, and even ambitious, style, but she (?) ought to beware of such a Madame d'Arblayesque sentence as:

"The daring independence of her girlhood had invested her with a self-command and assurance which were a counterpoise to her innate modesty and reserve; thus she escaped that subservieny which, mixed with an attempted self-assertion, is the ordinary manner of those risen from the ranks."

The Fortunes of Albert Travers is an eminently schoolboyish story of adventure among smugglers who have mostly Spanish names and Spanish instincts. Its author, Mr. Berrington, styles it "A Tale of the Eighteenth Century"; but he might almost as well have placed its action in the seventeenth, as in any other century in which it is possible for an English boy, the son of a clergyman with a large family, a small income, and a French

chateau, to blunder into an inn that is a haunt of smugglers, and into love with the innkeeper's daughter. Perhaps Albert Travers's pedagogic experiences on the Continent savour most of the eighteenth century, although his combat with German students, on the other hand, suggests rather the present. Essentially, however, this story would suit any period of history. It is told in an agreeable, though juvenile, fashion; and, indeed, the only serious fault to be found with it is that it contains no thorough-paced villain. Guevara, the captain of the smugglers, who tyrannises over Albert, and tries to take his sweetheart, Annette, from him, repents, is saved from drowning by the lad whom he has injured, and leaves him his money. Even Leonora, Guevara's pretty sister, who attempts to poison Annette is forgiven in the end. There ought to be vindictiveness, and nothing of the nature of repentance, in a melodramatic romance of the eighteenth century. Doubtless Mr. Berrington will remember this when next he writes, although he would probably find himself most at home in telling a domestic story of the present day.

Dr. Walsh, who writes *Mary, Queen of the House of David*, meant by its help to exalt the mission of women in the world. But he has none of the romancist's faculty. His book is simply a wild jumble of the Crusades, New Testament history, Christian ideas, Pagan rites, and the author's own mysticism, alike unintelligible and intolerable. Occasionally, Dr. Walsh gives us a bit of scenery in his hero's fantastic journeyings through Palestine; but, even for this, one would prefer to go to a work like *The Land and the Book*.

There is plenty of adventure, Kaffir superstition, and Hottentot English dashed with Dutch, in the two stories which Mr. Ernest Glanville publishes under the title of *Among the Cape Kaffirs*. The narrative in both seems to drag a little, and that in spite of the appearance in the one of a snake, and in the other of a devil-fish, the fascinating terrors of which are described with Hugoesque fulness, and not without a certain amount of Hugoesque power. Old Hendriks, the Hottentot, too, recalls one of Mayne Reid's heroes, the earless trapper Rube, both in his character and in his habit of coming to the rescue in the nick of time. But it is probable enough that this resemblance is accidental. Whether this be the case or not, Mr. Glanville's volume is one of the best and most carefully written books of adventure in South Africa that have recently been published.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

SOME TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN AND THE FRENCH.

Schiller's Wallenstein. Translated by C. G. N. Lockhart. (Blackwood.)

Songs and Lyrics. By Heinrich Heine and other German Poets. Done into English Verse by James Geikie. (Edinburgh: Thin.)

Dramatic Works of Victor Hugo. Translated by F. L. Slous, and Mrs. Newton Crosland. (Bell.)

MR. LOCKHART'S version of *Wallenstein* was produced under circumstances so exceptional that he has thought them worthy of record in a short but interesting preface. Full half a century ago, the translator served

some years in the Austrian army, until, as he grimly says, the anticipation of the millennium caused a considerable disbandment of the Austrian forces, and retarded promotion so seriously that he turned his thoughts to the Colonies, sailed for New South Wales, and remained there till 1880. During his military service in Austria, he "for years never spoke a word of English," nor had any access to English literature. He had actually to recover his native tongue by means of a German-English dictionary, during the short interval he spent in Scotland before sailing for the Antipodes. He had, however, a perfect knowledge of the German language and of Austrian military life—a double qualification for translating "Wallenstein," which can rarely, if ever, have been possessed by an Englishman before. Subsequently, during a wild and solitary life in the Australian bush, his companions were the Bible and Shakspeare, Goethe and Schiller, and an occasional newspaper. Much of *Wallenstein* was actually translated by the camp-fire, during long journeys, sometimes extending over months. Till 1870, he thinks he had never heard of Coleridge's version, on which he makes some interesting criticisms. Parenthetically it may be observed that one charge that he brings (p. xiii.) against Coleridge is scarcely credible. According to Mr. Lockhart, Coleridge rendered ("Piccolomini," act. i., sc. iv.)

"Das duftige Pfand der neuerjüngten Erde,

by
"Plucked in those quiet fields where I have wandered."

It is surely impossible. Either Coleridge had some other line in his text, or he was patching in, after his manner, a line of his own. In my own edition of Coleridge (Moxon: ed. Rossetti) the line certainly stands as Mr. Lockhart quotes it, except that, for "wandered," I find "journed"; but what did Coleridge find in his copy of the original? Perhaps some reader of the ACADEMY can answer a question which I can only ask. Anyhow, Mr. Lockhart has completed his version, confident (p. xvii.) that he can "represent Schiller more fully to my countrymen than he has ever been before," though by no means measuring himself against Coleridge as a versifier, and frankly admitting, against himself, that he has "never perfectly recovered the full mastery of the English language."

Readers of the ACADEMY will, I think, ignore his apology for writing "too much about myself and my petty doings." The story was well worth telling, and is well told. As a translator, Mr. Lockhart seems to fall into the common fault of making blank verse too stiff and monotonous. It is here that he is so inferior to Coleridge, who had Shakspeare's harmonies and vocabulary by heart, and constantly brings to our minds the affinities between the greatest of England's poets and the second of Germany's. There is, however, a fluent and soldierly directness about some of Mr. Lockhart's work which suits certain parts of "Wallenstein" very well. His imperfect recovery of the English tongue does not show itself so much in vocabulary as in order. Occasionally we find a real flaw, like

"It must be him—my special selection" (p. 209), and

"Him lawful to arraign
All witness fails" (p. 191);

but, far more often, an order so twisted and awry as to cause grave discomfort—such, for instance, as the following passages present:

"What was I,
Ere animate my soul by his dear love?" (p. 104)
"As Friedland's daughter
Could none a frantic fugitive discern" (p. 354).

"Dost think magnanimous I'll play the fool?"
(p. 290)

"Always the great Gustavus
Impressed was by the eminent display" (p. 176).

"Because you wish him guilty,
Right capable you are him so to make" (p. 158).

"That judged he should be capable of thinking"
(p. 140).

"I, his chief,
Had his orders given, of the very strictest,
From that position that he should not move!
Of my command is this the state?" (p. 67).

Any one of these may be defensible; but the frequent recurrence of such harsh turns gives a grittiness to the English and makes it less readable. But Thekla can always inspire Mr. Lockhart to his best efforts, as here (p. 357):

"When these rude hearts
Thus nobly act, shall I then fear to die?
No, surely not! For me that laurel wreath
Was plaited, too, that decked thy warrior's bier,
Without thy love life were a living death.
I cast its burthen off without a tear.
When I discovered thee, my loved one, here—
Yes, life had charms, for there before me lay
The golden hopes of that awakened day,
And twice we told our loves without a fear."

Viewed as literature, the translation is perhaps rather to be called readable than remarkable; but, when the circumstances of its composition are considered, it is of great interest and high merit.

Heine probably shares with Horace the reputation of the most translated poet; and, indeed, they have one common quality—the power of producing gems of poetry, at once perfectly natural and perfectly artistic; poems which, on however small a scale they may be, leave behind them a sense of power as well as of grace. There, I think, the resemblance stops. Very various opinions have been held about Horace's inner and more personal qualities; but no one, probably, has ever recognised in his poems the note of a broken heart. I do not understand how any one can fail to recognise it in Heine. Youth, no doubt, can readily be as "sad as night, only for wantonness." We need not, therefore, count the "Junge Leiden," in this connexion, though they are useful enough, in all conscience. But in the "Lyrisches Intermezzo," and in the "Heimkehr," the accent of real poignant sadness is unmistakable. It is easy enough to mock at love and at apostasy, though few have done so as brilliantly as Heine, in the *Reisebilder* and elsewhere; but the man's real self cries out in anguish of his soul throughout these poems. It is impossible, after reading them, to rest satisfied with Kingsley's summary judgment—"A wicked man, my dear." It is not altogether untrue, but altogether inadequate and misleading. We are all of us wicked; but this particular sinner could write "in starfire and immortal tears."

Mr. Geikie cannot touch our hearts as Heine can. What he can do is to write vigorous and forcible verse. His capacity for rhyme is good, and in straightforward descriptive passages he is often very successful. Such a poem, e.g., as "An eine Sängerin," in the *Romanzen* could hardly be better done than here (pp. 44-5). On the other hand, where a certain dreamy subtlety is required, as, e.g., in the familiar poem about Lorelei, he is simply nowhere. Contrast Heine's first stanza with his translator's:

"I know not what sad fate befalls me,
But heavy at heart am I;
An eerie legend enthalls me—
A tale of the days gone by."

is as though one should play the piano

in thimbles. What a loss, too, is the antithesis in

"Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen
Mach' ich die kleinen Lieder:"
when rendered

"The little songs I utter
Out of my griefs are fashioned."

Has Mr. Geikie forgotten that these "grossen Schmerzen" will by and by (p. 77) fill the mighty coffin that twelve giants bear to its grave in the waters?

But when the tone is lighter, Mr. Geikie can catch it—as, e.g., in "Die Welt ist so schön" (p. 61).

"The world is fair and the heavens are blue,
And gently the zephyrs flutter and woo,
And the flowers peep up in the grass anew,
And glitter and shine in the morning dew,
And men are shouting—a joyful crew!
Yet would I were in the grave at rest
With my dead love folded into my breast."

The fifth line is quite weak—yet the whole has a pleasant flavour of the original. Something more may be said of the beautiful version (pp. 109-10) of "Night Thoughts." The last three stanzas are excellent:

"Since from my native land I hid,
A many there I loved have died;
And while I reckon up the number
What grief is mine, what cark and cumber!

Yet must I count them all, and woe
Still wilder to my heart doth go.
I feel as though the dead lean'd o'er me!
Thank God, I wake—to see before me

My chamber-window gleam and glance
With thy bright sun, dear joyous France!
And, look! my sweet French wife comes to me,
And doth from all these yearnings woo me."

Nothing, I think, of Mr. Geikie's is better than this, unless it be the translations from Geibel, which are of great force and beauty, and quite take the lead among the miscellaneous poems with which the volume concludes. The last poem of all, "Lux Naturae," is original, as are its two predecessors—all three are good, the last the best. I am not sure that Mr. Geikie would not have deserved better of some other Muse than that of Heine, though he has wooed her well.

Mrs. Newton Crosland—who was, if I rightly remember, distinguished among translators of Victor Hugo, in the collection recently edited by Mr. Williams—has here translated "Hernani" and "Ruy Blas." The version of "Le Roi s'amuse" is by Mr. F. L. Slous, and seems (see p. 155, note) to have been first published many years ago. I have never seen any other translations of these dramas. Any one reading them in English for the first time would, I think, be driven to the conclusion that, as dramas, "Hernani" and "Ruy Blas" were greatly superior to "The King's Diversion." As a satire, no doubt, the latter play takes high rank; but those who subscribe to the opinion—I think it is Mr. Swinburne's—that even sinners in a drama must have some trace of human, or, at any rate, of devilish dignity, will hardly recognise a dramatic character in Francis I., as here depicted. We all know how supremely dramatic a figure is Iago, the man without a conscience or a scruple; but Francis is mere personified concupiscence, a mere statue for the court of Lubricity. There is deep pathos, undoubtedly, in Triboulet. It is with with aching hearts that we read of the fall and fate of Blanche; but, after all, Pandarus would still be Pandarus, though he drew the line at his own daughter. Mr. Slous has made what can be made of the worse parts, and, in satirical and indignant passages, rises to his best, as,

e.g., in St. Vallier's denunciation (act i., sc. iv., p. 189):

"O monstrous traffic! foully hast thou done!
My blood was thine, and justly, tho' it springs
Amongst the best and noblest names of France;
But to pretend to spare these poor grey locks,
And yet to trample on a weeping woman,
Was basely done; the father was thine own,
But not the daughter.
I come not now to ask her back from
thee;
Nay, let her love thee with insensate love;
I take back nought that bears the brand of
shame.
Keep her! Yet still amidst thy festivals,
Until some father's, brother's, husband's hand,
(Twill come to pass) shall rid us of thy yoke,
My pallid face shall ever haunt thee there,
To tell thee, Francis, it was foully done!"

But, on the whole, one wishes that Mr. Slous had tried another play, say, "Marion DeLorme." Didier, Marion herself, and Saverny are characters of more human interest than those in "The King's Diversion."

Mrs. Crosland is not, I think, so good a writer of blank verse as she is of rhyme. The influence of Byron's dramatic verse—which is surely the worst ever written by a poet of his level—seems to be often upon her—as, e.g., in such lines as:

"Oh, the old
Devil! Of all he takes the largest share
Of profits" (p. 351).

"Are you not 'shamed that with
Expanding fortunes, thus your heart should
shrink?" (p. 314).

"That old man who in
The darkness laughs" (p. 135).

The tendency, in other words, to weak endings, that break the sense and dull the metre, is very observable in the dialogue. There is, I think, little doubt that she has done "Ruy Blas" better than "Hernani." The interest of the latter play is in the exhibition of passion at white heat; but Mrs. Crosland rather sobers down the diction for her English readers. It is natural to do so, but it involves an appreciable loss. In the stately passages of "Ruy Blas" she is at her best, and a very good best it is—e.g., act iii., sc. 2:

"Oh, Charles the Fifth, in these dread times of
shame
And terror, oh, what dost thou in thy tomb,
Most mighty Emperor? Arise—come, see
The best supplanted by the very worst:
This kingdom, now in agony—that was
Constructed out of Empires—near its fall.
It wants thine arm! Come to the rescue,
Charles!
For Spain is dying, blotted out, self slain!
Thy globe, which brightly shone in thy right
hand,
A dazzling sun that made the world believe
That thenceforth at Madrid the day first
dawn'd,
Is now a dead star, that in the gloom grows less
And less—a moon three quarters gnaw'd away,
And still decreasing ne'er to rise again
But be effaced by other nations."

For romantic interest, no doubt, readers of these translations will turn first to "Hernani"—yet eventually, I believe, most of them will feel that "Ruy Blas" is not only better translated, but also the finer play. Such, at least, is the impression Mrs. Crosland's work leaves on the present writer. Yet there are noble passages in her version of "Hernani," too. Let us take leave of it with one that will dwell on the mind as a permanent verdict on the play and its hero:

"I know
That he existed formerly in dreams,
Hernani, he whose eyes flashed like a sword,
A man of night and of the hills, a man
Proscribed, on whom was seen writ everywhere
The one word *vengance*."

E. D. A. MORSEHEAD.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Hibbert lecturer this year will be the Rev. Dr. E. Hatch, of St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, who has taken for his subject "The Greek Influence on Christianity." The Hibbert lectures for 1886 by Prof. Rhys, the publication of which was delayed, are now nearly ready for issue.

Now that Scotch Conservatism is without a morning daily organ, either in Edinburgh or in Glasgow (the *Scottish News* having ceased on Saturday to appear as a morning paper), there is some talk of establishing a weekly political review in Edinburgh.

WE are informed that Messrs. George Bell & Sons are about to publish the poems of the late Mr. George Morine, whose sonnet in Mr. Waddington's *English Sonnets by Poets of the Past* attracted so much attention. Mr. Morine, who was born at York in 1809, died about sixteen years ago, and bequeathed his poems in MS. to the Rev. Richard Wilton, vicar of Londesborough, a brother-poet, who has now written the memoir which is to be printed with the poems.

UNDER the title of *Chants of Labour* Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. will shortly publish a book of songs for the people, set to popular tunes, and edited by Mr. Edward Carpenter. The frontispiece, cover and title-page have been specially drawn by Mr. Walter Crane; and among the poets, living and dead, who have been laid under contribution are Burns, Shelley, Charles Kingsley, Walt Whitman, William Morris, J. R. Lowell, and T. D. Sullivan.

MR. JOSEPH THOMSON'S novel is now ready for the press. It will be called *Ulu*, and the name of Harris Smith will appear on the title-page as joint author with Mr. Thomson. The publishers are Messrs. Sampson Low.

DR. EALES, the author of "Via Crucis," has in the press a companion volume, entitled *Via Lucis*, relating to Eastertide. It is illustrated by Mr. Wyndham Hughes, and will be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MESSRS. W. B. WHITTINGHAM & Co. announce a popular work by Mr. Edward P. Mathers, of Natal, entitled *Golden South Africa*; or, the Gold-fields Revisited. It will be illustrated with five original maps.

A SECOND edition of Miss Emily Lawless's *Ireland*, in the "Story of the Nations" Series, has been called for in three months.

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S new book, *Confessions of a Young Man* is being translated into French, and will shortly appear as a serial in the *Revue Indépendante*.

ON Friday next, February 24, Sir William W. Hunter, late director of statistics to the Government of India, will read a paper before the Society of Arts, entitled "Facts regarding the Religions of India, and their Influences on the Social Progress of the People." The Earl of Northbrook, at one time governor-general, will take the chair.

THE Shelley Society has issued to those members who have paid their subscriptions for this year its first set of four books, namely, the photo-lithographic facsimile of *The Mask of Anarchy* (1832); the other three are (1) the Shelley Society's *Papers*, part i., by Mr. Stopford Brooke, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, &c.; (2) the Shelley Society's *Note-Book*, part i.; (3) an Alphabetical Table of Contents to the three principal editions of Shelley's works. Four more books are in a forward state, and will be ready in June. Thus eight handsome books will be given for this year's subscription of a guinea. Some twenty new members have

recently joined the society, but more are still wanted. The hon. sec. is Mr. T. J. Wise, 127 Devonshire Road, Holloway, N.

THE action arising out of the preliminary arrangement for the Browning Society's production of "Strafford" in 1886 having been decided against Dr. Furnivall, some of his friends feel strongly that it would be unfair that the burden of the damages and costs should fall on him alone. A small committee, therefore, has been formed to collect subscriptions from members of the Browning Society and others. Contributions may be sent to either J. Dykes Campbell, 29 Albert-Hall Mansions, Kensington Gore, S.W.; or Walter B. Slater, 249 Camden Road, N.

WE have to acknowledge the receipt of two *Annals*, both of which have appeared this year a week or two earlier than previously. Of the *Statesman's Year-Book* (Macmillan), edited by Mr. Scott Keltie, it is enough to say that this invaluable volume is now in its twenty-fifth year, and that its bulk has grown to just over 1,000 pages. *Hazell's Annual Cyclopaedia* (Hodder & Stoughton), though only three years of age, is evidently thriving. If the number of pages has been reduced by 60, the total of articles has been raised to more than 3,000, partly by excluding information that has served its turn in former issues. We may here specially call attention to the articles on Assyriology, Biblical Archaeology, Egyptology, and Mythology, each of which conveys a large amount of information, up to the latest date, in a concise form. Altogether, the editor, Mr. E. D. Price, is to be congratulated on the success of his continuous efforts to make this book indispensable to the ordinary reader of the daily newspaper.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

DR. E. B. TYLOR, Mr. Charles Elton, Mr. A. N. Palmer, Mr. Sidney Hartland, and Mr. F. E. Sawyer, will contribute papers to the first issue of the new *Archaeological Review*. Mr. Elton writes on the Picts of Galloway, and Dr. Tylor introduces the anthropological section to the readers. A Blue-book account, lost amid official correspondence, of the tribes of Gambia will be published, and a glossary of Wilts agricultural words originally printed in 1813. This latter will be accompanied by some notes from Prof. Skeat. As an appendix to the *Review*, a portion of an index of papers contributed to the various archaeological societies of Great Britain up to 1886 will be from time to time printed and pagged separately. Other indexes will be given, and these will form a novel feature of the new review, which is resolved to render practical help to all interested in archaeology.

MR. GLADSTONE will contribute an article on Irish affairs to the next number of the *Contemporary Review*, and Sir Lyon Playfair will write in the same number on the condition of trade and technical education.

MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD will contribute a paper to the March number of the *National Review*, which will also contain articles by the Warden of Merton on "Ireland"; on "The Reform of the House of Lords," by the Hon. G. N. Curzon; and on "Female Suffrage," by Mrs. Fawcett, in reply to Mr. Goldwin Smith.

THE March number of *Time* will contain "Work and Workers, No. III.—Private Secretaries," by One of Them; "Old Church Wine in New Bottles," by Prebendary Harry Jones; "The Thermometer of Political Reputations," by the Hon. Randolph Stewart; "India's Undeveloped Military Resources," by Edward Lawrence, of Bombay Civil Service; a short story by Annie Thomas, &c.

The *Bookworm* for March will open with an article, entitled "Shakspeare's Physiognomy," by the editor. Among other contents will be the conclusion of Mr. Charles P. Johnson's paper on first editions of Charles Dickens's works; an account of Dr. Williams's library, by Mr. A. C. Bickley; and the *jeu d'esprit*, "The Bookworm's Story," which appeared in the second number, is continued under the title "Our *Modus Vivendi*."

THE March number of *Art and Letters* will contain "Afloat," II., by Guy de Maupassant; "Lilith," by Chesneau; "Miremonde," by Lanjol; "Antonin Mercieu," by Philippe Gille; "The Red Gendarme," II., by T. Gautier fils.

"ILLUSTRATIONS" will henceforth be conducted by a limited company, with Mr. Francis George Heath as managing director.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE senate of Glasgow University have elected Prof. Max Müller to be the first Gifford lecturer on natural theology. The tenure is for two years, which may be renewed once only. The emoluments consist of the interest of the late Lord Gifford's bequest of £25,000. The lecturer is required to give at least twenty public lectures annually.

DR. A. A. MACDONELL, at present Taylorian teacher of German at Oxford, has been appointed deputy to the Boden professor of Sanskrit. Mr. Macdonell won the Taylorian scholarship in German in 1876, the Davis scholarship in Chinese in 1877, and the Boden scholarship in Sanskrit in 1878. A few years ago he obtained the degree of Ph.D. at Leipzig, with a thesis in philology. He was the only representative from Oxford at the Oriental Congress at Vienna, two years ago. In 1886 he edited an abridged edition of Prof. Max Müller's *Sanskrit Grammar*; and still more recently he has, we believe, been lecturing for Sir Monier Williams, whose deputy he has now become.

It is stated that Sir Monier Williams has been appointed Duff lecturer at Edinburgh, where he will deliver a course of lectures on "Buddhism."

IN congregation at Oxford, next Tuesday, it will be proposed to grant £300 for two years out of the Boden Fund to Prof. Max Müller, for giving instruction in Vedic literature; and also £150 towards the excavations now being carried on in Cyprus by Mr. Ernest Gardner and others.

GEN. RICHARD STRACHEY, president of the Royal Geographical Society, is delivering a course of lectures at Cambridge, in the museum of archaeology, on "The Principles of Geography."

DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN, curator of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, announces a course of six evening lectures, to be delivered this term and next, on "Ruskin's Work as Critic and Philosopher."

THE collection of eggs of British birds formed by the late J. P. Wilmot has been presented to the University of Cambridge by Lady Caroline and Mr. C. H. Russell. This collection is historical, as having furnished many of the specimens figured or described in Hewitson's *British Oology*, notably a very fine egg of the extinct great auk, which now fetches more than £100 at auction sales.

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has accepted an invitation to speak on "Home Rule" at the Oxford Union on Wednesday next, February 22; and Mr. John Morley on the following Wednesday. We believe that neither of these now distinguished orators took part in the Union debates in their undergraduate days.

THE last number (26) of *Bibliographical Contributions*, issued by the Library of Harvard University, consists of a catalogue of Carlyle's books relating to Oliver Cromwell and Frederick the Great, which were bequeathed by him to Harvard. The total number of volumes seems not to exceed 250, of which only about fifty relate to Cromwell. Most bear Carlyle's autograph, and many are enriched with characteristic MS jottings from his pen. Here is a specimen, in an anonymous *Life of Charles, Prince of Lorraine* (London: 1746):

"What stupidest son of Adam can have written this?—a dunghill; and in it not 'pearls' but half a handful of old nails. Oho! 4 Feb., 1859."

The catalogue, which has been compiled by Mr. William Coolidge Lane, further contains a heliotype of the cast from the original death-mask of Cromwell, which was given to Carlyle by Mr. Thomas Woolner (the present owner of the mask), and which has been presented to the Harvard library by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton.

THE first number of a series to be called "Beihefte zum Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen," consists of a print of the names in the register of the University of Paris for the year 1464, edited by Dr. Max Spürgatis, of Strasbourg, with a facsimile. The publisher is Harrassowitz, of Leipzig; but it may be obtained in this country from Mr. David Nutt.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

TO HIS LOVE
(WHO IS YOUNGER THAN HE).

WHAT shall I call thee—Song-bird? Sweetheart mine?

How shall I woo thee? . . . if, in truth, I dare
To cast my shadow on that path of thine;
To braid my silver with thy golden hair!

How shall I woo thee? Stretching forth my hands,
As elms in spring stretch forth their boughs to greet

Wing'd wanderers from sunny far-off lands?
Ah, seek some younger, fresher shade, my sweet!

Thy nest should be a bow'r of blossoms rare;
Thy shade should be all perfume, and thy lay
Pour'd forth upon the summer-spiced air
Of some soft clime, where it is always May.

Alas, my boughs are tempest-toss'd and shorn!
My roots have struck the rock—my leaves are shed.

Shall winter mate with spring, or eve with morn?
Despair with hope? The living with the dead?

Yet come, if come thou wilt! For well-nigh due
Is God's great miracle, when earth and sky,
Mountain, and moor, and copse their youth
renew—
And if the daisies, dearest, why not I?

I wak'd last night from dreams of spring, and, lo!
The first dear crocus shows its head to-day;
And yonder limes are crimson'd with the glow
Of the imprison'd summer! Come away!

Away, dear love, to meet and greet the spring!
Unfold, ye buds! Laugh out in leaf, ye trees!
Come, perfum'd winds, your laden sweetness
bring
From Tropic isles beyond the Western seas!

Sing, sing, ye thrushes! To our Northern shore,
Dear swallows, from the purple East fly fast!
Darkness and doubt and winter are no more—
The eternal youth of Hope is mine at last!

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

PROF. DANA, the famous American geologist, has, it appears, re-affirmed a doctrine which, if true, must cover with confusion the too forward champions both of science and of

Biblical criticism. His article, in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* (April, 1885, pp. 201-224), has drawn forth a reply from Canon Driver in the *Andover Review* (December, 1887). We refer to it here because there may be some who are inclined to accept Prof. Dana's conclusions upon trust, in ignorance of the methods by which they are obtained, and which, as the Regius Professor of Hebrew at Oxford shows, set at defiance every principle of interpretation and language. The tone of Canon Driver's article leaves nothing to be desired. He admits the supremacy of Prof. Dana within his own sphere, and claims less for Biblical criticism than some of his colleagues might desire. He has also taken a great deal of trouble—as not only this but other articles evince—to master the details of scientific investigations into the "genesis" of things; and on this, as well as on other grounds, we anticipate that both men of science like Prof. Dana and Sir J. W. Dawson (whose statements are also here criticised), and literary men like Mr. Gladstone (see *Nineteenth Century*, vol. xix.) will accept Canon Driver's reply as within its own sphere final, and as an important contribution to the general question. Of course, it may still be asked, Does not the discussion, as thus conducted, presuppose that which historical critics are seldom willing to admit, viz., that the Hebrew Scriptures do sometimes contain statements on subjects entirely beyond the mental horizon of the writers? and, would it not be better first of all to settle this question of fact, with which, of course, literary critics are alone competent to deal? There are other schools of Christian apologetics than that with which Prof. Driver may be supposed, we think, in this article to identify himself. But at any rate, his position as a representative philologist renders it quite impossible for such misinterpretations as Prof. Dana's to be re-affirmed in future. We may, in passing, give a word of well-deserved praise to Canon Driver's *Critical Notes on the International Sunday-School Lessons from the Pentateuch* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons). Fortunate are the Sunday-school teachers who require and can digest such thorough and lucid teaching on the Pentateuch from a point of view at once critical and positive. To students and clergymen, at any rate, the book may be earnestly commended. We only regret its fragmentary character, the cause of which is explained in the preface.

THE principal articles in the *Revista Contemporanea* for January are "The Budget of Education," by S. Fatigato, showing how much less than other nations Spain spends on education in proportion to her revenue—1 to 1½ per cent. against 6½ in Belgium, and 4 in England. Francisco Lastres treats of the dissolution of marriage, stating that ecclesiastical law is still supreme in Spain in questions relating to marriage. Rodriguez-Ferrer concludes his account of the African traveller, Manuel Iradier, and advocates greater attention to the colonies and the navy. There is an interesting sketch of the life of Ribera, by Emilio Chaulic. N. Acero finishes his archaeological account of Baza, and fixes the site of other Roman cities in Murcia. F. de Paula Villadar makes it probable that Alvaro de Bazan, the first Marquis de Santa Cruz, was born at Granada, and not at Guadix.

THE *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia for January highly praises Dr. A. Neubauer's mediæval Jewish chronicles in the "Anecdota Oxoniensia," and proposes the translation of portions of them into Spanish. Manuel Danvila prints the acts and budget of the Cortés of 1655, which are full of interest. The proposals for increasing the revenue range between novelties like free entry of all imports

and worn-out expedients, as debasement of the coinage. The treasury received less than one-third of the sum raised on some taxes, and less than one-seventh on others. We notice a payment of 40,000 crowns to the Conde de Nafort for a levy of 1,500 Irishmen, and 3,050 other Irish troops in Spain are mentioned. The *Boletín* is rich in Hebrew inscriptions and in notices of the condition of the Jews, especially at Jerez. In 1459, Enrique IV. declares that their persecution is "against the tenor and form of the Apostolic Bulls and the laws of my kingdoms."

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- ACHILLIS, H. Das Symbol d. Fisches u. die Fischdenkmäler der römischen Katakomben. Marburg: Elwert. 2 M.
AKONA-TRAVESI, O. Studi su Giacomo Leopardi. Con notizie e documenti sconosciuti e inediti. Napoli: Dettone. 5 fr.
BIET, Th. Zwei politische Satiren d. alten Rom. Marburg: Elwert. 3 M. 3 Pf.
DE LA BÈNE-HELLE, Gudla. Histoire de Beaumarchais: mémoires inédits publiés sur les manuscrits originaux par Maurice Tournoux. Paris: Plon. 6 fr.
FABRE, A. Les Ennemis de Chapelain. Paris: Thorin. 10 fr.
JOURNÉ, H. Esthétique du Sculpteur. Paris: Renouard. 6 fr.
LEHAUCOURT, P. Les expéditions françaises au Tonkin. Paris: Spectateur Militaire. 8 fr.
LOISEL, F. Histoire de la poésie mise en rapport avec la civilisation. Tomes 1 et 2. Paris: Thorin. 3 fr.
NEUWIRTH, J. Geschichte der christlichen Kunst in Böhmen bis zum Aussterben der Premysliden. Prag: Calve. 10 M.
OLDENBERG, K. Der russische Nihilismus von seinen Anfängen bis zur Gegenwart. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 3 M. 6 Pf.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- ACTA Pontificum Romanorum inedita III. 3. Bd. 2. Abth. Indices. Stuttgart: Kohlhammer. 6 M. 50 Pf.
GESCHICHTSCHRIBER, die preussischen, des XVI. u. XVII. Jahrh. 6. Bd. 1. Hälfte. J. Hoppe's Geschichte d. ersten schwedisch-polnischen Kriege in Preussen. Hrg. v. M. Toeppen. 1. Hälfte. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 9 M.
HERRMANN, O. Die Gefechtsführung abendländischer Heere im Orient in der Epoche d. ersten Kreuzzugs. Marburg: Elwert. 2 M. 40 Pf.
LAV-CAT, Procès des frères et de l'ordre du Temple. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 60 c.
LESSER, P. Erzbischof Poppo v. Trier (1018-1047). Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte d. deutschen Episkopate vor Ausbruch d. Investiturstreites. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 2 M. 40 Pf.
LIBER, der, cancellariae apostolicae vom J. 1330 u. der Stilus palatii abbreviatus Dietrichs v. Nieheim. Hrg. v. G. Eriar. Leipzig: Veit. 7 M.
MONUMENTA Germaniae paedagogica. Hrg. v. K. Kehrbach. 4 u. 5. Bd. Berlin: Hofmann. 37 M.
UNTERSUCHUNGEN, histor.-ohe. 9. Hft. Die wirtschaftliche Blüte Spaniens im 16. Jahrh. u. ihr Verfall. Von K. Hebler. Berlin: Gaertner. 8 M.
WLASAK, M. Römische Proceßgesetze. 1. Abthg. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 6 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- CARRAU, L. La Philosophie religieuse en Angleterre depuis Locke jusqu'à nos jours. Paris: Alcan. 5 fr.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE IMPORTANCE OF OLD BOOK-BINDINGS.

London: Feb. 14, 1888.

The importance of gathering together, calendaring, and carefully preserving all docu-

ments relating to the history of the past has been so often insisted on in the ACADEMY that I doubt not you will allow me to make use of your widely-circulated columns to call attention to a storehouse of such documents, by no means unimportant, which has hitherto escaped the attention of all but a very small number of persons. I allude to materials used in the binding of old books.

Our cathedral and collegiate church libraries contain a considerable number of old books and registers in their original bindings. The earliest of these are composed of wooden boards covered with leather and lined with parchment. But parchment being expensive, leaves of old MSS., then considered useless, were often employed for this purpose. Later on wooden boards were discarded, and the binders substituted for them a pad composed of a number of sheets of paper and one or two of vellum. In the earlier days of typography, when printers were their own binders, they used for this purpose their own waste, proof, or cancelled sheets; and, as my regretted friend, Mr. H. Bradshaw, the late learned librarian of Cambridge, has pointed out, these fragments often afford most valuable evidence towards the solution of difficulties still remaining unsettled in the history of printing. They also often furnish a clue to the identification of the binder of the volume.

In this country, owing to the change of religion, a vast number of liturgical MSS. and printed books fell into the hands of the binders, and were used not only to line books, but also to cover registers. In one library which I visited recently, I found MS. fragments dating from as early as the seventh century, including not only leaves of liturgical and theological MSS., but portions of household accounts of English sovereigns and bishops. In another, I found leaves of an unknown tract, printed with Caxton's types, an autograph musical composition of Dr. R. Fairfax, and leaves of a fifteenth-century register of the chapter of Salisbury Cathedral.

Of late years, more attention has been paid to the care of the books in these ancient libraries, and many volumes have been rebound, many more, perhaps, are being, or will be, rebound; and, alas! too often the old covers have disappeared, together with the unexamined fragments they contained. Such has also been the fate of many a register in the probate courts, and, doubtless, of very many more in private possession.

I would venture to suggest the urgent importance of a thorough examination of the book-covers in all our cathedral and collegiate church libraries, as also of all registers in the probate courts prior to 1600, and of the drawing up of a calendar of the fragments—these might be classed as MS. historical, liturgical, musical, and varia—and printed. In all cases any trade-marks or stamps on the bindings in which these fragments occur should be carefully noted, as these may often lead up to the discovery of other fragments of a valuable document or work. Years ago, I found in an old binding, stamped with the trade-mark of Paul van Verdebeke, a Bruges binder of the commencement of the sixteenth century, a fragment of a book printed by John Bortoen; and the subsequent examination of other bindings bearing the same mark led to the recovery of a notable portion of a volume of which no other copy is known. I am convinced that if this work is undertaken even at this, the eleventh, hour, there is a very good chance both of saving a considerable number of interesting historical, liturgical, palaeographical, and musical documents, and of clearing up the history of early typography.

I would further urge that single, loose leaves are of little value by themselves; but that, if all those now lying useless inside old book

covers could be brought together, say in the British Museum, not only is there a strong probability of uniting leaves of altogether unknown books, but also a positive certainty that many of the incomplete breviaries, missals, and early printed books of Caxton, Winkin de Worde, Pynson, and others, in our national collection might have their missing leaves supplied. The surplus stock of detached leaves should, in my opinion, be used to complete deficiencies in similar books in the University and other public libraries, precedence being given to the claims of those who had contributed most to the general stock.

Many such fragments are also to be found in private libraries; and I would take this opportunity of urging collectors to submit to the previous examination of some competent person any old books they may decide on having rebound. Not long ago £102 10s. was paid for a portion of the contents of one cover of a volume bound in the early years of the sixteenth century. I could mention many other instances of valuable documents being found in old book covers did I not fear to encroach too much on your valuable space.

W. H. JAMES WEALE.

THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN POET.

London: Feb. 14, 1883.

I am a little surprised to find that, in his *Australian Ballads and Rhymes*, Mr. Douglas Sladen makes no mention of Charles Lamb's and Wordsworth's friend, Barron Field, and that your reviewer does not pull him up for the omission. Field's *First Fruits of Australian Poetry* was privately printed by him at Sydney, New South Wales (where he was a judge of the Supreme Court), in 1819, and was reviewed by Lamb in Leigh Hunt's *Examiner* for January 16, 1820. The review is reprinted in the popular editions of Lamb's "Works," unfortunately without the quotation he made of the capital verses on the kangaroo. The privately printed volume would appear to have contained only two poems: "Botany Bay Flowers" and "The Kangaroo"; but with these Field printed several others in the appendix to his *Geographical Memoirs on New South Wales: by Several Hands*, published by John Murray in 1825. Mr. Field's verses are strictly "Australian," and deserved the place of honour in any collection such as Mr. Sladen's.

J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

AINU FAIRY TALES.

London: Feb. 13, 1888.

Prof. Chamberlain, of Tokyo, who has already earned the gratitude of many little people (and of some big folk too) by his renderings of Japanese fairy-tales, has begun a series of little stories gathered from Ainu lips, of which the two which have just appeared, *The Hunter in Fairyland* and *The Birds' Party*, will be found no less interesting, and even more novel, than those of more Southern origin. These little brochures are daintily printed and got up, and very quaintly illustrated in colours by a Japanese artist, the very covers being pictured all over with representations of Ainu men and women, weapons, houses, and utensils, and with scenes from the stories. The tales show how like are the workings of the fancy in primitive peoples all over the world, and how universal the yearning after some happier existence than that which we have to lead from day to day.

F. V. DICKINS.

"FORS MAXIMILIANI."

Oxford: Feb. 11, 1888.

As our (non-lecturing) Professor of Comparative Philology was not in a position to contravene

any one of the statements in my short note, his lengthy communication to you is mainly taken up by an interesting list of books he has read lately, and by arguments tending to show that my letter was so trivial that it ought never to have appeared in the ACADEMY at all. May I be allowed as briefly as possible to recite the circumstances under which my note was sent to the ACADEMY? This will be my best answer to the charge that it was a triviality and an impertinence.

A short time ago there appeared in the *Saturday Review* a notice of the *Biographies of Words* in which the reviewer, as a humble seeker after truth, asked whether there was any phonetic difficulty in the way of connecting *Fors* with *ferre*. To this question Prof. Max Müller vouchsafed a very decided reply in a postscript to a letter in answer to Mr. Andrew Lang, which appeared in the ACADEMY. He said that the answer that philology gave was that *Fors* could not be connected with *ferre*, because (quoting the authority of Brugmann) an Indo-European *er* remains *er* in Latin. Of course, it was quite obvious to any one who had read Brugmann that this argument of Prof. Max Müller's was irrelevant and misleading. But this statement was made publicly in the ACADEMY. What reason was there why the irrelevancy should not be exposed without delay in the same journal? Prof. Max Müller says that my note dealt with an "obsolete" controversy. This is hardly correct. It dealt with a mistake of his own which had that very day seen the light. The professor is contemptuous about the shortness of my note. Is not brevity a more pardonable fault than sending you a letter full of personalities and other irrelevant matter, and steadily ignoring the main question in dispute?

I think it would have been better if Prof. Max Müller had not called up the memory of the discussion between us about *cālin*. He must know as well as I do that his equation of *cālin* with the Latin *cālinum* is absolutely untenable. I am glad to hear, as I do for the first time from his letter, that my suggestion as to its etymology had been made before. It matters not one straw who may be the first to hit upon a derivation. The important question is, Is it in accordance with history, and with well-ascertained phonetic laws? That Prof. Max Müller's etymologies are not always so, I may perhaps be able to show on some other occasion.

A. L. MAYHEW.

P.S.—It has been suggested to me that Prof. Max Müller's letter was in form a commentary on the statement I impugned. It may be convenient to place together text and commentary.

Text: "The word *Fors* cannot be derived from *ferre*. . . . The root *bhar* is an *ē* root, and in Latin this original *ē* remains unchanged before *r*."

Commentary: "This means that the particular root *bhar* does not usually appear in Latin with Ablaut [though, as I have always known and taught, plenty of other *ēr* roots do]; therefore the single apparent instance of such a phenomenon is likely not to be genuine."

Could any "eminent divine" do better than this, though the text were from the Bible, and the comment were a desperate attempt to defend an incredible dogma?—A. L. M.

DANISH PLACE-NAMES AROUND LONDON.

London: Feb. 9, 1888.

As to Wandsworth, Mr. Stevenson may be right about this coming from the personal name Wendel, but he should not forget that there is a place-name Vandel in Denmark;* and I, for one, believe that hundreds of the names of our

* There is also a Brent the double of our Thames tributary.

English villages were simply reproductions by Danish settlers of their home-names. Very few know or care to recognise so simple a way of accounting why a place was named; but, taking the metropolis as a centre, we find that many place-names near it are absolutely identical with those of Danish villages. I do not think the absolute identities of so many* places near London with Danish place-names has ever been pointed out before, so some may not be uninteresting.

The names in brackets are villages to be found in Danish gazetteers. Among other identities are London† (Lunden—several), The Hope (Hope), Foreland (Forumland and Foreland Fjord), Tilbury (Tilsbjerg), Greenwich (Grønnevig), Woolwich (Ulvig), Wanstead (Vanstead), Rainham (Ranum), Limehouse (Lymose), Foulham ‡ (Foulum), Turnham (Tjørneholm), Walham Green (øholm), Sunbury (Sonnebjerg), Egham (Egholm), Balham (Ballum), Riverhead § (Roevehede), Guildford (Gylteford), Ealing (Eiling), Hampstead (Hammestad), Graveney (Gravenel), Hackney (Aakenoes), Bromley (Bromelle), and Westerham (Vesterholm).

Of places beginning the same as Danish place-names, there are Hammersmith (Hammer-shuus), Isleworth (Islegaard), Gunnersbury (Gunnarskjer), Gravesend (Gravensteen), Carshalton (Karsholt), Swanscombe (Svanevig), Brixton (Brixgaard), Camberwell (Kammer-gaarde), &c.

One is apt to forget what strong evidences of Danish settlements there are all round about London, e.g., Clapham, known in connexion with Osgod Clapa a Dane, and how many *bys*, *oes* and *fleets* there are, as Gunnersby, Harrow, Hounslow, Taplow, Northfleet, &c. But I fear the suggestions made above afford too simple a way of accounting how some of our villages got their names to find favour with antiquaries.

WALTER RYE.

PARIS AND TRISTAN IN THE "INFERNO."

London: Feb. 7, 1888.

In a letter to the ACADEMY some months back (October 1), on the above subject, I quoted a passage from Chaucer's *Legende of Goode Women* in support of the view that the Paris of *Inferno* v. 67, who is coupled by Dante with Tristan, was intended to be the Paris of classical fame, and not the Paris of mediæval romance. In the passage referred to Chaucer couples together "Ysoude and Eleyne"; and I find the two again coupled in one of the *Chansons Royaulx* of Eustache Deschamps, who belongs to the second half of the fourteenth century:

"Qu'est devenuz Denys, le roy felon,
Job le courtois, Thobie et leur lignée,
Aristote, Ypocras, et Platon,
Judich, Hester, bonne Penelopee,
Royne Dydo, Pallas, Juno, Medee,
Guenievre, Yseult et la treubelle Helaine,
Palamides, Tristan a tout s'espée?
Ilz sont tous mors, ce monde est chose vaine."

The above is from the ballad numbered CCCLXVIII. in Vol. III. of the edition of Deschamps published by the Société des Anciens Textes Français.

PAGET TOYNBER.

THE PUBLISHING PRICE OF LARGE PAPER EDITIONS.

Oxford: Feb. 10, 1888.

There has grown up within the last year or two a custom in publishing which falls very

* And the partial identities of others.

† It is suggestive that there is a London-thorpe in Lincolnshire.

‡ We know the Danes wintered there.

§ Which is not the head of any river.

hard on the book-buyer—viz., putting no fixed price upon a book. To give an instance. When Mr. Lang's translation of *Aucassin and Nicolette* was advertised, it was announced that a certain number of copies would be issued on large paper. Anxious to secure two copies, I ordered a copy from two booksellers. When the book came out I happened to see a copy in a shop window and bought it at 14s. 6d. On coming back to Oxford my copies, previously ordered, were sent in. On asking the booksellers how much I was to pay, the one charged 15s., the other £1 1s.

Unless some change is made, lovers of fine books will hesitate to order large paper copies when they have no guarantee that the price may not be exorbitant.

After the book has appeared it may often rise in price; but those who have ordered copies months before have surely a right to be protected from exorbitant overcharge.

E. GORDON DUFF.

THE CANARY ISLANDS.

London: Feb. 8, 1888.

Your review (ACADEMY, February 4) of my book, *Tenerife and its Six Satellites*, seems to require some answer from me.

It is suggested that I have insufficiently consulted original authorities, and your reviewer would like to have a list of the books which I have seen on the subject. That is impossible, for two reasons: (1) their number is ninety-one—a list of titles too long, I fear, for your columns; and (2) about eighty of these only treat of parts of the islands, or are not really original authorities. In the earlier chapters of my book I have mentioned the really valuable, i.e., original, authorities that exist on the subject.

Now, with regard to a few of your reviewer's corrections:—(1) A certain amount of misprints there may be. They will all be corrected in the second edition. (2) As to the spelling of some of the local names, many of them are, of course, mere approximations, formed according to native pronunciation. There is no literary authority for authentic spelling in these cases. It is rash to be dogmatic, as your reviewer is, as to the spelling of a Guanche name. (3) The accuracy of my maps is, no doubt, open to comment. In the absence of any topographical surveys, I had to rely upon private observations, made roughly in the course of travelling. Even so, I doubt whether any one lives who is competent to point out many serious inaccuracies in them. (4) Of my husband's and Mr. Bécher-vaise's original meteorological observations your reviewer says nothing.

Your reviewer errs in supposing that I ever intended to write a scientific, botanical, or historical work. I went to the islands with the avowed intention of writing a modern work of travel that would induce others to travel there, and would give a true account of the present inhabitants. This, I maintain, I have done.

In conclusion, I have only to repeat what I say in my book, that criticisms founded upon a partial knowledge of these islands is apt to be most misleading.

OLIVIA M. STONE.

SIR HENRY MAINE.

Oxford: Feb. 11, 1888.

In your notice of the late Sir Henry Maine in to-day's ACADEMY (p. 97), you say "We believe that none of the addresses have been published which he delivered as Vice-Chancellor of the University of Calcutta." This is a slight slip; for, in the third and following editions of *Village Communities* (1876), you will find three such addresses, namely,

those delivered in 1864, 1865, and 1866. The author states in the preface that these three addresses "have not before been printed in this country," though, doubtless, they appeared in India soon after their delivery.

May I also point out that the same third edition includes several other essays and lectures originally published independently, e.g., the *Cambridge Essays* (1856) article on "Roman Law and Legal Education," the *Fortnightly* review of "Sir James Stephen's Introduction to the Indian Evidence Act," and the Rede Lecture (1875) on the "Effects of Observation of India on Modern European Thought"—thus containing in a collected form his scattered juridical as distinguished from his journalistic writings?

W. A. B. COOLIDGE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Feb. 20, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Contemporary Novelists," by the Rev. H. O. Shuttleworth.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Antiquities recently discovered in the Acropolis of Athens," by Mr. A. S. Murray.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "Babylonian Civilization," by Mr. Boscawen.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Yeast: its Morphology and Culture," IV., by Mr. A. Gordon Salamon.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Real Essence of Religion," by the Rev. E. P. Scrymgeour.

TUESDAY, February 21, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin," VI., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.

4 p.m. Colonial Institute: Annual Meeting, Election of President and Council; Adoption of the Report and the Statement of Accounts.

7.45 p.m. Statistical: "Canadian Railway and Commercial Statistics," by Mr. J. G. Colmer.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The Economic Use of the Plane-Table in Topographical Surveying," by Mr. Josiah Pierce.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Azgros Vein of the Anurous Amphibia," by Prof. G. B. Howes; "Paleontological Contributions to Selachian Morphology," by Mr. A. Smith-Woodward; "Mammals obtained by Mr. G. F. Gaumer on Cozumel and Ruan Islands, Gulf of Honduras," by Mr. Oldfield Thomas.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 22, 8 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "A Critical Discussion of Selected Passages from Dante," II., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Technical Education Bill," by Mr. Swire Smith.

THURSDAY, Feb. 23, 2.30 p.m. British Museum: "The Languages and Races of the Babylonian Empire," IV., by Mr. G. Bertin.

3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Early Secular Choral Music," with Illustrations, III., by Prof. Hubert Parry.

8 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture: "A Critical Discussion of Selected Passages from Dante," III., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.

5 p.m. Hellenic: "Greek Architectural Mouldings," by Mr. H. H. Statham; "A Visit to some Museums of Northern Europe," by Mr. L. R. Farnell.

7 p.m. London Institution: "Historical Development of Music from Bach to Liszt," by Mr. Carl Armbruster.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Ancient Engraved Gems," by Mr. A. S. Murray.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "The Present State of Fire Telegraphy," by Herr R. von Fischer Treuenfeld.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, Feb. 24, 7.20 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting. "The Erection of the superstructure of the Forth Bridge," by Mr. A. J. Knowles.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Facts regarding the Religions of India, and their Influences on the Social Progress of the People," by Sir W. W. Hunter.

8 p.m. Quakers: Annual General Meeting—President's Address.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Westminster Abbey," by Dean Bradley.

SATURDAY, Feb. 25, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Experimental Optics," VI., by Lord Rayleigh.

8 p.m. Physical: "The Efficiency of Incandescent Lamps with Direct and Alternate Currents," by Prof. W. E. Ayrton and Prof. John Perry; "Observations on the Height and Length of Ocean Waves," by the Hon. Ralph Abercrombie; "Experiments on Electrolysis," by Mr. W. W. Haldane Gee; "The Temperature at which Nickel begins suddenly to lose its Magnetic Properties," by Mr. Herbert Tomlinson.

3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.

The American Journal of Mathematics. Vol. X., No. 1. (Baltimore.) Prof. Sylvester's course of "Lectures on the Theory of Reciprocants" (pp. 1-16) are here brought to a close. Both the author and reporter are to be congratulated on having successfully carried out the plan originally laid down by them, and we trust we shall have equally good work on the same or similar lines in future issues. We have the abstracts of thirty-three lectures, actually delivered, and some simpler matter is worked up into a quasi-thirty-fourth lecture on "probably the most difficult problem in elimination which has been effected up to the present time." The succeeding paper—"Algebraic Surfaces, of which every Plane-section is Unicursal in the Light of n Dimensional geometry" (pp. 17-28), by E. H. Moore, jun—gives another proof of a theorem recently established by Picard (*Kronecker's Journal of Mathematics*, 1886 (pp. 71-78), and develops several allied propositions in the geometry of dimensions. Mr. Morgan Jenkins (pp. 29-41) simplifies, in his remarks on "Prof. Cayley's extension of Arbogast's Methods of Derivations," a paper read before the Royal Society in December, 1880. It is a paper well suited for this journal, as it is accompanied by several tables which would be rather cramped in the ordinary journals. In the "Properties of a Complete Table of Symmetric Functions" (pp. 42-46), Capt. P. A. Macmahon establishes some remarkable features of a tabulation set forth by Mr. Durfee in vol. v. Oskar Bolza writes "On Binary Sextics, with Linear Transformations into Themselves" (p. 47-70)—an investigation undertaken at Prof. Klein's suggestion. Prof. Cayley gives the sequel to his former communication on "The Transformation of Elliptic Functions" (pp. 71-93), and Prof. Woolsey Johnson (pp. 94-98), closes the number with a "Symbolic Treatment of Exact Linear Differential Equations." A feature of very high interest in connexion with the present number is that it is accompanied by an excellent likeness of Prof. Sylvester, with autograph signature—an example that we trust may be followed in the case of one or two more of our veteran mathematicians.

A Text-Book of Algebra. By W. Steadman Aldis. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) This work is the embodiment of lectures on algebra delivered to students in the College of Physical Science at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, when the author was Professor of Mathematics there. This fact accounts for the mode of treatment adopted. It is not so much a book for elementary students—i.e., for boys at school—as for students of a more advanced type who are going over the subjects again, and who wish to get some insight into the principles of algebra. In his preface, the author states that he "has endeavoured to place the subject on a foundation of strict reasoning," and a comparatively large amount of space is therefore devoted to the discussion of "first principles." In this, Prof. Aldis has succeeded very well; and, though it does not go so deep as Prof. Chrystal's recent treatise does, yet it is a valuable introduction, and a manifest departure from the old type of book. It is not, then, a work got out for candidates who require the latest "tips" in their preparation for scholarship and other examinations, but for "persons who have not the opportunity, enjoyed by students in the old universities, of access to large libraries, or intercourse with other mathematical scholars." There are four sections. In the first are contained nine chapters devoted to arithmetical notions, algebraical laws, the four elementary

rules (in three chapters), highest common divisor, fractional forms, indices, and surds. The second section consists of seven chapters, treating of simple and quadratic equations, square and cube roots (with application to cubic equations), and one on determinants—another instance of the prominence now given to this subject in elementary training. Section three, in eight chapters, takes up the general subject of series, beginning with permutations and combinations, the ordinary progressions, the binomial and polynomial theorems, indeterminate co-efficients and recurring series, some special series, and logarithms with the exponential series. The concluding section discusses arithmetical applications—as ratio and proportion, continued fractions, indeterminate equations, inequalities, theory of numbers, and probabilities. Out of the 774 articles 283 are devoted to the first section. It will be seen that the usual subjects are taken, though in a somewhat different order; but one fault is that the more advanced parts are not treated at any length—in fact, some properties strike us as being conspicuous by their absence; and there is no advance here upon the old books. From its size one would have expected more than we find; but we can strongly commend the early part of the work as containing a clearly reasoned account of first principles. The examples are both excellently chosen and very numerous; and at the end, in the "Answers," Prof. Aldis has given some very useful hints, which will be a boon to students reading the work without the aid of a tutor. This being a "Clarendon" we need not say that it is well printed.

A Treatise on the Integral Calculus. Part I., containing an Elementary Account of Elliptic Integrals and Applications to Plane Curves, with numerous Examples. By Ralph A. Roberts. (Dublin: Hodges.) Mr. Roberts launches his book on the waters without any word of explanation, hence we cannot divine with certainty what actuated him to write it. No doubt he intends it to meet a want which he believes to exist in the mathematical library. He has done his work well, and even if it be not indispensable to his future part (or parts), it well deserves a welcome for its own sake. There is much of novelty in it, though it goes, in this present instalment, over a good deal of familiar ground. The writer here puts into a form adapted for students much of what he has embodied elsewhere in memoirs, which have been accepted on the score of novelty of treatment, or of results. The chapters on definite integrals, areas, and rectification of plane curves, are very full and interesting, and are accompanied by a good selection of examples; but the special novelty of this "elementary account" is the chapter devoted to a discussion of elliptic integrals—a subject for which our author in his other books has shown great affection. In the space of forty pages we have a sufficiently full introduction to these integrals. We anticipate that hereafter there will be a higher development of their properties. The book is exceedingly well printed, and we have come across hardly any errata. There is an index at the end.

Easy Lessons in the Differential Calculus; indicating from the outset the Utility of the Processes called Differentiation and Integration. By R. A. Proctor. (Longmans.) We have been much interested in reading this reprint of papers which originally appeared in *Knowledge*. They are, in our opinion, well suited for the class the writer had in view. We have recommended the work to beginners in the study of the Calculus, and have found that they, too, have been interested in Mr. Proctor's unfolding of the first principles and his treatment of some well-selected examples. Though

the book is small, it covers a fair amount of ground, and will serve to introduce the reader to many of the important applications. There are some misprints, which are in most cases easy to be corrected; but near the close (as on p. 110) letters have got rather mixed.

First Steps in Geometry. By Richard A. Proctor. (Longmans.) This little work has for its object to remove for young students in geometry the difficulties which the author encountered when he was a beginner himself. It contains three sections—(1) geometrical problems, (2) notes on Euclid, (3), riders and problems on Euclid's first two books. The most valuable part of it consists of the hints given for solving deductions. The collection of resolved problems and theorems is a useful one, and there are 260 easy riders to resolve. With an improved arrangement of the materials the size of the book might have been somewhat reduced.

The Conic Sections, with Solutions of Questions in London University and other Examination Papers. By George Heppel. (Baillière, Tindall & Co.) This is a small book, but it does not therefore follow that there is little in it. There is much good work bestowed upon a patient investigation of the properties of these well-known curves. We especially commend the discussion of the general equation, both referred to rectangular and oblique co-ordinates. Though not intended for absolute beginners—the way having been prepared for this class in an introductory work by another writer in the publisher's "Aids to Analytical Geometry"—this work goes over all the ground candidates for the examinations referred to in the title-page have to cover, and so is sufficient by itself for their purpose; or it may well be read, for the full discussion and illustration of the general equation, with any of the ordinary text-books.

Solutions to Problems contained in a Treatise on Plane Co-ordinate Geometry. By I. Todhunter. Edited by C. W. Bourne. (Macmillan.) "Printed solutions of examples seem to be found uninteresting, judging from the difficulty in persuading at least the younger students to read them. But much benefit may be derived by a judicious use of such works, especially by those who have not the assistance of a tutor." So wrote Dr. Todhunter in his essay on the "Private Study of Mathematics" (*Essays*, p. 81). Mathematical masters in schools, whose time is taken up with almost ceaseless teaching of the most elementary kind, are obliged to make their own collections of MS. solutions in the scant leisure time they can devote to such work, or to betake themselves to such aids as the present. To such we can commend the book before us, i.e., when the text-book in use is Dr. Todhunter's. This, we fear, is less frequently the case than it was when Mr. Bourne commenced, some fifteen years ago, the task which he has admirably carried out. The problems in Dr. Todhunter's book are good; and, if a second edition of the present work should be called for, we would suggest that Mr. Bourne should print the questions also, and then his book would stand on better ground, and attract a larger public. The author is no niggard, for he does not restrict himself to single solutions of a question.

Solutions and Hints for the Solution of some of the Examples in the Algebraical Exercises of Jones and Cheyne. By the Rev. W. Failes. (Macmillan.) The "Algebraical Exercises" are in very general use, and the book before us will be very serviceable to teachers in correcting the "exercises" done by their pupils. It gives ample assistance to the master, and the two or three papers we have worked in Mr. Failes's book are neatly solved. We are bound, however, to say that the first question we read (Lxxv. 1) contains two typographical mistakes,

the omission of an exponent (2), and the misplacing of a 2. Such little slips are to be expected in such a mass of figures, but their occurrence sometimes gives trouble in the press of teaching.

An Introductory Course of Plane Trigonometry and Logarithms. By J. Walmsley. (F. Hodgson.) As this handy book has now reached a tenth edition, it is only necessary to say that the author, not content with the success he had already achieved, has in this edition made considerable alterations and improvements which have been suggested to him by a teacher of great experience in the subject.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME RECENT EMMENDATIONS OF ARISTOTLE AND PLATO.

Oxford: Jan. 26, 1888.

In the *Cambridge University Reporter* of November 29 appears an abstract of a paper of emendations of the *Ethics* read before the Cambridge Philological Society by the president. None of them are convincing, but they are not liable to such grave objections as those considered in the *ACADEMY* of December 3.

They may be discussed in the order which they have in the paper:

I.

"VII 1 § 3=1145 a 27, *ἐπεὶ δὲ σπάνιον καὶ τὸ θεῖον ἄνδρα εἶναι, καθάπερ οἱ Λάκωνες εἰδῶσι προσαγορεύειν, ὅταν ἀγασθῶσι σφόδρα τοῦ (σεῖος ἀνὴρ φασιν), οὕτως καὶ ὁ θρησκύων ἐν τοῖς ἀνθρώποις σπάνιος.*"

"The phrase *σεῖος ἀνὴρ φασιν* is plainly unsound, since it cannot mean either 'they talk of a god-like man,' or 'this, they say, is a god-like man.' Accordingly it has been proposed to substitute *οὕτως* for *οὕτω*, or before *οὕτω* to add *οὕτως*. For my own part, noting that the Scholiast, 118, writes *οὕτως δὲ ἀνὴρ θεός [read σεῖος] ἔστιν, ἥτοι σεῖος, I think that, thus far, nothing more is necessary than the substitution of *ἀνὴρ* for *ἀνὴρ*. Compare Plato, *Sophist*, 216 b καὶ μοι δοκεῖ θεὸς μὲν ἀνὴρ οὐδαμῶς εἶναι, θεῖος μὴν. (In *Meno* 99 d, καὶ οἱ Λάκωνες ὅταν τινὰ ἐγκωμιάζωσιν ἀγαθὸν ἄνδρα, θεῖος ἀνὴρ φασιν, οὕτως, though the phrase is grammatical, the context seems to point to the same alteration.)"*

The emendation of this passage is unfortunate. It substitutes a commonplace for a lively idiom. *σεῖος ἀνὴρ* has not the article because it is a part of the predicate. The sentence in full is *σεῖος ἀνὴρ ἔστιν οὕτως*, shortened to *σεῖος ἀνὴρ οὕτως* where *οὕτως* is subject and *σεῖος ἀνὴρ* predicate (cf. "a fine fellow that!"). If proof were needed of anything so simple it is given in the passage of Plato by which this is probably suggested (see Susem.). *Meno*, 99 d, θεῖος ἀνὴρ φασιν οὕτως oddly quoted as probably needing the same alteration. *σεῖος ἀνὴρ οὕτως*, with the predicate first, is a natural form of exclamation. As an exclamation (cf. *ὅταν ἀγασθῶσι σφόδρα τοῦ*) it gains in liveliness by a further shortening in which the subject is dropped altogether (cf. "a fine fellow!").

The only admissible emendation is the one rejected (*οὕτως* before or instead of *οὕτως*). But the shortest form would probably please the Lacedaemonians best; and perhaps their opinion of the present correction would be *τῇ δασεῖ περιεργασθῆναι*.

II.

In the same passage another correction is approved as follows:

"But I am further of opinion that Zwinger is right in rejecting the whole clause *καθάπερ οἱ Λάκωνες—σεῖος ἀνὴρ φασιν*. For, as the reference to the *θεῖος* is merely retrospective and transitional, the justification of the term should be introduced, not here, but at an earlier stage; and, in fact, we have already had such a justification in § 1, *ὅσπερ Ὀμηρος περὶ Ἑκτορος κ.τ.λ.* Thus,

having first written *ἀνὴρ* in place of *ἀνὴρ*, I would then, with Zwinger, bracket the whole clause *καθάπερ οἱ Λάκωνες—φασιν*."

It is unsafe to follow the critic here quoted. One must suspect it did not occur to him that the remark he rejects might be meant to illustrate the rarity of the *θεῖος*. "It's a word with the Lacedaemonian for a man of rare merit (*ὅταν ἀγασθῶσι σφόδρα τοῦ*)." Susemihl's note on the emendation is "*seculudt Zwinger (male)*."

III.

"VI 2 § 2=1145 b 30, *ὅτι γὰρ οὐκ οἰεῖται γὰρ δ ἀκρατεὺς πρὶν ἐν τῷ πάθει γενέσθαι, φανερόν.*"

"It is customary to assume with *οὐκ οἰεῖται γὰρ* the ellipse of the words *δεῖν πράττειν* & *πράττει*, and to quote in justification 3 § 2=1146 b 23. But, whereas in 3 § 2 the requisite supplement occurs in the immediate context, so that the ellipse is easy, in 2 § 2 this is not the case. Is it possible that *οὐκ οἰεῖται γὰρ* has taken the place of the phrase which would most simply and directly express the writer's meaning, namely, *οὐκ ἀγνοεῖ*?"

This deals with a real and familiar difficulty. It seems a just observation that *οὐκ ἀγνοεῖ* would express the writer's meaning, but the emendation does not commend itself. The corruption of *ἀγνοεῖ* into *οἰεῖται γὰρ* is quite improbable (especially without variant); and it is hard to see why a particle so appropriate here as *γὰρ* should be sacrificed, unless it is to contribute a *γ* towards *ἀγνοεῖ*. It would be simpler to understand *ἀγνοεῖν* after *οἰεῖται* from the preceding context—a remedy which once occurred to me. But the probability is that the text is right as well as the current explanation, derived from iii. 2 (quoted above), to which add ix. 7 *δὲ μὲν καὶ δίδμενος δεῖν δ' (=δ ἀκράτης) οὐκ οἰόμενος*. In the New College MS. the words supplied are in the text itself, *δεῖν πράττειν* & *πράττει*; also in the Aldine, and in the excerpt from the *Ethics* in the commentary of Aspasius; but they have the air of a correction, and it would be unsafe to admit them against the more important MSS.

The ellipse is no doubt harsh, but it is hasty to emend the text without some consideration of the general question of ellipse in the style of Aristotle and his imitators. In the first place, the difficulty need not be made to look more formidable than it is. It is enough to supply *δεῖν*, which implies the rest. In the second place, there are some remarkably harsh ellipses within the limits of this book. One of the most striking is in chap. xii. 7, *τὸ δὲ τὸν σάφρονα φέγειν καὶ τὸν φρόνιμον δικάζειν τὸν ἄλυτον βίον, καὶ τὸ τὰ παιδία καὶ τὰ θηρία δικάζειν, τῷ αὐτῷ λύεται πάντα*. Grammar would demand that *τὸν ἄλυτον βίον* should be object of *φέγειν* and of the second *δικάζειν*, but yet *τὰς ἡδονὰς* must be supplied in both cases, as is seen from the opinions to which the author is referring in chap. xi. 4. The ellipse would be bad enough if these had immediately preceded, but they are in another chapter and fifty lines back. The compression of xi. 5 is more suited to a note than to anything intended for publication: *τοῦ δὲ μὴ πάσας σπουδαίας, ὅτι εἰσὶ καὶ αἰσχροὶ καὶ δνειδίζόμενα*, where, besides *εἶναι*, something like *σημείον δοκεῖ* must be added to explain the genitive, though neither the word *σημείον* nor a similar construction has anywhere preceded. Compare also the ellipse in the next sentence: *ὅτι δ' οὐκ ἔριστον ἢ ἡδονή, ὅτι οὐ τέλος ἀλλὰ γένεσις*. The following is a sufficiently harsh ellipse:

ὥς γὰρ Σπευσίππος ἔλκεν οὐ συμβαίνει ἢ λύσις, ὥσπερ τὸ μείζον τῷ ἐλάττω καὶ τῷ ἴσῳ ἐναντίον· οὐ γὰρ ἔν, &c., where *οὕτω τὴν ἡδονὴν τῇ λύτῃ καὶ τῷ μηδετέρῳ ἐναντίον* or something equivalent is to be supplied (see Fritzsche). Compare, also, iv. 6, *ὥσπερ οὖν οὐδ' ἔρταυθα κ.τ.λ.* But there are instances more akin to the passage before us in the same chapter: § 1. *οὐδένα γὰρ ὑπολαμβάνοντα πράττειν παρὰ τὸ βέλτιστον, ἀλλὰ δὲ ἀγνοῖαν*. This seems exceptional, for *υπολαμβάνειν*, like *οἰεῖσθαι*, has generally an adverb, at least, or a

proun to complete it. (Compare at the beginning of the chapter *ἀπορήσει δ' ἂν τις πῶς ὑπολαμβάνων ὁρθῶς ἀκρατεὺς εἶναι*, and § 2, *τὰναντία γὰρ πράττει ἂν ὑπολαμβάνει διὰ τὴν ἀκράσιν*.) Here (§ 2) *υπολαμβάνοντα* must be interpreted on the analogy of iii. 4, *παρὰ τὴν ὑπόληψιν πράττειν* and ii. 4, *μηδ' ἰσχυρὰ ὑπόληψις ἢ ἀντιτείνουσα*. The others are in §§ 10 and 11, *ἐπὶ δὲ τῷ πεπεισθαι πρᾶττων τὰ ἡδέα*; where *δεῖν* or *δεῖν πράττειν* may be understood with *πεπεισθαι*. § 11, *εἰ μὲν γὰρ μὴ ἐπείπειτο ἂ πράττει*, where *μὴ δεῖν* is wanted. In the preceding *πεπεισθαι δεῖν* has not occurred, but *οὐκ ἐμμένον οἷς ἐπέστη ὑπὸ τοῦ ὀδυρσίου* is found in § 7 above, and in the preceding section *υπολαμβάνει* . . . οὐ δεῖν πράττειν. Compare viii. 4, *τοιούτος οἷος μὴ διὰ τὸ πεπεισθαι δικάζειν τὰς . . . ἡδονὰς*, where, however, nothing similar has preceded. It must be allowed that the ellipse is anyhow more natural with *πεπεισθαι* than with *υπολαμβάνειν* and *οἰεῖσθαι*.

What is to be supplied with *οὐκ οἰεῖται* can be got from the tenor of the preceding context. The *ἀγνοια* of the *ἀκράτης* there spoken of would mean that he *οἰεῖται δεῖν, οἰεῖται μὴ εἶναι φαῦλα* (cf. *εἰδὼς δὲ φαῦλα*, i. 6), and to say that he has not this is to say *οὐκ οἰεῖται δεῖν*. The preceding chapter contains a sentence sufficiently like the present (*οὐκ οἰεῖται γὰρ δ ἀκρατεὺς πρὶν ἐν τῷ πάθει γενέσθαι*) in form to suggest the ellipse, viz. (§ 6), *καὶ δὲ μὲν ἀκράτης εἰδὼς δὲ φαῦλα πράττει διὰ πάθος*. It is twenty lines off, but that is less than half the distance between the sentence in xi. 5 and that which it explains in xii. 7 (above quoted), and this sentence (i. 6) is sufficiently fresh in the writer's mind, for the present context (ii. 1-5) is a discussion of it.

There is, however, something else perhaps in the writer's mind which may have unconsciously determined the choice of the word *οἰεῖται*. He is thinking of the doctrine in the *Protagoras*, and refers directly to this dialogue, p. 352 in § 1 (*περίλκειν . . . ἀνδράποδον*, see Fritzsche). But it is probable that in § 2 he has more especially before him *Protag.* p. 358, where *οἰεῖται* occurs in a somewhat similar way.

358 b, *οὐδὲς οὕτε εἰδὼς οὕτε οἰόμενος ἄλλα βελτίον εἶναι ἢ ἂ ποιεῖ καὶ δυνατόν, ὥστε ποιεῖ ταῦτα*.

1b. c. *ἐπὶ γὰρ τὰ κακὰ οὐδὲς ἐκὼν ἔρχεται, οὐδὲ ἐπὶ ἂ οἷεταί· κακὰ εἶναι, οὐδ' ἔστι τοῦτο, ὥς δοκεῖν ἐν ἀνθρώποις φύσει ἐπὶ ἂ οἷεταί· κακὰ εἶναι ἐθέλειν ἵεναι*."

IV.

"VII 4 § 2=1147 b 31 *τοὺς μὲν οὖν πρὸς ταῦτα παρὰ τὸν ὀρθὸν λόγον ὑπερβάλλοντας τὸν ἐν αὐτοῖς ἀπλῶς μὲν οὐ λέγομεν ἀκρατεῖς, προστιθέμεν δὲ τὸ χρημάτων ἀκρατεῖς καὶ κέρδους καὶ τιμῆς καὶ θυμοῦ, ἀπλῶς δ' οὐ κτλ.*"

"Whereas we ought to have, either *προστιθέμεν δὲ τὸ χρημάτων καὶ κέρδους* without *ἀκρατεῖς*, or *προστιθέμεν δὲ* [i.e. *κατὰ πρόθεσιν δὲ*] *χρημάτων ἀκρατεῖς καὶ κέρδους* without *τό*, the text gives an awkward combination of both forms. Either *ἀκρατεῖς* (after *χρημάτων*), or *τό*, should, I think, be bracketed."

The grammatical analysis is satisfactory (cf. VII. iv. 4 fin.), but does not justify an emendation. The passage is rather an instance of the tendency so familiar in Greek to combine two constructions. There is, of course, a motive for these violations of strict grammar. Here, perhaps, *ἀκρατεῖς* came in through a wish to define the construction of *χρημάτων*, which otherwise might sound as if genitive after the article *τό*.

V.

"ix. 10, § 3, *οὕτε γὰρ ἐκ δέκα ἀνθρώπων γένοιτο ἂν πόλις, οὕτ' ἐκ δέκα μυριάτων ἔτι πόλις ἔστιν*."

With a reference to Hume (*Populoussness of Ancient Nations*), it is pointed out that there is here a difficulty felt by Hume which has "escaped the vigilance of the editors." It is said that, as the whole population of Athens, excluding metics and slaves, but including (apparently) women and children of unripe age, may be estimated at upwards of 123,500, "a Greek would have no

difficulty in imagining a city which contained δέκα μυριάδας ἀνθρώπων (100,000 persons). From the assumption that ἀνθρώποι must mean the whole population with the exceptions* named, and that the passage ought to refer to the full citizens only, it is inferred that ἀνδρῶν should be read for ἀνθρώπων. This is supported by the phrases: χιλιάνδρος πόλις, μυριάδρος πόλις (Plato, *Pol.*, 292 E; Isoc., *Pan.* 286 D; Arist., *Pol.* ii. 8), and the note ends:

"We should have expected then οὕτε γὰρ ἐκ δέκα ἀνδρῶν γένοιτο ἂν πόλις: and, as one of the best MSS., L^h Par., and the Scholiast 161*, give this reading, I feel complete confidence in recommending its adoption."

Here ἀνθρώπων is a colourless word, and only comes as a sort of masculine termination for δέκα. It seems hardly necessary to say that when Aristotle, speaking of a πόλις as a community of citizens, says that it must contain less than 100,000 persons, he can only mean such persons as can be citizens. We may say, "ten persons won't make a college, and ten thousand are too many," and we should not include college servants. But, as "persons" is a wide term, we might in a special context make use of it to include those who are not properly members of the college. We might say, "the size of a college is not measured by the number of persons in it, for some colleges keep a larger proportion of servants than others." Thus Aristotle, *Pol.* VII. iv. says: ἐξ ἧς (πόλεως) δὲ βάνασοι μὲν ἐξέρχονται πολλοὶ τὸν ἀριθμὸν ὀλίγοι δὲ ὀλίγοι, ταύτην ἀδύνατον εἶναι μεγάλην· οὐ γὰρ ταύτην μεγάλην τε πόλιν καὶ πολυάνθρωπον. But, in the same chapter (1326^b 20), he uses πολυανθρωπία when speaking of citizens proper; and, when he introduces the subject of size, speaking of the χορηγία of the πολιτεία, he first says λέγω δ' ὅλον περὶ τὴν πλῆθος πολιτῶν καὶ χώρας, and then afterwards ἔστι δὲ πολιτικῆς χορηγίας πρῶτον τὸ τε πλῆθος τῶν ἀνθρώπων κ.τ.λ. . . . καὶ κατὰ τὴν χώραν ὡσαύτως. In VI v. 1320^a 17 and 1321^a 1, πολυάνθρωποι and πολυανθρωπία refer to the number of the citizens. This puts aside any argument which might be founded on μυριάδρος πόλις. But, even without such evidence, this last phrase could not give much support to the emendation. In the above passage, where Aristotle distinguishes μεγάλην and πολυάνθρωπος πόλις, he is opposing rather the citizens *de jure* (οἰκεία μόρια πόλεως) than the citizens *de facto* to the remainder of the population; and, therefore, if (what is not to be supposed) any rule for compounds with -άνδρος could be hence derived, it would be that they related to what Aristotle considered citizens in the proper sense. Now it so happens that the μυριάδρος πόλις quoted is the ideal state of Hippodamus (κατεσκεύασε δὲ τὴν πόλιν τῇ πλῆθει μὲν μυριάδρον), and two of the three classes into which it is divided are τεχνῖται and γεωργοί, who of course are not fitted to be citizens according to Aristotle.

As to the reading of L^b, it may easily have arisen from a misreading of ἀνών. It is well known that such abbreviations of ἀνθρώπος and its cases are very common.

In spite of the strong recommendation which accompanies it, the emendation is not likely to be accepted. Would ἀνθρωποφάγοι be recommended on the same principle for ἀνδροφάγοι in Herod. iv. 106, especially as most MSS. are said to read ἀνθρωποφάγουσι a few lines below? The scholiast will be considered hereafter.

"The second clause in this extract has for its

VI.

"x 7 § 1 = 1177 a 12, εἰ δ' ἐστὶν ἡ εὐδαιμονία κατ' ἀρετὴν ἐνέργεια, εὐλογον κατὰ τὴν κρατίστην· αὕτη δ' ἂν εἴη τοῦ ἀρίστου. εἴτε δὲ τοῦτο εἴτε ἕλλο τι κ.τ.λ.

* The emender seems to make these exceptions, but does not explain why. Hume's words are "ἀνθρώπος not πολίτης; inhabitant not citizen."

purpose, not to connect a κρατίστη ἐνέργεια already defined with the best part in man, but to define the κρατίστη ἐνέργεια as the ἐνέργεια of man's best part. Hence we should, I think, read αὕτη δ' ἂν εἴη <ἡ> τοῦ ἀρίστου."

The emendation seems at first sight neat, because the text might so easily have been corrupted, but it illustrates the danger of allowing too much influence to such a consideration. The reason given for inserting the article before τοῦ ἀρίστου is a reason for also inserting it before κατὰ τὴν κρατίστην (<εἶναι τὴν> κατὰ τὴν κρατίστην), where, of course, corruption of the text is extremely unlikely. On other grounds, also, the emendation is improbable.

The thought of the text, in fact, may be expressed either with or without the article. We might say—

"It is reasonable that the 'actuality' should be that which is in accordance with the best excellence or virtue of the soul (τὴν κατὰ τὴν κρατίστην), and that this virtue again should be that of the highest part of the soul, &c. (ἡ τοῦ ἀρίστου)."

But we might also say (as in the text)—

"It is reasonable that this actuality should be in accordance with the highest virtue; now it is the highest part of the soul which has the highest virtue; therefore, whether this part is reason or something else . . . it is the actuality of this, in accordance with its proper virtue, which is complete happiness."

This is a form of expression which would be natural if the intention was to lay stress upon the introduction of the "highest part" into the definition, and this is exactly the intention of this portion of the *Ethics*.

VII.

"x 9 § 5 = 1179 b 16, οὐ γὰρ οἶόν τε ἡ οὐ βέβαιον τὰ ἐκ τοῦ παλαιοῦ τοῖς ἡθεσι κατεληγμένα λόγῳ μεταστῆσαι.

"It seems clear that, in the absence of a preposition, τοῖς ἡθεσι κατεληγμένα cannot mean τοῖς ἡθεσιν ἐμπαγμένα καὶ βεβαιωμένα (Paraphrast). Now, in the *Politics*, IV (VII) 2. 1324 b 21, we have καὶ ἕτερα δὴ παρὰ ἑτέροις ἔστι τοιαῦτα πολλά, τὰ μὲν νόμοις κατεληγμένα τὰ δὲ ἡθεσιν—i.e., 'and in the other nations there are many other such practices, established, some of them by law, some by custom'—where ἡθεσιν could not possibly stand. I infer that in the present passage we should read, not ἡθεσιν, but ἡθεσιν, taking it as an instrumental dative in antithesis to λόγῳ. Apparently the Scholiast, 185*, had this reading."

This seems to assume that τοῖς ἡθεσι κατεληγμένα could only be construed "established in the character" (or "in men's characters"), that the dative, however, must be instrumental, and therefore that ἡθεσιν is not right.

1. There is a little confusion in the reasoning. The *Politics* passage has not the prerogative, which seems to be given it, over the *Ethics* passage. ἡθεσιν could certainly stand in the former if it could stand in the latter; and unless it is otherwise decided that the dative must be instrumental, the *Politics* passage proves nothing, for the meaning "established in" would obviously suit it as well as the *Ethics* passage. Indeed, if the text of the *Ethics* admits only one meaning—"established in"—it is this passage which would decide (if either could), for the passage from the *Politics* would be ambiguous, as admitting also of another meaning—"established by."

2. The kind of passage which is of real use has been already given in Liddell and Scott: "καταλαμβάνειν πίστι, ὀρκίους, Lat. jure jurando astringere, to bind by oath, Hdt. 9.10.6. Thuc., &c.: Pass. . . ἡμίλει Plato, *Legg.* 823 A." In these places, with which the lexicon associates the above citation from the *Politics*, the dative can only be instrumental. They further show that κατεληγμένα has not the merely general sense of "established." It is rather

"sanctioned" (in the more technical sense), "ratified," Plat. *L.c.*, τὰ ταῖς ζημίαις ὑπὸ νόμων κατεληγμένα.

3. The inference drawn from the words of the Paraphrast as to his way of construing the passage is probably correct; and it is at any rate important to criticise such a rendering, because it appears in Grant and some modern translations. But the instrumental dative suits the text of the *Ethics*, and there is no need of any emendation.

It seems to be assumed that ἡθη can only have one meaning—"character" (or "characters"); but it has another, found not unfrequently (Herod., Thuc., Plato), which brings it very near to ἥθη, that of "habits of behaviour." Thus it is used of the "manners" of a people, of the "ways" or "practices" of an individual. Cf., e.g., Pl. *Legg.*, 625 A, ἐπειδὴ δὲ ἐν τοῖς αὐτοῖς ἡθεσι τέτραφε νομικοὶ οὐ τε καὶ ἔδε. *Rep.* 558 D, οὐδὲ ὑπὸ τῇ πατρὶ τετραμμένος ἐν τοῖς ἐκείνου ἡθεσιν. It is something like ἐπιτηδεύματα, with which it is associated in Ps. Plat. *Epist.* 7.325 D.

Evidently, then, so far from its being true that ἡθεσιν could not possibly stand in *Pol.* IV. ii., it could very well be thus associated with νόμοις (τὰ μὲν νόμοις κατεληγμένα τὰ δὲ ἡθεσιν "some sanctioned by laws, some by manners.") Compare also the following from the *Politics* itself (1263^a 23):

τὸ μὲν οὖν κοινὰ εἶναι τὰς κτήσεις τούτας τε καὶ ἄλλας τοιαύτας ἔχει δυσχερείας, ὃν δὲ νῦν τρώων ἔχει καὶ ἐπικουρηθὲν ἡθεσιν καὶ τάξει νόμων ὁρῶν οὐ μακρὸν ἂν διενέγκαι· ἔξει γὰρ τὸ ἐξ ἀμφοτέρων ἀγαθόν.

In the part of the *Ethics* before us perhaps ἡθη may not refer to society in general ("manners"), but to the individual's "ways" and "practices," then τὰ ἐκ παλαιῶν τοῖς ἡθεσιν κατεληγμένα would be "that which has long had the sanction (i.e., the binding force) of men's practices." τὰ τοῖς ἡθεσιν κατεληγμένα, by itself, could be translated "sanctioned by men's dispositions," "deriving a binding force from men's dispositions," but the addition of ἐκ παλαιῶν favours the rendering preferred.

VIII.

It remains to say something on the use made of "the Scholiast," i.e., the commentaries ascribed to Eustratius and Aspasius. In every case where they are quoted for an emendation, the extract from the *Ethics* text in the commentary has the same reading as the received text. This circumstance, to say the least, should not have been unnoticed. Variations in the commentary itself are just what should be expected. It is the manner of such paraphrastic explanations, in the same language as the text explained, to put the thought in another form of words or construction, if possible, which often results in such a wooden sentence as that cited in support of the emendation of σείας ἀνθρ. The chances are that, if the text has φαίλος, the commentator will have κακός, and, if the text κακός, the commentator φαίλος; and it is in general* about as useful to correct the text by the commentary as it would be to correct the reading of a classic by aid of the Delphin paraphrase. A single instance will serve—the paraphrase of *Ethics*, x. ix. 5 quoted in favour of the emendation proposed there: ἀδύνατον γὰρ ἢ χαλεπὸν τοῖς ἐκ μακροῦ χρόνου φαίλοις ἔθεσι κατεληγμένους μεταστῆσαι. This substitutes ἀδύνατον for οὐχ οἶόν τε, χαλεπὸν for οὐ βέβαιον, ἐκ μακροῦ χρόνου for ἐκ παλαιῶν. If, therefore, the commentator understood the sense of the passage it is not surprising that he should write ἔθεσι for ἡθεσιν. The variation here of τοῖς φαίλοις ἔθεσι κατεληγμένους for τὰ ἡθεσιν κατεληγμένα is interesting, for it possibly illustrates the general principle of substitution, and certainly shows

* The exception is in favour of those cases where the commentary does not seem a natural variation of the received text.

that the meaning and construction of *καταλαμβάνεσθαι τινι* were understood. The passive seems to apply in the first place to the person restrained by the sanction (e.g., *δρεφ κατελιμμένος*), and is then transferred to the thing in respect of which he is bound (*ζηλῶν κατελιμμένος*). The commentator takes the first mode of expression where the text has the last. It is possible, indeed, that his choice of this particular form came from a mistake occasioned by the preceding masculine *τοὺς τοιοῦτους*; but, at any rate, he understood the general sense of *κατελιμμένος*, and knew that the dative with it was instrumental. The emender is silent on these two points, and one cannot gather that he recognises them. The translation "established" would, of course, not suit the commentator's *κατελιμμένος*.

After the paper just discussed is printed an abstract of another paper by a different writer, directed to an emendation of Plato, *Rep.* 438 E:

"Baiter following Madvig reads τὸ δὲ δὴ δίψος, ἢ δ' ἐγὼ, οὐ τούτων θῆσεις τῶν οἷων τινὲς εἶναι τούτο δρεφ ἐστίν; ἐστὶ δὲ δὴ τοῦ (Morgenstern for δὴ τοῦ) δίψος; 'Eγὼγε, ἢ δ' οὐ πῶματός γε and in the *adnotation critica* of his fifth edition (1881) he renders: *nonne in eorum genere numerabis, quae ita comparata sint, ut alicuius sint id, quod sint?* I do not believe that τούτο δρεφ ἐστίν in this sense can grammatically stand as a further predicate of *οἷων*, nor is it needed, for τινὲς εἶναι is quite sufficient, cf. 438 D, *ὅσα ἐστὶν ὅλα εἶναι τοῦ*. I, therefore, propose to omit the words τούτο δρεφ ἐστίν, or, if retained, to refer them to δίψος, thus making a double construction after θῆσεις, i.e., οὐ θῆσεις δίψος τούτων εἶναι κ.τ.λ., and οὐ θῆσεις δίψος τούτο δρεφ ἐστίν;

"Further, Morgenstern's emendation of *δῆπου* into *δὴ τοῦ* seems to me to be at least as unnecessary after the previous clause, as Ast considers the reading *δὴ τοῦ* to be.

"I, therefore, retain *δῆπου*, and consider that Prof. Jowett has precisely caught the spirit of the last words in his rendering—'Would you not say that thirst is one of those relative terms, thirst being obviously—Yes, thirst is relative to drink.'

The passage is accurately explained in the *adn. crit.* quoted. τούτο δρεφ ἐστίν is not a further predicate, but a part of the predicate. The translation is simply "things such as to be what they are in relation to" (literally "of") "something (else)," e.g., a father is what he is, viz., a father (= *ἐστὶ δὲ δῆπου πατήρ*) in relation to (or of) a son—a father is father of a son. Thirst is what it is, viz., thirst (= *ἐστὶ δὲ δῆπου δίψος*), in relation to something or of something—thirst is thirst of drink. The logical point intended is clear. As to *δῆπου*—I have long ventured to think that it might be right, not construing it as the emender does, but because of the correspondence of the clause containing it to the very clause which it is proposed to reject. The nature of this correspondence will be seen from the above examples.

J. COOK WILSON.

BISHOP WORDSWORTH'S EMENDATION OF LUCAN, IX. 568.

Woodleigh, Mayfield, Sussex: Feb. 11, 1888.

It is not for me to defend W. E. Weber's punctuation of the MS. reading of *Phars.* ix. 568, against Mr. Robinson Ellis's strictures. No one need do so who does not think it incredible (*a priori* it is hardly improbable) that we should find a faulty line—faulty not merely in taste but in metre and language—here and there is a very long poem in a very artificial style, by a very young man, who, doubtless, would have revised it, if he had lived to finish it.

I do not quite understand the tone of hesitation which Mr. Ellis imports into his paraphrase of the emended text. Oato is absolutely certain beforehand of the true answer to every

question he suggests: he is certain, therefore, if the late Bishop of Lincoln and Mr. Ellis be right, that long life does not give and does delay the enjoyment of the chief good. Two out of three of Mr. Ellis's quotations add to my difficulty in accepting this. They prove, if it needs proving, that long life is not necessary to give what may be enjoyed in absolute fullness at every moment. In proving this, they prove that it cannot delay the enjoyment of the true good—that we need not wait for death to usher in eternity. The third quotation does nothing to remove the difficulty. Seneca says that the necessity of death is a great benefit, not because happiness in the highest sense is impossible on earth, but because there are men like Maecenas, who would live for ever if they could—upon the most wretched and most shameful terms.

G. A. SIMCOX.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE new volume in the "International Scientific Series" (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) will be Sir J. William Dawson's *Geological History of Plants*.

A NEW edition of the Geological Survey memoir on North Derbyshire has just been issued. The work originally appeared in 1869, and was written by Prof. Green, Dr. C. Le Neve Foster, and Mr. Dakyns. The preparation of the new edition has been entrusted to Prof. Green and Mr. A. Strahan, and the most notable feature in their revision has been the introduction of much new matter respecting the mines of Derbyshire. Mr. Strahan has contributed an interesting historical notice of Derbyshire mining, and has given a detailed account of the several lead and copper mines of the county, extending even beyond the rigid limits of Derbyshire, as in the case of the famous Ecton mine in Staffordshire.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Wednesday, January 25.)

DR. W. KNIGHTON, V.-P., in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. R. B. Holt, entitled "Reliability of the Ancient British Records." The reader produced evidence in support of his views, and maintained that the Welsh records and traditions, though greatly corrupted by Christian transcribers, modern law makers, and Welsh romancers, contain much original matter; that they give the most reasonable account of the derivation of our own social order; and that, as by them alone could be explained much that was otherwise unintelligible to us, considerable reliance must be placed upon them if we would not trust entirely to conjecture.—After some remarks by Mr. Offord and Mr. C. H. E. Carmichael, Mr. E. Gilbert Highton questioned some of the historical deductions in the paper, and drew a comparison between Roman influence in Britain and English influence in India.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.—(Monday, January 30.)

T. G. FOSTER, Esq., president, in the chair.—Miss Jane Hay read a paper on "The Works of Bret Harte." Roughly speaking, the characteristics of Bret Harte's works are (1) the painting of nature, (2) the humour, (3) the love of humanity. As nature's painter, Bret Harte's success depends rather on a faithful reproduction of commonplace details than on a unique power of expression. But when he wishes to use nature as a harmonious setting to his men and women a more poetical colouring is given. The essential element of wit (incongruity) is, in the case of Bret Harte, attained either by the use of slang (when it is customary to employ elegant diction), or by an elaborate paraphrasing of slang phrases. The key-note of Bret Harte's humanitarian writing is charity; the theme is the dormant good which exists in weak people, and the improvisation is a rich and worthy development of the theme.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, February 3.)

A. J. ELLIS, Esq., in the chair.—Dr. Richard Morris read a paper, entitled "Pāli Miscellanies." He first discussed the Buddhist origin of a passage in "Hitopadeśa," i. 57:

"Yo 'dhikāḍ yojanaṇatāt paṇyati bāmiṣam khagāḥ
Sa eva prāptakālas tu paṇyabandham na paṇyati."

This verse is found in "Pañca Tantra," ii. 18:

"Ardhārdhād yojanaṇatāt āmiṣam valkṣhati
khagāḥ
So 'pi pāṇyasthitam daivād bandhanam na ca paṇyati."

The stanza as it occurs in the *Jātaka*-book, ii. p. 51, is applied to a *culture*, and not to a *pigeon*:

"Yan nu gijjho yojanaṇatam kunapānti avekkhati
Kasmā jāḥa ca pāṇa ca ā'sjāpi na bujjhasīti."

Childers registers *usada* (= *usada*) only in *usada-niraya*. Passages were quoted showing the use of the word in the sense of "bump," "abundance," "perfume," "desire." *Haithakacchapaka*, "a mode of obelance," was compared with Sanskrit *kapotahastaka*, "a mode of joining the hands together." There was a mode of salutation called "the crocodile prostration" (*sumsumdra-patita*). *Kataggaha* was explained as "a winning throw," in contradistinction to *kattigaha*, "a losing throw"

(in a game of dice). *Dhūta*, in the sense of "acetic," was compared with Sanskrit *avadhūta*; *dhona* (in "Sutta Nipāta") was connected with *dhona* in "ati-dhona-cāri" (in "Dhammapada"), and referred to the root *dhāv* (Pāli *dho*), "to wash," cf. *dhota*, "washed." This is the view taken of *dhona* in the "Mahānidāna." Prof. Fausbøll connects it with *dhā*, "to shake." *Khāri-bhāra* is wrongly translated "provisions" in the "Vineyya" texts; *khāri* = *tāpa*-*parikkhāra*. *Sāḍitta-sippa*, "the art of slinging stones," was illustrated from the "Jātakas," i. p. 418. *Odagga*, "elation," represents an older *audagga* from *udagga* (Pāli *udagga*). *Jāpeti*, the causal of *jānti* (from root *jd* or *ji*), was illustrated, together with the use of *rupati* = *lumpati*. *Unnangalam karoti*, a frequent expression in the "Jātakas," is equivalent to *khobheti* or *sankhobheti*. Childers's explanation of *dūteyya* was criticised. In the "Jātakas," a *kuntant* is said to have been employed as a messenger (*dūteyya* - *hārikā*). *Nisabhandāna*, in "Anāgata-vamsa," was shown to be a mistake for *nisabhandāna*, representing the older *śābhandāna* = "uttamāthāna," Sanskrit *śābhandāna* (Mahāvīyutpatti). *Oramati*, which has usually the meaning of "to cease," "to stop," is employed in the sense of *vikkamati*, "to strive," "to use exertion" (see "Jāt." i. p. 498, and iii. p. 185). The phrase, *vikkamāmi na pāremi*, was compared with a passage in "Cakuntala"—"*vavasiddhi na pāremi*." In the explanation of *oramati*, the Com. employs *osāreti*. This may stand for *osāreti* or *osāpeti* for *osāpeti* from *vy-ava-sā*, "to strive." *Osāpeti* occurs in the "Samyutta," in the sense of "to betake oneself to." In the "Jātakas," book, i. p. 25, it means "to place," "to put." The difficult form *oseti*, sometimes written *opeti*, may perhaps be a contraction of *ava-sāyati* = "to put," "place." Dr. Trenckner would make two forms, and would refer them to *āvap* and *avas*. In Sanskrit literature frequent mention is made of the faculty the *hamsa* has to separate the milk from a mixture of milk and water. In Pāli literature this power is ascribed to the *koṇṇa*; and in "Sumangala," p. 305, Buddhaghosa compares an *ariyaśvaka* to a *koṇṇa*, because if a mixture of spirit and water were put to his mouth, the water only would enter it.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, February 6.)

S. H. HOBSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. J. G. Willis was elected a member.—Mr. J. S. Mann read a paper on "Wundt's Theory of Apperception."—After stating the theory at some length, and mentioning phenomena which it served to explain, the writer noticed that it appropriated for empiricism doctrines hitherto the special property of metaphysical schools. Attention was then called to its application by Wundt in explaining the formation of concepts. The name of a concept is frequently (as Wundt points out) an epithet applying only to a small part of the total, and selected, to all appearance

quite arbitrarily. The earth is the "ploughed," the moon the "measurer"; a "Pferd" was originally only a stronger kind of post-horse. Other instances were given from among Greek animal names—σκῆλος, κερδῆ (fox), σῆμας, καλλίας (ape), αἰλουρος. Recent philology, too, seemed to support Wundt's view of the progress of mind. This, in one respect, might briefly be described as the gradual focusing of the apperceptive activity on smaller and smaller portions successively of the field of mental vision, with a consequent gain in clearness of definition and analysis. The difficulty of the theory—its insistence that attention is always voluntary—was partly obviated by Wundt's account of the formation of concepts. But the theory was less an induction from experiment than a deduction from Wundt's theory of the Composition of Mind. In conjunction with this it would account for (e.g.) hallucination in delirium, unexpected outbreaks of vicious propensities (especially in insanity), &c. But if reaction in such cases is voluntary, it was maintained, the term "voluntary," in extending its range downwards, must lose something in the other direction. Among the more complicated apperceptive reactions, we have acts to which moral predicates should apply; but they do not because of the state of the agent. With Wundt's use of the term, "voluntary," as applied to the agent, becomes unmeaning; for all action is voluntary which is not purely reflex. And the "voluntariness" of an act becomes an unimportant element in determining whether moral predicates can be applied to it or not. "Voluntariness," in short, in this extended sense, loses its prominence in our conception of morality, if Wundt's terminology be adopted.—The paper was followed by a discussion.

ENGLISH DIALECT SOCIETY.—(Wednesday,
February 8.)

ALDERMAN JOSEPH THOMPSON in the chair.—Mr. John H. Nodal read the annual report, which stated that there had been a delay recently in the issue of publications; but at the present moment there is more manuscript in the hands of the society's printers than at any previous period, most of it approaching completion, and comprising not only the belated publications for 1886, and the still unissued works for 1887, but the volumes which will form the quota for 1888.—The four works for 1886 and 1887, which are just about to be sent out to the members, are the third and concluding part of Mr. Robert Holland's *Cheshire Glossary*; a *Dictionary of the Kentish Dialect*, by the Rev. W. D. Pariah and the Rev. W. Frank Shaw; *The Folk-Speech of South Cheshire*, by Mr. Thomas Darlington, of St. John's College, Cambridge; and Mr. F. T. Elworthy's *Glossary of West Somerset Words*. The last named is the largest volume of the society's series, and will reach nearly nine hundred pages. It completes Mr. Elworthy's series of works on this important dialect, two others having been previously published.—The publications for 1888, all of which are in the printer's hands, and are expected to be ready not later than June next, are *Berkshire Words*, by Major B. Lowale; *Words used in Sheffield and Surrounding Villages*, by Sidney O. Addy; and *Words in Use in the Wapentakes of Manley and Corringham, Lincolnshire*, by Edward Peacock, second, revised, and enlarged edition.—Miss Ellen Shadwell has undertaken to compile the new list of English bird-names on the plan followed by Messrs. Britten and Holland in their *Dictionary of English Plant-names*. The compilation of a collection of *Public School Words* has had to be relinquished by the Hon. Percy Alleopp, on account of his parliamentary and other duties, and it has been kindly undertaken by the Rev. W. D. Bodkin, vicar of Ringwood, Hampshire.—The number of members at the end of 1887 was 245, and of libraries 56, making a total of 301—an increase of one library and a decrease of ten members, or a net decline on the year, as compared with 1886, of ten. Among the deaths, seven in number, are Dr. Bath O. Smart, of Manchester, joint author with Mr. H. T. Crofton of the *Dialect of the English Gipsies*; and Mr. Thomas Satchell, who presented to the members in 1883 copies of his privately-printed edition of Juliana Berner's *Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle*, and who was to have contributed to the society's publications a

Glossary of Durham words, and a Dictionary of English Fish Names and Fishing Terms.—The Treasurer's accounts show a balance in hand of £466, most of which will be required for the 1888 and 1887 publications. Reports are added concerning the progress of the English Dialect Dictionary from the Rev. A. Smythe Palmer, the editor, and Prof. Skeat, who has kindly undertaken to act as treasurer to the fund. From these it appears that £292 4s. 6d. has been promised—some of the amounts payable by instalments extending over five years—and £155 14s. 6d. has been received. Mr. Palmer has succeeded in enrolling the names of nearly one hundred workers, who are either reading books for quotations, or will contribute word-lists or oral specimens. At least one-fourth of these are ladies; and it is important to notice that a very large proportion of the whole are not members of the English Dialect Society—a fact which illustrates the widespread interest taken in dialects and dialectal work outside the limits of the society's subscribers.

EDINBURGH MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday,
February 10.)

W. J. MACDONALD, Esq., president, in the chair.—Prof. Chrystal read a paper on an algebraical inequality and its consequences.—Mr. W. Peddie exhibited a model of the thermodynamic surface of water-substance near the triple point.—Mr. A. Y. Fraser gave a preliminary report of the committee on the teaching of arithmetic.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE OF PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromes, and Olographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. REES, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE GLASGOW
INSTITUTE.

MORE exclusively than has usually been the case, the present exhibition of the Glasgow Institute is a display of local talent. The contributions by members of the Royal Scottish Academy, and by Edinburgh painters, are less numerous and less important than they have been in most former years; and the strength of the exhibition lies in its gathering of the work of Glasgow artists, supplemented, as has always been the custom in these galleries, by a few examples of living and deceased masters, both British and foreign, lent from the rich cabinets of the collectors of the West. Among these latter is Millais's powerful portrait of Mr. Gladstone, lent by Sir Charles Tennant, the president of the Institute; and good examples of Reynolds and Gainsborough—"The Dead Bird" by the former, a portrait of Mrs. Billington by his great rival—both exhibited by the same owner. Among the examples of the continental art of the past is an especially admirable and representative work by Corot—"Morning by the Sea"—remarkable for the quiet truth and thoroughness of its lighting, for its tender gradation and delicacy of faint lovely colouring, and for its harmonious and satisfying unity of sentiment. A small and highly finished little work of Baron Leys—"Paul Potter in his Studio"—represents very completely one side of the art of this great master of Antwerp. In its well-calculated completeness, in the unobtrusive perfection of its handling, and in its fine, but subdued, colour-scheme, the picture recalls the great days of genre art in Holland. "The Guitarelli," by Roybet, is a thing more dexterous than pleasing; and by Van Haanen we have a charming little head of a black-haired Venetian woman.

Among the important works by English artists is Mr. Calderon's graceful "Oenone," so delicate in its portrayal of the figure of

the nymph, so purely decorative in the colouring of its background—in the rich blue haze of its distance, and the potent greens of its leafage. By Mr. Albert Moore we have two examples of his little known portraiture—the small head of "William Connal, Junr., Esq." which figured in last year's Grosvenor Gallery; and the very delicate female head—"Pale Margaret"—shown in the Royal Academy of 1886.

Most students of Scottish art will be glad to have the opportunity of again examining "The Bloody Tryst"—an early work by Sir Noel Paton, which elicited the praise of Mr. Ruskin in the Royal Academy of 1858; and which, in its sensitive expression of minute and exquisite detail, is unsurpassed by any of the works of that accomplished painter. The late Mr. Robert Herdman is represented by a delicate flower-piece, a landscape effect of ruddy sunset, and a masterly portrait-study of the fine and picturesque head of the late Rev. Dr. William Robertson, of Irvine.

It is in the department of landscape that the Glasgow artists are strongest, and their landscape-art seems every year to be approximating—in the case, at least, of almost all the younger men—to French methods. Of work in this direction we have an admirable example by Mr. James Paterson, "Glencairn in Autumn"—a picture free, and even loose, in its handling, very faithful in its rendering of tones and values, and especially remarkable for the definite, yet most delicate, portrayal of the elaborate reflections, in still foreground water, of heaped masses of clouds. Mr. Alexander Mann is another able Glasgow artist, whose art has been strongly influenced by his training in Paris. His "Nearing the Sea—Findhorn" is admirable in the expression of his planes, in its sense of space and recession, and in the excellent keeping of its cool, high-pitched colouring. Mr. Wellwood Battray is seen to advantage in the brilliant, mellow sky, and the shingled beach of his "Arran from the Kyles of Bute"; Mr. R. C. Crawford treats the onset of storm-driven waves with an effective vigour in his "Portincross Point, Ayrshire"; and Mr. A. K. Brown attains excellent truth of relation between dim, dawning sky and embrowned trees and landscape in his "Tween Light and Dark." "Ben Venue" is an exceptionally important landscape by the late James Docharty, A.R.S.A.—a typical example of the Scottish landscape of twenty years ago—patient and painstaking in its elaborate fidelity of form, but tending to a deadness and hardness of general effect, and certainly without the truth of tone, and the suggestion of motion and change, which have been chief aims with the best of later Scottish landscape-painters.

Among the figure-pictures by Glasgow painters may be named Mr. John Carlow's "Gathering for the Fair in Winter"—a work free and spirited in draughtsmanship, and true to nature in its rendering of an effect of frosty haze; and among the examples of current figure-painting that come from the South is Mr. Frank Bramley's interior with a couple of Paris milliner girls playing dominoes—a brilliant and accomplished study in varied tones of white.

The water-colours include a powerful subject of still-life by Miss A. M. Swan—"Yellow Daffodils"; two graceful figure-pieces by Mr. T. M. Rooke, symbolic of "Night" and "Morning"; and a clever sunset view of "Straithees, Yorkshire," by Mr. Nelson Dawson.

One of the most fascinating of the works of sculpture is Mr. H. Montford's delicate little bronze bust, entitled "Psyche weeps"; and Mr. Stuart Burnett shows several effective portrait subjects.

LETTER FROM EGYPT.

Cairo: Feb. 3, 1888.

In company with Mr. Percival, I have spent twelve days in travelling overland from Jerusalem to Kantara on the Suez Canal. The journey could have been easily accomplished in nine days; but we turned aside from the direct route in order to visit the ruins of Pelusium, where we spent a couple of nights. At El-'Arish, the first town on the Egyptian side of the frontier, we had to leave the horses and mules we had brought from Palestine and take to camels, as a quarantine of six days is imposed upon all animals coming from Asia. Travellers who follow in our footsteps would do well to take note of this fact, which was unknown to the dragomen and muleteers of Syria.

On the way from Bêt Jibrin to Gaza I visited the site which, since the time of Robinson, has been known as 'Umm Lakis and identified with the ancient city of Lachish. Seven years ago, when travelling in the south of Judaea, I was assured by the natives that the name was not 'Umm Lakis, but 'Umm Latis, or rather 'Umlatis; but I was then obliged to content myself with a distant view of the spot. On this occasion I rode over it, and found it to be not a *tel* or mound at all, but the corner of a low limestone ridge, of small extent, and covered to the depth of only half a foot with the fragments of pottery, none of which are older than the Roman age. The site of Lachish must be looked for elsewhere.

On the other hand, I have little doubt that the proposal to identify Khan Yûnas with the Iénysos of classical geography is based on fact. The modern village of Khan Yûnas occupies the summit of a large *tel*; and the beautiful mosque built by the Sultan Barkuk at the end of the fourteenth century and now in ruins contains fragments of Roman marble and columns, like the stonework of a fountain close by. The name Khan Yûnas, or "the Khan of Jonah," must be due to popular etymology, since the prophet had nothing to do with this part of the Palestinian coast either in history or in legend. Moreover, the oasis in the midst of which the village stands is the only one of any size between Gaza and El-'Arish, while it still possesses a little harbour among the sand-dunes of the shore into which boats can put in bad weather. The question of identification, however, seems to be set at rest by my discovery of the site of Mount Kasios, which is three days' journey from Khan Yûnas, as Iénysos also is stated to have been.

The Egyptian frontier is at a place still called Rapha', though a telegraph station is now the only existing habitation there. Rapha' is the Raphia of ancient geography, where the Assyrian king Sargon defeated the Egyptian forces. The situation is just such as would fit it for a battle, as the sand-hills here enclose a plain of considerable extent. To the north-west of the telegraph station I found a mound strewn with pottery, marking the site of the ancient town, and in the neighbourhood four Roman columns besides a Corinthian capital of white marble. Close by is the spring of water to which the town owed its existence.

El-'Arish, the Rhinokoloura of antiquity, is built on a lofty *tel* which overlooks the southern extremity of a waterless Wâdi, the "River of Egypt" of the Old Testament. The modern castle, with its four square walls, encloses a well of sweet and abundant water. Close to the well is a monolithic *naos* of black marble, in a very perfect condition, though now turned on its back and used as a cistern. The forms of the hieroglyphs engraved upon it seem to show that it belongs to the Ptolemaic period. The sculptures with which the interior is adorned are in an excellent state of preservation; so also is the inscription, in thirty-seven

long lines of hieroglyphs, on the left hand outer side of the shrine; that on the right hand side, however, has been much defaced. I took a squeeze of the inscription on the left hand side, but it was unfortunately destroyed by a storm of rain. The old Egyptian name of Rhinokoloura appears to occur in it under the form of "the city of waters," the temple to which the *naos* belonged being called Bes-am-t. I hope that means will be found for transporting the monument to the Bulaq Museum.

At the eastern foot of the *tel* on which El-'Arish stands, the remains of a house have just been found buried deep in the sand. It is built of well-cut blocks of stone. Six chambers have, as yet, been excavated, besides an arched vault, the walls of which were once covered with plaster. At the north-west corner of the portion at present excavated is a niche large enough to contain the life-size statue of a man, and protected by a roof in the shape of a shell. Niches, sometimes square, sometimes rectangular in form, and made to represent an Egyptian pylon, occur in all the chambers; and, in the room at the north-east end of the building, two Maltese crosses are sculptured in relief on the two extremities of the lintel of one of them. No objects have hitherto been discovered in the building, except a terra-cotta bowl of the early Coptic period, a Roman lamp, and two fragments of Roman glass. It is evident that the house must have belonged to a Roman functionary, but the crosses show that the functionary was a Christian. They have caused the building to be known as the *keniseh*, or church, among the natives. It is not likely, however, to remain much longer in existence, for it is situated on private property, and the owner has carried on his excavations in the hope of finding treasure. As this hope has been disappointed, he is likely to sell the stones of which the walls are constructed for building material.

I was told that similar ruins exist at Berdowil, three hours distant from El-'Arish, to which large stones have been brought from them. Berdowil must be the Bardowal of the map attached to Murray's *Handbook for Egypt*, where the Sirbonian Lake is called "Sabakat Bardowil," by which, I suppose, Sebkhât Berdowil, "the Salt-lake of Berdowil," is meant.

Want of time prevented us from following in Mr. Greville Chester's footsteps, and travelling to Pelusium by "the way of the Philistines," along the ancient high-road which ran between the sea and the Sirbonian Lake. This was unfortunate, as I learned from the Beduin that ruins similar to those at Pelusium exist at two places on the sea coast, one called Felissiyah and the other Qes. The ruins at Qes were stated to be on a hill, and to include "large stones." Qes was further stated to be 1½ days' journey (about thirty-five miles) east of Farama or Pelusium and two days' west of El-'Arish, lying at a distance of one day's journey (or nine hours on camel-back) to the north of the Bir el-'Abd, where we passed a night. In situation, as well as in name, it thus corresponds exactly with the Mount Kasios of antiquity, and I have little hesitation in identifying the ruins of which I heard with those of the famous temple of the Phœnician Zeus which once stood upon it. Felissiyah was described as lying between Qes and El-'Arish, at a distance of twenty-five hours from Pelusium, and therefore nearer to El-'Arish than to Qes. The name must be an Arabic adaptation of Pelusium, which has been transferred from its proper locality to the ruins of a neighbouring city.

Pelusium itself is now known as Farama, the Pe-Romi, or "Roman" city of the Copts. It lies five hours (or thirteen miles) to the north-west of Qatiyah, the nearest point from which drinking water can be obtained. Midway be-

tween Qatiyah and Farama is an oasis, whose palms are being slowly swallowed up by the encroaching sand, and which is known as Româneh—an indication that ancient remains are buried there. At Româneh the road to the sea-coast bifurcates, one path leading westward to Farama, and the other eastward to a desolate sand-hill, called Hemdiyah. Here I observed marble columns of the Roman age; and, when too late, I was told by a Beduin that "many written stones" also existed there. I hope, therefore, that M. Naville or Mr. Griffith will manage to pay the place a visit before they leave Egypt this spring.

Farama, or Pelusium, is the finest site for the excavator that I have ever seen. It is absolutely untouched; not a Beduin even lives within fifteen miles of it, and the Roman pottery and glass with which the mounds are covered have not been disturbed for centuries. The mounds are of very great size, and of oblong shape. Towards the western end is the rectangular enclosure of a temple, nearly as large as that of Luxor. The enclosure, which is composed of burnt brick, is complete on all sides; and the immense masses of *débris* which are heaped up within it must conceal the remains of a temple at once more extensive and more entire than those of the temple of Bubastis. Still further to the west are the granite columns of an old Egyptian shrine, which does not seem to have had any connexion with the great temple, while to the east are the prostrate columns of another temple of Roman age. The ancient harbour is very distinctly marked on the north-eastern side of the enclosure of the great temple, while to the south-east of Farama itself is another mound, the Tel el-Hirr, which is shown by the remains of which it is composed to have once been a Roman fortress. The Egypt Exploration Fund could not undertake any work more promising than the excavation of Farama. There is no difficulty in approaching the mounds at any time during the winter, as camel-tracks run across the mud-flats by which they are surrounded, and there is excellent camping-ground on their northern side. Workmen could be brought from Port Said, and drinking water from Qatiyah.

Northward of Farama lies the Qala' el-Tineh or "Mud-Castle," built on a small island formed by driving stakes of palm-wood into the mud. We had a tedious tramp of two hours across the mud from Farama in order to reach it, but I found nothing there except comparatively modern Arab work. It is obvious, therefore, that the name has nothing to do, as has been usually supposed, either with Pelusium or with Sin, the Old Testament title of Pelusium, but owes its existence to the "fortress built in the mud" beyond Farama about three centuries ago. The Arabic name of the ruins of Pelusium has always been Farama.

Since my arrival in Cairo I have learned that about 200 cuneiform tablets have been offered for sale here, which are said to have come from Tel el-Amarna. Some have been bought by the Bulaq Museum, but the larger number have been purchased by Danninos Pasha. I have not seen a specimen of them, and cannot, therefore, say to what age or class of cuneiform writing they belong. If they really have been discovered in Upper Egypt, their interest will be great.

The only new inscription I came across in Jerusalem was one recently disinterred within the Haram, on the northern side of the well at the north-west angle of the mosque of El-Aksa. This is on a rectangular block of marble, and consists of the Greek name or word Γερουσία.

I may notice, however, that Mr. Schick has just published a valuable monograph on the "Beit el Makdas oder Der alte Tempelplatz zu Jerusalem." His position has given him un-

rivalled opportunities of studying the topography and architectural details of the Haram; and for the first time we have a minute description of the ground once occupied by the Jewish temple as well as of the buildings that now stand upon it. His description of the water-supply will be found particularly interesting.

A. H. SAYCE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE Royal Scottish Academy has made an excellent choice in the election of Mr. Robert Alexander—undoubtedly the foremost of Scottish animal painters—as a full member, in room of the late Mr. J. M. Barclay. Mr. Alexander is a native of Ayrshire, and he studied at Kilmarnock and in Glasgow under Dudgeon—a well-known scene-painter. Since 1868 he has contributed liberally to the exhibitions of the Scottish Academy, of which he was elected an associate in 1878.

THE Japanese "craze," or Japanese "rage," is to be ministered to yet further. In addition to the Japanese things at the Fine Art Society's, to the Japanese things at the Museum, and the exhibition illustrative of the history of engraving in Japan, which the Burlington Club opens this week, the Messrs. Dowdeswells are now making ready for a show of Mr. Menpes's personal record of the Japan of our day as he saw it only last year. The paintings, water-colour drawings, and etchings which are the result of his experience, and, perhaps, we may say, of his native sympathy with Japanese work, will be displayed at the Dowdeswells' with costly and fitting surroundings of his choice. Hence these preparations for what must be a somewhat unique show.

THE *Magazine of Art* for March will open with the first of a series of articles on "The Language of Line," by Mr. Walter Crane, dealing with the full power and significance "of Outline," and accompanied with illustrations by the author. Sir James Linton makes an appeal for the adequate representation of water-colour in the national collection in Trafalgar Square. The number will contain Mr. G. F. Watts's red chalk study after his "Love and Death," which he has just presented to the Whitworth Committee at Manchester. An article on the "City Art Gallery of Manchester" is illustrated with a photogravure of Mr. Luke Fildes' "Venetians," and with wood engravings after Mr. Burne-Jones's "Sibylla Delphica," Mr. Ford Madox Brown's "Work," &c. In the "Art Notes" the method of the Royal Academy elections is elucidated by the publication of the secret figures as voted at the recent elections.

WE have received the prospectus, with specimen plates, of a valuable contribution to the study of ancient art, which is to be published by the Verlagsanstalt für Kunst und Wissenschaft, at Munich, under the general editorship of Prof. Heinrich Brunn. The work is entitled *Denkmäler Griechischer und Römischer Sculptur in historischer Anordnung*; and it will consist of about eighty parts, each containing five permanent phototypes, with accompanying text (in German only), by Prof. Brunn. The size is large folio, and the plates measure sixteen inches by twelve. It is intended that the parts shall appear at intervals of not more than four weeks. The price of each part is £1. but they cannot be obtained separately. The English publishers are Messrs. Asher & Co., of Bedford Street, Covent Garden. The subjects chosen for illustration in the first part are: (1) archaic Apollo from Tenea, at Munich; (2) archaic bronze head—both in profile and in full face—found on the Acropolis, and now at Athens; (3) relief of Aesculapius, found at

Epidaurus, and now at Athens; (4) sleeping satyr, or Barberini Faun, at Munich; (5) two heads of a satyr, in marble and bronze, both at Munich. A scale in centimeters is marked on each photograph.

A GENERAL meeting of the Hellenic Society will be held at 22 Albemarle Street, on Thursday, February 23, at 5 p.m. Mr. H. H. Statham will read a paper on "Greek Architectural Mouldings," and Mr. L. R. Farnell one on "A Visit to some Museums of Northern Europe."

THE exhibitions to open next week include the collection of prints and books illustrating the history of engraving in Japan, at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, in Savile Row—to be seen only on the introduction of a member; and a collection of water-colour drawings at Messrs. Thomas Agnew & Sons', in Old Bond Street.

THE next examination for certificates and diplomas of the London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework will be held at St. Michael's Schools, Ebury Square, Pimlico, at 11 a.m. on Saturday, March 24. Those who desire to obtain further information are requested to apply to the Secretary, 36, Balcombe Street, Dorset Square, N.W., and to enclose a stamped addressed envelope.

THE memorial to the late Duke of Buccleuch, which has been erected, at a cost of over £6,000, at the west front of St. Giles's Cathedral, Edinburgh, was last week unveiled, and handed over to the city by the Earl of Stair. The general design of the monument is due to Dr. Rowland Anderson, the architect of the new university buildings; the bronze figure of the duke, standing draped in the robes of the Garter, is by Mr. J. B. Boehm; and the bas-reliefs of scenes from the life of the nobleman and the history of his house have been entrusted to local sculptors—Messrs. Clark Stanton, D. W. Stevenson, Stuart Burnett, W. G. Stevenson, and W. B. Rhind. The extreme elaboration and delicacy of the decorations of the pedestal seem hardly in keeping with the breadth and comparative simplicity of the fine statue which surmounts it.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE musical season is beginning in earnest. The Crystal Palace Concerts recommenced last Saturday, when that excellent violinist, Pan Franz Ondricek performed the Concerto in A (Op. 53) of Dvorák, which he produced at a Philharmonic Concert in 1886. The programme also included Mozart's E-flat Symphony, Berlioz's orchestral arrangement of Weber's "Invitation," and Wagner's "Faust" Overture.

Herr Joachim made his first appearance at the Popular Concerts on Monday evening. To see and hear the great violinist is one thing; to write about him quite another. One can find nothing new to say—"He was received as usual with enthusiasm, and his playing was as fine as ever," is the tale which we have had to tell for many seasons; and we hope to be able to say the same for many seasons to come. Herr Joachim was leader in Mendelssohn's Octet in E-flat, and he was admirably supported by Messrs. Ries, Burnett, Wiener, Hollander, Gibson, Howell, and Piatti. As solo, he gave an Adagio and Allegro from Bach's Sonatas in C major, and he played by way of encore the "Siciliano" from the same master's first Suite. Mr. Max Pauer, the pianist of the evening, was heard to great advantage in Schumann's "Toccata" (Op. 7). The technical difficulties of this piece are great, but Mr. Pauer is master of

the key-board. There was, however, something more than good technique: his reading of the music showed taste and judgment. He pleased us less in his encore, No. 4 of Schumann's "Novelletten." Mrs. Henschel was the vocalist and Mr. Henschel the accompanist, and with two songs of Schubert and Mr. Henschel's characteristic "Adieux de l'Hotesse Arabe" they obtained much success. The programme concluded with Haydn's Quartet in E-flat (Op. 64, No. 2).

Mr. Henschel gave a most interesting concert (No. 13) on Wednesday afternoon. The programme commenced with the overture to "St. Paul," after which came the new Concerto in A minor for violin and violoncello by Brahms (MS.). This work was produced at Cologne on October 18 last, under the direction of the composer. The Concerto has the usual three movements, and only takes half an hour in performance. After a short introduction, consisting principally of cadenza-like passages for the two solo instruments, the orchestra gives out the bold principal theme of the Allegro. It is impossible for us, after a first hearing, to give a detailed account of this elaborate movement. Though clear in form, it is so full of important subject-matter and ingenious developments that at first one can only speak of the general effect. It seems to show the composer at his best. The parts for the solo instruments are exceedingly difficult; but one does not at all feel that Brahms made technical difficulty an aim. The Andante in D major, in simple aria form, is a gem, from first note to last. It possesses both dignity and tenderness; and what makes the music so satisfactory is the complete absence of any straining after effect, and the mastery which the composer has gained over his mood. The Finale is an animated movement, the themes are interesting and in excellent contrast; but we feel disposed to rank it in merit—as it is in order—last. The Concerto was splendidly interpreted by Herren Joachim and Hausmann, and well received. Herr Joachim played as solos three pieces from Schumann's Pianoforte Duets (Op. 85), which should have been announced as transcriptions. They are most effective. Mr. Henschel accompanied them to perfection on the pianoforte, and no doubt the applause was almost as much for him as for Herr Joachim. Herr Hausmann gave a most artistic rendering of Max Bruch's "Kol Nidrei," a solo often played by Signor Piatti at the Popular Concerts. It was, of course, given on this occasion with orchestral accompaniment, and was all the more effective. Space compels us to notice very briefly a Symphony in C of Haydn's, which we do not remember to have heard before. It is full of tuneful melody, clever workmanship, and delightful orchestration. It is among the master's late works, and in more than one place reminds one of Beethoven. The hall was well filled, but with so attractive a programme one would have expected to find every seat occupied.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1888.

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LITERATURE.

Henry VIII. and the English Monasteries: an Attempt to Illustrate the History of their Suppression. By Francis Aidan Gasquet, Monk of the Order of St. Benedict, sometime Prior of St Gregory's Monastery, Downside, Bath. Vol. I. (John Hodges.)

THE old monastic life of England is a thing the memory of which passed away so long ago that it is extremely hard in these days to realise the place it held in the social life of the community. Many suppose that it was all idleness, many that it was all devotion, many that it was a mixture of the two with a considerable spice of licentiousness super-added to the compound. That it was very stagnant and not very profitable to the world has been taken so much for granted that it seems almost hopeless to suggest the contrary. Mr. Froude, in one of his picturesque passages quoted by Father Gasquet in the present volume (and apparently even Father Gasquet is not disposed to question its truth), suggests that if St. Bede or St. Cuthbert had visited the London Charter House in the days of Henry VIII., he would have found "the prayers, the daily life, almost the very faces with which he was surrounded," much the same as they had been in "these lonely islands of prayer" for a thousand years before. And possibly, in the form and spirit of their devotions, there may have been little change. On the other hand, as to the "daily life," the Chronicle of Jocelin of Brakeland shows that a monastery was not necessarily a sleepy place, even in the latter part of the twelfth century; and that when an abbot who was a man of business succeeded one who was none, he could effect, even in a monastic establishment, a very considerable revolution—aye, and animate his monks to resist encroachments on their rights, whether by the merchants of London at the local fair or by a rival monastery setting up a rival market some miles off.

But if little is known about the old monastic life, very much has been presumed, or taken for granted upon testimony the true character of which has hardly ever been questioned till within the last few years. A mysterious "Black Book" is supposed to have been compiled when the monasteries were visited in the reign of Henry VIII.; and such extraordinary revelations were then made of the dissolute lives of monks and nuns that an indignant Parliament insisted on the suppression of these dens of vice. That the "Black Book" had disappeared with all its damning evidences was a fact which occasioned no difficulty to a writer like Burnet, who found that in the reign of Queen Mary a commission was granted to Bonner and others to examine the records of "divers

infamous scrutinies" in religious houses. The commission itself indeed said nothing about the destruction of these records when found, but rather that they should be "brought to knowledge." Still it was clear to the Protestant mind (at least in the days of Bishop Burnet) that the only object of inquiring after such things could be to destroy the evidences of things casting such deep discredit on the papal system. Well, whatever may have become of the "Black Book" itself, it is clear that the destruction of evidences could not have gone very far; for at least three or four documents still exist (and were referred to by Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* long before Burnet wrote) giving a black enough account of the state of the monasteries in Henry VIII.'s time just before their suppression. These three or four separate documents were possibly intended to form parts of a comprehensive book, reporting on monasteries throughout the whole of England; but, altogether, they embrace only certain districts, and it is clear only a minority of the houses are reported on even in them. These reports contain accusations of the foulest character—often of unmentionable crimes—against several of the inmates in a considerable number of the houses. But they are accusations merely, unaccompanied by a particle of evidence to support them; and we know quite well nowadays by whom and under what circumstances they were drawn up. They are in the handwriting of John ap Rice, a notary who accompanied Cromwell's visitor, Dr. Legh, in the work of inspecting the monasteries; and we can distinctly trace in the correspondence of Dr. Legh himself and his fellow visitor, Dr. Layton, the dates at which each of these separate reports was transmitted to their master. Now, dates are rather an important element by which to form some estimate of the results of this visitation; for it appears that the whole work was done with such amazing rapidity that it is simply out of the question to suppose that the enormities reported were proved by anything like a judicial inquiry. Between August and November 1535 Dr. Legh had traversed the South of England from Wiltshire to London and the Eastern counties to Norwich, including on the route the University of Cambridge, for which he drew up injunctions. Dr. Layton during the same period had taken another route from Gloucestershire by Oxford into Kent, as far as Folkestone. The two worthies then met at Lichfield about the end of the year, and made a joint visitation of the North of England, including the counties of Derby and Nottingham, Yorkshire, Durham, and Northumberland, and had completed their reports on the houses in this circuit as early as February, in good time to be made use of in the parliamentary session which began on the fourth of that month and extended into April.

They had visited in this rapid scamper through England a hundred and fifty-five monasteries in all, and professed to have found in more than a hundred of them cases of grave immorality. Even in the counties they had traversed by far the greater number of monasteries were not reported on at all. But the instances they had found were quite enough for the real object in view. Parliament was informed that a great deal of vice had been

discovered, and consented—though only, if we may trust a later tradition, under severe pressure—to grant to the king the property of all monasteries having an income of less than £200 a year; for it was stated in the preamble to the Act—not at all in accordance with the reports of the visitors—that religion was much better observed in the larger monasteries than in the smaller.

That the case against the monasteries was prejudged appears clearly from some of the letters of the visitors themselves. When Layton, in a fit of comparative honesty, had spoken well of the monastery of Glastonbury he was admonished that his report did not give satisfaction; so he wrote immediately to apologise for his "indiscreet praise," acknowledging that the abbot appeared "neither to have known God nor his prince, nor any part of a good Christian man's religion"! And to avoid a similar mistake at St. Mary's, York, he writes that he "supposes to find evil disposition both in the abbot and convent, whereof, God willing, I shall certify you in my next letters." It is needless to say that the testimony of such an accuser is absolutely worthless. And as for his fellow, Dr. Legh, even his associate Ap Rice felt compelled to write to Cromwell of his tyranny and extortions, begging him at the same time not to disclose that he had done so, else his life would hardly be safe from the bullies and serving men in Legh's employment.

Finally, the accusations, when they had served their purpose, were discredited even by a royal commission issued immediately afterwards to report upon the condition of the monasteries with a view to their suppression. As the monks were to be turned out, it was necessary to ascertain their number in each house and what sort of character each of them bore, as well as to take stock of their property. And, strange to say, the returns of this commission, so far as they have been collected hitherto, give the monks in almost all the houses a high character for probity, zeal, hospitality, and sometimes (we may add) for particular kinds of industry, such as writing, embroidery, and painting. Nor is this all; for it stands no less clearly recorded that several of those monasteries which look worst in the reports of the visitors stood highest in the esteem of their neighbours—the country gentlemen who had the duty imposed upon them of making these returns. The huge mass of scandal compiled by Drs. Legh and Layton was clearly believed by no one, not even by the king or Cromwell, or, we may add, by the visitors themselves.

Such is the real story of the famous visitation of the monasteries just before their suppression, as it appears in Father Gasquet's book. It is a new story, which it was impossible to tell even a few years ago with anything like accuracy, simply because the original evidences had not been made sufficiently accessible, or comprehensively catalogued in true chronological order. But, although the author is avowedly himself a monk, and dedicates his work to Pope Leo XIII., by whom, it appears, he was induced to undertake it, he need fear no contradiction hereafter on the main point here revealed. The old scandals, universally discredited at the time, and believed in by a later generation only through prejudice and ignorance,

are now dispelled for ever, and no candid Protestant will ever think of reviving them. Still further revelations doubtless await us in Father Gasquet's second volume, which will treat of the actual work of the suppression, to which the visitation of the monasteries was merely a commencement.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

The Principles of the Art of Conversation.
By J. P. Mahaffy. (Macmillan.)

In the present age good speakers, though rare enough, are perhaps more numerous than good alkers, for the opportunities for continuous conversation as distinct from the interchange of mere commonplaces are certainly rarer than in olden times. When life ran more slowly, and an early dinner hour insured a long evening, there was some chance for a man to practise himself in conversation, and to achieve distinction in a combat of words.

"What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have
been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if that everyone from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

But there are humbler triumphs still open to the man or woman who will take the trouble to win them; and, if conversation has become in some measure a lost art, Mr. Mahaffy's wise and witty counsels may make its recovery possible even to some ordinary units of society. Of course they must have some natural gifts to begin with, and they must not suppose that any rules, however precisely framed or exactly followed, can compensate for the absence of such; but there may be acquired a certain amount of skill which will render the natural gifts more available for their purpose, and which will save their possessor from egregious blunders, if it does nothing else. Before all things it is necessary to remember—what even good talkers sometimes forget—that the object of conversation is recreation, not instruction or moral improvement or controversy or display. Hence Mr. Mahaffy sounds a note of warning about the dangers of smartness—"an advantage which, if not deepened by solid acquirements or chastened by moral restraints, may make a man rather the scourge than the delight of his company." But there is, of course, an evil of an opposite kind, which is quite as much to be avoided, namely, "modesty without simplicity, which, though it may still be a moral virtue, is always a social vice, and, therefore, highly detrimental to good conversation."

It is beyond our purpose to give a thorough analysis of Mr. Mahaffy's treatise; but the Aristotelian vein in which he writes shows itself on every page, and is conspicuous enough in the following passage:

"What distinction are we to make between Shyness and Reserve—two qualities whose effects are generally similar, and each of which is a great hindrance to good conversation? We may start from the distinctions in ordinary use. No man or woman will openly claim to be reserved, but many will plead that they are shy. The reason of this is that shyness is assumed to be a physical or at least a constitutional thing, whereas reserve implies deli-

berate choice to stand aloof, and repel any intimacy of conversation as unwarranted either by the circumstances or by the relative position of the speakers. Thus, though reserve may arise from modesty, it is generally a form of pride, which for that reason no one will attribute to himself. On the other hand, shyness is either assumed to be a form, or an excess, of modesty, which is a virtue, or it is assumed to be congenital, and therefore a defect to be excused rather than a fault to be censured."

With these conclusions we are not altogether disposed to agree; for we think that, as reserve is supposed to be the mark of a strong character, and shyness of a weak, there are a good many men who would prefer to be called reserved rather than shy, and who deliberately act upon their preference. Be this as it may, Mr. Mahaffy is entitled to hold and to assert his own views; and, to judge from his book, he will always do so without offensive dogmatism or foolish diffidence. If he has not succeeded in giving the world a complete key to polite conversation, he has established his claim to be considered an original thinker, with powers of analysis and expression which few modern writers possess.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

Autobiography and Reminiscences of Sir Douglas Forsyth. Edited by his Daughter.
(Bentley.)

THIS book is a good specimen of the performance of a difficult task. The impediments which attend the writing of a man's life by a near relation have passed into a commonplace; and Miss Forsyth is entitled to respectful commendation for the way in which she has encountered them. The story before us is told, so far as possible, in the words of the hero; and the few remarks which the editor has considered indispensable are marked by good taste and self-control.

Forsyth was one of those men, not uncommon in the old Indian services, who, without any exceptional ability or high previous training, were developed by the conditions of the career. At Rugby, where he was contemporary with many men who have since risen to high distinction, he did not come prominently forward; being noted—so far as he was noted at all—for an amiable, honourable boy, rather lazy, and very good-looking. At Haileybury he did much better, coming out, ultimately, at the top of his term. With this prestige he landed in India, personally recommended besides to the ardent and ambitious Dalhousie. Failing to satisfy the great pro-consul, Forsyth fell into the shade for a while. But chance brought him a speciality—that opportunity for want of which many a clever man, in these days of divided labour, is doomed to live and die unknown. Being Deputy Commissioner of the Kangra Valley, he was much struck with the appearance of a number of Muslim Tartars who came down into that district from Central Asia for purposes of trade. Then came the Mutiny. But the memory of these people seems to have been fermenting in his mind. Years after, when he went to Jalandhar as commissioner, the Kangra Valley was one of the districts subject to his control. He now re-opened the question; and he found that the strange visitors came from Yarkand and Kashgar, where a Mohammedan conquest had

taken place some years before, the Chinese authorities having been expelled by followers of the Prophet from Kokand. This revolution had given a stimulus to the trade; and Forsyth endeavoured, though vainly, to interest Lord Lawrence in the matter. Nothing daunted, he went to Leh in 1867; and he was so satisfied with the result of his inquiries there, that he resolved to establish an annual fair at Palampur, where he invited the Yarkandis to come down and exchange their carpets and other produce for Indian tea. Led thus to study Central Asia and its affairs, he obtained sanction from Lord Mayo, and in 1868 repaired to London for the purpose of submitting his views to the government of Great Britain. The Duke of Argyll, then Secretary of State for India, received him coldly; but Lord Clarendon took a different view. Under instructions from the Foreign Office, Forsyth proceeded to St. Petersburg, via Constantinople, and successfully conducted a negotiation which was the original basis of the demarcation of the Afghan frontier recently concluded.

This intelligent and happy idea was also the foundation of Forsyth's own fortunes. He returned to India, at the close of 1869, highly recommended to the government by Lord Clarendon. Shortly afterwards he was sent by Lord Mayo to make further examination into the Central Asia trade question, and to visit Yarkand for that purpose. In this he was highly successful. To quote the words of a paper of the day: "The double journey of two thousand miles between Lahore and Yarkand and back was successfully accomplished in six months, over the highest tract of country in the world."

Then followed another difficulty with the government of India, more serious than that which has been noticed as occurring at the outset, in Lord Dalhousie's time. A band of excited peasants having caused anxiety in the Southern Punjab, a Mr. Cowan, Deputy-Commissioner of Ludhiana, proceeded against and captured a body of them encamped in the small independent state of Maler Kotla, on the borders of his district. Forsyth, who was then Commissioner of Ambála and Mr. Cowan's official superior, wrote to him, directing him to try his prisoners, but not to put any sentence in execution till he (the commissioner) should arrive. Mr. Cowan put the letter into his pocket and blew from guns some fifty of these unhappy bumpkins. Forsyth then wrote him a second letter, in which, instead of a reprimand or a call for explanation, he conveyed approval of the insubordinate and sanguinary act. The government of India, on learning these facts, dismissed Mr. Cowan from the service and censured Forsyth, who was removed from his commissionership and pronounced unfit for further employment that might involve political action.

The assassination of the lamented Mayo was followed by the viceroyship of Lord Northbrook, and Forsyth was sent back to Yarkand—this time not merely for commercial enquiry but on a special mission. This was, to a certain extent, a reversal of the previous order; but it is obvious that the word "political" has two senses. A Punjab commissioner has political powers which essentially differ from those of an envoy sent to conclude a treaty of commerce with a

foreign government. For the latter Forsyth had already proved his fitness, for the former—as it was thought—he had not.

The second mission to Yarkand was interesting, and might have been important. But, as we now know (though the book before us gives no hint of it), the whole thing came to grief through circumstances quite beyond British control. The tenacious Chinese were even then growing the crops that were to furnish the commissariat of an avenging force. When the crops were all ripe along the line of march the Chinese troops advanced, occupied the country, slew the Muslim usurpers, and resumed the government of Yarkand and Eastern Turkistan. The trade route is now closed; and the fair of Palampur is at an end.

In 1875 Forsyth went upon another mission, which, in spite of his temporary success, has proved equally ineffectual. With his usual combination of tact, suavity, and real shrewdness, he concluded a treaty with the King of Burma, whose son is now a dethroned prisoner in British India. In the following year he quitted India, and in 1876 retired from the service. The short remainder of his life was chiefly passed in railway business, in pursuance of which he visited Lisbon and went back to India for a few months. He died, somewhat unexpectedly, at Eastbourne, in the last days of 1886, leaving behind him—in the language of the *Times* obituary—"the ideal of an English gentleman."

Formerly, the administrative work of India was either in bad hands—when it was not done at all; or it was in exceptional hands—for which nothing was impossible. In this latter case the very difficulty of the work created the power of doing it. We can hardly miss the lesson of such a life as Forsyth's. Rebuked by Dalhousie, coldly treated by Lawrence and Argyll, censured and punished by a later local government—his buoyancy, self-reliance, intelligent views, and sympathetic manners, enabled him to surmount every obstacle and carry all his responsibilities to a happy conclusion. At the outset of his public life he laid down for himself three rules, extracted from his diary by the pious care of Miss Forsyth (p. 282), and when we read the words we cease to wonder at his success. Those who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship will recognise the sincerity with which they were recorded. Young men entering the India Civil Service can hardly do better than study the life of Douglas Forsyth in the light thus thrown upon it by himself.

H. G. KENNEDY.

Victorian Poets. By E. C. Stedman. Thirteenth Edition. With Supplementary Chapter. (Chatto & Windus.)

So persistent has been the parrot-cry that the reign of poetry and of romance is at an end that vast numbers of people repeat the foolish assertion in the conviction that they are giving utterance to a profound truth. Yet, save the Elizabethan period, there has been no epoch so fertile as our own, wherein so much beautiful and admirable work has been accomplished; which has endured so long and so gloriously, and in its decadence has given such promise of greatness to follow. That we are on the eve, not of a return to

empty formalism and dexterous dalliance with commonplace, but of a third great literary era, is the shy hope of many and the assured expectancy of not a few of those who have some warrant for their beliefs. To the Victorian epoch it is not yet time to write "Finis," although it is evident that its present autumnal beauty and abundance is of the St. Martin's Summer kind. One night, now or a few seasons hence, a chill wind will arise, and the wealth in which we exult will be a thing of the past; with one dawn will come a frost which will tyrannously remove these present riches to the vast garner where, as Sir Thomas Browne might say, Time doth vainly strive to satiate the avarice of Oblivion. I am well aware that there are many whose opinions are of weight who believe that we have run our course; that in the last fifty years we have exhausted our national genius; that the period which of necessity must soon dawn for us will be one of poverty if not of positive sterility. But these individuals, for the most part, belong, as it were, to the backwaters of the stream; and they have caught no glimpse of the widening estuary and the sea beyond. The keener-sighted, as well as the more hopeful, are aware of Oceanus; and I am glad to find that so acute and so capable a critic as Mr. Stedman is of their number.

In his supplementary chapter—a review of fourteen years of "British song" since the first publication of *Victorian Poets*—Mr. Stedman is able to adopt an attitude of anticipation as well as of retrospection. I note also with pleasure that, although he does not write very definitely on this point, he seems to be alive to the fact that, in poetic literature, the romantic impulse must lead to a great dramatic revival. He also shows that he has true insight into the great bulk of contemporary verse.

"Never were there so many capable of polishing measures quite unexceptionable as to form and structure, never fewer whose efforts have lifted them above what is, to be sure, an unprecedented level—but still a level. The cult of beauty and art, delightfully revived so long ago by Hunt and Keats, has brought us at last to this. Concerning inspiration and the creative impulse, we have seen first: that recent verse-makers who are most ambitious and prolific have not given much proof of exceptional genius. Their productions have the form of masterpieces, and little more. . . . Looking back, years from now, it will be seen that one noble song on a compulsive theme has survived whole volumes of elaborate, soulless artizanship by even the natural poets. . . . Breadth, passion, and imagination seem to be the elements least conspicuous in much of the recent song. The new men withdraw themselves from the movement of their time and country, forgetting it all in dreamland—in no-man's-land. They compose sonnets and ballads as inexpressive of the resolution of an imperial and stalwart people as are the figures upon certain modern canvases. . . ."

Mr. Stedman is not always the most subtle or discriminating of critics, but there is none among ourselves who equals him in breadth of sympathy, or in ability to resist allurements by the will-o'-the-wisp of mere form. The reason why contemporary criticism has so little public weight in this country is because most of its exemplars persist in castle-building in front of an advancing tide—imagina-

tion, originality, fervour, these have now become with them secondary to elaborately refined expression. And it is because Mr. Stedman strenuously endeavours to maintain his position on a truer foundation that his history of poetry in the Victorian epoch is so valuable. Nevertheless, many of its estimates are so out of proportion, there are such curious misapprehensions of the relative importance of "the younger men," that the last section of this book, at any rate, can only be regarded as a makeshift until a more critical record shall take its place. It would neither be courteous nor just to specify the somewhat startling overestimates which Mr. Stedman occasionally makes of certain writers among us. That this was almost inevitable must, in justice to Mr. Stedman, be recognised. He has great advantages in his distance from the field of battle; but if he can regard the varying aspects of the strife with calmness, he is also apt to exaggerate the clamour of those nearest to him, and even to overlook the centres where the real issues are at stake. But again it should be said that, with all its errors in judgment, many of them immaterial, and most of them readily perceptible to the well-read English public, *Victorian Poets* is not only the best book of its kind, but is worth (say) fifty reams of ordinary anonymous criticism of home-production.

WILLIAM SHARP.

Twenty-five Years in a Waggon in the Gold Regions of Africa. By Andrew A. Anderson. In 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

HERE is a *bona fide* traveller who has a good right to appear in print. Two modest volumes contain the record of twenty-five years of toil and adventure. As long ago as 1860 Mr. Anderson resolved to explore the then almost unknown territories to the north of Cape Colony and Natal; and, after several preparatory trips, he started north in 1863. Since then he has been travelling continuously through South Central Africa up to the watersheds of the Congo and Zambesi—a vast expanse of country, 1,100 miles from north to south, 1,800 from east to west, and extending over an area of 2,000,000 square miles. He has put off publishing his travels till he has been overtaken by civilisation; and many districts are now well explored and settled which, when first visited by him, were almost entirely unknown. But, for all this, his narrative is full of interest. He is a close observer of nature, and of the habits of the natives, and of the wild animals which he saw in vast quantities roaming unmolested through regions where they are now extinct, or nearly so. There is not much method in Mr. Anderson's writing, and it is not always easy to discover the year, or even the decade, in which he is travelling. One really serious fault in the book, for which we suppose the publisher is more to blame than the author, is the want of a map. We cannot understand any publisher allowing a work of the importance of the present one to appear without one. The inconvenience is the more felt from the wide range of Mr. Anderson's travels, which obliges the reader, in following him, to refer to more than one sheet in the atlas.

Mr. Anderson's account of the large game

in South Central Africa will interest many besides sportsmen; and he deserves credit for abstaining from slaughter for slaughter's sake. He had many adventures with lions. In the Kalahara desert he counted at one time, in a troop, great and small, twenty-two; and he frequently saw six and seven in the middle of the day, and within a short distance of his waggons. So near did one come to his camp, that a bushman threw a piece of burning wood at it and singed its mane. This was in the Transvaal, where he also witnessed a conjugal dispute between a lion and a lioness. Many a one might envy the author such a sight as the following:

"As we advanced along the bank we became aware that large game occupied the other side of the river. The dense forest prevented our seeing them, but there was no mistaking the sounds. Elephants were near, by the breaking of branches and the constant rumbling sound of their bowels. The river was too deep and dangerous to cross, therefore I had no choice left but to remain quiet and concealed in the shadow of the beautiful trees, the branches of which overhung the river. We knew they were approaching the river to drink. After waiting some twenty minutes, one by one they pushed themselves through the undergrowth that lined the steep bank, and made for the water, standing in a row close together, sucking up with their trunks the water into their immense throats, an operation that looks ridiculous—a sight seldom to be seen in daylight. To have fired upon them would have been cruel, as there was no possibility of getting their tusks even if we had killed them; we, therefore, watched with intense interest this interesting sight. After satisfying their thirst, they walked into the river until they were half submerged, throwing water over their backs, and flapping their immense ears against their sides, making a peculiar noise, evidently enjoying the bath immensely, pawing the water with their huge legs; and then returned to the forest to browse on the young and tender branches of their favourite trees. There were thirty-seven full grown and eleven young ones of various sizes. It was with difficulty I could restrain my boys from giving them a shot. At the present time these splendid animals are never seen in these parts, where formerly they were so plentiful."

This was also in the Transvaal.

Mr. Anderson's observations lead him to conclude that vultures discover their food more by scent than by sight. They are constantly on the wing, flying in circles, and making long sweeps in their course. They thus get the scent from any carcass below.

"In watching them closely," he says, "it is easy to see when they have got the scent and when they lose it, as is often the case if they make too great a circle. There may be sometimes from 100 to 200 performing these graceful circular flights, some one way and some another. Being at a great altitude—1000 yards—when they smell the carrion, they are, if the wind is strong, more than a mile away from the animal; and as they fly round they gradually work up to windward until the object is visible. Then they do not come down at once, but appear to make a survey of the surroundings before coming down to feast on the carcass. I have many times seen them come down wind, pass directly over a dead beast unnoticed, until they have got into the current of air on the down side, when they have worked back until they could see the animal on the ground. Their splendid sight will lead them to the spot after a time, but their quick sense of smell is the

first indication that there is a grand feast for them."

It is known that birds will warn animals of the approach of danger. The most annoying to the African hunter is a species of plover, which persistently follows him, giving the note of alarm. Mr. Anderson endeavoured to rid himself many times from these birds; but they were not to be baffled, but would come flying round the bushes, prying everywhere, until they discovered him, and then set up their alarm-notes—making the game fly in every direction. If these birds once fix their attention on a hunter, he must either shoot them or give up hope of a good day's sport.

The author's passion for a wild life, and his admiration for the noble quadrupeds which must disappear as white men advance, do not blind him to the value of civilisation. He is keenly alive to the importance of a central railway through Africa to the Congo basin. The distance from Kimberley to the Zambesi is 770 miles. A single line of railway could, he asserts, be made at a trifling cost, the country through which it would pass being comparatively a dead level, and beyond the Vaal river only a few streams would have to be bridged. He has explored the whole line of country from the Zambesi to Kimberley; and he does not hesitate to state that a better country could not be selected for a railway, or one in which the cost would be less. He proposes that fifty miles at a time should be laid down and completed; and thinks that it would not take many years to accomplish this great object, provided the people of Cape Colony were more alive to their own interests, instead of living in their present dormant state, and devoting their attention to subjects of no real importance to their prosperity. This railway would open up all the country situated on the north side of the Zambesi to what is included in the Congo State, a region of untold wealth, teeming with elephants, ostriches, and every kind of large game, and thickly peopled by intelligent races alive to the advantages of civilisation. The trade of this region now naturally tends towards the west coast. He considers that the line he proposes would be far more profitable than extending the railway from Kimberley to what he calls "that wretched Republic, the Transvaal," where commerce cannot be increased under the present Boer rule. It would, moreover, reach a district intersected by large rivers, tributaries of the Zambesi, at an elevation of nearly 3,000 feet above sea level, with splendid open and extensive pastures, which is also a fine corn-growing country.

Mr. Anderson has little good to say of the Boers. He entirely denies that they are good pioneers, and asserts that from the time they crossed the Vaal river they have been a greater curse to the country, wherever they have set foot, than Moselekatse ever was when he marched north from Zululand:

"They advance," he says, "into native territories, killing the people by thousands, enslaving women and children, robbing them of all their lands and cattle, and occupying their country, with no ulterior benefit to themselves or others, but merely as a field for further spoliation of native races, so that the country may be cleared of them; but not for civilisation or improving the country, because they leave

a dark spot wherever they settle from the ruthless cruelties they perpetrate upon unoffending and innocent people."

He himself, however, was not unacceptable to the Boer ladies, one of whom used every endeavour to persuade him to marry her daughter, her words at parting being, "You can take my daughter as soon as you come for her." He was not to be caught by this or many other like offers he had made to him.

The book contains curious accounts of various structures erected by earlier and more civilised races; but we must think the author jumps without sufficient evidence to the conclusion that that race was white, and is too anxious to find traces of the Queen of Sheba and the Ophir of Solomon.

WM. WICKHAM.

"Handbuch der römischen Alterthümer."—*Römisches Staatsrecht.* Von Theodor Mommsen. Dritter Band, erste Abtheilung: Bürgerschaft und Senat. (Leipzig: Hirzel.)

It would have been hard for an admirer of Dr. Mommsen, if he had been allowed to choose, to decide which of the two great works he would like to see finished first—the *Römische Geschichte* or the *Römisches Staatsrecht*. One longs to see the many-coloured life and bustle of the early empire depicted by the same hand which has given us the Rome of Cicero in such happy touches; to have the central government of the Roman world described in its entirety and in its relations to those single provinces, each of which has been separately painted in vol. iv. of the *Römische Geschichte*. The men, the literature, and the crimes of the age call for Dr. Mommsen's handling, and we are impatient to see what he will make of them. But at other times, when the plot-interest weighs less with us, when we want constitutional usage settled and the loose expressions of Roman orators or historians corrected or explained, we think of the unfinished *Staatsrecht*, and realise how much we should gain if we had complete before us the picture of the people and the senate.

That great work, the "Handbuch der römischen Alterthümer," has probably grown under the hands of its designers. Seven volumes were from the first intended to contain it, but by a process too familiar with German writers the volumes have been multiplied by separate Abtheilungen; and the present Abtheilung (832 pages) cannot honestly be called anything but a volume, and a very stout volume too. It takes its place in the due order of the parts, and describes the "Bürgerschaft"; but the work is not finished yet. The senate has still to receive its treatment, and in that part of the work we shall look for the key to much that is still obscure in Dr. Mommsen's theories. The relation of the senate to the people is far from being settled for more than one republican epoch; but the relation of senate and emperor is still more provocative of curiosity. The name Dyarchy, given by Dr. Mommsen to the constitution of Augustus, is not yet sufficiently justified; and it is curious that the senate should continue to be an object of suspicion and jealousy to the emperors even after Domitian had taken into

his own hands the greater part of the filling up of that body (vol. ii., ed. 1, pp. 875-7). If the senate was, for the most part, packed by the emperor, what sort of *esprit de corps* was there in it which assimilated his nominees and changed his friends into political foes?

The first volume (of the *Staatsrecht* and of the whole "Handbuch"), published in 1871, dealt with the magistracy in general, and, it will be remembered, provoked the wrath of Madvig by unfolding Roman usage from the starting-point of such abstract ideas as collegiality. The second (in two parts or Abtheilungen) contained a full account of each office, republican or imperial. But as the position of the magistrates of the republican period could not be properly estimated until the position and powers of the people, which gave them their authority, were understood, so the position of the later officials, from the emperor downward, will not be completely set forth until the second part of the volume now before us (the third) deals with the senate, which elected some officials and was the rival or victim of others. To the completion of this task Dr. Mommsen is apparently postponing what remains of his history.

Vols. iv.-vii. of the "Handbuch," originally by Marquardt, take up other aspects of Roman life. Vols. iv.-vi., the *Römische Staatsverwaltung*, deal successively with the organisation of the state and provinces, with finance and the army, and with religion. The seventh volume, *Das Privatleben der Römer*, in two parts, by Marquardt, has, like the *Staatsverwaltung*, been revised in a second edition by other scholars. It seems to us perhaps of all parts of the work best suited for translation into English. For the translation of so large a work as the whole we can hardly hope, although the task is being undertaken in French by F. Girard. Will any English author or publisher be so enterprising?

It will probably occur to anyone who looks over this brief distribution of the subjects that the authors would find it very hard to keep off each other's ground, and Dr. Mommsen does trespass very considerably upon the ground of Marquardt. His work overlaps that of his coadjutor upon the topics of Dress, Name, Latini, Municipia, and many more. Nor does the comparison thus suggested tell altogether in Dr. Mommsen's favour. His style is by no means seen at its best in this work, and the third volume is certainly inferior to the others in clearness of arrangement. To tell the truth, it is cumbersome and uncouth, and the vast stores of learning accumulated within its covers are somehow not easily accessible. Surely the "Bürgerschaft und Senat" might both have been handled within one real volume, as seems to have been designed at first, and that a volume of moderate compass.

Purchasers of the whole work may, we think, fairly complain of being ill-used when they find that all the references in this volume to earlier volumes are to the second edition, of which the paging is seriously different from that of the first edition. How are those readers who bought the volumes as they first came out, and therefore in the first edition, to use these references? Surely they deserve some consideration,

It is, of course, much easier to make such general comments upon the execution of Dr. Mommsen's work than to controvert any one part of it; and Dr. Mommsen is generally found to carry too many guns for his assailants. But still we must venture to point out that a disputable assertion does not become certain by being repeated, and that (to take one instance) the view that plebeians voted in the *comitia curiata* is no better substantiated now than it was when it was put forward in the *Römische Forschungen*. It is perhaps more carefully guarded, or qualified, by the admission that this was not originally the case. But is it certain that it was ever the case? We think not. Of the several arguments which the author advances, none are conclusive, and two seem specially open to criticism. The fall of the patricians, he says, would, if none but patricians voted in the *comitia curiata*, have entailed the disappearance of *leges curiatae*. But why? When the patricians lost their position, the importance of the *comitia curiata* had already passed away, and that assembly was reduced to a mere form. Why should any people, and especially a conservative people, have taken the trouble to destroy an old form, sentimentally and traditionally interesting, while it was too weak to be offensive? The ceremony, therefore, remained, and *leges curiatae* were still formally passed; but the thirty plebeian licitors voted, not because they had a right to do so as plebeians, but because they were specially appointed and authorised to represent the thirty patrician *curiae*. Again, the case of C. Mamilius Atellus is adduced from Livy 27.8; he was elected *curio maximus* against the wishes of the patricians; and as the election took place in the *comitia curiata*, the plebeians must, it is argued, have voted therein, or they could not have outvoted the patricians. But then this argument will not be good unless it be admitted that the election did take place in the *comitia curiata*, and this is not generally admitted. Though the point is uncertain, the *comitia tributa* are just as likely to have been the electing body. Thus this argumentation *litum lite resolvit*. A handbook is not the place for doubtful theories, or, at least, their doubtfulness should be made very plain to the reader.

FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

NEW NOVELS.

Only a Coral Girl. By Gertrude Forde. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

A Lion among the Ladies. By Philip Gaskell. In 3 vols. (White.)

An Adventuress. By Francis Addison. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Whose Wife? By Mrs. Harcourt-Roe. (W. H. Allen.)

The Moloch of Fashion. By Félise Lovelace. (Remington.)

The Algerian Slave. By L. G. Séguin. (W. Bartholomew.)

Gabriel Allen, M.P. By G. A. Henty. (Spencer Blackett.)

An Impecunious Lady. By Mrs. Forrester. (Ward & Downey.)

ALL who remember Miss Forde's *Tour in Corsica*, and her story entitled *In the Old*

Palazzo, will not need to be told that the author excellently utilised her experiences in the south of Europe. From this point of view similar praise may be extended to her new novel, which delineates with much vigour and freshness the strange and chequered career of Margherita Rucci, the daughter of a Capri fisherman. Taking the story as a whole, however, it is not equal to its immediate predecessor from the same pen. The Italian touches are charming enough, but the canvas is too large for the subject; and we cannot say that the painful *dénouement* springs from an overwhelming necessity, or, indeed, from any necessity at all. Margherita attracts the attention of a young English traveller, Keith Ronaldson. They fall desperately in love with each other, elope, and are married. A brief course of Paris training and tuition at the hands of the lover-husband effect a marvellous change in the peasant bride; and when she appears among Keith's family in England, and is taken into society, she becomes a fashionable favourite. For some time all goes happily; but Ronaldson gets drawn away by evil companions, and compromises as well as ruins himself at cards. Margherita, with her intense Italian nature, clings to him through all, and effects his moral salvation, reconciling him also with his outraged family. She bears him away to Capri to recover his lost health; and, as they have now a beautiful boy, and Keith has found earnest occupation in life, their happiness seems to be assured. But when Margherita has achieved all her remedial work, without rhyme or reason she is hurried into eternity by an old lover, Geronimo Garroni, who out of jealousy had first attempted to kill her husband. We perceive no need for this terrible sacrifice. But, apart from this blemish and the fact that it is too long, Miss Forde's novel is charmingly written. It is at least a pleasure to meet with a capable writer who has something to say.

For those who care to wade through the petty intrigues of garrison society, *A Lion among the Ladies* will no doubt prove entertaining enough; but any man or woman who feels the real earnestness of life will rather look with contempt upon the trivialities which distinguish the fair-weather existence of our soldiers at home. The First Battalion of the Chalkshire Rifles numbers some curious specimens of humanity, from Guy Leycester of "Ours"—the "lion among the ladies"—down to Major Brereton, the contemptible villain of the piece. There is not much of the flesh and blood element in any of the characters, though the author on one occasion does make "the blood of a long line of stainless ancestry surge up hotly into Guy Leycester's brain" as he knocks Brereton to the ground; while, at another time, in making love to the heroine he presses "passionate kisses, not on her lips alone, but on her shining hair, and on the soft white pillar of her girlish throat." But all are poor creatures, including the lion himself. It is true that in the third volume he goes to the Soudan and gets killed; and we could cheerfully have said farewell to many of the Chalkshire Rifles if they had "exchanged" and done likewise. The author seems to have a grudge against a favoured London

suburb, which he must settle with the inhabitants themselves, for in one place he speaks disparagingly of "that comparatively cheap and populous district known in the directory as Maida Vale"; and in another he refers more openly to a "shabby Portdown Road house." But Mr. Gaskell's style is what we must chiefly find fault with. It is one of the worst we have ever seen. He does not seem to like the English language; and certainly he does not betray that familiarity with it which is desirable. Many of his pages look almost like exercises in "Easy Lessons" in Latin or French, only that the Latin or French is not always accurate. Mr. Gaskell is not "a lion among the" languages.

A novel which opens with the strangling of two Englishmen by an Indian, and closes with the hanging of a third Englishman and the shooting of the aforesaid Indian, will be admitted to be pretty warm. Col. Addison has achieved this new feat in fiction in *An Adventuress*; while in the intervening space between the opening and the closing horror he presents us with an exhibition of sordid and despicable villainy such as we have rarely, if ever, seen equalled. The whole work is a sickening revelation of the seamy side of human nature; and, notwithstanding the introduction of two or three excellent characters, they are not sufficient to lighten the book and make it agreeable. The story is unquestionably exciting, but we cannot think the multiplication of such books advantageous in the public interests. Col. Addison says one smart thing when he describes a certain section of society in Rockby as "chiefly remarkable for their profession of charity and their vindictive jealousy of any one who practised it." By the way, the gallant author would do well to be a little more careful with his dates. At the opening of the story, Miss Lester goes to Rockby in May 1885; but long afterwards, and when nearly all the action of the novel has passed, we find, in the middle of the second volume, a letter concerning her written by her lover from Rockby Hall, and dated January 10, 1885.

The heroine in *Whose Wife?* is called upon to bear more than her fair share of misfortunes. She is a proud and beautiful woman; but she lives to become aware that her mother had been divorced, that she herself has two husbands, and that her child has died nameless. Her load of suffering is, indeed, great, and she almost succumbs from pain and anguish when her first husband, a brutal and loathsome being, returns and threatens to murder her by inches. Some of the passages in this book might have been toned down with advantage by Mrs. Harcourt-Roe, and we cannot say much for the story from the literary point of view. But it has a painful interest running through it, and will no doubt be read.

We have not, for a very long period, met with such a disagreeable story of vice among the upper classes as that presented in *The Moloch of Fashion*. We are not concerned to deny that there may be some basis of truth for the author's sweeping assertions; but we cannot feel that her work is justified on other grounds. Merely to lift the veil on aristocratic turpitude, with the object of laying

bare its hideousness to the world, is not likely to be productive of good. We want a pen that is something more than merely descriptive—a scathing pen like Thackeray's, which wounded in order to shame, and then to heal.

A wholly different type of novel is *The Algerian Slave*. Miss Séguin is a very pleasant and agreeable writer, and her books are invariably marked by a high tone. This story shows her at her best. The scene is laid successively in Venice, London, and Algeria, the time being at the close of the last and the beginning of the present century. The characters are well drawn, and the vicissitudes of the hero excite interest and commiseration, while the touches of description and the local colouring are excellent.

Mr. Henty has constructed an ingenious and entertaining plot in *Gabriel Allen, M.P.* The hero lives under the pressure of a painful secret, which he fears may at any moment bring down the sword of Damocles upon his head. How the danger at length passes away the reader must discover for himself. He will enjoy the story for many other things besides the sketch of Allen, for the author writes with a practised hand.

A word of commendation must also be given to *An Impecunious Lady*. Mrs. Forrester has written this shilling novelette for the benefit of a house of shelter for the homeless poor. It is none the worse story for that, and we sincerely hope it will be successful for the sake of its object. Mrs. Forrester places in touching juxtaposition the splendour and luxury of the rich in the west of London with the fearful suffering and privation of the poor in the east. Dives will have a terrible awakening some day when Lazarus rises up in judgment against him.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

RECENT THEOLOGY.

Studies in Religious History. By Ernest Renan. Authorised English Edition. (Bentley.) Of contemporary writers on religious and philosophical subjects M. Renan stands high for the uniform excellence of his productions, as well as for their number and multiform character. Applying Sheridan's well-known pun, we may say of him that his luminousness suffers no impeachment from his voluminousness. This collection of essays seems to us the best as well as the most characteristic of his recent works. He regards it as a sequel to the *Studies of Religious History*, published twenty-seven years ago; and the two works taken together not only attest the extent and variety of his studies, but bear witness to his own mental development. Some of the papers in this volume share the additional merit of being permanently valuable contributions to ecclesiastical history. Among these the most important are "Joachim di Flor and the Eternal Gospel" and "Francis of Assisi." The essay entitled "A Monastic Idyl of the Thirteenth Century" affords a curious insight into the working of monasticism, and the abnormal susceptibilities to which it occasionally administered. It is only an extreme form of a considerable number of such idyls, some of which are found in the *Heptameron* of Margaret, Queen of Navarre (e.g., Day 2, Nov. XIX.) We need hardly add that M. Renan's distinguishing characteristics of thought and diction abound in this volume, though some of the graces of

his incomparable style have, as was indeed inevitable, evaporated in the process of translation.

The Light of the Ages (Asia, Africa, Europe). By the Rev. H. R. Haweis. (Charles Burnet & Co.) The forewords to this first volume (in chronological order) of Mr. Haweis's series on "Christ and Christianity" explain its object. The religious enquirer

"will surely find the answer to the fashionable craze which proclaims all religion an ephemeral fancy of the human brain, when he perceives throughout the religions of the world the unity and solidarity of the religious consciousness."

The Light of the Ages, therefore, gives short sketches of all the great religions of mankind. We begin with "The Light of India"—Brahmanism and Buddha; and proceed to "The Light of Persia"—of China, of Egypt, of Greece, of Rome, of Scandinavia, with a final chapter on Judaism and Christianity. Of course, only a slight sketch of each religion can be given; but Mr. Haweis understands the art of rapid and intelligent summary, and contrives in each sketch to convey a clear picture of the religion treated of, and bring out its value as a witness to God's presence with the race. The best chapters are, perhaps, those on India, and the most inadequate the chapter on Greece. Mr. Haweis has bestowed special attention on Brahmanism and Buddhism, and does them justice; but the immense subject of Greek religion baffles him, and we receive but a vague impression from his account. The style of the volume is throughout refreshing and clear.

The Self-Revelation of God. By S. Harris. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.) This very elaborate and important treatise forms a continuation to the author's work on *The Philosophical Basis of Theism*, published a few years ago. It may be described briefly as an attempt to restate on an enlarged basis, and with the greater amplitude of illustration rendered possible by the present advance of knowledge, the old questions of evidential Christianity. To quote the author's own words:

"Butler's *Analogy*, Paley's *Natural Theology* and *Evidences of Christianity*, the Bridgewater Treatises, and similar defences of Christian Theism in the last and the earlier parts of the present century are not now sufficient. The evidence which they present is as valid as ever, but they fail to present the new evidence and to meet the new questions and objections now urged on our attention. Their method is open to criticism, and some of the principles which they assume are now the very points in question."

With a full recognition of Dr. Harris's superiority in many respects to his predecessors we fear, we must add "Mutato nomine, de te fabula," &c.; for both his method seems open to criticism, and not a few of the principles he assumes are decidedly questionable. As to the first point, the method and spirit of his work may be described as Hegelian. It is a systematic attempt, based largely on *a priori* grounds, to evolve the whole sum of Christian theology from successive stages of the self-revelation of God. These stages or parts of his subject are four, viz.: (1) God revealed in consciousness as the object of religious faith and service. (2) God revealed in the universe as the Absolute Being. (3) God revealed in the universe as Personal Spirit. (4) God revealed in Christ as the Redeemer of man from sin. Under these four heads Dr. Harris considers most of the systems and moot points of religious thought which have appeared in the world's history, and on all these subjects he is both learned and instructive. Unfortunately, however, his system, like other modifications of Hegel's Universal Thought-vortex, suffers from over-elaboration and excess of detail. In

particular it seems needlessly over-weighted by accepting Christianity rather in its traditional than in its original form. He gives his general conclusion in words which seem to merit quotation, as they describe in fairly concise terms the design of the book:

"The conclusion reached is not merely that Christian Theism may find a tolerated, but inferior and precarious standing in the presence of empirical and philosophical science and advancing civilisation; it is that the existence of God, the Absolute Reason, the ultimate ground of the universe and revealing Himself in it, is the necessary *presupposition* [the italics are ours] of all scientific knowledge, that it is the necessary basis of all ethical philosophy . . . of all aesthetical philosophy . . . and of all teleological philosophy . . . that the revelation of God in Christ redeeming man from sin and advancing His kingdom of righteousness and goodwill, gives the only complete and satisfactory philosophy of human history," &c. (p. 10).

Our readers will perceive from this extract both the scope of the author and the tone and spirit of his work. They may, however, accept our assurance that, in the discussion of points of detail, the book is an exceedingly thoughtful and learned production, presenting fresh aspects and arguments of evidential theology in a manner certain to command respect, if not to ensure partial or complete conviction.

Antiqua Mater. A Study of Christian Origins. (Trübner.) The anonymous author of this work describes its design as written in answer to the following inquiry: "What may we learn—apart from the books of the New Testament—from the old Christian and the Græco-Roman literature of the second century, in respect of the origin and the earliest development of Christianity?" This standpoint, though not exactly novel, is worthy of occasional adoption, if only for the enlarged vista it affords into the beginnings of Christianity; but the question should, in our opinion, be preceded by another, viz.: What might we have expected to learn from non-Christian sources as to the origin of Christianity? That the evidence from outsiders in such a case would be fragmentary, vague, and partial is only what we might expect. The author seems to think, however, that it is more reliable, partly because it is earlier than our common traditional testimony. However this may be, he has produced an exceedingly interesting, able, and well-written work; and even those who dissent from his conclusions will readily acknowledge the combined acumen and impartiality with which his arguments are set forth. It is refreshing in these days to find a theme, ordinarily treated with uncritical prepossession, handled with such independence and dexterity. Not the least valuable part of the book are the incidental remarks of the author on such questions as the current position of theology among ourselves. The following observation, e.g., is as true as it is generally unheeded:

"We share strongly the feelings of some Churchmen of our time—that the habit of cultivating critical acumen to the highest degree in reference to classical letters and history in our schools and universities, and of blunting its edge when brought to bear on Christian letters and history, is the source of great moral evil in the educated world."

The Doctrine of the Atonement. By the Rev. Lewis Edwards. Translated from the Welsh by the Rev. D. C. Edwards. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This treatise is written in the form of a dialogue between teacher and disciple, and divided into chapters, which deal with the doctrine of the atonement in its relation to God, its relation to the person of Christ, and its relation to man. A very interesting chapter on the history of the doctrine completes the book. The author's theological position is best illustrated by his classification in the

introductory dialogue of the books the disciple is to read. He divides them into four classes: to the first belong Owen, Howe, Leighton, and Jonathan Edwards, who "advocate the truths of the Gospel and teach nothing contrary . . . to wholesome doctrine"; in the second come Butler and Paley, who teach no error, but do not advocate the truth; in the third, Augustine, Luther, Baxter, and Coleridge, and the best modern Germans, who teach truth mixed with error, while the fourth class teach error mixed with occasional truth. But Dr. Edwards is not so narrow minded as this classification would lead us to suppose. He writes to support the thesis that "the justice of God's nature demands an atonement in order to pardon sin," but he denies that he is a supporter of a commercial atonement. He starts from the position that "immutable principles exist, and cannot have their source in God's will." This contention is supported in chapter iii., Plato's doctrine of ideas being appealed to in illustration of the argument. Justice, Dr. Edwards argues, insists on an atonement. He then goes on to find in the "merit" of Christ the essence of the atonement. But this reasoning, while it seems to destroy the free-will of God, does not in any way explain the moral difficulty of vicarious punishment. The merit of Christ makes it only more inexplicable on any principles of justice that He should suffer for those who have no merit. Dr. Edwards undertakes to prove that Christ has gained for us that if we live Christian lives we shall be saved, provided always that we believe that it is so—for justification, he holds, must precede sanctification; but his proof only establishes that God is not responsible for this, which does not help us much. The fundamental weakness of the argument is the absence of any definition of God's justice, and its connexion with His love. The disciple asks for such a definition, but he never gets it. "The tendency of our days," we read in the preface, "is to think of God as Father only." This is surely a somewhat astonishing remark: it asks us to neglect Christ's special message about God, and go back to the Old Testament conception of Him as a Judge, and it seems to think justice no essential attribute of a father. The reason why Dr. Edwards's theory of the atonement is questioned by so many Christians now-a-days is that it denies that God forgives sins in any ordinary sense of the words. A discussion of the atonement should start with the question, "How can we forgive one another," if it is to help us to understand what we mean by talking of God's forgiveness. The historical part of the book is excellent. Dr. Edwards is to be thanked for insisting on the importance of the writings of St. Anselm, particularly of the *Cur Deus Homo*? but they are important historically rather than absolutely.

A Manual of the Book of Common Prayer. Showing its History and Contents. For the Use of those studying for Holy Orders, and Others. By Charles Hole. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This book is one of a series entitled "The Theological Educator." If we were justified in judging from this specimen only, a more reasonable and expressive name would be "The Theological Crammer." It is the last book that a good teacher would put into the hand of a theological student, as it would inevitably excite the strongest repugnance towards a subject which, if wisely treated, is full of interest. Yet we are bound to say that for the purposes of *cram* it is really effective. It is full of matter, tersely put, and generally accurate; and we are certain that if Mr. Hole were to lay himself out as an "Exam. Coach" he would run many of his men through. For example, if the editor of the series were seeking Holy Orders, Mr. Hole might probably undertake to pass him in the Prayer Book after a week's reading. We

think it really unfair of Mr. Hole to refer to Procter's well-known manual (though with words of praise prefixed) in such terms as "The ninth edition in 1870 is a sign of its being still in constant request." He might have learned very easily that the book is now, in 1887, in its seventeenth edition. Mr. Hole tell us very justly (p. 29) that the English Prayer-Book was "never legally abolished" during the Commonwealth, "though the public use of it was forbidden." Is Mr. Hole not aware that the *private* use of it was equally forbidden under heavy penalties? It is curious that Mr. Hole, when discussing that part of the prefatory matter entitled "Concerning the Service of the Church," makes no mention of its being very largely a translation of Quignonez's Latin. It was, of course, from the Psalms in the Breviary, of Sarum or other English "Use," and not from the Greek of the LXX. (p. 62) that our reformers got the verse "O Lord save the king," and its response. We observe that Mr. Hole prints (p. 86) the opening words of the Litany with the unauthorised comma after "Father." It is curious that Mr. Hole (p. 106 sq.) does not notice the absolutely certain fact that our translation of the Athanasian Creed is from a Greek and not a Latin original. In the note on *oremus*, "Let us pray" (p. 115), the Western use of *oremus* as preceding an *oratio* should have been noticed. It will be misleading to those for whom this book is intended to learn (p. 177) that in the West a bishop, but in the East a presbyter, always administers Confirmation, without adding that the presbyter's *delegated* power is clearly indicated in the East by his having to procure from the bishop the chrism used.

Expositions. By the Rev. Dr. Cox. Third Series. (Fisher Unwin.) Our ample notice of the two former series of Dr. Cox's *Expositions* renders it needless to do more than call attention to the appearance of a third series, having the same undeniable impress of the author's "image and superscription." Dr. Cox continues to sustain in this volume his well-established rôle of a thoughtful, independent, and striking expositor. The titles of his discourses seem, however, to border so closely on sensationalism as to have a tincture of affectation; and the author, in common with many of his calling, is inclined to squeeze more exegetical comment from his textual sponge than it can fairly be said to hold.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Cambridge University Press will publish immediately a collation of the Athos Codex of the Shepherd of Hermas, with an introduction by Spyridios P. Lambros, Professor of History in the University of Athens, translated and edited by Mr. J. Armitage Robinson, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge. Many of our readers will remember the excitement caused in the literary world by the forgeries of Simonides in the years 1855-6, among which the one which awakened the liveliest interest was a codex containing the Shepherd of Hermas.

WE hear that a work on the recent native disturbances in New Zealand may shortly be expected from the pen of Sir George Whitmore, the officer who was mainly instrumental in their suppression.

MR. WALTER RYE has compiled from local records a list of the Freedom of Norwich from 1317 to 1603. This calendar will give the date at which each citizen took up his freedom, with the trade or occupation to which he belonged, and will be preceded by a short introduction. The work will be issued very shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN has completed his Ode for the International Exhibition in

Glasgow; and Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, the new Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, is at work on the score, which will be entirely choral. "The New Covenant," as Mr. Buchanan calls his ode, will be sung early next May, in the presence of the Prince of Wales.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will shortly publish a small work, entitled *The Irish Union—Before and After*, by Mr. A. K. Connell, author of "Discontent and Danger in India," &c. It is a popular treatise on the political history of Ireland for the last two centuries.

MR. JULIAN CORBETT is writing a novel entitled "Kophetua the Thirteenth," the first instalment of which will appear in the April number of *Time*.

Lotus: a Psychological Romance, by the Author of "A New Marguerite," will be published shortly by Mr. George Redway.

The Golden Halcombes is the title of a new novel, by Mr. John Shaw, to be published shortly by Mr. C. W. Olley, Belfast.

MESSRS. SOTHEYBY will sell, on the three last days of next week, the very choice library of the late John Leveson Douglas Stewart. Among the chief rarities are collections of W. Fraser's publications relating to Scottish families, and of Sir W. Stirling Maxwell's privately printed works; a presentation copy of the Edinburgh edition of Burns, with many additions and corrections in the poet's handwriting; first editions of Fielding, Smollett, Byron, Dickens, &c.; and a remarkable series of illustrations by Cruikshank.

FRIENDS of the late Archbishop Trench and those who value his literary work in Biblical exposition, in poetry, and in philology, will be interested in hearing that a movement has been set on foot to do honour to his memory, and to his energetic advocacy of higher female education, by endowing two scholarships in the Alexandra College at Dublin. This college, which has done very successful work, was mainly founded by the archbishop's exertions, and the proposed memorial will replace two exhibitions which he annually contributed to the institution. A strong committee has been formed in Ireland and England for this purpose, and particulars will be forwarded or contributions received by the Rev. W. Ogle, 73 Park Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

THE chronicle of the Wimbledon Free Public Library makes a good start. The building was opened in March last as a reading room, and the average daily attendance of visitors has reached 360. Ten daily papers, ninety-eight weekly papers and journals, and forty-five monthly and quarterly publications are supplied. On the opening day the shelves contained only 2,000 books, and the number of volumes has since grown to 6,000, a catalogue of which can be purchased for the moderate price of sixpence. Mr. L. W. Longstaff, who takes great interest in the growth of the library, has issued a small pamphlet of twenty-four pages consisting of notes on the catalogue. His observations, which are arranged under twenty-six heads, will afford the enquirer considerable help in the choice of the best books housed in the building. They are brief, but to the point; and the low price, one penny, puts them within the reach of all.

WE have received tomo vii. of the *Historia del Ampurdan*, by D. José Pella y Forgas. This last instalment is full of interesting details on architecture and on the social condition of various classes of Spanish society in the fifteenth century. Only a supplement with indexes and map remains to be published. The whole seven tomos form a small folio of about 700 pages, admirably illustrated with photographs and careful drawings from actual

objects. Beyond the mere local history, the work has great value as a careful study of mediæval society and mediæval art.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

GARIBALDI'S "Memorie Autobiografiche," kept for many years under lock and key, and only just published in Italy, will be the theme of a paper by Dr. Karl Blind in the forthcoming number of the *Contemporary Review*.

CONSIDERABLE space in the March *Antiquary* will be devoted to the Chester discoveries. There will be four representations of the Roman sculptures, from drawings by Mr. Edward W. Cox, including the figure of Hercules and the fragment of sculptured frieze. A report of Mr. Loftus Brock's paper on the "Age of the Walls of Chester," and the lively discussion which followed thereon, will also be given.

THE leading article in the March number of *Scribner's Magazine* will be the first of two papers by Mr. John C. Ropes on "The Campaign of Waterloo." There will also be an article by Mrs. James T. Fields, entitled "A Shelf of Old Books," containing portraits of Keats, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, "Barry Cornwall," and Joseph Severn, and facsimiles of marginal notes, &c.; while Mr. R. L. Stevenson will this month write on several eccentric beggars whom he has known.

THE March *Century* will contain the story of "Colonel Rose's Tunnel at Libby Prison," told by one of the hundred and nine Union officers who escaped on the night of February 9, 1864; also an account of Bismarck, and an illustrative paper on Salisbury Cathedral.

AMONG the contributors to the *Woman's World* for March will be Ouida, who furnishes a paper "Apropos of a Dinner"; the Countess Martinengo-Cesaresco, on "Swiss Goblins"; Mrs. Harriette Brooke Davies, on "Culture versus Cookery"; and Lady Lindsay, who contributes a complete story.

MR. GEORGE R. SIMS has been engaged on the preparation of a new series of descriptive papers, which will be commenced in an early number of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, under the title of "Life Dramas of the London Poor."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

PROF. A. H. GREEN has been elected to the Chair of Geology at Oxford, vacant by the retirement of Prof. Prestwich. Mr. Green has held the professorship of geology in the Yorkshire College of Science, at Leeds, since its original foundation; and he had previously served for many years as an officer of the Geological Survey. He is a special authority on the Yorkshire coal-field; has reported officially on the coal resources of Cape Colony; and is the author of a valuable treatise on physical geology.

M. T. RIBOT, author of *La Psychologie anglaise contemporaine* and of many other works on psychology—several of which have been translated into English—has been appointed to the new professorship on evolution, founded at the Collège de France by the municipal council of Paris. M. Ribot may be described as a disciple of Mr. Herbert Spencer, rather than a Darwinian *pur sang*.

CANON DRIVER and Prof. Cheyne have arranged to make a tour together in the Holy Land. They propose to start about March 10, and will be away for six weeks or two months.

IN Convocation at Oxford on Tuesday, the proposal to make a special grant out of the Boden fund for the teaching of Vedic literature was rejected by 85 votes to 43.

WHILE Convocation at Oxford has approved the petition of St. John's College to postpone its obligation to augment the endowment of the Laudian chair of Arabic, the following representation to the Vice-Chancellor has been signed at Cambridge by sixty-seven influential names:

"That inasmuch as (1) the remedy provided by statute to meet depression, and (2) remedies which lie within the sphere of action of colleges, have not been tried and found inadequate, it is not justifiable to alter recent statutes regulating the contribution of the colleges to the university."

BOTH Convocation at Oxford and the Senate at Cambridge—the latter unanimously—have adopted petitions to the Queen in Council against the petition of the two London medical colleges to obtain authority to confer degrees in medicine and surgery. An important discussion on the subject is printed in the *Cambridge University Reporter* of February 14.

THE Rev. Dr. E. Moore, principal of St. Edmund Hall, and Barlow lecturer on Dante at University College, London, will deliver a lecture at the Taylorian Institution at Oxford on Tuesday next, February 28, on "The Tomb of Dante."

SIR JAMES PAGET has consented to give the annual address to the students of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor. The address will be on "Scientific Study."

WE have received from so distant a quarter as the University of California a very scholarly production, forming No. 8 of its "Library Bulletins." It is modestly entitled *References for Students of Miracle Plays and Mysteries*, by Francis H. Stoddard, A.M.; and it consists of sixty-eight pages of letterpress, besides an elaborate table classifying the extant English mystery plays. The body of the work is thus arranged: (1) histories, essays, and works of reference; (2) editions of plays not English, by languages, with the French mysteries in chronological order; (3) mysteries and miracle plays in England, with special mention of the present homes of the MSS., of the recorded representations, and of the printed editions. In the preface indebtedness is acknowledged to Miss Toulmin Smith's recent edition of the cycle of York Plays; and two academical dissertations to which that book gave birth in Germany are duly entered in their proper place. It remains to add that the typography of this catalogue is as excellent as its substance.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

LINCOLN: MIDNIGHT.

SLOWLY and solemnly the great bell tolls
The hour of midnight; now the sound floats clear
Across the stillness, falling on the ear
Like the sad knell that peals for passing souls;
Now, like the boom of distant guns, it rolls
Far off into the night, and a vague fear
Comes o'er the listener, as when sailors hear
The roar of breakers upon hidden shoals.
Then, caught upon the breeze before they die,
Above the slumbering city from the hill,
The last strokes chime out, flinging to the sky
Their deep-toned music, whose vibrations fill
The whole wide air; then, fading to a sigh,
The trembling sound is lost, and all is still.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE February *Livre* contains an article of the very best kind for such a periodical—a "Voyage autour de Félix Arvers," by M. Charles Glinel, who has made the "single-

sonnet" poet his special study, and has found out all that is to be learned about him. It is not much, as those interested in Romantic literature partly know already. Arvers was a literal example of the clerk who penned stanzas when he should engross. But he did not cross his father's soul thereby, inasmuch as the paternal Arvers considerably died early. He left his son a small property, of which the said son was not too careful; but, as nearly half of it remained when he died, he can never have inhabited the typical *Château de la Misère* like so many others. The most curious thing about him is that he spent or wasted his life, which was not extraordinarily short (he died at forty-four), not in writing verse, but in writing drama, and that not independently, but in collaboration. Now his poetic talent, if not great in volume, was certainly real, which does not appear to have been the case with his dramatic talent. It now seems certain that the immortal "*Mon Âme a son Secret*," which holds in French literary history the place of "*The Burial of Sir John Moore*" with us, was written to, as well as for, Mme. Menessier, Charles Nodier's daughter; and that the "*Imité de l'Italien*," which has puzzled critics in the printed version, was an afterthought and a blind. The article is illustrated by a portrait of Arvers in the 1830 style—a portrait with character enough, but deprived of beauty by the steeply receding forehead and by parted lips of almost negro conformation.

OXFORD CITY RECORDS.

Oxford City Records. Part I. Volumes. Part II. Separate Documents. By F. Madan. (Privately printed.)

THE Germans have been engaged for some time in printing their early city records—for instance, those of Cologne and Strassburg, and those of the Hanseatic towns. Without them we should have a very imperfect account of life in the Middle Ages, or even in much later times; for chronicles deal less with the inner than with the outer life of a nation, and are often more picturesque than instructive. England is beginning to follow the German example; and not only London, but other places, such as Nottingham, have made large contributions to our knowledge of town life, of the daily doings of the citizens, their guilds and all manner of associations, as well as of the numerous inhabitants who lived outside the action of the guilds. One volume of Oxford records has been already published in 1880 by Mr. W. H. Turner, whose untimely death deprived the city of one of its most devoted sons. Now Mr. Madan gives us not the documents themselves, but a complete list of them—an indispensable prerequisite to faithful research. The proceedings of the hustings court begin about 1530; and here transfers of houses were registered, and all business connected with the freemen transacted. It is so difficult when you enquire into the history of old and interesting houses in a town to obtain any accurate information about them. The enrolment of apprentices begins in 1514. The audit accounts from 1553 include the accounts of the S. Frideswide and the Austin fairs and the Castle Mills.

It will be observed that these volumes mostly begin with the sixteenth century. The separate documents naturally begin much earlier. Thus, besides the charters, there are hustings and other court records from 1290 onwards, and curious coroner's inquests of the time of Edward I., and many documents illustrating the relations between the city and the university. The English proclamation of Henry III. (the only one until Henry V.'s time) is preserved at Oxford—the only other copy is that sent to Huntingdonshire; and from the Oxford copy

Prof. Skeat was enabled to edit a careful text for the Philological Society in 1882. The last words, *adforen othre moqe*, had always been a difficulty; but Prof. Skeat found that the true form was *inoge*, i.e., enough (we may compare Robert of Gloucester's *other barons inowe*).

The city of Oxford would have large claims on our gratitude if it would publish the very valuable early documents in its possession; and hardly any expenditure of city funds would yield a return of more permanent value, not to mention that the sale of such a book would probably make the risk of loss very slight indeed. We need not say that Mr. Madan has done his work, not only carefully, but thoroughly, and in the way that is most serviceable to students. C. W. BOASE.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- AKHOND-ZADE, MIRZA FETH ALL. Deux comédies turques, traduites en français par A. Ollivier. Paris: Leroux. 8 fr.
- DENKMÄLER griechischer u. römischer Sculptur. In histor. Anordnung, unter Leitung v. H. Brunn. Hrg. v. E. F. Bruckmann. 1. Lfg. München. 30 M.
- GRÄBER, F. Die Wasserleitungen v. Pergamon. Berlin: Reimer. 2 M.
- LILJENROOS, R. v. Die Horastischen Metren in deutschen Kompositionen d. XVI. Jahrh. Leipzig: Breitkopf & Härtel. 4 M.
- LONGCHAMPT, E. Pourquoi l'Amérique du Nord n'est pas française. Paris: Challamel. 2 fr. 50 c.
- REPRÉSENTATION, LA. PROPORTIONNELLE: études de législation et de statistique comparées. Paris: Oudion. 12 fr.
- ROSDOT, N. Les peintres de Lyon du 14^e au 18^e siècle. Paris: Plon. 12 fr.
- ROST, Léon de. Le Pays des dix mille lacs: voyage en Finlande. Paris: Jorel. 3 fr. 50 c.
- SCHWETZER, Ph. Geschichte der skandinavischen Literatur. 2. Thl. Von der Reformation bis auf die skandinavische Renaissance im 18. Jahrhundert. Leipzig: Friedrich. 5 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- LEGRAND, E. Bibliothèque grecque vulgaire. T. IV. Epistolaire grec ou Recueil de lettres adressées . . à Chrysanthos Notaras, patriarche de Jérusalem, par les princes de Valachie et de Moldavie (1684-1780). Paris: Maisonneuve. 20 fr.
- LUTOWIAWSKI, W. Erhaltung u. Untergang der Staatsverfassungen nach Plato, Aristoteles u. Machiavelli. Breslau: Koebner. 2 M. 40 Pf.
- OPFERMANN, A. v. Atlas vorgeschichtlicher Befestigungen in Niedersachsen. 1. Hft. Hannover: Hahn. 5 M.
- REUSS, R. La Cathédrale de Strasbourg pendant la Révolution. Paris: Fischbacher. 5 fr.
- ROTHMAN, G. La Prusse et son roi pendant la guerre de Crimée. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BARRAUDE, J. Système silurien du centre de la Bohême. 1^{re} Partie. Vol. VII. Leipzig: Gerhard. 40 M.
- MÜNSTERBERG, H. Die Willenshandlung. Ein Beitrag zur physiolog. Psychologie. Freiburg-L.B.: Mohr. 4 M.
- PFLÜGER, E. Zur Lösung der Platonischen Frage. Freiburg-L.B.: Mohr. 3 M. 10 Pf.
- RAWITZ, B. Die Fusedrüse der Opistobranchier. Berlin: Reimer. 3 M.
- TRAUBE, H. Die Minerale Schlesiens. Breslau: Kern. 9 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- OLÉAT, L. Le Nouveau Testament, traduit au XIII^e siècle en langue provençale, suivi d'un rituel cathare. Paris: Leroux. 50 fr.
- KURTZ, E. Miscellen zu Plutarchs Vitae u. Apophthegmata. Leipzig: Neumann. 1 M.
- MÜLLES, H. Das Verhältnis d. Neugriechischen zu den romanischen Sprachen. Leipzig: Friedricz. 3 M.
- REVILLIOT, E. Second mémoire sur les Blemmyes d'après les inscriptions démotiques des Nubiens. Paris: Maisonneuve. 10 fr.
- TANGER, G. Englische Namen-Lexikon. Berlin: Haude & Spener. 5 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ROUTE FROM SYRIA TO EGYPT.

Christ's College, Cambridge: Feb. 21, 1883.

Prof. Sayce's interesting account of his journey from Jerusalem to El-Cantara by the short-desert route invites some remarks connecting his observations with what is known as to the topography of the district from Arabic and other sources.

The desert along the coast between Palestine and Egypt is known to Arab geographers as Al-Jifâr, "the water-pits." Yâcût, who describes the district from repeated personal observation as it was about the beginning of the thirteenth Christian century, says that, though the cities that formerly existed in the region were desolate in his time, there were still many palm groves and a series of inhabited points along the highway where travellers could find all needful supplies. These points were Rafah (Raphia; the form Rafah used by Prof. Sayce is incorrect), Al-Cass, Az-Zu'câ, Al-'Arish, Alwarrâda and Cafya (the Qatiyah of Prof. Sayce). He quotes also a description by Al-Hasan al-Mohallebl, dating from the latter part of the tenth century, who still speaks of Al-'Arish, Rafah, and Al-Warrâda as towns surrounded by gardens with palm trees, vines, and pomegranates, and having also some slender crops raised in the sand. The natives, moreover, at one season of the year, caught a vast number of quails which came to them over the sea (cf. Num. xi. 31 sqq.). From these statements it would appear that the gradual sanding up of the cultivated spots round the water-pits which Prof. Sayce observed at Româneh has been long in progress all over the district. Româneh, by the way, should be written with two m's, and means "pomegranate"; see the Archduke Ludwig Salvator's *Caravan Route*, E.T., p. 9, where there is a view of the place. This may be mere popular etymology, for Brugsch, *Dict. Géog.* (p. 1242), supposes that the name preserves the Egyptian name of Pelusium *Roman* or *Romen*; but "pomegranate" is so distinctive a name in a place where trees are few that it is very unsafe to look further for an explanation. It is certainly illegitimate to suppose that the name has anything to do with the Romans, as Prof. Sayce seems to think. Equally incorrect is the explanation of Faramâ, "the Pe-Romî of the Copts," as "Roman city." The Coptic name of Pelusium, from which Faramâ is derived, is Peremoun; and, according to Brugsch (*ut sup.*) is old Egyptian. Has the printer played a trick with Prof. Sayce's MS., and changed "the city Roman" to "the Roman city"? In speaking of Faramâ, Prof. Sayce very justly rejects the idea that the neighbouring Tina is to be connected with the Sin of Exek. xxx. The two names cannot be etymologically one, and that Sin means "mud" is very questionable. But Prof. Sayce is mistaken when he thinks that the name Tina "owes its existence to the fortress built in the mud about three centuries ago." The name is old. Yâcût has an article on the place, and it was at Tina that Nâsirî Khosrau took ship for Tinnis, having come by land from Ascalon in A.D. 1047 (*Sefer Nameh*, ed. Schefer, p. 109). Prof. Sayce's suggestion of Faramâ as a site for exploration is well worth attention. The remains of antiquity in the middle ages were still such as to excite the admiration of the Arabs, who had a considerable town here, the capital of the district of Al-Jifâr. The place was considered very unhealthy (Al-Mohallebl in Yâcût s.v.), and its water supply was partly from rain, partly brought by ship from Tinnis. Brackish water could be obtained from wells outside the town. Faramâ was burned by Baldwin I., King of Jerusalem, on his last expedition, and was finally destroyed by Shâwir half a century later (Macrizî, *Khitat* i. 212). Baldwin sickened and died on the way back before reaching Al-'Arish, and the Bardawil, which Prof. Sayce speaks of three hours from that place, is the Hijarat Bardawil, or "Baldwin's Cairn," spoken of by Ibn Khallikan, No. 753, Wüst. and by Abulfeda iii. 373. The king's body was embalmed; but his entrails were buried in the desert, and every Moslem who passed by cast a stone at his

tomb. The name of "Baldwin's salt-marsh" would seem to have been anciently attached to the whole Serbonian bog. According to the Archduke Ludwig Salvator, it now belongs to a great lagoon skirting the caravan road, less than half a day's journey west of Al-'Arish. On the shore is a ruined "castle of Bardawil" and a heap of stones where Bardawil is said to have been slain by Abū Zaid (p. 26). Close by are the remains of an ancient town. These must be the ruins of which Prof. Sayce was told, and as they lie on the road it is curious that he did not see them. An old German traveller, quoted by Reiske (Abulf. iii. 718), tells the story of "a great giant" who lies buried half a day's journey from Al-'Arish. It would almost seem as if Arab imagination had transferred to Baldwin the story of Typhon buried in the Serbonian bog (Herod. iii. 5).

One is a little surprised to find Prof. Sayce speaking of his "discovery of the site of Mount Casius." There is, as geographers have long known, only one spot on the coast that can possibly be the sandy mount famous for the temple of Jupiter Casius and for the tomb of Pompey, viz., the cape which the English chart and the *Mediterranean Pilot* (1885, vol. ii., p. 378) call Kas Bouroun, that is Kas promontory. This Kas, or, more correctly, Cass, is the Qes of Prof. Sayce's informant. In Yâcût's time it was ruined; but his authority, Mohallebi, describes it, and tells us that going along the coast from Faramâ to Gaza, one comes to Ras al-Cass—a sandy promontory with a castle, gardens, sweet water, and some scanty agriculture. The Arab philologists retained an interest in the place because the garments called *cassiya* or *cissiya* (of mixed linen and silk), which a tradition forbade Moslems to wear, were said to come from it; and the Tâj al-'Arûs gives an extract from an Arabic *History of Damietta*, describing Al-Cass as it was after its ruin, which is to be compared with a similar passage in Macrizi (*Khitat* i. 182). The printed Macrizi, and also the MS. used by Quatremère (*Mém. sur l'Ég.* i. 337), have Cais for Cass, by a blunder, which is the less excusable as Macrizi is at the trouble to spell the word. From these accounts, it appears that the promontory was a great sand-hill, six post-stages (thirty-six miles) from Faramâ, between Sawâda and Warrâda, with ruins and some production of salt, which the Bedouins carried to Gaza and Ramla. Here the Franks used to post themselves to plunder wayfarers.

Thus, in the Middle Ages there were still two routes from Pelusium or Faramâ to Palestine. The usual route was that still used, south of the lagoons, the first day's march being from Faramâ to Baccâra, the second to Warrâda, the third to Al-'Arish, and the fourth to Rafah. Modern travellers going towards Syria join this route at Cafya, which Prof. Sayce makes thirteen miles from Faramâ, and pass the night at Bir al-'Abd, which is an easy afternoon's journey from Cafya. This point probably corresponds to Baccâra, and the next halting place, Mazâr (Bir al-Mazâra, misprinted Magâra in the archduke's book), will correspond to Warrâda. Warrâda, like Mazâr, lay among sand-hills. It was once a town and military post, and even in Yâcût's time had inhabitants, a *masjid*, and a station for carrier pigeons to bear despatches to Cairo. It plainly was, as Mazâr is now, the most habitable point between Cafya and Al-'Arish.

We now come to the historically more interesting northern route. As Cass lay between Sawâda and Warrâda, the latter station must have lain on both the northern and the southern roads. The ancient stations on this route are known from the Antonine itinerary, which agrees with Josephus's account of the march of Titus (*B.J.* iv. 11), except that Titus took but one day from the Pelusian mouth to

Mount Casius; while, from the town of Pelusium, the itinerary allows two easy stages. From Mount Casius it was two days' march to Rhinocolura (Al-'Arish), the station Ostracine lying just half way. It is generally assumed from Strabo's account that this whole road lay between the lagoon and the sea; but his words do not absolutely require this, and he does not name Ostracine. It is, therefore, worth considering whether, as seems to have been the case in Arab times, the road eastward from Mount Casius did not keep south of the narrow lagoon, and whether Ostracine must not be sought near Warrâda. The name "Ostracine" may be explained from the observation of the archduke that in the fossiliferous limestone used for building at Warrâda cockle shells (*Cardium edule*) are particularly prominent. More precise topographical information is needed to settle this point.

The station after Al-'Arish was and still is Raphia, and somewhere hereabout the Ienysus of Herodotus (three days from Mount Casius) must be placed. I cannot see that the distances at all determine the identification of Ienysus with Khân Yûnus, though that place is not so far from Raphia that the identification is impossible. But the suggestion that the name of Yûnus represents Ienysus is very hazardous. Yûnus is so common a name among Moslems that a Caravanserai of Yûnus might arise at any time, and it does not appear to be known to the Arab geographers. The place probably sprang up after the fall of Rafah, which in the earlier middle ages was a considerable place, but was ruined when Yâcût wrote. And in olden times the desert, on the edge of which Ienysus lay, did not come so far north, but ended at Rafah, three miles north of which began the famous avenue of sycamores described by Yâcût.

W. ROBERTSON SMITH.

THE WORD "HERENUS" IN CHAUCER.

Cambridge: Feb. 14, 1888.

When I explained, in the ACADEMY for January 7 (p. 9), that the word "Herenus" is simply a mistake for "Herines," i.e., the furies (such being the Middle-English form of Erinnyes), I did not expect that I should so soon light upon another singular perversion of the same word.

In Chaucer's Works, ed. 1561, fol. 322, back, there is a miserable poem, of much later date than that of Chaucer's death, entitled "The Remedie of Love." The twelfth stanza begins thus:

"Come hither, thou Hermes, and ye furies all
Which far been under us, nigh the nether pole,
Where Pluto reigneth," &c.

It is clear that "Hermes" is a scribal error for "Herines," and that the scribe has added "thou," out of his own head, to keep "Hermes" company. The context bears this out; for the author utterly rejects the inspiration of the Muses in the preceding stanza, and proceeds to invoke furies, harpies, and, to use his own expression, "all this loathsome sort." Many of the lines almost defy scansion, so that no help is to be got from observing the run of the lines. Nevertheless, this fresh instance of the occurrence of "Herines" much assists my argument; all the more so, as it appears in a disguised shape. WALTER W. SKEAT.

BRITISH MAPMAKERS AND BRITISH POSSESSIONS.

Bothwell, Glasgow: Feb. 11, 1888.

Notwithstanding all the good advice that has of late years been tendered to British map-makers, there are, as yet very few gratifying results to show for it. Either they or the editors they employ do not seem to be suffi-

ciently interested in geography to take a pleasure in making their maps accurately representative of the state of geographical knowledge. As their shortcomings are really of very serious import to the general public, it is desirable that friendly and honest criticisms should be unremittingly continued with a view to bring about such an improvement as science and patriotism alike demand.

One of the outcomes of the Jubilee year was a crop of new atlases of the British Empire, or new editions of such. Three of these, all issued by well-known houses, I have recently most carefully compared; and repeatedly, during the labour of comparison, have I been forced to the disagreeable conclusion that some one of the three editors had blundered. The atlases are: Bartholomew's *British Colonial Pocket Atlas* (1887), W. & A. K. Johnston's *Colonial and Indian Atlas of the British Empire* (1887), and Philips's *Handy-Volume Atlas of the British Empire* (1887). As engraver's work they are all creditable productions; and, apart from the engraving, they have all many excellent features, each one showing some points of superiority over the others. What I wish to direct attention to is that they cannot be found to agree on many simple matters of fact. In proof of this, let me give five instances out of my collection; and, lest it should be thought that the discrepancies are points of minute detail, I shall choose them so that they may all hinge on the fundamental question, What is British territory and what is not? For shortness' sake I shall speak of the atlases as B., J., and P.

1. *Ellice Islands*.—B. marks these as British on map xxiv., and confirms his map in words on p. 16. According to J.'s map they are not British. P.'s maps do not contain them at all.

2. *British North Borneo*.—J. extends the west boundary as far as Brunei Bay. According to B. and P. it only comes as far west as Kimanis Bay—a difference of probably sixty miles of coast line.

3. *Pishcen Valley, &c.* According to P., an important district close on 200 miles long, is under British rule. Neither B. nor J. has anything to support this.

4. *Aden*.—In B.'s map xiv. there is a district of some considerable size, extending eastwards and northwards of Aden, coloured red and marked "under British protection." In P.'s map the same district is coloured red, but nothing is stated in words. J. gives no indication by colour or otherwise of such a protectorate.

5. *North Somali Coast*.—In P.'s map xxvi. a stretch of about 400 miles of this coast is marked British. Neither B. nor J. shows any belief in such an extension of the Queen's power.

You will observe that I do not in any of the cases hazard an opinion as to who is wrong, B., J., or P. I merely state, and deplore, the fact that they cannot all be right.

Is there no remedy for this? Will not one of the three firms concerned examine into such difficulties, and pointedly clear them up in a second edition, so that we may in time be able to obtain an authoritative atlas of the Empire.

THOMAS MUIR.

[In a notice in the ACADEMY of Mr. C. P. Lucas's *Introduction to a Historical Geography of the British Colonies* (Oxford: Clarendon Press), attention was drawn to the fact that the map, engraved by Messrs. W. & A. K. Johnston, represented Grinnell Land as a British possession.]

THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN POET.

London: Feb. 18, 1888.

In answer to your correspondent, Mr. Dykes Campbell, I shall be very glad to insert anything good by Barron Field in the new edition

of *Australian Ballads and Rhymes*, which is to go to press about March 1. Can anyone favour me with transcripts of his *chefs d'œuvre*? I have the very best authority—his own—for knowing that he was the first, and that anyone who listed might "be the second Austral harmonist"; but the only entire poem of his that I have by me is his rather moderate sonnet on the landing of Capt. Cook.

May I take this opportunity of pointing out a mistake in this little volume of mine. Charles Harpur's name, given correctly in the introduction and notes, is misspelled Harper in the text. This mistake I overlooked in correcting the proofs, in which task, as is often the case with serial publications, I had to work at rather high pressure. I should feel very much obliged if those who have noticed any other mistakes or shortcomings would write to me, care of Walter Scott & Co., 24 Warwick Lane, E.C.

DOUGLAS B. W. SLADEN.

London: Feb. 18, 1888.

I think Mr. Dykes Campbell has fairly substantiated Barron Field's claim to be called the first Australian poet, if date alone be considered; for Barron Field was born in 1786, and Wentworth not till 1791. Also, if we are to consider the date of publication, Field's *First Fruits of Australian Poetry* was printed (as Mr. Dykes Campbell has shown) in 1819, while the famous competition on "Australasia" for the Chancellor's medal at Cambridge did not take place until 1823. If, however, native birth is to be taken into account, Wentworth's claim may still stand, for he was probably a child of one of those early colonists whom Governor Phillips placed in Norfolk Island soon after the settlement of Port Jackson (1788). Personally, I still feel (as I stated in my article) that Harpur is the first Australian whom we can call pre-eminently a poet; for with Barron Field we associate his analysis of Blackstone's Commentaries, and we think of Wentworth as Australia's first great statesman. If I erred in implying Wentworth's priority in point of date, I erred in good company; for Mr. Henniker Heaton, in his interesting article on the Australian centenary in the current number of the *National Review*, says that he "heads our list of poets."

H. T. MACKENZIE BELL.

THE PUBLISHING PRICE OF LARGE PAPER COPIES.

London: Feb. 22, 1888.

The former use of a publishing price was to tell the public what it should pay, the present use is rather to tell it what it should not pay. In the case of a limited issue, exhausted before publication, the information seems superfluous.

But there is reason in Mr. Duff's complaint, and we shall in future guard against the evil he alludes to, in so far as we are able. We would only point out (1) that when the demand for a book exceeds, or is thought likely to exceed, the possible supply no action of the publisher can prevent copies from being bought and held for a rise; (2) that if Mr. Duff had written direct to us he would have saved himself annoyance and spared the readers of the *ACADEMY* this correspondence.

D. NUTT.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "FORS."

Cambridge: Feb. 21, 1888.

As the etymology of the Latin *fors* is under discussion, and there is a question whether the Latin root *fer-* can ever appear as *for-*, I hope I am not out of order in stating that Vanicek derives *forda*, a pregnant cow, from this root. See Lewis and Short, s.v. *fordus*. Whether this is right, I do not pretend to say.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

AIPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Feb. 27, 6 p.m. London Institution: "A Struggle for Life," by Prof. E. Ray Lankester.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Christian and Pagan Elements in Mediaeval Sculpture," I., by Prof. J. H. Middleton.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Modern Microscope," I., by Mr. John Mayall, jun.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "The District of the Ruby Mines of Burma," by Mr. Robert Gordon.

TUESDAY, February 28, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin," VII., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Manganese in its Application to Metallurgy," and "Some Novel Properties of Iron and Manganese," by Mr. R. A. Hadfield.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "The Japanese *go-hai* or Paper Offerings to the Shinto Gods" (with illustrative specimens), by Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain; "Exhibition of decorated Arrows from the Solomon Islands," by Mr. Henry Balfour; "The Australian Class Systems," by Mr. A. W. Howitt.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 29, 8 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "A Critical Discussion of Selected Passages from Dante," IV., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Discussion, "The Technical Education Bill," by Mr. Swire Smith.

8 p.m. Geological: "An Estimate of Post-Glacial Time," by Mr. T. Mellard Reade; "The Movement of Scree-Material," by Mr. C. Davison; "Some Additional Occurrences of Tachylite," by Mr. Grenville A. J. Cole; "Further Discoveries of Vertebrate Remains in the Triassic Strata between Budleigh Salterton and Sidmouth," by Mr. H. J. Carter.

THURSDAY, March 1, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Early Secular Choral Music," with Illustrations, IV., by Prof. Hubert Parry.

8 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture: "A Critical Discussion of Selected Passages from Dante," V., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.

4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "The English Mediaeval Church Organ," by Dr. E. J. Hopkins; "Churches in South Gothland," by the Rev. Sir Talbot H. B. Baker.

6 p.m. London Institution: "Glimpses into the Parochial History of the City, as gathered from the Records," I., by Mr. Edwin Freshfield.

8 p.m. Linnean: "A New Genus of *Cyrtopogon* from Madagascar," by Mr. E. G. Baker; "The Flora and Fauna of the Kermadec Islands," by Mr. J. F. Cheeseman.

8 p.m. Chemical: "The Origin of Colour and the Constitution of Colouring Matters generally," by Mr. H. E. Armstrong.

8 p.m. Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts: "The Influence of Japanese Art on English Design," by Mr. C. Holmes.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, March 2, 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Christian and Pagan Elements in Mediaeval Sculpture," II., by Prof. J. H. Middleton.

8 p.m. Philological: "Omissions, Redundancies, and Developments in Western English Dialects," by Mr. F. T. Elworthy.

8 p.m. Geologists' Association: "The Pleistocene Land and Freshwater Mollusca from the Barnwell Gravels," by Mr. B. Woodward; "The Evolution of the Cephalopoda," by Mr. F. A. Bather.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Poisons and Poisoning," by Dr. O. Meymott Tidy.

SATURDAY, March 3, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Experimental Optics," VII., by Lord Rayleigh.

4 p.m. National Indian Association: Annual Meeting, "Recent Movements in India," by Sir W. W. Hunter.

SCIENCE.

Biographies of Words, and the Home of the Aryas. By F. Max Müller. (Longmans.)

In comparing this volume with the brilliant lectures by which many years ago the author won a deserved renown as one of the most consummate masters of English style, there is one difference too striking to be overlooked by the most careless reader. The tone of undoubting confidence, not only in the truth of his conclusions but in the certainty of their meeting with general assent, which added not a little to the charm of Prof. Max Müller's earlier writings, seems in this, his latest work, to have given place to a somewhat uneasy consciousness that his statements have now to encounter not, as in times past, merely the cavils of the ignorant, but the opposition of scholars of high and just repute. In his own chief departments of study the world has listened to the voices of younger investigators, who dispute many of his conclusions

on grounds the validity of which he is unable to discuss, because he has not made himself thoroughly acquainted with the new methods of research from which they result. This, or something like it, is what must, in greater or less degree, happen to the veteran in every rapidly-advancing science. Prof. Max Müller, however, may take to himself one consolation which is denied to most others—his writings are likely to survive as literature even when they have yielded to the universal fate and become obsolete as authoritative guides in science.

With regard to the specific questions at issue between Prof. Max Müller and the newer school of philologists, it is quite unnecessary to say that I do not pretend to speak with authority. Speaking, however, as an apprentice, not as a master, I may venture to say that the principles of the modern school appear to me to be strongly recommended by their internal coherence and by their agreement with such of the facts as are known to me. This being the case, it is a matter of course that I find myself unable to assent to a great deal of what is contained in the present volume. It is true that in one of the papers here reprinted Prof. Max Müller disclaims anything like hostility to the alleged discoveries of recent philology. His position seems to be that on the whole these discoveries are probably true, but somewhat unimportant. He speaks of them as "filigree-work traced on the cyclopean walls" of the noble edifice erected by the founders of the science; and—varying the figure—he protests against the presumption of those who, "having built some useful attics, declare that the first and second floors of the building erected by such men as Bopp, Grimm, and Pott are no longer fit for respectable people to live in." This protest is quite valid against anybody who claims that any living philologists are equal in intrinsic greatness of achievement to the founders of the science. But if it means, or is interpreted to mean, that the results of recent philology may be safely ignored, that is quite another thing. To answer metaphor by metaphor, one might say that the top storey, though it is the least important part of a dwelling-house, may be the most important part of a watch-tower. Of course metaphors are no arguments, but it seems more fitting to compare a science to a watch-tower than to a house for "respectable people" to live in. If the results of the later philologists be true at all, it follows that a vast multitude of questions are on phonological grounds now closed which were formerly, so far as such grounds are concerned, open questions, and were decided by former philologists by criteria of some other kind, which may now be dismissed as irrelevant. Either the later developments of the science are unsound, or else it is perilous to discuss any question of ultimate etymology without taking them into account. However, it is always possible that, in the enthusiasm of the possession of new instruments, the younger school may some be led to overlook sound results which their predecessors obtained by less elaborate means. For this reason it will be worth while to listen to what Prof. Max Müller has to say in arrest of judgment on questions that are beginning to be regarded as settled; and,

apart from what is controversial, the present volume contains a good deal that is of unquestionable interest and value. It is well to remember that opinions and arguments are not necessarily obsolete because they are not expressed in the very newest notation.

The first paper in this collection will not, I think, generally be regarded as one of the most successful. The author there deals with the etymology of "Fors Fortuna," and maintains that the appellative sense of the Latin *fors* is not the primary one, but is derived from the name of the goddess. He further argues that the root of the word "Fors" is not, as is commonly supposed, identical with that of *fero*, but with the root *gher* which appears in *θερμός*, *formus*. The result of this is that the goddess Fors is one of the multitudinous forms of the Aryan goddess of the dawn. In the *ACADEMY* of January 28, Prof. Max Müller tried to show that the derivation of the word from the root of *fero* is phonologically impossible; but the goddess Fors refused to smile on the professor's appeal to the *Sortes Bruggmannianae*. The derivation from *gher* is, doubtless, linguistically possible; but before it can, as Prof. Max Müller demands, "be accepted and treated like any other historical fact," it ought to be proved that the generally received etymology is inadmissible with regard to meaning. This Prof. Max Müller attempts to do; but his proof is far from convincing. His argument is that it is unlikely that a goddess who is known to have been the object of such genuine worship as Fors Fortuna can have been in origin a mere personified abstraction like Fides, Spes, Victoria, and so forth. But it is generally believed that one characteristic of Italian religion as distinguished from that of other Aryan nations was the habit—not, indeed, of personifying abstractions and then worshipping them, but—of ascribing seemingly supernatural phenomena to the agency of unknown divine beings, and bestowing on these beings names indicative of the mode of their operation. In all probability, *Rediculus Tutanius* was believed to be a very real person even by those who invented his name. A similar name in Greece, as denoting a deity really believed in, can scarcely be imagined as possible. Prof. Max Müller himself connects the name Ceres with the Sanskrit *Sarad*, harvest; and even the name of Venus has surely an abstract signification. Now, in all countries the result of "the lot cast into the lap" has been referred to divine agency. Is it so very unlikely that the unseen being whose operation was manifested in "chance" or "luck" should in Italy have received her name from the character of her influence on mankind? Or is it so very contrary to what one knows of human nature that the deity of luck should have been worshipped with enthusiastic devotion? Altogether, I fail to see that even a plausible case has been made out against the accepted view of the etymology of Fors.

The four following papers, "Words in their Infancy," "Persona," "Schoolday Recollections," and "Weighing, Buying, and Selling," are more satisfactory, as they chiefly deal either with admitted facts or with conjectures which, if incapable of being demonstrated, are at any rate more or less plausible

and interesting from their ingenuity. The notion, however, that *ghost* is etymologically related to *yeast* is not in accordance with the accepted doctrines of phonology. With regard to the most obvious objection, Prof. Max Müller says that "the representation of a Sanskrit [Aryan?] *y* by a [common] Teutonic *g* has been needlessly called in question"; but where is there any evidence in its favour? To appeal to the existence of instances of "analogous change" in Middle High-German does not seem to be much to the purpose.

The chief interest of the volume, however, lies in the chapters relating to the question of the original home of the Aryas. Prof. Max Müller argues that the older theory of an Asiatic origin is still unshaken by recent investigations. I do not think that he has succeeded in proving that the advocates of the European theory have no case; but he presses very effectively a good many points in opposition to the precipitate dogmatism of those among them who regard the question as conclusively settled. Although my own impression is that much of the evidence adduced in favour of the European theory has great cumulative weight, I cannot but regret the disposition shown, not only by Dr. Penka but by some more sober-minded upholders of the same position, to think that any sort of argument is good enough to use in what they consider a winning cause. The famous argument founded on the names of the beech and the birch, for instance, seems to me altogether destitute of force. The name of the beech is not common Aryan at all, but only European. The birch, as Prof. Max Müller has here shown, is indigenous in Central Asia, as well as in Northern Europe. I must confess, also, that I am largely in accord with Prof. Max Müller as to the incorrectness of the assertion that Sanskrit is less primitive than Greek or Lithuanian, not to say Gothic or Scandinavian. That it is so "in many respects" may be admitted; that it is so on the whole is a contention which seems violently opposed to fact. At the same time, I cannot quite understand all Prof. Max Müller's arguments on this point. He says, for example:

"And when from the vowels we turn to the consonants, where do we find the most perfect system? Five modifications of each check, guttural, dental, labial; a whole palatal series and a lingual series, which is not by any means restricted to non-Sanskritic words; five modifications of the nasal, and five modifications of the Visarga: Is not this a set-off against the loss of *ō* and *ē*, supposing that these sounds were really unknown in Sanskrit?"

As the question is one of "primitiveness," and nobody contends that the Sanskrit palatals and linguals existed in primitive Aryan, this argument rather reminds one of Charles Lamb's apology for coming to the office very late in the morning: "But, then, you know, I go away very early in the afternoon." Prof. Max Müller, however, while asserting the relative primitiveness of Sanskrit, rightly abstains from laying any great stress on this as an argument. He fully recognises—what can be shown by abundant examples—that the formal antiquity of a language is not necessarily in direct proportion to the nearness of those speaking it to their original home, nor even to their comparative freedom from

foreign admixture; and he also makes allowance for the fact that we have no means of knowing what the European languages were like at the time when Sanskrit was a living tongue.

Another point in which the author shows commendable caution is his refusal to avail himself of the argument which some have drawn from the supposed presence of Semitic loan-words in the common Aryan speech. His remarks as to the precarious nature of the evidence on which this borrowing has been assumed appear to me perfectly sound. Prof. Max Müller's observation that the Aryans had no common name for fish (or for any species of fish), while they had two common names for serpent, appears to have considerable force against that form of the European hypothesis which places the Aryan home in Scandinavia or on the shores of the Baltic.

In the chapter on "The Earliest Aryan Civilisation" I find a great deal with which I am in cordial agreement. Prof. Max Müller may or may not be prejudiced against the theory which regards "metocracy and communal marriage" as a stage through which the human race in general has passed. My own prejudice, if I have any, is in the opposite direction; but it seems to me absurd to deny that before the time of their separation the Aryan people had attained to the possession of an organised social system distinctly of the patriarchal type. As to the degree of perfection in the arts of life ascribed to the primitive Aryans, the view expressed in this volume is somewhat more moderate than that which the author is generally understood to have advocated in his earlier writings. The chapter is accompanied by a classified vocabulary of common Aryan words, throwing light on the condition of the people before their separation.

The appendices to the volume consist of a letter from Sir George Birdwood on "The Aryan Fauna and Flora"; a correspondence reprinted from the *Times* on "The Original Home of Jade," and another from the *ACADEMY* on the Soma-plant; a letter from the author to Mr. Rieley on "Philology versus Ethnology"; and an article on "The Third Metal, Copper or Iron"—the last being a discussion of one of the points raised in Prof. Sayce's address to the British Association at Manchester.

HENRY BRADLEY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME CONTRIBUTIONS TO PÂLI LEXICOGRAPHY.

Wood Green.

Kutukuncaka occurs in the following passage from the *Divyâvadâna*, p. 8, l. 3:

"Âkroçakâ roshakâ vayam matsarinâh ku-
tukuñcakâ vayam
dânam ca na dattam anv api yena vayam pîtr-
lokam âgatah."

On p. 302, l. 3, of the same work the word recurs:

"Ete pi matsarinâ âsan kutukuncakâ âgri-
hitaparishkârâs."

The editors, not understanding this unusual

* The editors suggest "ostentatious" as the meaning of *âgrihitaparishkâra*; but the context shows that it signifies "having beggarly belongings," hence "mean," "shabby."

term, have admitted into their text (p. 302) the variant reading *kuṭkuṇcaka*, which they connect with Pāli *kukkuccaka*, "remorseful." Childers, however, refers the well-known *kukkucca* to the Sanskrit *kaukritya*. It sometimes appears under the form *kukucca*, as if from *ku-kritya*; and, in the *Anguttara Nikāya*, iv. 198, we find *akukkuccakajāta*, in the sense of "well-formed," applied to a tree. It is possible that *kukkucca*, "remorse," has a different origin, and may be derived from *kūt + kritya* (cf. Sk. *kūt*, "to sorrow"). But, be this as it may, *kukkucca* is never used in Pāli texts along with *macchari*, *macchara*, or *kadāriya*, but with *uddhacca*, &c. In the passages quoted above, *kuṭkuṇcaka* has not the sense of "remorseful."

The metre of the verse quoted from p. 8 of the *Divyāvadāna* would seem to show that the reading *kuṭkuṇcaka* is to be preferred to that of *kuṭkuṇcaka*. If, then, this term does not bear the meaning "remorseful," what is its true signification? Sanskrit gives us, apparently, no direct clue to the meaning, so recourse must be had to Pāli for its signification. Childers's dictionary here fails us entirely, and we are compelled to look elsewhere for help in solving the difficulty. It may be noted that *ākroçakā* and *roṣakā* correspond to Pāli *akkosakā* and *rosakā*, which are usually found together (see *Samyutta-Nikāya*, iii. 31, p. 96; *Sutta-Nipāta*, p. 24) in connexion with *maccharā*; *matsarinā* is the Pāli *maccharino*; and it may be assumed that in meaning it is synonymous with *kuṭkuṇcaka*.

On pp. 219, 298, of the *Divyāvadāna*, this term is associated with *āgrihita*, in Pāli *aggahita* (not in Childers; but compare *aggahitatta* in *Puggala Paññatti*, ii. § 3, 13; *Dhammasaṅgani*, § 1122, p. 199), which literally means "drawn tight or close"; hence closefisted, mean, greedy. But, in the *Puggala*, among the synonyms of *macchariya* we find not only *aggahitatta* and *kadāriya*, but also *kaṭukaṇcukātā* (written *kaṭa-kaṇcukātā* in the *Dhammasaṅgani*), an abstract noun formed from an adjective *kaṭukaṇcuka* or *kaṭa-kaṇcuka*, corresponding to an original *kṛta-kaṇcuka* or *kṛta-kuṇcaka*, "close," "near," "greedy" (cf. Sk. *kṛta-kapata*, "fraudulent"). *Kaṇcuka* or *kuṇcaka* must be referred to the root *kañc* or *kañc*, "to draw together, contract" (cf. Sk. *kañcuka* and *kañcukita*).

The compiler or compilers of the *Divyāvadāna*, not recognising the origin of *kaṭukaṇcuka*, tried to Sanskritise it into *kuṭkuṇcaka*, connecting it, perhaps, with *kuṭkuṇcaka* or *kuṭkuṇcaka*. But, whatever may be the etymology of the word, there is no doubt as to its meaning, which cannot be settled offhand by an appeal to the Sanskrit dictionary. As with *ekodibhāva*, no amount of ingenuity exercised by Sanskrit scholars can determine its meaning apart from the Southern Buddhist texts, where it is employed in its true and legitimate sense. That Pāli terms have been altered in the process of Sanskritisation needs no proof. We have several specimens in the *Divyāvadāna*.

The editors furnish us with a good example in *sambhinna-pralāpa* (p. 302) = Pāli *samphappalāpa*, "nonsense." *Sampha* was a word evidently unknown to the Sanskrit compiler, but it is not uncommon in Pāli. We have also a verb *samphappalapati* (*Sum.*, p. 74). To this we may add *vardhanīya* = Pāli *bhājana*; *nishparusha* = Pāli

nippurisa. The term is applied to music, and does not mean "not harsh," "soft," but "not human," "not produced by human beings," but by *gandharvas* or heavenly musicians. In the translation of the *Jātaka* book (p. 75), "nippurisehi turiyehi paricāriyamāno (v.l. *parivāriyamāno*)," the same expression as occurs in *Culla* VII, i. p. 180, is rendered "attended by musical instruments which played of themselves." In the *Vinaya Texts*, iii. p. 225, it is translated "waited upon by women performing music." This expression, I venture to think, may be rendered thus—"entertained by heavenly music." The Sanskrit parallel passage (*Div.*, p. 6) is *nishparushena* (v.l. *nishpurushena*) *tūryena kridati ramate paricārayati*" (see *Jāt.* i. p. 58). *Utkuṭukaprahāna* = Pāli *utkuṭikaprahāna*; *lūha* (pp. 13, 81) = Pāli *lūha*; *phuttaka* (p. 29), a kind of *barf* cloth = Pāli *potthaka* (see *Jāt.* ii. p. 432, where the form *pottha* also occurs); *phelā* = Pāli *pelā* (see *peḍā*, pp. 251, 365); *abhiprāya* = *adhiprāya*, Pāli *adhippāya*; *abhyavagāhya* = *adhyavagāhya* of Pāli *ajjhaghāhetvā*; *abhinirnameyāmi* = *abhinirnamayāmi* of Pāli *abhininnāmeti*.

A reference to Pāli explains many difficult expressions, as *asammosa-dharman*, which does not mean "ever alert," but "whose dharma or doctrine is without confusion"; *tadbahulavihārin* = Pāli *tabbahulavihāri*, "living intent on that"; *sthavika*, p. 475, answers to Pāli *thavika*, "a bag"; *kaṭaccha* or *kaṭacchu*, "a vessel" (?), p. 398, corresponds to Pāli *kaṭacchu*, "a ladle or spoon" (not found in our Sanskrit dictionaries), the etymology of which is, perhaps, to be sought in some of the modern Prakrits.

On p. 286, l. 2, we have the puzzling expression, "*sarvam santah-svāpateyam*"; on p. 439, "*sarva-santam svāpateyam*"; and, on p. 291, "*prabhūta-satta-svāpateyam*." If we take the word as it occurs on p. 291, we find it a part of a stock phrase, which we get in a simpler form in the *Dīgha Nikāya*, v. 10 (*Sumāṅgala*, p. 295); *Sutta-vibhaṅga*, i. p. 18; *Samyutta*, pp. 94, 95.

In the Pāli parallel passages there is no *prabhūta-satta-svāpateya*; but Buddha-ghosa, in commenting on the passage referred to in the *Kūṭadanta-sutta*, has the following note: "*Tāta idam evam bahum dhanam kensamgharitanti? Tumhākam pitamahādihi yāva sattamā kula-parivattāti*." The word *sattama*, Sk. *saptama* (as well as *satta*) may, perhaps, have been used in the sense of "going back to the seventh generation," hence "long accumulated," "of long standing" (see *Jāt.* ii. p. 47).

In the phrase on *Div.*, p. 439, I think we ought to read "*sarvam satta-svāpateyam aputram*," which would correspond to a Pāli phrase, "*sabbam sattamam svāpateyyam aputtakam*." Of the following passage in the *Samyutta Nikāya*, where *sattama* means the seventh (in succession):

"*idam sattamaṃ aputtakam svāpateyyam rājākosam paveseṭi*" (*ibid.*, 2.10, p. 92).

The phrase, *pahusanto*, "being rich," occurs in the *Sutta Nipāta* (i. 6.7, p. 18), but it throws no light on the passages under discussion.

R. MORRIS.

A RECENT EMENDATION OF SOPHOCLES.

Oxford: Feb. 13, 1888.

In the present number of *Mnemosyne* appears

* If *santa* were the true reading, it might stand for *kula-santaka*, "belonging to the family."

† Or (f) *sarvam sattaṃ svāpateyam*.

an emendation by J. Van Leeuwen of Soph. *Ajax*, 646-9:

θανθ' ὁ μακρὸς κτανάρθμης χρόνος
φύει τ' ἔδῃλα καὶ φανέντα κρύπτεται
κοῦκ ἔστ' ἑλεπτον οὐδέν, ἀλλ' ἀλίσκεται
χῶ δεινὸς ὄρκος καὶ περισκελεῖς φρένες.

Two emendations made by others are approved as certain:

"Correcta sunt a viris doctis duo vitia, ut equidem arbitror, manifesta. Nam pro φύει legendum esse φαίνει non multi opinor non concedent Herwerdeno; et pro ὄρκος, quod vocabulum sensu vacat, Bothius restituit ὄγκος. Satis usitata sunt ὄγκος-θαί, ὄγκον αἰρεσθαί . . . similia, sensu superbiendi."

Excuse, however, is taken to *ὄγκος ἀλίσκεται*, and it is proposed to read:

κοῦκ ἔστ' ἑλεπτον οὐδέν, εἰ μάλ' ἀσσεταί
χῶ δεινὸς ὄγκος καὶ περισκελεῖς φρένες.

Emendations of a passage which is a common possession are of interest outside the circle of the special students of Sophocles; and one may be permitted to offer reasons in favour of the familiar text.

Many will probably feel that the second verse loses in dignity by the substitution of *φαίνει* for *φύει*. Matters of taste are proverbially disputable; but is not the text sufficiently vindicated by the combination of *φύειν* and *φαίνειν* in another famous passage of Sophocles?

Oed. Col. 1225:

μή φύγει τὸν ἄπαντα νικᾷ λόγον τὸ δ', ἐπεὶ φανῇ,
βῆναι κείθεν ὅθεν περ ἦκει πολὺ δεύτερον ὡς τάχιστα.

It is instructive to observe that, as one critic alters *φύει* to *φαίνει* in the passage from the *Ajax*, so another (quoted in Mr. Jebb's *apparatus criticus*) alters *φανῇ* to *φύγῃ* in this passage.

As to the other emendations—*μαλ' ἀσσεταί* seems not to be the right kind of word to combine with the metaphor of *ὄγκος*. Something more properly opposed to *ὄγκον αἰρεσθαί*, for instance, is wanted; and the emendation certainly requires the support of some parallel expression. But the passages quoted are none of them to the purpose, and could at most justify only the expression *μαλ' ἀσσεταί τὰς περισκελεῖς φρένας*. From Epicharmus is quoted: *μή τὰ μαλακὰ μῦθος, μή τὰ σκληρὰ ἔχρη*; from Athenaeus: *τὸν σίδηρον μαλ' ἀσσεταί*; from Euripides: *χρόνος μαλ' ἀσσεταί*, and similar expressions from other writers.

But there seems to be a more serious difficulty. Does not the emendation cause a bathos in the sense? *κοῦκ ἔστ' ἑλεπτον οὐδέν, εἰ—*, ought obviously to be followed by a clause describing something which never would be expected to happen. Yet *μαλ' ἀσσεταί τὸν δεινὸν ὄγκον*, if a possible expression, would seem most naturally to mean something which a Greek would count upon.

J. COOK WILSON.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE "Progreso Editorial" of Madrid has published a handsome Spanish translation of Tylor's *Anthropology*, by Dr. Antonio Machado. A preface by Dr. Tylor reminds the modern Spanish student of the great part taken by his ancestors in the foundation of anthropology, and the field for study still open in Spanish America.

WE have received the first number of a new periodical devoted to anthropology—entitled, *Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie*—edited by Dr. J. D. E. Schmeltz, keeper of the Royal Ethnological Museum at Leiden, with the co-operation of Dr. Bahnsen, of Copenhagen; Prof. Guido Cora, of Turin; Dr. Dozy, of Noordwijk; Prof. Pietri, of St. Petersburg; and Dr. Serrurier, of Leiden. Among those who have promised to contribute, the only English names are Gen. Pitt Rivers, Dr. Beddoe, and Dr. Sidney J. Hickson. The present number contains contributions in German,

* May *kasu* not be right, and be connected with *karu*, "pungent" (cf. Eng. *stingy*, from "to sting")?

French, and Dutch; but whether English also is admitted we do not know. The annual subscription is £1, for which will be given six bi-monthly parts, each consisting of thirty-two pages large quarto, with three chromo-lithograph plates. The agents for England are Messrs. Trübner. The two most important articles in this number treat of the arrows of New Guinea, most elaborately discussed by Dr. Serrurier; and the *mandau* or sword (with much besides) of the Dyaks of Borneo. The chromo-lithographs, with which both these papers are illustrated, are admirable examples of the art.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

In the *Revue de Linguistique* for January Prof. J. Vinson prints a Spanish Basque text of the seventeenth century, the communication of which he owed to the generosity of Mr. B. Quaritch. In the preceding (October) number, Eugène Hins is bold enough to question the received opinion of the derivation of the Romance tongues from the Latin.

Die Hds. des Pricke of Conscience von Richard Rolle de Hampole im Britischen Museum. Von Percy Andrae. (Berlin: Bernstein.) This is a graduation essay by an Englishman, who has just taken the degree of Ph.D. at Berlin. Dr. Andrae has examined the eighteen British Museum MSS. of Hampole's poem; and, by means of a comparison of their readings, chiefly in three different parts of the work, he endeavours to ascertain their mutual relations. His conclusion is that the MSS. are derived from four sources, three of which go back to a common archetype. The fourth, represented by the two MSS. used by Dr. Morris in his edition, is of independent origin, and is by far the most faithful in its rendering of the author's text. Some of the MSS., however, follow different recensions in different parts of the work. Dr. Andrae's investigation is careful and sound in method, and his conclusions deserve to be provisionally accepted, though experience shows that the first attempt at a genealogical scheme of the MSS. of an author is always found to require a good deal of revision. Incidentally the writer calls attention to two oversights in Dr. Morris's edition—the omission of fourteen lines after l. 7509, and the adoption, in l. 6097 of the reading of the Galba MS., where that of Harl. 4196 is obviously preferable.

WE regret to record the death of the Rev. Dr. George Percy Badger, the well-known Arabic scholar, and a valued contributor to the ACADEMY. Next week we hope to give some estimate of his services to Oriental learning.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(Friday, February 6.)

PROF. A. MACALISTER, president, in the chair.—Prof. Macalister exhibited six skulls, types of the large Egyptian collection recently acquired by him for the Cambridge University Museum, and commented on their ethnic characters, observing that craniology had as yet given no support whatever to Prof. Huxley's theory that the aborigines of Egypt were akin to the Australoid tribes. He remarked also that skulls from Egyptian sepulchres were scarcely ever of senile subjects, pointing to the prevalence of epidemics, which we know from other sources. Of the six skulls exhibited, one showed prognathous features of the negro type. He also exhibited a number of articles which had been lately found in the coprolite-diggings at Hauxton, Cambs., including coins of Hadrian, Gratian, Nerva, and Constantine, styces of Eanred and Burgred, several bronze and brass rings, buckles and pins; and also iron knives and hooks, and two carved bone handles. These were found

at very different depths in the excavations.—Mr. Magnússon read a paper on four Runic Calendars, originals of three of which were exhibited, one belonging to Mr. Henry Gurney of Reigate, and two to the Cambridge Museum of Local and General Archaeology. Of the fourth, belonging to the Archæological Museum of Mannheim in Germany, Mr. Magnússon exhibited a copy which showed that this book-formed calendar, carved on six plates of wood, was wrought in a peculiar fashion, the lines of each obverse side running from left to right, those on the reverse from right to left with the by-strokes of the runic characters, employed as Sunday-letters, turned round in the same direction. The forms of the runes varied greatly, with the exception of that which stood for the seventh day of the week, which retained consistently the same form throughout. This rude and primitive indicator of time began the year on the December 24, left out the 30th of that month, and consequently indicated a year too short by one day, as did indeed Mr. Gurney's Calendar and one of the two specimens in the Archæological Museum. Mr. Gurney's Calendar was in several points perhaps the most interesting. It began the year on April 14, St. Tiburtius's day; divided it into two semesters, winter and summer half-year, left out December 31, and had Golden Numbers of a type quite peculiar to itself, so far as Mr. Magnússon was aware. They were, with the exception of the signs for Golden Numbers XII. and XIII., derived from the Arabic numbers on the old traditional principle of rune-carvers or rather rune-scratchers—for it was a fact, that should not be forgotten, that runes were originally scratched, with a sharp point simply, and only later were executed by the method of carving—never to let a line run parallel to the grain of the wood on which the characters were carved, and thus it constituted a real curiosity in palæography. This calendar, too, contained the Golden Numbers of the Paschal term and of the term of Pentecost, in accordance with the perpetual lunar calendar of the Christian Church. One of the Museum Calendars also had Golden Numbers of somewhat unusual type, and rather irregularly executed. That also began the year on April 14, and left out December 31. Its lists of saints' days and mark-days was unusually full, and altogether it was a very perfect type of 'Prim-stave' record. These two calendars must be older than 1690, or at least belong to the rune-stave tradition which was in vogue before that date, when, by the labours of the Swedish astronomer, Samuel Krok, the reformed rune-stave was introduced, which by its Golden Numbers showed the true novilunia, and instead of III. had XIX. against January 1, followed by VIII., XVI., &c., in due course. The second stave belonging to the Cambridge Museum was one without Golden Numbers, beginning on January 1 and containing a year of 365 days. The noticeable peculiarity of this runic stick was that the days of the week were so arranged as to give one the impression that it bore traces of the old division of time by pentades. The first five days of the week formed a group by themselves, and the last two, being merely a couple of straight strokes, were joined together by combining strokes throughout. This, so far as Mr. Magnússon knew, was the only runic calendar which dealt with the Sunday letters in this fashion, and was therefore a very valuable and venerable piece of antiquity. For a long time, in fact since the publication of Finn Magnússon's heathen Calendar of the North, in 1828, no doubt had been entertained among the learned of the early heathen time division of the North having been counted by pentades. But this was the first real document that might be appealed to in support of that mode of computation having once been in practical use among Scandinavians. Rune-stave records had as yet been very imperfectly studied. Some people would even make us believe that they were of small worth. Yet it was an obvious matter that they were the last existing proofs of a tradition which once upon a time was as vividly realised as it was wide-spread; and no one could tell the real age of the traditional features exhibited on this stave or that, until a comparative study of rune-staves generally had been made by runic scholars.—Prof. Skeat remarked that he thought that the compound characters for 10, 17, and 19 in the

calendars might be explained as being merely the Arabic numerals. The first was composed of 1 and a small square 0, the two being joined together; the second of 1 and a small 7 joined together; and the third of 1 joined on to a slightly imperfect 9. As to the old puzzle concerning the order of letters in the ancient *Futhork*, or runic alphabet, for which no origin had hitherto been found, he suggested that it was not impossible that it had something to do with the Paternoster. The Paternoster was regarded as a charm, and the letters had magical virtues. Even the order of the letters was regarded with a superstitious reverence, as shown by the curious Anglo-Saxon poem on the subject published by Kemble. A translation of the Paternoster into any Low German dialect would begin, as in Anglo-Saxon, with the words—“Fæder ure, thu on (or in) heofonum”; where the words begin with F, U, TH, O. This gives the first four letters. Of course this is but a guess; but, in the absence of further evidence, it seemed to him to be worth mentioning. That the runes were originally scratched rather than cut is curiously shown by the English word to “write.” It is cognate with the German *reiben*, and meant originally to tear or scratch a surface.

NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Friday, February 10.)

The Rev. W. A. HARRISON in the chair.—The paper read was on “Elizabethan England and the Jews,” by Mr. Sidney L. Lee. He first dealt with the Jew on the stage, in Gosson's allusion, in the “Three Ladies of London,” in Marlowe's “Jew of Malta,” the popularity of which was remarkable, and probably led Shakspeare to write his “Merchant of Venice” about 1596, whose Jew was a portrait from the life. An anonymous play on Solinus introduced a Jewish physician, who reappeared forty years later in a play by Goff. Dekker's and Brom's Jew plays are lost. The English travelling companies on the Continent acted Jewish plays. Jews are alluded to in very many Elizabethan plays, by Webster, Ben Jonson, in “Every Woman in Her Humour,” &c. The drama should be studied for social history; it was a reflection of contemporary society. All plays below the highest contain historic and social characteristics which the historian must study. In Europe, the continental Jew was nearly as influential in Elizabeth's time as he is now. In England, the popular opinion is that there were no Jews. William Davies, a traveller, writes, in 1597, of foreign Jews, and declares that none were here. Hakluyt, and an English translation of French travels in the Levant, describe in detail Jews abroad. Yet in “Every Woman in Her Humour,” a city dame tells a friend to hire a dress at a Jew's. True, that in 1290 an order in council banished Jews from England. But it was not fully carried out, and its effect must have soon passed away; it remained in habitual abeyance. Commerce brought Jewish settlers here. In 1233 a house for Jewish converts was built on the site of the present Rolls Court and Chapel, and flourished for more than 300 years. In 1367 the Master of the Rolls was made Master of the Jews. In 1490 the Jews expelled from Spain found a home here; and later they came to London, York, and Dover. About 1540 Jews' houses here were searched. In April, 1550, Ferdinando Lopez, a Jew born, was convicted here of gross immorality, and he was banished. In Elizabeth's time, foreign and Jewish merchants, &c., fleeing from foreign religious persecution, settled here. In 1593, Sir R. Cecil contended for English hospitality to aliens. When Elizabeth came to the throne (1559) 3,000 aliens were here; 4,800 in 1563; they soon increased (in 1571) to 7,000; and in James I.'s day (1618) to 10,000. The foreigner is very frequently portrayed on the Elizabethan stage. Among them were many Jews. In 1591 Elizabeth made for a time a Portuguese Jewess a maid of honour. As Jews and usurers were synonymous, Jews must have been here. Stow complains that pawnbrokers and baptized Jews had crept into Hounsditch. Jew doctors, Jacob and Lopez, were well known. Roderigo Lopez came to England in 1559, with his brother Louis. He was the first physician to Bartholomew's Hospital, and was praised by Clowes for his skill. He was elected to the College

of Physicians, and was first physician to Leicester's household. In 1586 he was chief physician to Queen Elizabeth. But he turned to treachery. He quarrelled with Essex and Don Antonio, and was accused of attempting to poison the Queen. In 1594 he was tried, and executed at Tyburn in June; but the evidence against him was weak, and the Queen granted his property to his widow. John Taylor, the Water-Poet, and many others, abused him. In his time, other Jews were here. A miner and chemist, Gaunz, a Bohemian Jew, was arrested at Bristol, and sent to the Privy Council. The Converts' House, in Chancery Lane, went on with its work. In 1577, Nathaniel, a Jew, was baptized in London, and the sermon on the occasion was preached by Foxe, the martyrologist. Jews were also at Oxford. A Jewish settlement existed there continuously. In 1608, two Jews were allowed to read in the Bodleian. Jacob Barnet taught Hebrew there, but was banished in 1613. In 1623, a small pension was granted to a Jew. In 1628, a Jew wrote a sonnet in *Naps upon Parnassus*. Though they were not numerous here, yet here some of them must have been; and the study of Jews in the Elizabethan drama is worthy of the attention of all social historians. The chairman, Dr. Furnivall, Mr. Poel, Mr. Tyler, Miss Latham, and others who joined in the discussion, confirmed Mr. Lee's facts and arguments.

ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY.—Manchester Branch.—
(Wednesday, January 25.)

CONSUL E. LIEBERT in the chair.—Prof. Schuster delivered a lecture, illustrated by most interesting experiments, on "Goethe's Theory of Colours." The lecturer first pointed out that there is nothing essentially antagonistic between poetry and science, and that, as a matter of fact, Goethe possessed in a very high degree the power of observation, so necessary to the scientific student, and also that of classification and generalisation, which is so helpful to the satisfactory prosecution of scientific inquiries, particularly in their preliminary stages. And it was just in those branches of natural science which were in the preliminary stage that Goethe was most successful. His theory of colours, however, though worked out with marvellous patience and acuteness, is but the last brilliant flicker of mediæval science, which ignored the fact that the physical world is ruled by definite numerical laws, and that a physical theory must be able to stand the test of mathematical demonstration. Goethe held that a close observation of what is going on around us in nature will teach us for more than we can learn by experimentation; and particularly did he abhor those experiments which render it necessary for the observer to shut himself in a dark room and admit the light only through a narrow aperture. He refused to break up light, and took it as an ultimate thing in itself. The fundamental facts from which he starts—the blue sky and the sunset colour—are just those which, according to Newton's theory, are most complicated and difficult to explain; and, moreover, whilst we have been driven by continued experience to look on the human senses as the most fallible and deceptive of guides, Goethe takes men's judgment as the only possible test of colour sensation. Hence his theory, while argued out with perfect logic on the grounds from which it started, fails to stand the ultimate test of all physical truth—that of numbers. It does not allow us to get numerical relations which we can verify or disprove by experiment. The last part of Goethe's work on the *Farbenlehre* gives a historical account of the progress of optics which, in the lecturer's view, is the most complete and satisfactory history ever written in any department of science, and which should be read by every student of physics.

(Saturday, February 18.)

DR. WARD, president, in the chair.—Prof. Lobenhoffer read a paper on Frederick Theodor von Vischer, Professor of Literature and Aesthetics, at Tübingen, and afterwards at Stuttgart, who died in September last at the ripe age of eighty-one. Having been first a pupil and later on a colleague of Vischer in the Stuttgart Polytechnicum, the lecturer was able to bring before his hearers a vivid picture of the man himself, as well

as of his work as teacher and writer. To illustrate his method as an æsthetic critic, Prof. Lobenhoffer, from his own notes taken when a student, gave the substance of Vischer's criticism of the "Prologue in Heaven," in Goethe's "Faust." (It is hoped that this portion will be printed in the transactions of the society.)—In the discussion which followed, the president drew special attention to one point insisted upon by Vischer—viz., that the absence of supernatural intervention on the side of good throughout Goethe's play (in contrast with the Volksbuch and the puppet-play) was no oversight on the part of the poet, but was deliberately intended to mark the truth that, as Vischer puts it, "whatever magic power evil may exert, good must ever finally triumph, even without miracles."—After the discussion of the paper, the president called attention to an article by Dr. Bielschowsky, "Die Urbilder zu Hermann und Dorothea" (*Preussische Jahrbücher*, 1887, Heft 4), in which the suggestion is made that, in sketching both the character of Dorothea and her adventure with the soldiers, Goethe had in his mind Lili Schöne-mann and her perilous flight from Strassburg, in 1794. This suggestion did not commend itself to Dr. Ward.—The secretary mentioned that the source of Goethe's song, "Der Goldschmiedesegell," has been shown by Dr. J. Goebel (*American Modern Language Notes*, May, 1887) to be Henry Carey's "Bally in our Alley." Viehoff had suggested that further inquiries would no doubt show that Goethe's poem was based upon some popular song, and an entry in Riemer's diary makes this perfectly clear: "12 September (1808). In the evening Goethe turned an English song given to me by Frau von Fliess into a German one."

FINE ART.

The Electrum Coinage of Cyzicus. By William Greenwell. (Rollin & Feuardent.)

THE well-known series of monographs on the numismatic history of the more important Greek states, which commenced ten years ago with Prof. Gardner's *Coinage of Syracuse*, has again received an addition. This is the first volume which has not come from the pen of one of the staff of the British Museum. It is written by Canon Greenwell, of Durham, one of our leading English collectors, and a specialist in early Greek issues. The subject of which it treats is the electrum coinage of Cyzicus—a large, interesting, and hitherto rather neglected class of coins. It is probably due to their rarity that they have remained comparatively untouched by numismatic writers. Although the types are numerous, not one of the varieties is common. A hundred years ago they were actually unknown. The great Eckhel declared that the Cyzicene stater was merely money of account; and large last-century collections, such as that in the Bodleian at Oxford, do not contain a single specimen. Even of late years, since the coins have become better known, only two or three casual notices of them, in the *Numismatic Chronicle* and other publications, have appeared. Canon Greenwell is one of the few private collectors who possess a long series of these beautiful coins. Unless we are much mistaken, he has the second largest existing cabinet of them, and his collection might be envied by any national museum. He is, therefore, eminently fitted to investigate the questions which arise in connexion with the date and history of the coinage, and with the class of subjects which its types represent.

The Cyzicene stater is one of the most marked and unmistakable coins which exist. Its peculiarity lies in the preservation of the most ancient and primitive form—the thick

dumpy bean-like shape of the earliest issues—at a time when art had reached its perfection, and coin types were at their best. The shape of the Cyzicene and the subject represented on it give each other the lie. The one points to the seventh century, the other to the end of the fifth. There is no cause to wonder if the coins were for a long time puzzles to the numismatist; for the beautiful work of the figures on the obverse stands in strange contrast with the primitive reverse, where the old "incuse square" was never replaced by any representation.

Not less noteworthy than the form of the Cyzicene is the class of types which it displays. It was the almost invariable practice of a Greek city to make its state badge the most prominent feature of its coins. Every Athenian coin displays the owl, every Corinthian the Pegasus, every Metapontine the corn-ear, as its chief device. But at Cyzicus the custom was entirely different. Not only was the name of the town invariably omitted; but its badge—the tunny-fish—was kept in a subordinate position, crammed into the exergue, or made a minor portion of the main type of the coin. The subjects which were chosen for representation were of the most varied character. A good many of them relate to the local gods and heroes. Persephone, Apollo, and Cybele, the chief deities of the town, Cyzicus, its eponymous hero, the Argonauts and Heracles, who figured in its legends—all are frequently represented; but, in addition to them, appear a number of personages and objects without any such associations. Of these the majority are borrowed from the mythology of other states, in most cases those with which Cyzicus is likely to have had close commercial relations. Thus we get figures of Cecrops, Erichthonius, and even of Harmodius and Aristogeiton from Athens. Panticapæum is represented by the Scythian archer and a head of Pan, the latter exactly similar to the one which appears on the staters of that town. The winged boar of Clazomene, and the seated griffin of Abdera, are also unmistakable; but it is strange to find that some of the types of the Cyzicenes reproduce the emblems of very distant places in Italy and Sicily, which cannot have had any direct commerce with the Propontis in the fifth century. We find, for example, the swimming man-headed bull of Gela, the head of Arethusa from Syracuse, and the figure of Taras bestriding his dolphin from Tarentum, each accurately reproduced on a stater of Cyzicus. For this phenomenon it is hard to account. Canon Greenwell suggests that

"it may well have happened that persons of importance in the state, connected as magistrates with the coinage, had intimate relations of one kind or another with foreign, and even far-distant, places. Such persons may have sought to distinguish that connexion by placing upon the coinage of their own city types selected from coins of the states with which they were holding intercourse; or the town itself may have wished to ingratiate itself with other places with which it was connected by trade or treaty."

We confess that neither of these guesses seems satisfactory to us. We have examples of other states where the magistrate's symbol constantly appears; but that symbol is never the well-known badge of a great Greek city.

It is some distinctive and individual device, bearing in many cases a punning allusion to the owner's name, as may be noticed in the series of the magistrates of Abdera. On the other hand, we cannot see how it is likely that the state of Cyzicus should have had important relations with, and desired to conciliate, such distant towns as Poseidonia or Gela. On this difficult point we await further suggestions.

The way in which the tunny is combined with the larger and main type of the coin is often quaint and ingenious. On the coin with the Tarentine device which we mentioned above, Taras holds out a small tunny in his hand; in other cases, the fish forms the support of a seated or standing figure; but, though invariably present, it is never obtruded on the sight.

As to the date at which the coins were issued, we thoroughly agree with Canon Greenwell. They run between the years 500 B.C. and 360 B.C., and mainly lie in the central part of that period, the pieces struck before 470 B.C. and after 390 B.C. forming only a small portion of the whole. M. Lenormant, when he assigned the coins to the period 404-330, was overriding every indication of date which is supplied by the style of the art on the greater part of the series. There is only one coin whose issue we should be inclined to place at a different date from Canon Greenwell. This is the first piece in the whole book, Pl. i. No. 1. The Canon fixes its appearance at a very early period, somewhere about 600-590 B.C., with a century dividing it from the rest of the Cyzicenes. We much doubt this. There is nothing but the extreme rudeness of the incuse reverse to make us send it so far back; and at Cyzicus the incuse was never a sign of age, but an archaic survival. For our own part, we do not see that the issue of this coin need have preceded that of the other staters by any very great interval. It may as well be the first electrum coinage after the cessation of the Lydian gold staters, as the last electrum coinage before that series obtained the temporary possession of the markets of Asia Minor. This, however, is a matter of opinion.

The method of classification which Canon Greenwell has adopted in arranging the Cyzicenes is not the chronological one which has prevailed in the earlier numbers of this series of monographs. Such an arrangement would in this case be almost impossible, as there is no change in epigraphy, or in the method of striking, to help out the indications given by the style of art displayed by the coins. There are some pieces which we can attribute to a period very little posterior to the commencement of the fifth century, and others which fall well within the fourth; but any minute subdivision into classes would be quite impossible. Canon Greenwell has therefore made the subjects of the types his criterion of division, all devices relating, *e.g.*, to Zeus, Apollo, or Dionysus being placed side by side. A number of nondescript types, whose religious character it is hard to discover, come together at the end.

Had space permitted, we should have much liked to enlarge on the art of the Cyzicene coinage. The series is remarkable for containing many coins which appear to be direct

copies of famous statues or of subjects from the metopes of temples. Great skill has in almost every case been displayed in fitting these subjects into the limited space of the coin. Sometimes dignity suffers to a certain extent, *e.g.*, the kneeling Zeus of No. 2 and the stooping hoplite of No. 91 are in decidedly uncomfortable positions; but the effect is never unpleasing, and the ingenuity always remarkable. Some of the pieces—notably Nos. 13-14, with the head of Demeter; Nos. 36-37, with that of Dionysus; and Nos. 20 and 23, with the full-length figures of Apollo and Helios—are among the most beautiful Greek coins existing.

Perhaps we may be permitted to point out one slip in this excellent work. Harmodius and Aristogeiton were not brothers (p. 90), nor, indeed, relations at all.

The autotype plates deserve the usual commendation due to works brought out under the auspices of the Numismatic Society.

C. OMAN.

LETTER FROM EGYPT.

Cairo: Feb. 12, 1888.

I HAVE to make a correction and an addition to the letter I sent to the ACADEMY last week. On looking over my notes of the inscription on the *naos* I found at El-'Arish, I see that the hieroglyphic name of the city seems to have been (Her-)heren, reminding us of the first part of the classical name Rhino-koloura, the temple to which the *naos* belonged being apparently "the temple of the city of the house of the sycamore" (*nebes*). I hope that Mr. Griffith will start shortly for El-'Arish and make a copy of the inscription, and will also visit, on his way, both the mounds of Pelusium and the other ancient sites mentioned in my last letter. I may notice, by the way, that Lepsius has entirely misplaced the site of Tel el-Hir, which he identifies with Avaris. The Tel, as I have stated, is really a small mound, containing the ruins of a Roman fortress, at the south-western extremity of Farama.

I also find that I forgot to say anything about a curious ethnological fact which I observed during my recent journey. The casts and notes taken by Mr. Petrie last year have shown that the Amorites of the Egyptian monuments were a white-skinned, fair-haired, and blue-eyed population. Now the population of the coast-land from Gaza (or rather Khan-Yûnas) to El-'Arish is predominantly of this character, and stands out in striking contrast to the swarthy Beduin population by which it is surrounded. It is difficult to believe that the Crusaders can have left so permanent a record of their presence in this part of the country; and what makes it probable that the population in question is descended from some early race (like the Kabyles in Algeria) is the resemblance between their features and those of the Amorites as depicted by the Egyptian artists. The sheikh of El-'Arish, for instance, whom I had plenty of opportunity of observing as he squatted by our camp-fire, might have sat for the portrait of the Amorite king, reproduced by Mr. Tomkins in his *Life and Times of Abraham*, so exactly did he resemble the latter, even to the little red beard at the end of his chin.

Mr. Naville and the Count d'Hulst arrived here a few days ago, and leave on Wednesday, together with Mr. Macgregor, for Bubastis, in order to resume there the excavations of last spring. Mr. Griffith has also arrived from Assiout, where he has been copying the inscriptions of the tombs, and has made some interesting discoveries. He is now working at

Heliopolis. Mr. Petrie is at Howâra, the imaginary site of the Labyrinth. I hear that he has disinterred some mummies there.

A. H. SAYCE.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

M. NAVILLE'S LECTURE ON "BUBASTIS AND THE CITY OF ONIAS."

II.

(Continued from the ACADEMY of January 21.)

HAVING failed to find the hieroglyphic name, can we at least say with certainty that this was the city built by the high priest Onias under Ptolemy Philometor? I can only reply that it is very probable; but that to my mind not yet quite certain. Let us turn to Josephus, and see what the Jewish writer says of the city built by his countrymen. He relates that at the time of the conquest of Judaea by Antiochus Epiphanes, Onias, son of the high priest, was compelled by the persecution to leave his country and to take refuge with Ptolemy Philometor, who, being an enemy of Antiochus, received him kindly. The Jewish writer quotes the letter in which Onias begs the Egyptian king to grant him a territory in the nome of Heliopolis. He points to the ruined city of the lions (Leontopolis) near the fort dedicated to Bubastis agria. The king received his request favourably, and gave him the place he asked for, whereupon Onias built a small city in the likeness of Jerusalem, and a temple which was smaller than its model, with a tower sixty cubits in height. This temple existed until the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, who, at the time of the frightful persecution of the Alexandrian Jews, ordered it to be destroyed. There is no doubt that the locality of Tell-el-Yahoodieh belonged to the nome of Heliopolis. Several of the hieroglyphic monuments are dedicated to Harmakhis, and the name of On (Heliopolis) occurs frequently on the texts of Rameses III. So far, an agreement exists between the description of the Jewish writer and the place. But Josephus adds two geographical names—the fort of Bubastis agria and the city of Leontopolis. Bubastis being the Greek name of the goddess Bast or Sekhet, the goddess in the form of a lion, or with a lion's head, both these names must refer to a place in which the worship of Bast was established. Brugsch says he saw in the place fragments of statues of Bast which had stood originally in the temple of Maut at Thebes; and I purchased from the fellahen several small porcelain statuettes of this goddess. But I found no actual dedication of Tell-el-Yahoodieh to Bast. I conclude that Josephus has in his description made confusion between several Jewish settlements which stood at the same time not very far from each other, and that he referred the three names to the same place. For if we go about ten miles north, we find in the desert, close to the Ismailieh canal, another Tell-el-Yahoodieh, a settlement of Roman time, with brick constructions, but where at present no stone monument has been discovered. Six miles further north, we reach the present city of Belbeis, on the summit of a high Tell of ruined houses. In the course of my excursions, I went twice to Belbeis, and hunted in the houses for all the inscribed stones which might exist there; and the result was that I there discovered fragments of a sanctuary built by Nekthorheb (Nectanebo I.) to the goddess Bast, while from the inscriptions I gathered that the city belonged to the nome of Bubastis. Thus, Belbeis might be either a Leontopolis or a fort dedicated to Bubastis agria; but then it would not be in the Heliopolitan nome.

The decisive proof that the large Tell-el-Yahoodieh where we excavated was a Jewish

settlement was furnished by the necropolis. Situate one mile further east, in the desert. For a distance of more than half a mile, the ground is quite honeycombed with tombs. It is one large cemetery, on which are built two villages. The most interesting of these tombs are those on the southern side of one of the villages. They are all cut in the rock, generally on the same plan, and made with more or less care. A slope or a rude staircase gives access to a chamber, on all sides of which open horizontal niches of the length of a human body. The entrance to the chamber was originally closed by a limestone slab, which has been removed. The tombs have in all cases been rifled in ancient times, not for the precious things which they contained, for they had none, but for the limestone slabs and tablets. After they had been robbed, the staircase was filled in with basalt stones and sand. Here and there we found a body *in situ*. There were no traces of mummification, no ornaments of any kind; but invariably a brick under the head, which is a distinctive feature of Jewish burials. The niches were not all oriented from west to east, though such was the case with the mother and daughter, whose names we found painted over their heads, and who each had her brick pillow. A few tablets have escaped the general destruction, and the names which they contain fully confirm the conclusion which might be derived from the mode of burial. Some of the names are Jewish, but with a Greek termination. Eleazar is purely Jewish: Mikkos, Salamis, Netharneus, Barchias, remind one at once of names often met with in Holy Writ. Other names are Greek, but of frequent use among the Jews, such as Aristoboulos, Agathocles, Onesimos, and Truphaina, whose body we found turned towards the east. The tablets are generally simple, without the mention of any divinity, or anything connected with the other world, which is also a Jewish feature. The only sculptured ornament found is the bunch of grapes. The form of the inscription is nearly always the same: *χαίρε*, "Farewell." The epithets to the deceased are kind—*χρηστε*, "Loving to all"; "Loving his children"—*φιλοτρεκε*; "Without pain"—*ἀλυσε*; and also a poetical word, "Who dies before his time"—*ἀσπε*.

The most interesting tablet is a broken one of which only eight lines remain, in which the author seems to have had the intention of writing verses. There are sometimes poetical words mingled with expressions which are decidedly mistakes made by some one who was not well acquainted with Greek. The inscription is obscure, but there is an interesting passage in which it is said how great was the faith and the friendliness, *πίστις καὶ χάρις*, of the deceased. This, which sounds rather strange in a Greek funerary inscription, is merely the translation of the Hebrew *אֱמוּנָה וְחַסְדִּים*, which occurs on a considerable number of tablets.

A name which leads us directly to the point I am trying to prove is the name of *Ὀριον*, which is engraved on a stone cut in the form of a cornice. The beginning is broken off, so that part only of the *O* remains, and we do not know whether *Ὀριον* was the end of a name or a name by itself. However, it looks very much like the name we are looking for.

On the northern side of the village, the rock is of finer quality, and the tombs more carefully made. They are on the same plan; there are generally three steps leading to a well-cut square door, the lintels of which are sometimes made with baked bricks and Roman cement. This door leads to the sepulchral chamber, from which horizontal niches open on all sides. One of the chambers had been covered with stucco, on which remained some painted ornaments. They are all on the Jewish plan; but they may have been re-used, as in

one of them was a bone-pit with remains of cartonnage, which implies mummification, and excludes all idea of Jewish burial. These tombs cannot be earlier than the Roman emperors. The conclusion which may be derived from all the foregoing facts is that the necropolis of Tell-el-Yahoodieh points distinctly to a Jewish settlement, which must have been the neighbouring Tell. Considering the size and importance of the place, it is reasonable to suppose that it was the site of the establishment made by Onias, and when he built a temple, especially as this place belonged to the nome of Heliopolis.

I believe that Tell-el-Yahoodieh is known to us also by a Latin name. Just at the foot of the high mounds of the eastern side of the enclosure is a Roman city built regularly along two main roads going towards the desert. I think we may here recognise, as Mr. Griffith suggested to me, the *castrum veteranorum* or "Camp of the Veterans," mentioned in the Itinerary of Antoninus, on the road from Heliopolis to the Red Sea, along the canal; and this supposition is the more likely as the next station, *Vicus Judaeorum*, would be the other Tell-el-Yahoodieh near Belbeis.

In Egypt, it is not always necessary to excavate, and a mere visit to an historical place may give important results. It is most interesting to explore a city, looking for everything which is inscribed. Very often, fragments of hard stone are inserted in walls of houses; or they are inside the houses, where they are used as boards for washing, or as mortars, or as mill-stones. It is not always easy to see all the stones, and especially to dissipate the fears and prejudices of the inhabitants. They begin by denying with the strongest oath—by the life of the Prophet—that they ever saw or knew of anything like an inscribed stone. It is generally a boy who reveals the first, and who, of course, gets a few pence as *bakshish*. Then a great number of men immediately offer themselves as guides. They all know of a stone somewhere; and so at last I succeeded in seeing a great number of inscriptions. Thus, after having been in perhaps twenty-five houses at Belbeis, I found out that there had been there a temple of some importance built by Nekhtorheb (Nectanebo I.); that it was dedicated to Bast, and that it belonged to the Bubastite nome. The one royal name which I repeatedly discovered was Nekhtorheb; and I once found the inevitable *Rameses II.*

In several other places which I explored in the same way, I gathered interesting information, especially relating to the invasion of Piankhi, the Ethiopian king who conquered the whole of Egypt, and put down all the petty princes reigning in the different cities of the Delta. Some of those princes left stone monuments in the cities which they occupied; the descendants of others filled distinguished posts under the following dynasties. In this respect the excursions which I made to Samanoud and Abusir were among the most fruitful.

Samanoud is a very picturesque city, a little higher up than Mansourah, on the Damietta branch of the Nile. A large Tell indicates the site of the city. At the northern end stood the temple of the god Anhur, a great many blocks of which are still extant. Samanoud is clearly the old Sebennytus. The name has not been translated. The old Egyptian *Thebnuter*, the divine calf, has taken a Semitic form which gives to the word in Arabic a sense which has nothing to do with the original meaning. Samanoud means the sky of Noud. Noud, as the people tell you there, was a great king who built a large palace covered with a crystal sky. I heard this legend from Arabs as well as Christians, and was even told that remains of that sky were sometimes met with on the Tell;

while the Arab with whom I was staying asked me to relate to him something about King Noud. In the city itself I was shown several fragments of Nectanebo I. and Ptolemy Alexander. Some blocks of the temple which lay in the water contained fragments of a list of names of Nekhtorheb; but the most interesting monument was a sitting statue with the head and feet broken, which is used as a seat at the entrance to the police-station. As there are inscriptions on the sides and back of the statue, I began making paper casts, wetting my paper and beating it into the inscription with a brush. A crowd of more than a hundred people, which I had some difficulty to keep off, watched the whole proceeding with intense interest. The result was that a feeling of mistrust mingled with fear spread among them. I had one more stone to see in one of the houses, and when I arrived there the owner was away. Another time the key was with a neighbour who would not return for sometime, and then the man spoke to the bystanders with great eloquence, appealing to them, saying that the stone would go, and what would he have? At last, after much entreaty, I succeeded in going in, but only after a most solemn promise that I should not beat a paper on the stone. There was no necessity for it, as the stone turned out to be a broken Roman statue; but the next day I discovered the meaning of the opposition of the owner, and of his words "The stone will go." The people of the place fully believed that the beating of the paper, as they called it, was nothing but magic, and that the stone at the police-station would suddenly fly away to my country; and actually a great number of them got up early the next day, and came to the spot to see whether the stone was still there, or to witness its sudden disappearance at daybreak.

The statue belonged to the high priest of Anhur in the time of Psammetik I., called Aakanoush, who was very likely the grandson of the prince of the same name who reigned at Sebennytus at the time of Piankhi's invasion.

Not far from Samanoud is the city of Abusir, in which it is not difficult to recognise the name of Busiris, the house of Osiris. I went on purpose to see a granite block observed there last year by Mr. Petrie, bearing the name of Darius. As the monument ought to come to England, I made an attempt to purchase it from the rich sheikh-el-beled (village mayor) before whose house the block stands; but my efforts were unsuccessful, although I offered the high sum of £10. The sculpture represents a sitting goddess called Menkhheb. So far as I know, it is the first time this name occurs. Menkhheb is a verb which is found in the inscription of Saft-el-Henneh. It refers there to an altar, and means to provide abundantly with offerings, to enrich; so that this new goddess may be considered as the goddess of abundance or plenty. At Abusir, a man in the bazaar brought me a fragment of limestone, of which I copied the text. It is part of a funerary inscription of a person called Sheshonk. Sheshonk is also the name of the prince who held Abusir against Piankhi.

The most curious find of this kind occurred in the excavations at Tuh-el-Karmus. You have seen the foundation deposits discovered in the middle of this most disappointing temple, about which we could only ascertain that it had been built by Philip Arrhidaeus; but, in one of the neighbouring brick storehouses, we found a perfect vase, painted in blue enamel and bearing a large hieratic inscription burnt in with the paint. This vase is now in the Boolak Museum. It is a dedication to the god Horsesis by the chief of a foreign nation or tribe, called Panarma. The name of the foreign nation is destroyed, but it may very well be the foreign guard, or a foreign police,

like the Mashuash, which are so often mentioned in the inscriptions. Curiously enough, Panarma is the name of the general who was either one of the officers of Piankhi, or who had remained faithful to him. It was to him that Piankhi gave orders to oppose Tafnekht, the prince of Suis, who was marching southward, and who had already reached Hermopolis; and after Piankhi's victory, he was sent to receive the submission of Tafnekht.

(To be concluded.)

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MESSRS. J. WATSON NICOL, Charles W. Wyllie, Herman Herkomer, and Yeend Young have been elected members of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL will open two exhibitions next week in their galleries in New Bond Street: (1) a collection of marine paintings and sketches in oil by Mr. Edwin Hayes, including scenes in Italy, France, Holland, and the Channel Isles, as well as the British coast; (2) a show entitled "Dots, Notes, Spots," by Mr. A. Ludovici, jun. Mr. Robert Dunthorne will also have on view, in Vigo Street, an exhibition of sunset sketches and mezzotints, by Mr. J. Aumonier.

WE may also mention that the collection of "Shakspeare's Heroines," by various artists, commissioned by the proprietors of the *Graphic*, is now on view in Brook Street.

MR. POYNTER's works have not been very much engraved, when we take into account that there is hardly one of them which does not lend itself to skilled reproduction; but, of those that have been reproduced, none have been translated more happily than his "Diadumene" and "The Corner of the Market Place," which the Berlin Photographic Company, established in New Bond Street, are now issuing. The "Diadumene" was in a recent Academy, where it was recognised as a learned and exalted study of the nude. The "Corner of the Market Place"—a bit of classical *genre*, if the expression may be permitted, a thing such as Mr. Alma Tadema might have conceived, but would have conceived with less of human sympathy—appeared at the Grosvenor. Our readers will remember how highly finished it was in detail, as well as how engaging in sentiment. Other works of Mr. Poynter should follow by the same process, as it is proved to interpret him so well.

WE quote from the *Nation* of February 9 the following account of the excavations conducted during last autumn on the site of Sicyon by the American School of Classical Studies at Athens:

"The orchestra and its entrances have been cleared of the layer of earth which covered them. The new finds have not been numerous, but are of considerable importance. The chief is the head of a statue of Parian marble, of good Greek workmanship, about life-size. It was broken into three pieces, but the face is uninjured, with the exception of the nose and one brow slightly marred. It is pronounced to be a Dionysus with extreme feminine traits. A torso was found to which this head may prove to have belonged. Another head was brought out from some retreat by a peasant, and removed to Athens by the Government. A large head of mediocre workmanship was also found in the excavations. These are valuable as the only known specimens of Sicyon art."

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE programme of last Saturday's Crystal Palace Concert contained two new English works. The first was Mr. C. T. Speer's Cantata, "The Day Dream," which gained the Jubilee Gold Medal of the Bath Philharmonic Society last year. The poem on which it is founded is the well-known one by Lord Tennyson—a few verses not essential to the narrative, the Moral, L'Envoi, and Epilogue being omitted. It is somewhat difficult to do justice to Mr. Speer's work. First of all, he set himself a most difficult task. The poem, admirable in itself, does not lend itself easily to music; and Dvorák himself, with all his programme-power, would have found the yawning king, the drinking butler, the screaming parrots, and the striking clocks somewhat troublesome subjects. And then, placed almost at the head of a Palace programme, one expected naturally to hear something important. The Cantata did not deserve such an exalted position. Had it been produced at a students' concert, we could have praised the composer for his easy and unpretentious music, for the good intentions shown, and for the frank way in which he borrows from other composers. Mr. Speer has yet much to learn in the art of development, and also in orchestration; but he is young, and may yet surprise the world. The other novelty was a setting of Campbell's ballad, "Lord Ullin's Daughter," for chorus and orchestra, by Mr. Hamish McCunn. Quite recently we spoke in terms of praise of an overture of his, and again we have to call attention to a young composer who shows brilliant promise. The ballad is not an elaborate work, and it is impossible to say how Mr. McCunn will succeed when he attempts severer forms of composition; but there is an unmistakable vigour and freshness about his music, and in his handling of the orchestra there is decided originality. Between these two works came Schubert's unfinished Symphony in B minor, and the performance was well worthy of Mr. Manns and his band. The solo parts in Mr. Speer's Cantata were effectively sung by Miss Thudichum and Mr. Harper Kearton. The concert concluded with Delibes' charming Suite de Ballet "Sylvia."

A private concert was given at the Grand Hotel, Eastbourne, last Friday week, at which was heard a new instrument called the Clavi-harp. It is the invention of M. Dietz, civil engineer, of Brussels, the grandson of the M. Dietz who, in 1810, invented an instrument *à cordes pincées à clavier*, which may be considered the parent of the Clavi-harp. As the name suggests, this instrument consists of a harp, with metallic strings covered with silk, and a keyboard. On touching the keys the strings are set in motion by an ingenious action imitating the movements of a harpist's fingers. It has two pedals—the one damps the strings, the other effects a division of the strings producing the octave harmonics. From this brief description it will be seen that it possesses advantages over the old harp. The strings are said to keep in tune as well as those of a piano. The only question is as to the quality of the tone produced; how far, in fact, it resembles that of an ordinary harp. From the clever performances of Mdlle. Dratz from the Brussels Conservatoire, who played solos, accompanied Mr. Burnett in a violin solo and in some songs sung by Miss Ambler and Mr. W. H. Cummings, we think it imitates wonderfully, especially in the upper notes, the tones of the harp. One will be able to judge it better in a large concert room, and also when it is heard with the orchestra. It has been exhibited in

Paris, and will no doubt soon make its way to London.

Mdlle. Mathilde Wurm, a pupil of Mdlle. Schumann—whose appearance we are glad to see announced for next Monday—was the pianist at the last Monday Popular Concert. She played Schumann's "Papillons," one of the composer's early but most characteristic works. Mdlle. Wurm has improved in touch, but she lacks power. Her reading of the "Papillons" was simple, neat, and refined; but her *tempi* in Nos. 5 and 7 were too slow. She was well received, and forced to give an encore. She took part in Mendelssohn's in C minor; but here, in spite of good playing, her want of power was too evident. Beethoven's Quintet in C, with Herr Joachim as leader, was, of course, a grand success. Miss Marguerite Hall was recalled for her graceful rendering of Brahms's "Geistliches Wiegenlied," the viola obbligato part of which was admirably given by Mr. Hollander. Herr Joachim's solo was Leclair's "Sarabande et Tambourin."

Brahms' Violin and Violoncello Concerto was repeated at the Fourteenth Symphony Concert on Tuesday evening. A second hearing of the intricate opening movement reveals more of its power and of its unity. It is certainly made of stuff that will last. We doubt, however, whether it will become popular; for it will not always have two such interpreters as Herren Joachim and Hausmann, who not only conquer the technical difficulties, but throw their whole soul and mind into the music. The beautiful Andante needs no further comment. The Finale, as at the first hearing, impresses us less than the first and second movements. Mr. Hamish McCunn is rising rapidly into fame. His Choral Ballad at the Crystal Palace last Saturday, as noticed above, was a success; but his ballad for orchestra, "The Ship o' the Fiend," performed at this concert, was a still greater one. The Scottish ballad, which the music seeks to illustrate, is founded on the legend treated by Burger in his "Lenore," and is the foundation also of the "Spectre's Bride." The composer's power of imagination is keen, but he is never tempted to do anything extravagant or grotesque. And he handles the orchestra not with the timidity of a beginner, but with the experience of a master. He conducted his own work, and at the close received an ovation. Mr. McCunn is only in his twentieth year, and a great future seems in store for him. Programme-music seems to be at present his fancy. Of its kind it is very good; but, after all, it is only one kind, and that not the highest. So now, having shown how successfully he can draw musical pictures of land and sea, he should give us a piece of purely abstract music.

Space compels us to notice very briefly the "Novello" performance of "The Golden Legend" on Wednesday evening. The choral singing, especially of the ladies, was good. Of the principal soloists—Mdmes. Nordica and Patey, Messrs. Lloyd and Mills, we need only mention the first. Mdlle. Nordica commenced very doubtfully, but improved as she went on. Dr. Mackenzie conducted; but was scarcely up to time in the Evening Hymn and in some of the music in the third scene. The news of the election of this gentleman to the post of Principal of the Royal Academy of Music gained for him an ovation both from choir and audience.

Mr. Henschel gave his third and last vocal recital at Prince's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. The hall was crammed, and the performances of the concert-giver and his wife gave the utmost satisfaction.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1888.

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LITERATURE.

The Odyssey of Homer. Done into English Verse by William Morris. Vol. II. (Reeves & Turner.)

IN April, 1887, the present writer had the opportunity of expressing, in the ACADEMY, the hope that Mr. Morris would not long "leave half-told" the story of Odysseus. That hope has found fulfilment far sooner than, in such cases, is usual. There are few things, perhaps, on which people differ more widely than on the merits of a translation—and the reason is not far to seek. A masterpiece like the *Odyssey* possesses nearly every poetical merit that could be named; but it by no means follows that it presents each of those merits to each of its readers in an equal degree. We have instinctively a favourite literary quality, and we carry into our reading of a translation an unconscious desire to find in it, above all things, that quality of the original which we prefer. We do not, perhaps, adequately examine ourselves whether what we like best in the *Odyssey*, or any such poem, is its highest quality—so hard is it, even with the aid of Homer, to cry "Sursum mentes!" and rise above our lower to our higher appreciation. I recognise this so fully that I am half-ashamed that I cannot express any other opinion on Mr. Morris's second volume than that which I formed about his first. Of all verse translations of Homer that I have seen this seems to me to be the best, to have most of the matter and the manner of the original. But I am fully aware that a defective appreciation of the original, in matter and manner, will vitiate one's judgment of a translation. I know that good judges find Mr. Morris's version faulty, particularly in mannerism and the coinage of compound words in English. There is nothing for it but to plead one's plea, illustrate it as far as one may by extracts from the translation, state the qualities which it seems to share most fully with the original, and leave the verdict to the jury that is always sitting—the lovers of Homer.

The *Odyssey*, perfect as an epic, is, if possible, more perfect as a romance or fairy-tale. It bears, I think, a much stronger mark of individual genius than the *Iliad*. I never have felt any intrinsic difficulty in believing that certain parts of the *Iliad* are by a different hand or hands, while the *Odyssey* seems to me so intensely one as to make the idea that it is a compilation almost visionary; the art of collaboration would have reached the miraculous stage. And this individual genius in the *Odyssey* seems to me pre-eminent in the art of story-telling, of romantic narrative. We may prefer the *Iliad*, we may challenge the *Odyssey*, or any other poem, to match its best passages, its most memorable lines; but few will say, I

think, that, tale for tale, it is told with the perfect, simple, unconscious art of the *Odyssey*. It is finer in episodes; not so fine or complete as a whole. If this be so, the presence of this same skill in a translator would, in my own view, cover a multitude of minor sins. It is a *sine qua non*, though not the only one.

Secondly, for a verse translation, some approximation to the dignity and rapidity of the Homeric measure is essential. The couplets of Pope, the Spenserian stanzas of Worsley and Conington, form the high-water mark of what can be done in those directions; but the antitheses, the forced pause, of the one, and the festooning of the separate stanzas, by the others, cancel a quality of the original which, as probably the translators themselves felt, even more keenly than their readers must feel can very ill be spared. Of the first of these two qualities—that of poetic power in romantic narrative pure and simple—Mr. Morris is completely master. I hazard the opinion that no English poet, since Chaucer, has possessed exactly this gift in so eminent a degree. There may be higher gifts, but this is a peculiar one that all can recognise and enjoy. It is the common quality in poems otherwise so widely different as "The Lovers of Gudrun," "The Hill of Venus," "Bellerophon in Lycia," and this version of the *Odyssey*. Anyone to whom this gift conveys a special pleasure will find it hard to make much ado about the mannerisms which undoubtedly appear in Mr. Morris's style—defects on which a surely superfluous stress has been elsewhere laid. I do not myself admire, e.g., the rendering (book xiv., l. 73) of "ὄθι θῆνα ἔρχατο χοίρων" by "where penned were the piglings' crew"; on the other hand, the much-criticised version of book xiii., l. 388—"Τροίης λύομεν λιπαρὰ κρήδεμνα"—"We loosed aforetime the shining coil of Troy," seems to me exactly what Homer says, exactly the metaphor in which Euripides followed him, exactly a case in which Mr. Morris is both bolder and wiser than his critics. Let anyone read for himself the passages (pp. 249, 245) where these expressions occur, and judge if mannerism can be charged upon them as a whole. My strong impression is that half these "mannerisms"—I do not say all of them—are more careful approximations to Homer's manner than some critics have discerned. As to the "Phaeacians ear-fain" (p. 232, l. 36) for Φαιήκεσσι φιληρέμουςι, what is the objection? We speak of a person as "heart-sick," of Carlyle as "world-weary," without scruple or blame; why may not the Phaeacians be "ear-fain"? Homer calls them so by a compound, not a periphrasis. Suppose "ear-fain" is not elsewhere used in English literature—well, somebody once used "heart-sick," or "world-weary," for the first time.

On the second point—the suitability of the metre of "Sigurd" as a representation of Homer—most people have made up their opinion one way or other. I cannot deny that, for translating Homer, rhyme is a fetter as well as a grace; that all rhyming couplets, in whatever metre, do break up "the pure line's gracious flow," the Homeric music, in some degree. The couplet, in fact, diverts our thoughts somewhat from the line or the

paragraph—even Mr. Morris cannot overcome this result, though at times (to repeat an illustration from vol. i.) he touches the actual harp of Homer.

ἀκραῖ Ἰέρφουρον, καλὰ δὲ οὐρ' ἐπὶ εἰνῶπα πόντον.

"The north-west piping keenly across the wine-dark sea."

The difficulty lies in the fact that rhyme inevitably balances two lines in some degree; and Homer never balances his lines.

But it is time to fulfil the pledge made above, and to be silent while Mr. Morris shows us, in English, his idea of Homer. Let the scene be the slumber of Odysseus, in the magical bark of the Phaeacians, while she speeds him over the sea for the last time (book xiii., ll. 79-92, p. 234).

"E'en then upon his eyelids did sleep and slumber speed,
Sweetest, and most unbroken, most like to death indeed;
But she, as over the plain the stallions' fourfold yoke
Rush, driven on together by the whiplash and the stroke,
And rear aloft and speed them, and easy way they make,
So rose her stern on the sea waves, and following on her wake
Rolled on the dark blue billow of the tumble of the sea:
So all unscathed and steady she sped, nor swift as she
Might fly the stark gerfalcon, the swiftest of all fowl,
As swiftly running onward she cleft the sea-flood's roll,
Bearing a man most like to the gods for his wisdom and guile,
Who many a sorrow had suffered, and was soul-tossed on a while
As he went through the warfare of men and the terrible deeds of the deep;
But slept there now unafraid, and forgot all woes in sleep."

As poetry and translation, this must speak for itself; but, one may say in passing, what a scene is here for an artist! The slumbering chieftain, and the men of Scheria in their mystic bark, not to see Scheria again! And the voyagings and toils of Odysseus, like that other weird of which Shakspeare wrote, are thus "rounded with a sleep."

The warning of Odysseus to Amphinomus, to escape from the imminent doom of the Wooers (book xviii., ll. 130-50, p. 333), seems to me at once one of the gentlest and one of the most impressive things in the *Odyssey*; nor does it suffer in Mr. Morris's hands:

"There is nought more mightless than man of all that earth doth breed,
Of all that on earth breatheth and that creepeth over it.
For while God giveth him valour, and his limbs are lithe and fit,
He saith that never hereafter the vale shall he abide;
But when the gods all-happy fashion his evil tide,
Perforce that load of sorrow his stout heart beareth then;
For in such wise still is fashioned the mood of earthly men,
As the Father of Gods and of menfolk hath brought about their day.
Yea, e'en I amongst men was happy in times now passed away,
And wrought full many a folly, and gave way to my heart's desire.
... Therefore indeed let no man in unrighteous fashion live,
But hold in peace and quiet such things as God may give."

But O me! how I see of the Wooers what
fearful folly they plan,
Whereas the goods they are wasting, and shaming
the wife of the man,
Who not for long I tell thee from his well-loved
fatherland
Will yet be aloof; nay, rather e'en now he is
hard at hand.
But thou—God lead thee hence, that this man
thou may'st not meet
When he hath gotten him homeward to his land
the dear and sweet;
For when under his roof he cometh, and they
deal betwixt and between,
The Wooers and he, nought bloodless shall be
the work I ween."

It is hard to read this without a touch of sorrow that not even so could the courteous and kindly Amphinomus escape his doom and the "mighty edge" of Telemachus' spear.

Every reader of "Sigurd," with the "Day of the Niblung's Need" in his memory, will turn instinctively to book xxii., the *Μνηστήροφονία*. It is beautifully translated; yet I think that the physical horrors of the slaughter—which Homer, in his direct simplicity, will not spare us—do not altogether suit Mr. Morris's mood. He is better when his hand is more at liberty, when he can show us the tossing strife in the hall of Atli, with Gudrun looking upon it in the silence of many memories and one great resolve. To the final scene, however, he gives all the Homeric directness (book xxii., ll. 380-90, p. 411):

'But about his house peered Odysseus, if yet a man there were
Who, shunning the black doom-day, was left a-lurking there;
But adown in the dust and the blood he beheld them all lying about,
Yea, as many as the fishes which the fishers have drawn out
With a net of many meshes from out the hoary sea
Up on to the hollow sea-beach; there heaped up all they be
Cast up upon the sea-sand, desiring the waves of the brine;
But the sun their life is taking with the glory of his shine.
Thus, then, in heaps the Wooers on one another lay."

Of minor criticisms I have not many to make. In vol. i. Mr. Morris always wrote *Aegisthus* for *Aegisthus*, in vol. ii. he insists (see book xxiv., *passim*) on calling them the Cephallenians, one sees not why. In book xiii., l. 166, the epithet *δολυχῆρες* looks odd in the form "long-ear-wont"; the word *ingates* = "entrances" (p. 235) is certainly unfamiliar; so, I think, is "twi-car" (p. 268), and "wrap," in the sense of "snatch" (p. 275); "godless" hardly conveys, in English, the idea of "unprompted by a god," "conveying no heavenly omen," which is certainly the meaning of book xv., l. 531; in book xvi., l. 401, *γένος βασιλῆϊον κτείνειν* is something more than "in a kingly house to kill"; there is a tendency to throw an apparently superfluous "then" into the emphatic place at the end of the line (see book xvi., ll. 2, 421, &c.). The press seems to have made slips in book xvii., ll. 8, 207; there is something uncomfortable in the rhythm of ll. 69, 284, of book xiv., l. 87 of book xviii.; some awkwardness in the order of l. 62 of book xvi. But these are small matters. I can but conclude with repeating an opinion that this version of the *Odyssey*, now happily completed, is, not perfect but, worthy of the

pen that wrote "Sigurd" and "The Earthly Paradise." Few would desire higher praise.

E. D. A. MORSEHEAD.

Papers, Literary, Scientific, &c. By the late Fleeming Jenkin, Professor of Engineering in the University of Edinburgh. Edited by Sidney Colvin and J. A. Ewing. With a Memoir by Robert Louis Stevenson. In 2 vols. (Longmans.)

THE late Prof. Fleeming Jenkin, if not a very eminent man, was unquestionably a very interesting personality. His intellectual activity was immense; his occupations and accomplishments were distressingly numerous; his heart was warm to a fault; he was sincere to brusqueness, to impatience, although not to intolerance. He accomplished little, either in literature or in science, that is of permanent value. He did nothing immortal at all, indeed, beyond making Mr. R. L. Stevenson fall in love with the better, yet more feminine, element in his character. He wrote papers and delivered addresses distinctly above the ordinary magazine and lecture-room average, on the almost innumerable subjects that he flirted with in the course of his life.

"He was in many ways a Greek," says Mr. Stevenson; "he should have been a sophist, and met Socrates; he would have loved Socrates, and done battle with him staunchly, and manfully owned his defeat; and the dialogue, arranged by Plato, would have shone even in Plato's gallery."

This is merely the extravagance of obituary enthusiasm. Jenkin was fond of Greek plays, and had a quick eye for the artistic, and still more for the inartistic, in drapery. He had the Athenian love of novelty. Knowing something of everything, he was an inexhaustible talker, an irrepressible disputant, as the jack of all topics invariably is, as the master of one—struck dumb by the consciousness that even his mastery is temporary and relative, not eternal and absolute—never is. But one looks in vain for Hellenic graces in the numerous papers of Jenkin—literary, theatrical, socio-economical, scientific—which the pious love of Messrs. Sidney Colvin and J. A. Ewing has collected and published; or in the three-act drama of "Griselda," with its

"Young sir, these are wild words. I am a very simple person and I wish for a simple answer, who and what are you?"

and
"Filomene seems venomous. She thinks me a devil, and despises Griseld. Her head was turned by young Count Malatesta's flattery. She has seen the boy four times, and believes that she could never love another man. Well, he shall marry her. I wish him joy."

Fleeming Jenkin was a capable electrical engineer. Sir William Thomson, who knew him in his professional capacity more intimately than any of his contemporaries, says so; and the fact that, in spite of his intellectual divagations, he became a professor of engineering, first in London, and then in Edinburgh, while yet a young man, proves the accuracy of Sir William Thomson's estimate. He had a passion for amateur theatricals, and seems to have been an excellent stage-manager, although but an indifferent actor. He had a liking, as had Stanley Jevons, for the dis-

cussion of questions of an economical and industrial character, although his style in treating these is as inferior to Jevons's as Jevons's is to Bagehot's. So much is proved by two-thirds of this work, the two-thirds that are not Mr. R. L. Stevenson's.

Mr. Stevenson's contribution to these memorial volumes is a fascinating piece of pedigree-tracing and character-analysis; but it no more proves that he has the true talent of the biographer than do his exercises in the Scotch dialect which appear in *Underwoods* prove that, were he so minded, he could express sympathetically the aspirations of the Scotch peasantry of to-day. He gives us a great deal of Fleeming and too little of Jenkin; a great deal about the pleasures, accomplishments, and superficial characteristics of his friend, and too little about that friend's inner life, his conduct as a father and a professor, his ethical and religious creed. Not that Mr. Stevenson gives us nothing of Jenkin—on the contrary, he dwells upon and illustrates his friend's intense affection for his wife and family, and his sensitiveness in all matters of conscience. One would gladly have seen a little more of the family life of Mr. and Mrs. Jenkin, especially in their early ante-Edinburgh and *res angusta* days, even at the cost of losing much information about Fleeming's journeys and activities, his trips to Styria, his appearances at the Saville Club, and his experiences as a stage-manager in Edinburgh. It is eminently likely, however, that if Mr. Stevenson had taken this view of his duty, he would not have produced a book at once so readable and so Stevensonian. In the hands of almost any other writer than Mr. Stevenson, Fleeming Jenkin's memoir would have probably been only a prosaic record of professional energy brought to a close at the early age of fifty-two. He had no romantic adventures, no great misfortunes in his life, which began at Dungeness in 1833 and ended in Edinburgh in 1885. He was happily married; and although, after his apprenticeship to the business of his life in Fairbairn's works in Manchester, he had his struggles, they seem to have been in no way severer or more dispiriting than those of most members of most professions. He had his fair share of work in the way of laying cables, and Mr. Stevenson prints extracts from his letters descriptive of his sensations when so engaged. The style of these is much to be preferred to that of his graver essays, but they are not otherwise remarkable.

The charm of Mr. Stevenson's biography, indeed, depends mainly on its graphic genealogy. Fleeming Jenkin came of a queer stock, somewhat Bohemian, and even blackguardly, both on the father's and on the mother's side. Some of Jenkin's paternal relatives more especially look as if they might have figured in *Treasure Island*. But he was emphatically his mother's son.

"She gave her son a womanly delicacy in morals, to a man's taste—to his own taste in later life—too finely spun, and perhaps more elegant than healthful. . . . To some of her defects she made him heir. Kind as was the bond that united her to her son, kind and even pretty, she was scarce a woman to adorn a home; loving as she did to shine; careless as she was of domestic, studious of public, graces. She probably rejoiced to see the boy grow up

in somewhat of the image of herself, generous, excessive, enthusiastic, external; catching at ideas, brandishing them when caught; fiery for the right, but always fiery; ready at fifteen to correct a consul, ready at fifty to explain to any artist his own art."

Jenkin was, from first to last, as Mr. Stevenson insists, "an arrant schoolboy"; but a schoolboy always tied to the apron-string of his mother's teaching, although we are told that "iron-bound, impersonal ethics, the procrustean bed of rules, he soon saw at their full value as the deification of averages." Mr. Stevenson's study of the man whose friendship he made, and of whose character he discovered the sterling integrity when pretending to attend his university class, is a minute one, even although it does savour a little of idealisation, if not of deification. In its self-consciousness, and in its exquisite affectations, this biography resembles Mr. Stevenson's earlier work more closely than his later, and brings back the day when he made his first appearance in literature, the fully-equipped Sir Pierce Shaffton of the New Euphuism.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Personal Reminiscences of the late Duc de Broglie. Translated and Edited by R. L. de Beaufort. (Ward & Downey.)

We have read these volumes with the greatest interest. The Broglies are one of the few houses of the French noblesse of the old régime which have survived the tempests of the last century, and which, for a long and eventful period, have given eminent names to the service of the state. These memoirs from the accomplished pen of the father of the distinguished minister who did much, not many years ago, to raise France from her fallen state after the disasters of 1870-71, and who may yet play a great part in her history, record the experiences, from earliest life to maturity, of one of the most remarkable and celebrated members of the Broglie family, who was an eye-witness of the great Revolution, was in the public service of Napoleon I., filled a conspicuous place in the Chamber of Peers under Louis XVIII. and Charles X., held high office from Louis-Philippe, and, having seen the Revolution of 1848 and the imperialist revival of Napoleon III., died full of honours a few months before the tremendous events of Metz and Sedan. Reminiscences of this kind would, in the case of almost anyone, be of no little interest; but the late Duc de Broglie was no ordinary man. One of the old noblesse, yet a sincere patriot; brought up in the worst schools of politics—the Directory and the First Empire, yet an enlightened lover of true liberty; though not faultless in a long career, possessing the instincts of a real statesman; a clear-headed and acute observer, if somewhat cynical in his views and judgments, he was a remarkable figure in French history; and these "Recollections," therefore, are in every way attractive, important, and of sterling value. The translation, we should add, is very fairly done, though somewhat wanting in animation and force.

The late Duc de Broglie was born in 1785. His grandfather, Victor François, a marshal of France, the only commander who maintained the honour of the lilies during the

Seven Years' War, is best known to history as the chief of the troops who, in July 1789, gave the signal of the Revolution in Paris. His father, Victor Claude, was one of the reforming nobles in the National Assembly from 1789 to 1791; but, like most of his order, he refused to betray the royal cause after August 10, and he perished under the axe of the Reign of Terror. The earliest years of the child were passed amid the scenes of violence and hideous anarchy that marked the triumph of the mob in Paris; and he had to beg his bread from a brother of Robespierre, in a village close to the dismantled château where his ancestors had ruled in feudal grandeur. After Thermidor, he fell under the care of M. D'Argenson, one of the enthusiasts of 1789, who had become the husband of his widowed mother; and the Liberalism to which he was inclined through life was probably caused in him by his stepfather's influence. Having had an education excellent for those days, young De Broglie entered the civil service of the First Empire in 1809, and held a subordinate place until 1814 in the state council of Napoleon I. His character and parts were not of the kind that made way under the imperial régime. Independent, straightforward, and somewhat prone to show contempt of mere grandeur and display, he was in no sense a Napoleonic satellite; and he did not redeem the objections to noble birth, like many of his fellows, by obsequious flattery. He evidently disliked the great emperor, in whose presence he repeatedly was. He had an antipathy for the coarse brusqueness and the charlatan pomp of the *parvenu* Caesar; but he fully appreciated the commanding genius of the new ruler of France, spite of faults and foibles, and he has given us rather an impressive picture of Napoleon's governing and administrative powers. Napoleon, the warrior, in his judgment, was not superior to Napoleon, the author of the Code Civil, and the restorer of order; and he has left on record some striking instances of the ability shown by the imperial disputant in discussing social, legal, and even commercial questions, with the best experts in the council of state. Napoleon, he has told us, though one of the best of writers, had none of the art of spoken eloquence:

"He was a lengthy speaker, without much sequence of thought, and very incorrect, making use of the same phrases over and over again; and, I must say it with all humility, in his disconnected and often trivial speeches I never remarked those eminent qualities which he evinced in the memoirs which he dictated to Generals Bertrand and Montholon."

The Duc de Broglie always remained a subordinate in the imperial service. The numerous missions on which he was sent, and the many parts of Europe he in turn visited, give us a clear notion of the vast extent of the empire in its brief term of greatness. We find him in Spain, in Holland, in Poland, in Germany, hurrying from the Tagus to the Elbe and the Niemen. He was an eye-witness of the conspiracy of Bayonne, and has given us this sketch of the wretched king and queen as, fascinated, they yielded to the imperial spoiler:

"The king did not stop an instant in the apartments which had been prepared for him, but went striding through the chateau and

gardens calling out 'Godoy,' 'Godoy.' . . . He had quite the air of King Lear, though it was only a false air. The queen, on the other hand, took possession of her apartments, and did not leave them."

The rising of Austrian opinion against France, despite the efforts of the astute Metternich, at the news of the reverses of the Grand Army in 1812, is thus significantly described:

"Such was the state of the ruling opinion that, in high society, no one would dare to receive a Frenchman, unless he was obliged to do so by state duties or by his official position."

These memoirs contain many details of interest about the famous negotiations of 1813. Even to the last Metternich dreaded war—such was the terror of the emperor's name—and hesitated at joining the allied cause. The following is striking and, to us, new:

"M. de Metternich took me by the arm, and led me rapidly into his study. . . . His eyes were moist, his hands worked nervously, and his forehead was covered with perspiration. He explained to me in detail the designs he had formed . . . hastening to add that no one knew better than himself how formidable the Emperor Napoleon was, and that no one had the least illusions as to the risks which Austria was ready to run."

The Duc de Broglie took no part in the intrigues against Napoleon in 1814. At the first restoration he became a member of the newly created Chamber of Peers; but, as he was still under thirty, he was unable to sit. He figured in the ignoble and short-lived assembly convened by Napoleon, after the return from Elba; and, like the majority, he forsook the emperor when Waterloo had declared against him. In his memoirs the Duc looks both with regret at his votes and his conduct at this crisis; but he nobly atoned for these shortcomings. When nominated again to the Chambers of Peers, he was one of the very few of that body who condemned the sentence of death on Ney; and his brief speech even now is interesting. From this trial until 1830, the Duc de Broglie filled a prominent place in the Parliamentary annals of France; and this was the best part of his distinguished career. A noble of the highest rank yet a sincere Liberal, and connected by his marriage with Mdlle. de Staël, with what was most cultivated in French intellect, he became a chief ornament of that eminent set of men who rose out of the ruins of the First Empire to oppose despotism in every form, and to vindicate rational and well-ordered freedom, and who also laboured for years to reconcile the Bourbon monarchy with parliamentary government. His conduct throughout this critical period was that of a right-minded and patriotic statesman; some of his speeches are of a very high order; and he was always judicious, prudent, and moderate. He usually supported the government of the day until the accession of Charles X.; but he strongly opposed the invasion of Spain, and he repeatedly warned the extreme Royalists—the reactionaries of the White Terror—against their extravagant hopes and pretensions. From 1825 onward he was almost always in opposition to the ministry in power; he denounced the celebrated law

of sacrilege—a stroke of the Inquisition in the nineteenth century—in language that made a profound impression; he condemned the covert attempts being made to revive feudalism in modern France—his sketch of the essential difference between the old *noblesse* and the nobles of England is admirable for its clearness and force; and, with nearly all his distinguished colleagues, he warned, from the benches of the Left Centre, the ministers of the ill-fated king that they were bringing the throne to the edge of an abyss.

During this period the Duc de Broglie was naturally in the first ranks of the most brilliant and high-born society of the French capital; and he saw a good deal of the Whig party in more than one visit he paid to London. His memoirs abound in reminiscences of those days, but his judgments on men and things are somewhat harsh and cynical; and they want the delicacy and grace of the best French criticism. He was fond of seizing and bringing out the weak points in the characters of even the most distinguished personages. For example, he sneers at Wellington in this way, though he had little of the feeling against the great duke entertained by the French nation as a whole:

"Towards the Duke of Wellington I felt much respect, though little sympathy. As regards the chief outlines of his character, he was a regular Englishman—an Englishman of the old stamp. His mind was free from affectation, upright, solid, and cautious; but harsh, stiff, and rather narrow. Besides, his position, as well as his fame, contrasted singularly with the awkward and intrusive gallantry which he affected towards young and handsome ladies, and which, it is said, he carried as far as he was permitted to do. He preserved these manners even until his very old age; and the anxious care with which all parties vied with each other in throwing the veil over the ridiculous side of the character of the hero of Waterloo is one of the chief proofs of the good sense of the English nation."

Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Erskine, Brougham, and others, are treated in the same style; and this is a caricature of Byron:

"His face was handsome, but lacked expression and originality; his figure was round and short, and he did not move his crippled leg with as much ease and carelessness as did M. de Talleyrand. His conversation was heavy and fatiguing because of his coarsely literal commonplaces and of his paradoxes, and was seasoned with impious jokes, such as are very common in the language of Voltaire. M^{de} de Staël, who used to turn everybody to account, tried hard to make something of him, but did not succeed; on the whole, as soon as curiosity was satisfied, his society had nothing attractive in it, and no one cared for him to call."

The Duc de Broglie took little part in the Revolution of July 1830. After that event he became a member of the council of state of Louis Philippe; and he was foreign and prime minister of France in 1832 and 1835. He was a devoted follower of the Citizen King; and when in power served the state ably, but not, perhaps, with peculiar distinction. He remained a leader in French politics until the Revolution of 1848. But he then passed away from the scene; and after the *coup d'état* of 1851, like most of the best

public men of France, he kept aloof from what he believed to be a *régime fatal* to his country's welfare. He lived down to the last year of the Second Empire, but happily died before the war of 1870 had more than verified his worst forebodings. His memoirs are a work of no common interest, and ought even in England to find many readers.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

China: its Social, Political, and Religious Life. From the French of G. Eug. Simon. (Sampson Low.)

To some minds generally received opinions on any subject are distasteful. There is a dull uniformity about them which robs them of all attraction, and drives their contemplators to the necessity of seeking novelty by running tilt against them, even if by so doing fiction has to be substituted for fact. M. Simon is evidently the possessor of such a mind. His countrymen have been in the habit of accepting the views on China and the Chinese which they have received from the missionaries and others who have spent their lives among the people of the Middle Kingdom. From these guides they have learnt that, though possessing many and great good qualities, the Chinese stand on a distinctly lower level, as regards morality, respect for human life, and religious aspirations, than the people of the more favoured nations of Europe; that the government, though admirably designed in theory, is yet in practice too often used as an engine of extortion and wrong-doing; and that the lives of the people are subject to vicissitudes which not unfrequently make suicide appear a tempting alternative to existence.

All this M. Simon declares to be unfounded. He has lived in China, and he can, therefore, assure his readers that all these assertions are entirely baseless. Far from regarding China as a country where the ills of life press heavily on large classes of the population, he sees in it a very respectable counterpart of the Elysian fields. The land is portioned out among the inhabitants with such an even measure that almost every householder may repose under his own fig tree; while the taxes are so light—3 francs a head as against 100 francs in France—that they are unfelt by the payers. A patriarchal system of village government secures to everyone immunity from wrong, and help in times of distress; and a complete system of education is provided by the same beneficent authority for the young. Crimes of violence are almost unknown—only one murder was committed in Hankow during a period of thirty-four years—and so bountifully are the people endowed by nature that every mechanic is proficient in several arts, and every servant is a practised musician.

All this sounds like a dream, and it has this characteristic of a dream that it is the opposite of fact. It would be tedious to traverse in detail M. Simon's statements, and it would not be worth while to do so. By anyone possessing the least knowledge of the subject the book will stand condemned as misleading and visionary.

ROBERT K. DOUGLAS.

History of the Christian Church. By George Park Fisher. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THEOLOGICAL students have long felt the need of some book which would, within a reasonable space and yet with the necessary fulness, give a general view of that large and complicated subject—the history of the Christian Church. Dr. Fisher's work will, to a great degree, supply this want. He has a command of the broad outlines of the vast series of events he has to record. He has an accurate knowledge of details, and possesses that power of arrangement that can only come from long and intimate familiarity with his subject, accompanied by the habit of setting forth its principles and details to others. The great outlines of the history are laid down with ease and boldness, while minuter matters will be found recorded within them in their proper places and in their due subordination to the whole.

Such a work will always be more valuable as a book of reference than interesting to read for its own sake, and hence the present volume does not always escape that dryness which is proper to works of its kind. The many coloured panorama of Gibbon, the concentrated fire of Milman, the picturesqueness of Stanley can hardly be expected here. But the narrative everywhere flows easily along. The characteristics of eminent men and famous books are distinctly, if briefly, given; while disputed questions and the characters of men of mixed reputation are stated with an impartiality too often found wanting in more "interesting" books on the subject.

Dr. Fisher tells us in his preface that he is especially desirous to "exhibit fully the relation of Christianity and the Church to contemporaneous secular history." He fully redeems his promise, as any one familiar with the subject will see who follows him through the tangled mazes of the contest between the Church and the Empire in the history of the Middle Ages or through the devious paths of the English Reformation. At the same time, we would advise any student who is going through the mediæval part of this book to have Prof. Bryce's work beside him, that he may "know where he is," while Hallam's *Literature* or some kindred book will be required for reference a little later on in the wilderness of books and authors that are of necessity mentioned or alluded to in Renaissance and Reformation times. The very completeness of this work constitutes a danger. It is a brief cyclopædia of its subject, and a reader who would avoid the evils of "cram" must be careful to supplement it by reference to more detailed treatises as he goes along.

A part of this work which treats of a subject almost new to "Church History" is that which gives an account of the planting and progress of Christianity in its various forms on the New Continent. There is a brief sketch of the early efforts of the Roman Catholic missionaries among the Indians of the North, and of the work of the Jesuits in Paraguay; but of more interest is the history of the Puritan founders of New England, and the subsequent course of religion in what was destined to become the great Republic of the United States.

It is difficult for anyone not a born New Englander, if he knows the facts of their

history, to feel much enthusiasm for the "Pilgrim Fathers" and their spiritual successors. Not even the genius of Longfellow or of Hawthorne can render that gloomy and sordid narrative other than painful reading. A sort of mythical halo had gathered round them as around so many founders of great things. Good Mrs. Hemans's spirited song embodies this well. But that halo has been dispersed of late years; and, to do him justice, Dr. Fisher makes little effort to restore it. He does not venture to represent the Pilgrim Fathers as champions of religious liberty, but contents himself with the questionable argument on their behalf that "at that time no political community existed in which religious liberty was recognised, and it was no part of the design of the Puritans to frame one." But religious liberty had been known under the Roman Empire; and even in the sixteenth century some attempts in that direction were made by William the Silent, and in another part of the world had been carried into effect by the Emperor Akbar, of whom to be sure the Pilgrim Fathers could not be expected to know much. But when all this is said, we may admire the stern endurance of these men amid hard surroundings and their unbending conscientiousness in following such lights as they had. If we cannot regard the *Mayflower* as an ark which carried the sacred fire of freedom, either religious or political, we can read with sympathy Dr. Fisher's account of the early history of the settlement at Plymouth in December 1620:

"The lands were purchased by the pilgrims—as was true of the New England Puritans generally—of the Indians for what under the circumstances was a fair equivalent. The first winter passed by the heroic and patient band of Christians who built their log-houses on the bleak coast was one of almost unexampled hardship. No man whose heart is not of stone can read without deep emotion the simple record of one of their number—the historian Bradford. They comprised only one hundred and ten persons. Before the spring came they had buried under the snow one-half of the little company. At one time only six or seven were strong enough to nurse the sick and attend to the burial of the dead. The Plymouth colony grew slowly. It never became strong in numbers. But the "old colony," as it came to be called in after times, made up for its comparative weakness from a material point of view by the moral influence which flowed from its example of Christian courage and excellence, and through its greater charity in respect to religious differences."

We can commend for brevity and candour the account of recent events in the religious history of England. The Oxford movement has its due place, as well as the controversies respecting *Essays and Reviews*, and the works of Bishop Colenso; while the rise, progress, and present condition of the various non-conforming bodies is told at adequate length. Englishmen who are accustomed to regard these matters as of the first importance will find it instructive to see how small a part they occupy in a complete Church History when given in their due proportion to the whole.

We could point out several slips of the pen in names and dates which may be corrected in future editions. A special feature in the work will be found in the maps which

accompany every important period of the history, and add much to the reader's clear understanding of his subject.

H. SARGENT.

NEW NOVELS.

Husband and Wife. By Marie Connor. In 3 vols. (White.)

A Life Interest. By Mrs. Alexander. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Margaret Dunmore; or, a Socialist Home. By J. H. Clapperton. (Sonnenschein.)

A Phyllis of the Sierras, &c. By Bret Harte. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mad or Married? A Manx Story. By Hugh Coleman Davidson. (W. H. Allen.)

Jan Vereloots. By Matthew Strong. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

The Hanleys; or, Wheels within Wheels. By Mrs. Caumont. (Elliot Stock.)

WHEN a story begins with a marriage instead of ending with one, the experienced novel-reader makes up his mind that trouble is ahead. He knows that the course of matrimonial existence will not run smooth; that either the husband or the wife is destined to fall in love with somebody else; or that, if they continue true to each other, they will not escape some terrible misunderstanding which shall, while it lasts, effectually destroy not only their own comfort but the comfort of those who read their story. In Miss Marie Connor's clever and interesting, though gratuitously harrowing, novel we are spared the misunderstanding—for which, I suppose, we ought to be very thankful; but then, as a set-off against this relief, we have the faithlessness in its most aggravated form. It may be, and I fear is, in accordance with human nature that a poor, vain, shallow, invertebrate creature like Edward Galbraith should feel and act in the way represented in the pages of *Husband and Wife*; but his is a kind of human nature with which no ordinarily constituted human being can possibly desire to make intimate acquaintance. That he should tire of the sweet angelic wife, whose only fault is that she is far too bright and good to be the daily food of such a poor thing as himself, is not in the least surprising, though even the Edward Galbraiths of the world do not often touch the depths of caddish degradation to which he descends by sheer specific gravity. His alienation from his wife may be human—that is, it may be natural to his kind of humanity—but when that alienation is intensified by the blindness which would have appealed to the most elementary chivalrous instinct, it becomes inhuman and revolting; and whatever pleasure we may derive from the cleverness of the story is swallowed up by an irritating regret that we cannot see one character in it kicked or horse-whipped. Still, the story of Galbraith's infatuation for Lady Elcheater is very skilfully told; and she herself is a vividly and veraciously conceived figure, all the more realisable because we are allowed to feel the beating of a woman's heart beneath the surface incrustation of unwomanly cynicism. Her brother, M. Hector Flamant, seems to me a good deal less successful, not certainly

for want of painstaking on Miss Connor's part. The handling is undoubtedly clever, but the effect is unreal. His cynicism, unlike his sister's, is overdone, and we do not believe in it. His cold-blooded utterances in the presence of death are only saved from being revolting by being simply incredible; and altogether he cannot be considered a success. As a whole, however, *Husband and Wife* is, from both an intellectual and a literary point of view, a strong and interesting story. Still, it might have been equally strong, equally interesting, and a good deal less miserable.

There is a general impression abroad that the cruel stepmother of fiction is as extinct as the dodo; but she appears with all her pristine life and vigour in Mrs. Alexander's novel, *A Life Interest*. There is, however, a certain wicked freshness about Mrs. Acland, for she is even worse as a mother than she is as a stepmother; and she is, indeed, as objectionable a specimen of feminine humanity as I have met with for a long time, even in fiction, where people achieve an all-round perfection of depravity which happily seems unattainable in real life. Having bigamously married a second husband, she robs him of a large sum of money, and persuades him that the true criminal is her own son; and, having thus rid herself of her boy, she attempts to rid herself of her stepdaughter Marjory by the pretty expedient of conniving at her seduction. The would-be seducer, Mr. Vere Ellis, is a soul-satisfying sub-villain, while there is a third black sheep in the person of a very objectionable Mr. Blake, who knows Mrs. Acland's secrets, and has her in his power; so that people who find imaginative enjoyment in bad society will have in *A Life Interest* a book to their taste. On the other hand, Dick Cranston, the ill-used son of Mrs. Acland, is a fine, manly, and truthfully drawn hero; and, though old Mr. Cartaret, the virtuous, is not a specially amiable person, he is exceedingly life-like. The novel is really good of its kind, though the kind is far from being the highest. It is compact and symmetrical in structure, workmanlike in its handling of character and incident; and the inevitable improbabilities of such a plot are skilfully minimised.

Margaret Dunmore is not a mere flimsy purposeless novel, written with an eye to the circulating libraries. It is intended to combine the most solid instruction with the most rational entertainment, being a popularisation—for weak brethren and sisters—of the gospel of "scientific meliorism," which Miss Clapperton has expounded more didactically in another volume. This description may not sound appetising, so I must hasten to say that the story is by no means lacking in interest; and to any reader endowed with a moderate sense of humour it will afford a good deal of genuine amusement, none the less enjoyable because unconsciously provided. An anonymous critic, whose words are quoted upon the flyleaf, recognised in Miss Clapperton "an advanced thinker of a rare and high order"; and we know how difficult it must be for a superior person of this kind to condescend to the apprehension, or adopt the phraseology, of the Philistine majority. On the whole, Miss Clapperton is very suc-

cessful. The superiority is implicitly admitted rather than aggressively obtruded, and her style is such as can be "understood of the common people"; but now and then the instincts of the advanced thinker are too strong for her. Of Walter Cairns we are told that

"at the age of eighteen he fell in love with a pretty face, and in utter ignorance of the phenomena of life, he mistook a transient passion, indicative merely of virile manhood, for that master passion which diffuses satisfaction through the entire complexus of the civilised man."

"Virile manhood" is a phrase which savours of the advanced writer as well as the advanced thinker; but "entire complexus of the civilised man" is good, though perhaps too scientifically melioristic for the common herd who, like Walton, are apt to fall in love without serious consideration of the phenomena of life. I must confess that, personally, I do not take kindly to the "unitary home" of which Miss Clapperton is enamoured. She tells us that

"personal affinities are certain to declare themselves in a unitary home. The bonds of affection and links of connexion will form freely in adaptation to individual natures; and as these are distinctive and richly varied, so the subjective emotional relations are bound to be equally diverse."

Here are words which, so far as sound goes, are as rich in blessing as the word "Mesopotamia"; but even in Miss Clapperton's unitary home the declaration of "personal affinities" between Frank and Margaret Dunmore appears to have caused considerable discomfort to Frank's nice little wife Rose. Perhaps had Rose been more "altruistic" she would have been less uncomfortable, but the carnal mind cannot help sympathising with her and liking her best as she is. It is to be feared that Carlyle would have called the "unitary home" a "Morrison's Pill." The pill is certainly prettily gilded, but the trademark of Morrison is very apparent.

In the first of his two new stories Mr. Bret Harte seems to have made an attempt to combine his own peculiar methods with those of Mr. Henry James, and the result is not very satisfactory. The allusive, touch-and-go manner is specially irritating when it is adopted by a writer to whom it is not natural; and the general prejudice in favour of stories which have an end as well as a beginning will surely not be eradicated by "A Phyllis of the Sierras," which, though in parts very charming, is, in the mass, decidedly tantalising. "A Drift from Redwood Camp" is much more characteristic and much more pleasing. The change in the character of Elijah Martin when he, the despised pariah of the camp, is accepted by the Indians as a heaven-sent chief is one of Mr. Bret Harte's most original and masterly conceptions.

Mr. Davidson again lays his scene in the Isle of Man; but *Mad or Married?* is very different from either of his previous stories, being not a novel of the ordinary kind, but a decidedly ingenious and interesting romance. The hero and heroine, who are quite unknown to each other, have a simultaneous dream or trance, in which they imagine they are married, and the descriptions given by both

of the surroundings of the ceremony are identical. Ultimately, of course, they meet in the flesh; but I will not spoil the reader's pleasure by indicating the course of the clever and exciting plot.

In the struggle for the mantle of Hugh Conway the largest fragment has fallen to the lot of the author of *Jan Vereloots*. There are also indications that he has gone to the school of the late Lord Lytton, and has taken some hints from *A Strange Story*. His weakness is a too great prodigality in the matter of marvels, and his invention has a tendency to run away with him; but there can be no doubt that he has produced a very creepy and thrilling tale which most readers will be impelled to devour at a single sitting.

The Hanleys is rubbish. Life is too short to afford time for the justification of this brief verdict. Those to whom it is unsatisfactory may try to read the book, and after the attempt can pronounce a verdict of their own.

JAMES ASHCROFT NORLE.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Reminiscences of William Rogers, Rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate. Compiled by R. H. Hadden, Curate of the same. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) Among the city clergymen the rector of Bishopsgate holds a prominent place—due not to theological attainments nor to eloquence as a preacher, but to unfailing *bonhomie*, ready wit, and no small administrative skill. Everyone knows him and likes him; but there is a chance of his really great services to popular education being forgotten in these days of constant change, and we are therefore glad that this amusing autobiography has appeared to revive—without any intention of so doing—our recollections of what Mr. Rogers has done in his generation. Born in 1819, he had the questionable advantage of entering Eton under Dr. Keate, of whose despotic rule he gives some entertaining anecdotes. From Eton, then under Hawtrey's milder and fairer government, he passed to Oxford, where he, at any rate, had the distinction of rowing in the university crew. The slender stock of theology with which Balliol had supplied him was replenished by a year's residence at Durham, and in 1843 he was ordained by Bishop Blomfield to the curacy of Fulham. From thence he was promoted—partly because his vicar had a strong suspicion that he was a Puseyite in disguise!—to the incumbency of St. Thomas, Charterhouse. The parish, or district, was and is as unlovely and disheartening as one can readily be found; but for eighteen years Mr. Rogers worked away there on his own lines, and, at last, his zeal was rewarded by his old college tutor, Bishop Tait, who placed him in his present position. The chapters in his life which are of most value and most interest are those in which are given his experiences on the Royal Commission on Education (1858-1861), and in connexion with the middle-class schools of the city. We observe that one of the suggestions of the Commission was the formation of county and borough boards of education—a suggestion which has just now been repeated with all the appearance of novelty. There are plenty of good stories, shrewd remarks, and humorous observations scattered through the pages of this little book; and it is impossible to read it without an increased regard for the genial and tolerant city rector, whose like we may not see again.

Women and Work. By Emily Pfeiffer. (Trübner.) This little book contains a very

temperate and luminous discussion of the chief objections that have been urged against the claim of women to an enlarged sphere of action and a more advanced education. The sentimental, economical, and physiological objections are in turn fully considered and fairly met by appeals to fact and the balance of probabilities. There is not much in the essay that has not been said over and over again; but nowhere before have we found so exhaustive an exposition of the whole subject comprised in so small a compass, or written with so much appreciation of both (or all) sides of the question. The influence of work upon women is discussed with the light of growing experience; but nothing is said, for the time is not yet ripe, of the influence for good or for bad of women upon work. Mrs. Pfeiffer has not convinced us, only because we were convinced before, of the truth and justice of the cause for which she pleads so well; and we trust that many doubters will be induced by her established reputation to give her a patient hearing and an impartial verdict. We do not think that the author's style is quite so good in prose as it is in poetry; and we must beg her, in a second edition, to spell Jane Austen's name aright.

THIS is not the day of essays that are light as well as thoughtful; learned at times, yet written with grace. Mr. Dunphie's essays then—*Chameleon* he calls them, and they are published by Ward & Downey—are doubly welcome. They are upon all sorts of subjects: no magazine is quite so miscellaneous: they are as miscellaneous as Elia's own, and, they have indeed, touches which recall Charles Lamb. For such a phrase as this—such an *éloge* as this—we are bound to give justification. We do it, in a measure at least, by saying that Mr. Dunphie is wholly genial, in the range of his sympathies he is delightfully unacademic, he is very observant, he is very reflective; and, like Charles Lamb, he can talk about himself in the quaintest of ways. He can talk engagingly about his own cough. In his essay on "October" he strikes a vein of poetry; his observation of nature is less elaborate than that of Jefferies or John Burroughs, but, within its own limits, and for its own quite different ends, it is as satisfactory. But, fond as Mr. Dunphie is of nature, he is much fonder of people. The ways of men and women are really the favourite subjects of his half-humorous, half-pathetic studies. His "People who have seen Better Days," is a very humane and tender, and withal a penetrating analysis of the man who, like Dogberry, "hath had losses." No one would read *The Chameleon* through at a sitting. Its variety is too great for that. But to take an essay or two once in the day—in the ten minutes in which you are waiting to dine—or later, when not only the "epicure" we trust, may be "serenely full"—is to adopt a course very profitable, very conducive to good temper, to a benevolent and lively view of life.

Vert de Vert's Eton Days, and other Sketches and Memoirs. By the Rev. A. G. L'Estrange. (Elliot Stock.) Of the papers which fill this little volume, the first—in which the author's experiences of Eton some thirty years ago are given—is by far the best. Dr. Hawtrey was then head-master, and the old order of things still prevailed, though year by year some concession had to be made to popular opinion. Inconsistency was everywhere conspicuous. Rules, strict and far-reaching, were administered with injurious laxity, and the recognised system of "shirking" seemed to imply that moral delinquency consisted wholly in being found out. Mr. L'Estrange gives an account of the successive magazines in which, during the last century, Eton boys have found a field for their literary enterprise. The

Microcosm, edited by Canning, and the *Etonian*, supported by Moultrie, H. N. Coleridge, and others, are well-known; but perhaps the most interesting of the series is the *Miscellany*, which Mr. Gladstone conducted under the name of Bartholomew Bouverie. An extract from the future statesman's "Ode to the Shade of Wat Tyler" is worth quoting at this juncture for its political rather than for its poetical expressions:

"Still, 'mid the cotton and the flax,
Warm let the glow of freedom wax;
Still, 'mid the shuttles and the steam,
Bright let the flame of freedom gleam;
So men of taxes, men of law,
In alley close and murky lane,
Shall find a Tyler and a Straw,
To cleave the despot's slaves in twain."

This is, indeed, poor stuff, but in 1827 the schoolboy's knowledge of English poetry was very limited. Mr. L'Estrange himself ventures occasionally into verse; and he betrays in his lines upon "The Primrose" that Wat Tyler's panegyrist is not of his way of thinking, though, in our opinion, they are *cantare pares*.

The *Four Gospels translated into Modern English from the Authorised and Revised Versions*. By Ernest Bilton. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner.) Mr. Bilton is sure to meet with a great deal of harsh or contemptuous criticism, and there is much in his work with which it is possible very reasonably to find fault. We prefer, however, to point out that he has made an honest and not wholly unsuccessful attempt to supply a real want. The archaistic style of the English New Testament has undoubtedly a special charm and impressiveness of its own, and it would be in many ways a serious loss if the English people ceased to be familiar with it. But the very characteristics which give to the Authorised Version so much of its literary and perhaps something of its religious value, are, from another point of view, a positive disadvantage. A good translation is one which, so far as possible, produces on the reader's mind the same impression as the original work must have produced on the minds of the readers for whom it was first intended. The Gospels were primarily written for readers whose ordinary language was Hellenistic Greek. Except so far as they quote the Old Testament, or allude to it, they were written, not in any sacred or picturesquely old-fashioned style, but in the common dialect of everyday life. A translation which employs forms of expression that are considered appropriate only to sacred subjects, and which abounds in antiquated, and indeed in foreign idioms, cannot possibly convey anything but a distorted impression of the original. If it be desirable that the English readers should really understand the New Testament, he ought to have a translation of it into English which is to him as plain and natural as the Greek of the original writers was to the Hellenistic Jew. Such a translation Mr. Bilton has tried to produce, his purpose, as he explains in the preface, having, in the first place, been merely to ascertain for himself what the evangelists really meant to say. It is certainly to be regretted that he was not qualified to translate from the original instead of translating from "the Authorised and Revised Versions"; and it would be easy to discover instances of bad taste in the choice of expressions—the very worst, perhaps, being the use of the word "boycott" in Luke vi. On the whole, however, we are more struck by the degree of success which Mr. Bilton has attained than by the points in which he has fallen short. A good many faults may fairly be pardoned in consideration of such felicitous renderings as the following: "Have no anxiety for the morrow, for to-morrow will bring its own anxieties. The day's trouble is enough for the

day." Mr. Bilton has had the good sense to recognise the character of the poetical and impassioned passages, and not to vulgarise them by reducing them to the level of familiar prose. He has also very properly allowed the Old Testament quotations to retain some of the formality of expression with which they appear in the Authorised Version. Altogether the book is an interesting experiment, and may be cordially recommended until some person of greater scholarship and culture than Mr. Bilton will brave the sneers of reviewers, and produce a more satisfactory work on the same lines.

Essays and Poems. By Frances Mary Owen. (Bumpus.) It is seldom nowadays that we can take up a volume of "collected" essays without some misgivings, the result of bitter experience, but the name of the late Mrs. Owen should be sufficient to disarm us in the present instance. And we may say without fear that it is seldom that, among the minor essayists, we have read a volume with so much sustained interest. Mrs. Owen wrote with all a woman's tenderness upon the spiritual side of the best literary thought of our day. Those, indeed, who knew her indefatigable efforts for her fellow beings will not need to be told whence she drew her inspiration. The essays in this volume are chiefly on Shakspeare, Browning, Christina Rossetti, Wordsworth—all of whom she admired devotedly. Her comparison of the heroines in Shakspeare and George Eliot is particularly thoughtful. But the most beautiful essay in the book is, perhaps, one written upon Jean François Millet after the appearance of Sensier's life of the artist. The following passage, on Browning's "Flight of the Duchess," shall speak for itself:

"It is dangerous ground to look for meanings where they are not supposed to be—many would say it is wholly inadmissible; but in the interpretation I am about to suggest, I would say, when we have enjoyed the story to the full . . . we have a right to let it say what it will to us. It does not spoil a work of art that those who look at it should see more than the artist had designed that they should see. It must have been present to him, whether consciously or unconsciously, or they could not see it. Neither is it necessary that works of genius should bear the same interpretation to all who study them."

In an early essay it is claimed that Wordsworth is the poet who has penetrated most deeply the spiritual thought of our time, but later essays seem to show that Mrs. Owen modified this opinion. Her life was probably too active to allow her to spend much time over poetic creation, and she probably did not set a high value on her own productions; but it allowed her to say, with the worker in her poem entitled "The Children's Music":

"I can hear the music
Which the little children hear."

The volume shows an activity and thoughtful tenderness which are not too common.

Noctes Shaksperianae. A Series of Papers by Late and Present Members of the Winchester College Shakspeare Society. (Castle & Lamb.) There is something unique and stimulating about this volume. It is an admirable example of what school societies may do. Wykehamist boys and masters—those who have gone away and made for themselves a name in the world of letters, and boys who may yet do so—all have united here, the one link between them being their common membership. The book is the result of honest Shaksperian study—bold, yet not the less modest. The members, working from a set scheme, have produced a series of papers, all of them interesting, and some of exceptional merit. The best are the two first, on "Shakspeare's Library"—a paper, however, very unequally written—and on "The Classical Attainments of Shakspeare,"

a contribution to Shaksperian study (by Mr. A. H. Cruickshank, now a Fellow of New College, Oxford) which is as incisive as it is adequate. And a third paper on "Shakspeare as a Historian," written with all the delicacy of miniature painting, is worthy also of note. The article on "Shakspeare and Goethe" has disappointed us from its sparse treatment of the subject; and that on the "Stagecraft of Shakspeare" equally fails to satisfy the ambitious promise of its title. After this it is refreshing to come upon a paper written with such choice of diction and suggestiveness as that on "The Fools of Shakspeare," which we are disposed to rank as high in pure criticism as Mr. Cruickshank's paper in scholarship. The contributions henceforward fall below the earlier promise of the book, being more redolent of the class-room than of the study. But, altogether, Winchester is to be congratulated on such a production. "The conclusions," as one of the writers says, "are neither startling nor definite"; but where method is everything it seems that Winchester, *portante seule une torche allumée*, has answered once for all the vexed question of the usefulness of school societies. While others have been dragging on a precarious existence, the W. O. S. S. has preserved, for twenty-three years, the good tradition of Bishop Cotton when at Marlborough. It is time for masters to change their practice of half-hearted toleration, when, under proper guidance, such a book as *Noctes Shaksperianae* can be produced. In the happy words at the conclusion of the preface, "the veteran among the public schools of England challenges all others to the field of letters."

A Concordance to the Poetical Works of William Cowper. By John Neve. (Sampson Low.) It may be doubted whether a Cowper concordance is likely to find many purchasers. Such a book will be useful to dictionary-makers, and will, no doubt, be welcomed by very devoted admirers of Cowper; but the two classes together are hardly numerous enough to constitute a "public." That, however, is Mr. Neve's affair. The business of the reviewer is to give him the praise that is his due for the accuracy and fulness of his work. The book does not, like Cleveland's concordance to Milton, contain merely a list of single words with references to the passages in which they occur. The entire line is quoted in every case. The only defect we have to notice is that acknowledged in the preface: the work "does not include translations, except the more important ones from Vincent Bourne, and only a few of the minor poems." Why was it not made exhaustive?

Both Sides of the River: a Tale. By Mrs. Selby Lowndes. (Seeley.) This is one of the best books for girls which this season has produced, and may be unreservedly commended. It is, indeed, a love-story—girls, perhaps, would not care much about it if it were not; but the tone is healthy, and other sentiments beside what is usually called love are called forth. The interest chiefly centres around Madge Dickson, a bright and pleasant girl, who has to undertake the difficult post of governess to her orphan cousin, Rica, who lives with her grandparents, and whose life has been overshadowed by their austerity. How the gloom is dispelled by the happy presence that has been introduced, and a mystery which had long baffled curiosity is cleared up, we must leave it to Mrs. Lowndes to relate. It is enough to add that the printer and the binder have done their part to make the book attractive.

We have also received a reprint of Quarles's *Emblems Divine and Moral* (Paterson), containing reproductions of the quaint original engravings. There is a "Preface to the Present

Edition," evidently written by a lady in whom the qualities of the heart are more prominent than those of the head.

NOTES AND NEWS.

We understand that the Trustees of the British Museum, at the instance of the Delegates of the Clarendon Press, have resolved to give special facilities to Mr. Henry Bradley for his work as joint editor of the Philological Society's New English Dictionary.

William the Conqueror, by Mr. E. A. Freeman, the first of a series of "Twelve English Statesmen," announced by Messrs. Macmillan a little ago, will be published next week. Mr. H. D. Traill's *William III.* is to follow in April, and Prof. Creighton's *Wolsey* in May. Mr. John Morley has undertaken no less than three volumes in this series—Walpole, Chatham, and Pitt; while Mrs. J. R. Green will write on Henry II., Mr. F. York Powell on Edward I., Mr. James Gairdner on Henry VII., the Dean of St. Paul's on Elizabeth, Mr. Frederic Harrison on Oliver Cromwell, and Mr. J. R. Thursfield on Peel.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will also publish immediately four public lectures delivered at Oxford by Mr. Freeman last year, dealing with the Teutonic conquest of Gaul and Britain.

Facts about Ireland: a Curve History of Recent Years, by Mr. A. B. MacDowall, which will be issued immediately by Mr. Stanford, of Charing Cross, is a novel attempt to bring to the elucidation of the burning question of the day one of the methods of science. It will show in a number of diagrams, with accompanying letterpress, the fluctuations over a series of years in matters of population, crops, live stock, holdings, education, emigration, evictions, crime, consumption of spirits, bank deposits, occupations, &c.

MESSRS. HENRY STEVENS & SON will shortly issue by subscription another volume that will help to preserve the memory of that prince of bibliopoles, the late Henry Stevens, of Vermont. This will be entitled *Johann Schöner*; and it will consist of (1) a reproduction in facsimile of the unique copy of Schöner's globe of 1523, illustrating Magellan's voyage of circumnavigation; (2) reproductions of the pamphlet of Schöner accompanying this globe (of which only three copies are known to exist), and of a contemporary letter relating to the Moluccas by Maximilianus Transylvanus; (3) translations of these letters, a bibliography of Schöner's works, &c. The introduction and notes were sketched out by the late Henry Stevens, but have been put into shape by Mr. H. C. Coote, of the British Museum. It is needless to say that the paper, the printing, the facsimiles, and the index will be worthy of the publisher. We may add that he is just now removing his place of business to 39 Great Russell Street, opposite the British Museum. The familiar house in St. Martin's Lane is required for local improvements.

MR. W. T. MARCHANT has made an anthology of the many songs, ancient and modern, literary and dialectal, which owe their inspiration to beer. His work (which will be published by Mr. George Redway) is called *In Praise of Ale*; or, Songs, Ballads, Epigrams, and Anecdotes relating to Beer, Malt, and Hops.

MR. RENNELL RODD, the author of *Feda*, will shortly publish (with Mr. David Stott) another volume of poems, which takes its title from the principal piece, "The Unknown Madonna." The book will have for frontispiece an etching by Mr. B. Richmond.

The Spiritual Decline of the Churches, by Alfred Hill, is the title of a volume announced by Mr. Elliot Stock for immediate publication.

MR. WALTER SCOTT will publish next month a new and enlarged edition (crown 8vo) of Mr. Waddington's *Sonnets of Europe*, of which seven thousand copies have been sold since its publication in December, 1886.

THE Early English Text Society has the whole of its books for 1888 in type; and the first of them, the text and translation of the unique Treatise on the Vices and Virtues, circ. 1200 A.D. (Stowe MS. 240, Brit. Mus.), edited by Dr. F. Holthausen, is now ready, but will be kept back to go out with the 1887 books, which, though ready in text last May, were delayed for the want of introductions. These are the earliest version and form of the great collection of Early English Lives of Saints (from a Laud MS.), and the late Life of St. Werburgha, by Henry Bradshaw (Pynson, 1521), both edited by Dr. C. Horstmann; with a list of the contents of all the collected Saints-Lives' MSS. These are for the society's original series. For the extra series, the last book for 1887—a revised edition of the romance of *Torrent of Portyngale*—wants only the return of a revise to free it from the press. The 1888 books will be a medical and a surgical one: William Bullein's Dialogue against the Fever Pestilence, 1573, edited by his name-sakes, A. H. and Mark Bullen; and the first English "Anatomy"—Thomas Vicarie's *Anatomie of the Body of Man*, 1548—edited from the unique copy of 1577, by Dr. F. J. Furnivall and his son Percy Furnivall, of Bartholomew's. The latter book will contain, in an appendix, the Ancient Ordynarye of the Barber-surgeons of York, Henry VIII.'s Statutes relating to Surgeons, the City of London's Orders for the Regulation of Bartholomew's in 1552, documents relating to Vicary, Henry's payments to Holbein, &c.

THE Rev. W. H. Dallinger will, on Thursday next (March 8), begin a course of three lectures at the Royal Institution on "Microscopical Work with recent Lenses on the Least and Simplest Forms of Life"; and Mr. William Archer will, on Saturday (March 10), begin a course of three lectures on "The Modern Drama—French, Scandinavian, and English."

THE fifth working meeting of the West Branch of the English Goethe Society was held last Saturday evening at the residence of Miss Patteson, in Gloucester Road, when Goethe's "Egmont" (Schiller's adaptation for the stage) was read by the members. The proceedings were opened by a pianoforte performance of Beethoven's overture to "Egmont."

WE are glad to hear that the appeal to raise a fund to indemnify Dr. F. J. Furnivall against the costs and damages, for which he was made liable in a recent action at law, has been completely successful.

IN the review of *An Adventuress* (Ward & Downey), under the heading "New Novels" in the last number of the ACADEMY, the author was referred to as "Colonel" Anderson. There is no suggestion, on the title page or elsewhere, that the author is a military man; and, as a matter of fact, we are assured that he is not.

OBITUARY.

JAMES COTTER MORISON.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mr. James Cotter Morison, which took place on Sunday last, February 26, at his house in Fitz John's Avenue, Hampstead. He was, we believe, in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

For some time past Mr. Morison had suffered from a wasting illness, which impaired his literary productiveness; and he himself recognised that he would never be able to write the projected history of France for which his entire life's work was, in some sort, a preparation.

But if the loss to his friends be thus greater than the loss to literature, it would be unjust not to call to mind what he actually did accomplish. His first book—*The Life and Times of St. Bernard* (1863)—belongs to the same class as Mr. Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*, concerning which it is difficult to say whether they show more of promise or of performance. His little study of *Madame de Maintenon* (1885) is marked by the same qualities of skilful delineation of character and consummate knowledge of the surroundings. Of the two biographies which he contributed to the "English Men of Letters" series, the *Gibbon* (1878) is an excellent example of what such popular work should be, while the *Macaulay* (1882) is only less successful because overshadowed by Sir George Trevelyan's full-length portrait. His latest book—*The Service of Man* (1886)—which was written when sickness had already seized upon him, fails to represent adequately the views that he had formed upon Man and Religion, though it has probably attracted more notice than all his other publications. Those who were privileged to enjoy his acquaintance will prefer to judge him by the example of his life and by their remembrance of his conversation. For to the learning of a professor and the austerity of a Positivist he added the brilliance of a French *causeur* and the generosity of an English gentleman.

MR. JAMES CLARKE, the editor of the *Christian World*, died at Caterham, Surrey, on Friday, February 24. For more than a year he had suffered from a heart affection, which carried him off. Mr. Clarke was the son of a Baptist minister, and was born in May, 1824, at the village of Thorpe-le-Soken, in Suffolk, whence he removed at an early age to Ipswich, and afterwards (1846) came to London to obtain employment on the press. For several years he was a reporter in the gallery of the House of Commons, conducting at the same time other work of an editorial and literary kind. In 1857 the *Christian World* was established, and Mr. Clarke was from the first its editor and, after 1873, sole proprietor. Altogether, he founded six other periodical publications of a popular kind, including the *Literary World*, which for a year or two he himself edited. Some years ago he acquired the proprietorship of the *Nonconformist*, and amalgamated with it the *English Independent*. In religious matters, as well as in politics, Mr. Clarke's views were pronouncedly liberal. His journalistic duties left him no leisure for writing books, but he was an enthusiastic bibliophile. Next to his journals his library was his greatest interest, and few private libraries could surpass it in general literature.

MR. EVAN DAVIES, or, according to his *nom de guerre*, "Myfyr Morganwg," died on Thursday, February 23, at Pontypridd, Glamorganshire, in his eightieth year. He was known as the Arch Druid of Wales, in which office he succeeded Mr. Edward Williams (Iwlo Morganwg), one of the learned compilers of the *Myvyrian Archaeology of Wales*. In his earlier years Mr. Davies won a high position as a bard, but latterly he relinquished poetry in favour of archaeological studies. He became the chief exponent of that school of Neo-Druidism which brought Celtic studies into such discredit. Druidism was, in fact, his religion, and he succeeded in making a number of disciples, who periodically visit the famous rocking stone at Pontypridd Common, to perform the ancient rites and ceremonies of the bards and druids of the Isle of Britain, "in the face of the sun and the eye of light." On this account he held aloof from the Eisteddfod, and would not participate in the Gorsedd ceremonies held in connexion with it. He explained and advocated his Neo-Druidic doctrines in several bulky

tomes, of which the best known are *Gogoniaut Hynafol y Cymry* ("The Ancient Glory of the Welsh People"), and *Hynafiaethau Barddas* ("The Antiquities of Bardism").

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BESCHREIBUNG der antiken Münzen d. k. Museums zu Berlin. 1. Bd. Taurische Oberhäupter, Sarmation, Dacien, Pannonien, Moesian, Thracische Könige. Berlin: Spemann. 36 M.
- COLLECTION des circulaires de l'administration des cultes depuis dix ans (Documents officiels). Paris: Dupont. 10 fr.
- ECKARDT, J. Ferdinand David u. die Familie Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 5 M. 60 Pf.
- LINTILHAC, E. Beaumarchais et ses œuvres: précis de sa vie et histoire de son esprit d'après des documents inédits. Paris: Hachette. 10 fr.
- QUENSTON, F. L'armée d'Afrique depuis la conquête d'Alger. Paris: Jouve. 20 fr.
- RAMBAUD, A. Histoire de la civilisation contemporaine en France. Paris: Colin. 5 fr.
- SANNAZARO, J. Arcadia secondo i mss. e le prime stampe. Turin: Loescher. 16 fr.

HISTORY, ETC.

- BAER, A. Die Beziehungen Venedigs zum Kaiserreich in der staufischen Zeit. Innsbruck: Wagner. 3 M. 80 Pf.
- BERTHOUD, E. v. Kurzgefasste Geschichte der geistlichen Genossenschaften u. der daraus hervorgegangenen Ritterorden. Wiesbaden: Bechtold. 3 M. 60 Pf.
- MULVERSTEDT, G. A. v. Die brandenburgische Kriegsmacht unter dem Grossen Kurfürsten. Magdeburg: Baensch. 12 M.
- SCHICK, C. Beit el Makdas od. der alte Tempelplatz zu Jerusalem, wie er jetzt ist. Stuttgart: Steinkopf. 5 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BENEDIKT, M. Krianiometrie u. Kephalemetrie. Wien: Urban. 5 M.
- BRITZELMAYR, M. Hyemnomyceten aus Südbayern. 2. Suppl. Berlin: Friedländer. 33 M.
- JANET, P., et G. SRAILLER. Histoire de la philosophie: les problèmes et les écoles. Paris: Delagrave. 10 fr. 50 c.
- OGGINS, J. Sokrates im Verhältnisse zu seiner Zeit. Lemberg: Milikowaki. 3 M. 60 Pf.

PHILOLOGY.

- BERTHON DE BORN, Poésies complètes de, p.p. A. Thomas. Paris: Picard. 1 fr.
- BRADKE, F. v. Beiträge zur Kenntnis der vorhistorischen Entwicklung unserer Sprachstämme. Gießen: Ricker. 2 M.
- GUTHRIE, O. Quaestiones Ammianae criticae. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 60 Pf.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

FORS FORTUNA.

Oxford: Feb. 25, 1888.

I have to thank Mr. Henry Bradley for his careful and only too indulgent review of my *Biographies of Words*. He gives me credit for treating philological questions with greater caution than in my younger days. But even that I cannot claim as a personal merit. Our whole science has grown more cautious, not to say timid. The assurance with which Bopp could derive *aestimo* from *adhi-tumo* belongs to the heroic days of the science of language. We know now but too well the many traps which vowels, even more than consonants in their manifold changes, have everywhere laid for us. We remember how often etymologies which no one dared to doubt have had to be surrendered; and here, as in many other spheres of scientific research, our belief in finality has been rudely shaken. We hardly dare to speak any longer of phonetic laws, of Grimm's Law, of Verner's Law, of Ascoli's Law; but we call them by the more modest name of rules, and allow for sporadic exceptions or the disturbing influence of analogy even within the narrow spheres of the best established phonetic tendencies.

But philological science has not only grown

more timid, it has also grown more distrustful of authority. Formerly an appeal to Bopp, Pott, Grimm, Benfey, or Curtius was supposed to silence all opposition. When, in my younger days, I ventured to say, for instance, that Bopp was wrong in deriving Beng. *bohini* from Sk. *svasari*, when I declined to admit a transition of *h* into *ll*, postulated by Pott as possible in Greek, because the Etruscan *Pultuke* was the Greek *Polydeukes*, when I protested against Curtius deriving both *thas* and *se* from *tva-tvi*—I was considered very bold. "Bopp and his school hold this," "Curtius and his pupils teach that," was supposed to be a sufficient reply. All that is changed, and is changed for the better. We do not hear "Brugmann says this" and "Osthoff says that"; or, if any one should venture to use such arguments, he would be met at once by the rejoinder, "Yes, but Ludwig says this," or "Schmidt says that." We have, in fact, become more democratic; and it is but seldom that a scholar speaks of himself, as Mr. Henry Bradley does, as a mere apprentice, and not a master. We are all masters, and only those who have the misfortune of being of a certain age—such as Curtius towards the end of his life, Delbrück, Fick, nay, of late, even Schmidt, and soon, it may be, Brugmann—are in danger of being pushed aside as antiquated.

I thought it right on several occasions to protest against this want of reverence with which some of our more youthful grammarians have allowed themselves to speak of such scholars as Curtius, Benfey, Grimm, and Bopp; but I should not have gone so far as to say, what Mr. Henry Bradley avers, that no "living philologists are equal in intrinsic greatness of achievement to the founders of our science." It is so difficult to say what is great and important. No doubt the world was younger, the hearts were warmer, and the ideals of our science were more elevating in the days of Humboldt, Bopp, and Grimm than they are now. A new world was being discovered, or, rather, the old world was lifted out of its sockets, and the historical conscience of mankind was entirely reconstructed. Still, what I call the filigree work of the present generation, such as, for instance, Schmidt's article on "Das Suffix des Participium perfecti activi" in *K. Z.* xxvi., p. 329, possesses a charm and importance of its own, and requires for its execution peculiar gifts in which the founders of our science were often deficient. I have not a word to say against *ἄσσοι* *viv* *ἄσσοι* *εἰσω*, though I do not think that all who write *a₁*, *a₂*, *a₃*, *k₁*, *k₂*, who call Curtius an *ignoramus* and Bopp an anti-diluvian, are *ipso facto* great grammarians. But that our science has advanced rapidly through the labours of some of these younger scholars, that through a clearer insight into the vowel system, and through the discovery of the continuous working of the Sanskrit accent in the other Aryan languages, our science has reached a far higher degree of perfection, I am the very last to deny. The real workers are always the most ready to recognise the merits of their fellow-workers, and of those in whose footsteps they have followed. I quite agree, therefore, with Mr. Bradley, when he says that the views from attic-windows are often more comprehensive than those from the *bel étage*; and I hope with him that the next generation of comparative grammarians may build still higher watch-towers, and discover regular movements of stars where to our eyes much is still vague and nebulous. It is the same in all sciences; but there is this painful difference—that, whereas in astronomy, for instance, no one is blamed for not having known that a star was double before it was discovered by Herschel, or for not being familiar with Neptune before it was discovered and proved by Leverrier and Adams, men of such merit and eminence as

Curtius are abused like schoolboys because they did not know that K was a double star before Ascoli saw it, and that there was a real cause for phonetic disturbances in Sanskrit till Collitz and others discovered and proved it in the forgotten vowel *ḍ*.

Why should our science alone be disgraced by this magisterial arrogance and pharisaical air of infallibility, or by what Mr. Bradley justly calls precipitate dogmatism? I fully admit that, as in all other sciences, so in the science of language also, mere authority goes for nothing—*οὐ γὰρ πρὸς γὰ τῆς ἀληθείας τιμητὸς ἀνὴρ*. But, in the science of language, as in all other sciences, we ought to show respect to those who came before us, and by whose efforts, even when they were unsuccessful, the vantage ground on which we stand has been secured.

It may be said, no doubt, that I am myself a great sinner, and that in denying that *Fors* was derived from *fero*, I showed but scant respect for authority. But I abused nobody, and I simply gave my reasons for differing from all other scholars. Every Roman, no doubt, was fully convinced that *fors* came from *ferre*. It had the full sanction of *Volks-etymologie*. Classical scholars, caring little about the mythological antecedents of the old *Fors*, acquiesced. A few only, such as Meyer, seem to have been startled at the idea that *Fors* should have been originally conceived as a carrier, and, therefore, suggested other roots, such as, for instance, *dhar*. After a more careful study of the fragments left to us of *Fors* as a mythological being, I became convinced that she must be considered as an old deity, being with Ceres and Pales one of the Penates, possibly one of the oldest gods on the soil of Italy; and, in looking for a possible background, I thought I could discern that originally she was one of the many names of the Dawn. To those who hold with me that ancient mythology is chiefly based on the broad phenomena of nature, and that among those natural phenomena the first place belongs to the Sun and to the Dawn, any etymology of *Fors* pointing to the Dawn would naturally be most welcome. I, therefore, looked out for a derivation that would be in harmony with my conception of *Fors*, and I found that the root GHAR, which had yielded the name of *Charis* in Greek, would yield a perfectly correct etymology of *Fors*. Mr. Henry Bradley admits all this: "The derivation from *ghar*," or, as he prefers to represent it, *gher*, he writes, "is doubtless linguistically possible." So far, then, we agree; but afterwards we differ. Mr. Henry Bradley thinks "I ought to have proved that the generally received etymology is inadmissible with regard to meaning." I deny this. The two etymologies are so far on a perfect level; and the authority of Roman grammarians, or even of Bopp and Curtius, adds no real weight whatever to either of the scales.

But though it was not necessary to do more than to show that *Fors* could be derived from GHAR quite as well as from BHAR, I myself was not satisfied with this. I did show to the best of my power why the meaning of the *Bright* was more appropriate to *Fors* than that of *Bearing*, and to my mind the mythological reasons which I produced seemed so convincing that I did not feel inclined to enter into the phonetic objections that could be raised against the derivation from the root BHAR. Only when met by the old argument—*Non est cur a textu recepto recedamus*—did I point out that the root BHAR does not in any of its numerous derivations take the vowel *ḍ*. I quoted Brugmann, because in his chapter on general phonetics he shows that *ḍ* may in Latin be represented by *z* and *i*, but only under very special conditions by *ḍ* (§ 172, 3). The ground being cleared so far, all that remained to be considered were the ordinary changes, due to what I still call

Ablaut. In these changes, as I tried to show, the root BHAR avoids throughout the vowel *o*. *Fordus* is no pratyudāharana, because it has a secondary form *hordus*, which points in a different direction, and because I see no analogies to a *krit*-suffix *da*. If, in spite of this, we derive *fors* from *fero*, we must treat it as a single exception (sporadic, as Curtius would have called it), or as influenced by some kind of hidden analogy; while, if we derive *fors* from GHAR, we have no such difficulty, and may even go so far as to say that in most, if not in all its derivatives, this root shows a strong predilection for the vowel *o*, as in *formus*, *formidus*, *fornus*, *fornax*, &c. These predilections which have been carefully considered by De Saussure and others, and which as yet cannot always be accounted for by the general rules of the *Ablaut* or by the influence of neighbouring consonants or vowels, must be taken into account. If some scholars, for instance, still derive *tripodare* from *pes*, *pedis*, the same question returns, whether *pes* ever shows the *o* vowel in what are called the *Hochstufen*, and whether, therefore, the old etymology of *tripudium* and *repudium* from a root PU (Lat. *pavire*) is not decidedly preferable (Corssen ii., p. 359).

Other cases of the same kind will have to be considered far more carefully than they have hitherto been; but, in order to finish this long discussion on *Fors Fortuna*, may I in conclusion ask these simple questions: Is the derivation of *Fors* from GHAR phonetically correct? Is the conception of *Fors* as the Dawn mythologically correct? Is there, besides *Fors*, any other derivative from BHAR which shows *o*? Is there any other ancient Roman deity like *Fors*, the carrier? Yes or No?

F. MAX MÜLLER.

THE TEUTONIC EQUIVALENT OF "FORS."

Oxford: Feb. 27, 1888.

I have received this morning from Prof. Kluge, the well-known author of the *Etymologisches Wörterbuch der deutschen Sprache*, a very interesting and valuable contribution to the discussion of the history of the Latin word *fors*. Prof. Kluge directs my attention to the fact that both I and Prof. Max Müller have overlooked one very important piece of evidence in favour of the view which connects *fors* (*fort-is*) with the Indo-European root *bher*, and which holds that the word was used in the sense of "chance" long before it attained divine honours in a Roman temple. The learned Jena professor points out that within the Teutonic domain the Latin *fors* is represented by a word phonetically equivalent, in the same vowel-grade, and at the same time used in precisely the same sense. This word is the Old-High-German (*gi*)*burt*, the Anglo-Saxon (*ge*)*byrd*. For evidence that *giburt* was used in the sense of "sors," see Graff, iii. 160; for *gebyrd*, meaning "fate," see Bosworth-Toller, p. 378. This absolute correspondence of the two words *gi-burd* and *fort-is*, both in form and in meaning, lends support to the view that there was an Indo-European *bhrti-*, having the meaning of "chance," before the separation of Italian and Teuton.

A. L. MAYHEW.

"THE CRAFT OF LOVERS."

Cambridge: Feb. 21, 1888.

I have just made an interesting discovery which exactly fixes the date of this poem, which some have ignorantly attributed to Chaucer. The last stanza, as printed in Chaucer's Works, ed. 1561, fol. 341, back, professes to give the date:

"In the yere of our Lorde, a x by rekeninge,
cccxi, and viii yere following."

Anyone who understands Middle-English must

see at once that the century is wrong. It cannot be 1348, but it might be 1448; and it occurred to me that the "c" has been dropped.

I am extremely pleased to find, on the best authority, that my guess is correct. I have found the original MS., and it has four c's, not three (see MS. Trin. Coll. Camb., B. 3. 19, fol. 156).

WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN POET.

London: Feb. 25, 1888.

I am pleased to have been so fortunate as to have brought Barron Field, as a poet (or versifier, rather), to the knowledge of Mr. Sladen in time for his new edition. I trust he may select "The Kangaroo," in which Charles Lamb detected some "relish of the graceful hyperboles of our elder writers"; and which he could have "conceived to have been written by Andrew Marvell, supposing him to have been banished to Botany Bay."

I fear, however, that I must correct myself, and again, Mr. Sladen, in the matter of chronology, by carrying him back to a still earlier Australian rhymist. In Mr. J. H. Heaton's useful *Australian Dictionary of Dates* (1879), under the article "Drama," I find it recorded that the first Sydney Theatre, which cost £100, was opened on January 16, 1796:

"George Barrington, the notorious pickpocket, is the accredited author of the celebrated prologue which was read on the rising of the curtain, as follows:

"From distant climes, o'er widespread seas we come,
Tho' not with much *éclat* or beat of drum;
True patriots all, for be it understood,
We left our country for our country's good," &c.

The second couplet has ever since been one of the most familiar of "quotations"; but the whole prologue is clever, and deserves to be included in any Australian anthology. I do not know who wrote it, nor do I know whether Barrington in his book claims its authorship (for, unlike Mr. Sladen, I am all unlearned in the history of Australian literature); but it must have been written by somebody who was resident—voluntarily or involuntarily—in Sydney in 1796, and who drew his inspiration from what were then the most prominent local circumstances. The prologue is probably (for I would be cautious) the very earliest Australian poem extant in print, and it is suffused with local colour—so that it fulfils the conditions which Mr. Sladen has wisely laid down for himself.

I should like to be permitted to take this opportunity of suggesting that Mr. Sladen might advantageously make room for "The Kangaroo" and the 1796 Prologue, by omitting "The Black Gin," and "My other Chinese Cook"; and, especially, the comparison made in "Notes" (p. 274) between the writer of these verses and Calverley, who was incapable of writing down to the level of a fourth-rate comic journal. I never heard of the Australian writer before; but if, as Mr. Sladen says, "the essential quality of his work is subtlety—subtlety of humour, subtlety of metre, and subtly beautiful expression and feeling," it is hardly fair that he should be represented, even partially, by work from which these qualities are not merely essentially, but very conspicuously, absent.

J. DYKES CAMPBELL.

London: Feb. 22, 1888.

As I possess some Sydney printed verses, odes, &c., of much earlier date than Barron Field's, it follows that he could claim the title of the first "Austral Harmonist" as little as some of the verses which his friend Lamb gently in-

sinuated were "thefts so open and palpable" that he could almost "surmise that the author must be 'an involuntary exile' or some unfortunate wight sent on his travels for plagiarisms of a more serious complexion." Turning over the leaves of early volumes of the *Sydney Gazette* (those for 1805-6) I find the "Poets' Corner" frequently occupied by original pieces, quite as meritorious as anything which Field wrote. The earliest (Jan. 20, 1805), is a piece of twenty-four lines, entitled "The Tomb" and signed "Melpomene." In the issue of June 16 following there is a colonial hunting piece in four stanzas of six lines each, by some unknown Lindsay Gordon. Space forbids quotation, or even mention of the titles of other pieces.

Towards the end of the decade, however, a brilliant star arose in the Southern Hemisphere. One Michael Robinson recited at the levée at Government House, Sydney, June 4, 1810, a "Royal Birthday Ode"; and so much was the composer's talent appreciated that he continued to recite a new ode every year thereafter for eleven years, with an interlude occasionally upon the queen's birthday. And Michael Robinson was himself rivalled. Young Alfred Edward Howe, son of the printer of the *Sydney Gazette*, wrote "Lines on first hearing of the Princess Charlotte's death," which were duly inserted in his father's paper (February 13, 1819). The same theme, by the way, inspired a portion of Robinson's ode when the king's birthday again came round. By this time the new Judge Advocate (Barron Field) had arrived in the colony; and, quite ignoring the existence of any other writers of poetry—Michael Robinson and his odes included—issued two short pieces, which he entitled *First Fruits of Australian Poetry*, with the now familiar motto adapted from Bishop Hall:

"I first adventure, follow me who list,
And be the second Austral harmonist."

This was printed for private circulation (4to, 9 pp., Sydney, 1819). A copy is before me. A second edition was printed in 1823 (8vo, 19 pp.), with additional pieces, also for private circulation. Copies were duly forwarded to this country. I have seen the presentation copies inscribed by the author to Southey (in the British Museum), to Coleridge (my own copy), to J. Payne Collier (in the York Gate Library), and a fourth, which, I believe, was once Mrs. Field's. Michael Robinson was determined not to be ignored, and subsequently to Field's first edition issued the following announcement, which I copy from the *Hobart Town Gazette* of March 23, 1822:

"Royal Birthday Odes, written in New South Wales, and recited at the Levées at Government House, Sydney 1810-1821, comprising twenty-one Odes, with some hitherto unpublished pieces of poetry. Accompanied by an engraved portrait of the author from an original painting by Mr. Reid, Sen."

So far as I can ascertain, Robinson's collection was never published. Peter Cunningham, when writing his book on the colony (about 1826), mentioned it as then about to appear. (See *New South Wales*, 1827, vol. ii., p. 119.)

While on this subject, I may as well correct an impression as to the first book of poems published in Tasmania. It is generally supposed that *Poetic Trifles*, by J. Knox (Hobart, 1838), stands first in chronological order. Indeed James Knox, in the dedication of his little book to Lieut.-Governor Sir John Franklin, says it is "the first publication of the kind in the colony." I have a MS. of Knox's *Songs from a Far Land*, dedicated to Mrs. Peach, of Bath, and dated from Hobart, September, 1835. The contents are the same as in the printed volume (1838). But Knox, who had been in the colony only a short time, evidently was not aware of

the existence of the following work, published eleven years before:

"*The Van Diemen's Land Warriors; or the Heroes of Cornwall: a Satire, in three Cantos.* By Pindar Juvenal. 8vo, 32 pp. Tasmania: printed by Andrew Brent, 1827."

This work satirised the military force, because it had not been able to suppress bushranging in the island. A copy is now before me. In it numerous passages are underlined, and a MS. note at the end of the first canto censures them as "libellous"; and the writer adds, "My opinion of this work is that it should be suppressed, and every existing copy burnt.—J. A. T." Across the title-page is written J. A. Thompson—I believe the Crown Law Officer of that period. As this copy is the only one I have ever seen or heard of (I have not seen the title in any bibliography or catalogue relating to Tasmania), doubtless the work was seized and rigorously suppressed.

EDWARD A. PETHERICK.

Abbotsford Grove, Kelso, N.B.: Feb. 29, 1898.

If this correspondence proceeds much further the public may be led to believe that Australia is a country specially favoured of the Muses. So far from this being the case, it is to be feared that, Mr. Sladen's volume notwithstanding, the true poet has yet to come and sing in that sunny land. Tested by the canons of criticism which we should apply to the works of our own living poets, there has been no poem yet produced under the spell of the Southern Cross which deserves other than a local immortality. Most Australian poetry, to reverse a phrase, has hitherto been meant for a neighbourhood, and not for mankind. No one will deny that much is forcible in local description, and that wild "bush life" is narrated in appropriate rollicking verse; but this alone does not constitute poetry. One of your correspondents refers to Barron Field's "Ode to a Kangaroo." Here are the first few lines; and who that is interested in the history of Australian verse will not blush to read them?—

"Kangaroo! kangaroo!
Spirit of Australia,
That redeems from utter failure,
From perfect desolation,
And warrants the creation
Of this fifth part of the earth."

But the primary object I had in writing was to ascertain if Mr. Sladen, when he gets Barron Field's poems inserted in his little volume, will be satisfied that he has then secured the fruits of the first Australian poet, assuming Wentworth not to be such? Has he not heard the story of the convicts, Sparrow, Green and Company, who, in the year 1796, were privileged to afford the few emigrants then settled at Sydney the pleasures of a rustic theatre? Can he not recall the poem, which, in the hands of Mr. Sparrow, did honour at the opening of that theatre—the really first poem of Australian inspiration, and one which, for smart wit, has no equal among the more pretentious ones of later and more prosperous days? Here, then, we have the opening and closing lines as recited by the famed convict:

"From distant climes, o'er widespread seas we come,
Though not with much *solat* or beat of drum.
True patriots we; for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good.
No private views disgraced our generous zeal,
What urged our travels was our country's woe.
And none will doubt but that our emigration
Has proved most useful to the British nation."

Sometimes, indeed, so various is our art,
An actor may improve and mend his part.
'Give me a horse,' bawls Richard, like a drone,
We'll find a man would help himself to one.

Grant us your favour; put us to the test,
To gain your smiles we'll do our very best;
And without fear of future Turnkey Lockits,
Thus, in an honest way, still pick your pockets."

And, again, what has become of Dr. Lang, the severe critic of Barron Field, and, if not the second, certainly one of the very earliest of Australian versifiers? The following lines from one of his longer poems may be fairly considered on a level with the best in Mr. Sladen's collection. They are descriptive of course, but true melody is there:

"'Tis a most beauteous sight. The great South Sea's
Proud waves keep holiday along the shore;
And as the vessel glides before the breeze,
Broad bays and isles appear, and steep cliffs hoar,
With groves on either hand of ancient trees
Planted by Nature in the days of yore."

"But all is still as death! No voice of man
Is heard, nor forest warbler's tuneful song.
It seems as if this beauteous world began
To me but yesterday, the earth still young
And unpossessed. For though the tall black swan
Sits on her nest and stately sails along,
And the green wild doves their fleet pinions ply,
And the grey eagle tempts the azure sky,
'Yet all is still as death. Wild solitude
Reigns undisturbed along the voiceless shore,
And every tree seems standing as it stood
Six thousand years ago."

I may notice, in conclusion, that Mr. Michael—a poet to whom Henry Kendall owed much—is also passed over. His gatherings are not the least meritorious of Australian verse.

EILDON DOUGLAS.

London: Feb. 29, 1898.

I think everyone interested in Australian literature should be grateful to Mr. Dykes Campbell for directing Mr. Sladen to Barron Field's *First Fruits of Australian Poetry*. But, after all, the question of priority between Field and Wentworth is purely antiquarian. The first Australian poet, in any rational sense of the phrase, was Charles Harpur, as Mr. Mackenzie Bell very properly points out. Mr. Henniker Heaton has applied his powerful mind so unremittingly to the Penny Post that his dictum on the minor question of colonial poetry should not be taken as final. I am glad that Mr. Sladen means to see to the spelling of the name "Harpur," not "Harper." And this also applies, as I have privately assured him, to "Lindsay," and not "Lindsey," Gordon, however the name may have been spelled in the school roll at Cheltenham College. I had for years a copy of his *Sea-Spray and Smoke-Drift*, with his autograph written in full—"Adam Lindsay Gordon." He was not a little proud of his kinship with the "lightsome Lindsays" and "Gallant Gordons" of old Scotia's stirring story.

A. PATCHETT MARTIN.

M. RIBOT'S CHAIR AT THE COLLÈGE DE FRANCE.
Paris: Feb. 29, 1898.

The ACADEMY of February 25 (p. 132) says that M. Ribot "has been appointed to the new professorship on evolution founded at the Collège de France by the municipal council of Paris."

Will you allow me to state (1) that in the Collège de France there is no professorship founded by the municipal council of Paris; (2) that M. Ribot has been appointed professor of *experimental psychology*; (3) that this professorship is not exactly a new foundation. On the retirement of M. Frank, the chair of "droit de la nature et des gens" has been, in conformity with a wish expressed by the council of the professors of the Collège de France,

altered to a chair of experimental psychology, to which M. Ribot has been recently appointed.
PAUL MEYER.

IS IT A PIG OR A SWAN?

London: Feb. 24, 1898.

The new edition of Bosworth's *Anglo-Saxon Dictionary* contains the following article: "ILNETU *cicris* [P. v. Du Cange '*ciourris domesticus sus*'], Wrt. Voc. ii. 16, 15." For *ilnetu* read *iluetu* [*ilvetu*] = Anglo-Saxon *ilfetu* (swan); for *cicris* read *cicnus*. HENRY BRADLEY.

AI POINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- MONDAY, March 5, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.
5 p.m. London Institution: "Glimpses into the Parochial History of the City as gathered from the Records," II., by Mr. Edwin Freshfield.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Modern Microscope," II., by Mr. John Mayall, jun.
9 p.m. Victoria Institute: "Oriental Etymology," by the Rev. Dr. F. A. Walker.
9 p.m. Aristotelian: Short Papers on various subjects.
TUESDAY, March 6, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin," VIII., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "South African Goldfields," by Mr. W. H. Penning.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "Manganese in its Application to Metallurgy," and "Some Novel Properties of Iron and Manganese," by Mr. R. A. Hadfield.
8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "Le Manuscrit Copte, No. 1 de la Bibliothèque de Lord Zouche (containing the Gospels of S. Matthew and S. Mark, with Commentaries)," by Prof. Amelineau; "Textes Egyptiens et Chaldéens relatifs à l'Intercession des Vivants en Saveur des Morts," by Prof. and Dr. Revillout.
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Carpus and Tarsus of the Anura," by Prof. G. B. Howes and Mr. W. Ridewood; "Some New Species of Birds from the Island of Guadalcanar in the Solomon Archipelago, collected by Mr. C. M. Woodford," by Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe; "The Classification of the Ramidae," by Mr. G. A. Boulenger; "A Species of Worm of the Genus *Aeolosoma*," by Mr. Frank E. Bedford.
WEDNESDAY, March 7, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Frame-work Knitting," by Mr. W. T. Bowlett.
THURSDAY, March 8, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Microscopical Work, with Recent Lesons on the Least and Simplest Forms of Life," I., by the Rev. W. H. Dallinger.
6 p.m. London Institution: "Sound-producing Organs in the Animal World," by Prof. Charles Stewart.
8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "The Present State of Fire Telegraphy," by Mr. R. von Fischer Treuenfeld.
8 p.m. Mathematical: "Isostereans," by Mr. R. Tucker.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
FRIDAY, March 9, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "The Prevention and Extinction of Fires," by Mr. Alfred Chatterton.
8 p.m. New Shakespeare: "Shakespeare's Accentuation of Proper Names," by Mr. B. Dawson.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "S. T. Coleridge," by Mr. Leslie Stephen.
SATURDAY, March 10, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Modern Drama, I. French," by Mr. W. Archer.
3 p.m. Physical: "A Reflecting Galvanometer," by Mr. G. L. Addenbroke; "A Theory concerning the Sudden Loss of Magnetic Properties of Iron and Nickel at a High Temperature," by Mr. Herbert Tomlinson.
3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Monthly.

SCIENCE.

An Introduction to Greek Epigraphy. Part I., The Archaic Inscriptions and the Greek Alphabet. Edited by E. S. Roberts. (Cambridge: at the University Press.)

THIS book, so modestly described as an Introduction, is a valuable contribution to Hellenic learning. It deals with "archaic" Greek inscriptions—i.e., roughly speaking, with documents earlier than 400 B.C.; and it is to be followed by another volume which will traverse a wider field, but will hardly surpass the present one in importance. The volume before us, in the words of the author, "contains, without counting coin-legends, about 500 inscriptions, nearly all of which are adduced with the object of illustrating the

gradual development of the Greek alphabet" (p. x.). It would not be far from the truth to say that Mr. Roberts's book reads like a course of lectures illustrating, explaining, expounding, and in places qualifying, the masterly researches of Prof. Kirchhoff, whose *Studien zur Geschichte des Griechischen Alphabets* were re-issued in a fourth and revised edition some ten months ago.

The oldest Greek inscriptions go back into the sixth and seventh centuries, when writing was still a novel acquirement. Inscriptions were then usually brief, like the early sepulchral inscriptions of Thera and Melos (pp. 23-38), or the dedications from Miletus and Branchidae (pp. 161 foll.). It was while writing was yet a new toy that the Greek found a pleasure in transcribing his alphabet. To such *abecedaria*, usually painted on vases, we are indebted for important data as to the geographical distribution of Greek alphabets (pp. 16 foll.). An unusual exception to the brevity and jejuneness of the early inscriptions is to be found in the elaborate law-codes which have lately come to light in Crete—so curiously confirming the statements of Greek philosophers respecting the Cretan legislation—and the engraved bronzes discovered by the German explorers at Olympia. It is manifest, therefore, that the chief interest of the earliest specimens of Greek writing is the illustration they give of the history of the Greek alphabet and the Greek dialects.

Rightly, therefore, has Mr. Roberts devoted this volume almost entirely to the study of the Greek alphabet. He begins by attacking the perplexing problem of the origin of the Greek characters. His summary of the present state of the controversy (pp. 7 foll.), as also of the history of *Βουτροφιδόν* writing (p. 5), being admirable specimens of learned, but terse and lucid, exposition. In his general classification of the alphabet, he is at one with Kirchhoff. But, in the detailed examination of the inscriptions under the head of the individual localities, he departs somewhat from the master's method. He begins with the oldest documents, instead of working back from the more recent, as Kirchhoff. He proceeds to "trace the development of the alphabet in each case through the later inscriptions down to the time when the epichoric alphabet was supplanted by the Ionic variety." Beginning with that branch of the "Eastern" group—viz., the inscriptions of Thera, Melos, and Crete—which approximate nearest to the Phoenician mother-alphabet, and where the "non-Phoenician letters," *υ, φ, χ, ψ*, have "hardly begun to exist," he passes to the "intermediate region" of Attica, Argos, Corinth, where the alphabet is all but Ionic in character. From these he makes an easy transition to the alphabets of the Asiatic coast—of Rhodes, Samos, and the Ionian colonies. Last of all, in striking contrast to the rest, follow the inscriptions of the "Western" group, belonging to the mainland of Hellas at large, with Euboea and the Chalcidian colonies.

The study of the Greek alphabet is inseparable from the study of dialects. In this field also Mr. Roberts shows himself a trustworthy guide. His discussion of the dialect of old Chios (pp. 343 foll.) and of Elis (pp. 360 foll.) may be cited as specimens of his method. It is but seldom that he permits himself to

enlarge upon the historical and human interest of the documents he is editing; but when he does, he does it well. Nos. 45 and 46^a may serve as samples, both of them first published by Prof. Köhler. No. 45 records the occupation of Salamis by Athenian settlers somewhere between B.C. 575-560, that is, fifty years and more before what has hitherto been the oldest known instance of the cleruchy-system—viz., the settlement of a cleruchy in Euboea, as described by Herodotus (v. 77). No. 46^a relates to the private life of the Athenians. Here we have a dedication by a "washerwoman" (*πλυνεῖς*) found on the Acropolis, and an Attic epitaph upon a washerwoman (*πλύντρια*). Mr. Roberts comments as follows:

"Köhler remarks that the mention of the profession, together with the name of the person, is in Attic epigraphy . . . very rare. Three professions, however, must be excepted—those of the Physician, the Actor, and the Washerwoman or Washerwoman. . . . If it is surprising to find the Physician and Laundress treated as of equal rank, we must remember that both the one and the other were *Advauroi*."

These flashes of light upon old Greek life relieve the discussion of palaeographical or linguistic minutiae. Yet a moment's reflection will invest even the latter with a deep human interest; for what is this whole volume but a tribute to the genius of that wonderful Ionic people of Asia Minor who were destined in respect of their alphabet, as in their philosophy, poetry, and architecture, by enlightening and inspiring the genius of Attica, to reign supreme within the limits of Hellenic culture, and, finally, to transmit that culture as the inheritance of our own race?

Mr. Roberts's book does honour to English scholarship and to his own university. Not without reason does he speak of himself as following the steps of Rose, the scholarly editor of *Inscriptiones Graecae Velustissimae*. He has spared no pains to bring all his information up to date; and none but those who are workers in the same or a similar field are aware how seriously every month's discoveries may modify or enlarge our existing knowledge. Thus, on p. 259 we are given the true heading of the inscription upon the famous tripod-stand at Constantinople ([T]ο[ῦδε τὸν πόλεμον [ἐ]πολέμ[ε]νον), as decyphered by Dr. Fabricius in 1886; and on p. viii. is a note on the latest discussion of the purport of the dedication. Again, on p. 374 is an appendix, in which the results of Prof. Bechtel's work upon the Ionic inscriptions are gathered up. So full, indeed, throughout is the writer's information, and so closely is it packed, that were it not for his admirable lucidity the reader's attention would be sorely taxed. As it is, the cross references are a trifle distracting, and also the two-fold running numbers—one referring to the paragraphs of the commentary, the other to the illustrative inscriptions. This difficulty, however, is removed by means of a capital index. We are under a deep obligation to Mr. Roberts, and to the beautiful printing of the Cambridge Press, for providing us, in so handy a shape, with a trustworthy text of so many of the most important early documents. Of many of these, especially of the Eleian bronzes, the excellent facsimiles of Röhl have been mechanically reproduced on a rather smaller scale, but with

minute accuracy, as I can vouch for after comparison. I have noticed only one text that is not minutely accurate, and this does not profess to be a facsimile. It is No. 53, an inscribed fragment of a sepulchral column now in the British Museum. I am familiar with its look, and an impression now lies before me. Mr. Roberts's copy rather departs from that of Kirchhoff in the *C.I.A. i. Suppl.* 477a, whose facsimile would be perfect if it did not lengthen too much the left leg of M.

Enough has been said to show that this volume will be indispensable to all Greek scholars. It remains to ask what positive additions it makes to epigraphic science. This collection contains, I believe, no document that has not been published before. Nor has the editor had much occasion to re-read and verify the inscriptions with which he deals. But on p. 341 he and Sir Charles Newton have between them offered a new and convincing restoration of line 8 of the famous "Lygdamis" document, whereby the entire heading becomes at last intelligible: [π]ο[ῦ] ἐν τοῖς μ[υ]νονας. Much original matter is also to be found in the examination of the Eleian *rhetrai* (pp. 362 foll.), and of the decree respecting the "Hypoconemidian" Locrians (p. 347). A work like this, upon a somewhat technical subject, will be recommended to the confidence of scholars generally by the moderation and sobriety of judgment which it everywhere displays. Indeed, the caution of the writer seems at times excessive, where his own learning and insight entitle him to an opinion which he hesitates to give. Thus, on p. 72, he might easily have suggested a better restoration of No. 32 than the doggerel he borrows from Prof. Comparetti; and on p. 15 he might have recommended more decidedly the sensible suggestion of Dr. Deecke that the Greek characters *Υ, Φ, Χ, Ψ* were derived from the Cypriote syllabary.

On one point of present controversy, Mr. Roberts is certainly right in maintaining an attitude of suspense. It is still too soon to pronounce a final opinion upon the antiquity of the pottery inscriptions discovered by Mr. Flinders Petrie and Mr. E. A. Gardner at Naucratis in 1885. Mr. Gardner, indeed, maintains that these represent the oldest type of Ionic writing; and he would depose the famous inscriptions on the legs of the colossi at Abu-Simbel from the place of honour they have hitherto held by virtue of their supposed seniority. The correspondence columns of the *ACADEMY* last autumn bore witness to the learning and ingenuity with which Mr. Gardner defended his opinion against the vigorous attack of Prof. Hirschfeld. Perhaps the important paper of the latter in the *Rheinisches Museum* (xlii., pp. 209 foll.) has hardly received in England the attention it deserves. This is not the place to review the controversy in detail. Prof. Kirchhoff (*Studien*, p. 47), Bechtel (*Inchriften des Ion. Dialekts*, p. 153), and G. Hirschfeld all accept the express statement of Herodotus (ii. 178) that Amasis gave the Greeks Naucratis as a place of residence (about B.C. 560), and that then the Milesians built at Naucratis their temple of Apollo, in which this pottery was found. Herodotus obtained this information, no doubt, from Milesian residents on the spot. Is there

any overwhelming evidence afforded by the Naucratis inscriptions to force us to assign them to an earlier date? Mr. Gardner appeals to certain peculiar shapes of letters. But let any one, before forming an opinion, examine this Naucratis pottery in the British Museum. He will find that the inscriptions comprise a very limited range of words and formulae, and are mostly scratched by all sorts of careless or illiterate hands, often with evident marks of haste, besides not unfrequent blunders. Only one or two (Roberts, No. 132 *bis*) are inscribed with evident care, and in these no peculiarities occur. When, therefore, Mr. Gardner's theory of the old Ionic Alphabet leads him to say of the Abu-Simbel inscriptions: "They must be left outside the connected series of Ionic inscriptions which we now possess; they, in fact, represent a local and quite distinct variety of the early Greek alphabet, and cannot properly be called Ionic at all," we may suggest that abnormalities may be more easily accounted for in the Naucratis pottery than in the Abu-Simbel inscriptions. Mr. Roberts sufficiently convinces me that I was mistaken in preferring the date of Psammetichus II. for the Abu-Simbel inscriptions; probably Kirchhoff was right all along in assigning them to the reign of Psammetichus I. But just as Mr. Roberts, while reserving his judgment (pp. x.-xi.), leans rather to the priority of the Naucratis writing (pp. 151, 157, 324), I would rather myself—pending further and decisive evidence—abide by the positive statement of Herodotus and the weighty inductions of Kirchhoff.

The volume has been most carefully corrected for the press. I have noticed only two misprints—*πλυνεύς* (p. 83) for *πλυνεύς*, and "fragments" (p. 231) for "payments." The work is appropriately dedicated to the memory of the celebrated Gruter. The information will be new to most scholars that the great Dutch epigraphist laid the foundation of his learning as an *alumnus* of the very college of which Mr. Roberts is now an ornament. E. L. HICKS.

OBITUARY.

THE REV. DR. G. P. BADGER.

ALL oriental scholars will share the feeling of regret at the death of the Rev. Dr. George Percy Badger. His attainments are well known in the literary world; but his loss will be especially deplored by students of Arabic. Dr. Badger knew Arabic not only theoretically, but as a living tongue. In its colloquial use few Europeans have ever surpassed him; and there can be little doubt that his English-Arabic Lexicon is the best extant.

Dr. Badger was born in April, 1815, at Chelmsford, Essex, and was brought up in Malta. Afterwards he went to Beyrout, where he studied Arabic. In 1841 he returned to England, and was then ordained. He afterwards was elected by the Primate and the Bishop of London as delegate to the Nestorians of Kurdistan; and his book on the *Nestorians and their Rituals* is of permanent value to the students of theology.

In 1845 Dr. Badger was appointed chaplain on the Bombay establishment, and afterwards he was transferred to Aden, where he completed his term of service in 1862. He was awarded the Persian War medal for the valuable help rendered to Sir James Outram during the

Persian Expedition in 1857. Sir James Outram further availed himself of the services of Dr. Badger during his visit to Egypt. When the late Sir Bartle Frere was sent to Zanzibar on a special mission by the government, Dr. Badger was selected as his confidential adviser; and, later, when the Sultan of Zanzibar visited this country, Dr. Badger was appointed to attend him. The relations thus established led to an intimate and regular correspondence with the Sultan, from which both Zanzibar and this country have derived much benefit.

In 1873 Dr. Badger received the degree of D.C.L. from the Archbishop of Canterbury. He was a knight of the Crown of Italy by royal letters patent, and a knight of the Gleaming Star of Zanzibar. He was also a Fellow of the Zoological and Geographical Societies, and of the Society of Antiquaries. Among his many works the following deserve special mention: *The History of the Seyyids and Imāms of Omān, Christianity and its Relation to Islām, Description of Malta and Gozo, The Government and its Relation with Education and Christianity in India, The Travels of Ludovico Varthema in India and the East, 1503-8.*

Dr. Badger, though of late years in infirm health, was ever active in promoting the advancement of oriental learning in this country. It may be said of him, in the words of an Arab writer:

"Whatever my faults may be, I have written that which will check the murmurs of censure, and raise the song of gratitude; and, though I die, in my works I live again, to guide the young to learn."

CORRESPONDENCE.

A NEW KANISHKA INSCRIPTION.

Vienna: Feb. 20, 1888.

Of late Dr. J. Burgess has begun, at my request, fresh excavations in the Kankali Tila at Mathurā, where Sir A. Cunningham found the important inscriptions from the reigns of the Indo-Scythian kings—Kanishka, Huvishka, and Vāsudeva, published in vol. iii. of his *Archæological Reports*.

To-day I have received from Dr. Burgess, as the first result of his labours, two excellent impressions of a most interesting fragment of an inscription, found on January 30. It is dated in the year 7 of the *mahārāja rājātirā[ja]* *Shāhi Kanishka*, and mentions a *vāchaka*, or Jaina preacher, of the *Aryyodeha* (or perhaps *Aryyadeha*) *gana*, and of the *Nāgabhūta kula*. Both these subdivisions of the Jaina monks occur in the longer list of teachers in the *Kalpāsūtra*, p. 290 of Dr. Jacobi's translation, where it is stated that *Nāgabhūta* is the first *kula* of the *Uddeha gana*. The inscription proves that this school—which, according to the Jaina tradition was founded about 200 B.C. in Magadha—flourished at Mathurā about the end of the first century A.D. I shall publish the inscription in the next number of the *Vienna Oriental Journal*. G. BÜHLER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A GEOLOGICAL memoir, entitled *Étude sur le Bassin Houiller du Tonkin*, by M. Sarrau, has just appeared. The author, accompanied by experienced miners, visited Tonkin in 1885; and, in accordance with official instructions, undertook a detailed study of the coal formation, and opened up workings on some of the seams. The coal measures form a long band, stretching in an east and west direction for nearly 200 kilometres. They rest upon either carboniferous limestone or Devonian sandstones, and are overlain by variegated clays and sandstones, reputed to be of Permian age. M. Sarrau gives analyses of a large number of samples of

the coal, showing its value as a steam-coal for the Navy. He concludes that "le Tonkin possède une richesse immense en excellent combustible."

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

PROF. HENRY NETTLESHIP was to deliver a public lecture at Oxford to-day, March 3, on "The Evidence of the Ancient Latin Grammarians regarding the Pronunciation of Latin."

THE Clarendon Press will publish very shortly a volume of *Selections from Polybius*, by Mr. J. L. Strachan Davidson, with prolegomena and appendices.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. have in the Press an Arabic-English Dictionary, on a new system, by Mr. Habib Anthony Salmoné, which will be published under the patronage of the Government of India, and therefore at a low price.

THE Royal Danish Academy of Sciences has offered a gold medal for the best essay on the following subject: "What position did Sanskrit occupy in the general development of language in India? To what extent may it be assumed to have prevailed as a living language, and when did it cease to exist as such?" From the remarks in the prospectus in which this question is propounded, we gather that the essayists will be expected to discuss the validity of the evidence on which it is usually supposed that Sanskrit was a dead language in the days of Kālidāsa or of Somadeva, and—if the current view be accepted—to account for the employment of a purely learned language in works which, like those of the authors mentioned, have the appearance of having been written not merely for scholars, but for the ordinary educated public. It is pointed out that a complete solution of these questions would be of value, not only on account of its immediate bearing upon the history of the Indian languages, but also for the light which it would throw on many problems relating to the development of languages in general. Essays must be sent in before October 31, 1889. The adjudication will take place in the following February.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LIBRARY SOCIETY.—(Monday, February 13.)

THE PRESIDENT in the chair.—Mr. F. H. Cockle read a paper on "Tennyson's Early Poems." Having glanced at the poems contained in the earliest volume, he turned to the poems published three years later, in 1833, and found a difference between the strong poetic sentiment, the artistic purpose thoroughly carried out in the latter, and the mere maudlin sentimentality, and much that is aimless in the earlier volume. Tennyson was striving to extend his range in most varied directions, and to attain to perfect integral completeness and finish in limited poetic forms. Having discussed "Mariana in the South" and "The Lady of Shalott," which he called poetical monochromes, he passed to a group of four typical love poems—English, Oriental, Greek, and Gothic. He contrasted the "Miller's Daughter" with "Fatima," which remind us of the lines in the "Princess":

"Bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North."

"Oenone" was characterized by the sentient element, whereas in the Gothic poem of "The Sisters," its forcefulness and wildness stand in antithesis to the spirit of great beauty and culture, fully expressed in the thesis of Lessing—that Gothic invention imitated the nature of phenomena, but ignored the nature of our feelings and emotions. Of "The Two Voices" and "The Lotus-Eaters," the one asks the question, Is life worth living? the other, Is life worth acting? The one is dialectical and ethical, the other purely poetical. The "Dream of Fair Women" is a graft on a

Chaucerian stock, with suggestions taken from Dante, but full of modern colour. The poems were then discussed as regards more general points.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, February 14.)

FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Prof. Flower described two skeletons of Akkas, a small negro race from Central Africa, which have been lately sent to the British Museum by Emin Pasha. Since these remarkable people (probably the origin of the stories of pygmies told by the Greeks) were discovered in the Monbutto country, to the west of the Albert Nyansa, by the intrepid German traveller Schweinfurth in 1870, they have received considerable attention from various anthropologists; and descriptions and measurements of several living individuals have been published, but hitherto no account of their anatomical character has been given. The skeletons obtained by Emin Pasha are the first that have been sent to Europe, and are, therefore, of great interest, especially as they fully confirm all that has been said of the diminutive size of these people, and prove them to be the smallest existing on the earth, smaller even than the natives of the Andaman Islands or the Bushmen of South Africa. These two skeletons, though both of full-grown people, are scarcely four English feet high; and a woman of the race, carefully measured by Emin Pasha, was still shorter. They are well formed, and present most of the characteristics of the negro race, except that the skull is rather rounder in shape than is usual. With respect to their character, it has been long ago pointed out by the French anthropologist Hamy, that in Equatorial Africa, extending from the West Coast, far into the interior, are scattered tribes, interspersed among the more ordinary negro population, and distinguished from them by this form of head and by their diminutive stature. They appear to constitute a distinct branch of the great negro race to which the name of "negrito" has been applied, and they bear the same relationship to their better grown neighbours as the small negritos of the Indian Archipelago do to the larger Melanesians or Oceanic negroes of the same regions. It is to this negrito race that the Akkas, whose characteristics have now for the first time been fully described, belong. As was pointed out by Prof. Flower, they differ in many important respects from the Bushmen, to whom Schweinfurth was inclined to ally them.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, February 17.)

A. J. ELLIS, Esq., V.-P., in the chair.—Dr. Joseph Wright read a paper on "The Dialect of Windhill, in the West Riding of Yorkshire." After discussing the qualifications necessary for an investigator of dialects, and the principles upon which a dialect grammar should be made, and stating that dialect work was almost worthless unless it was done by a man with a sound theoretical and practical training in phonetics and philology. Dr. Wright mentioned, from his own dialect and standard English, several sound laws which could only be grasped upon philological principles, such as the change of initial *ki-* to *ti-* and *gi-* to *di-*; the change of final *t* to *r* in monosyllabic words, when *t* is preceded by a short vowel and the next word begins with a vowel, e.g., *a mist* beside *a mer* in "I met him"; the Windhill forms *brig*, *rig* (back), *lig*, *mig*, *soog*, *neog*, *sig*, *stik*, *reik*, beside standard English *bridge*, *fledge*, *ridge*, *lie*, *midge*, *saw* (a tool), *gnaw*, *haw* (in hawthorn), *fitch*, *reach*; the development of *b* between *m*—*i*, *m*—*r*, and of *d* between *n*—*i*, *n*—*r* in standard English, where the Windhill dialect has not developed them, *umel* "humble," *tremel* "tremble," *slumer* "slumber," *lumer* "lumber," *anel* "handle," *kinel* "kindle," *thumer* "thunder," *ganer* "gander"; or why the *w* in words of French origin has influenced the *s*, *t*, in standard English words like *sugar*, *future*, &c., but has simply been diphthongised to *ui* in the Windhill dialect, *suger*, *futer*, &c. He next proceeded to show the great use to which dialect work might be put, to clear up many unsettled points of Old and Modern English phonology; as that the *w* in O.E. *rust* "rust," *sluma* "slumber," must have been long, because

in the Windhill dialect the vowel in these words now appears as *ɔ*, *rɔst*, *slɔm*, "slumber," which presupposes an old long *u*. The Windhill dialect still keeps quite apart, O.E. *ɛ* (=W. *i*), *æ* (=W. *io*), and old *ɛ* in open syllables (=W. *ei*), all three of which have become *i* in standard English; and several other vowel sounds which have regularly fallen together in the literary language, such as *jɛd* "yard" (=3 feet) and *jɛt* "yard" (=enclosed space), *wɔk* "work" verb, and *wɔk* "work" noun, *li* "to lie" (mentiri), *liɔ* "to lie down," &c. Dr. Wright strongly condemned the prevalent tendency to assign undue importance to Scandinavian influence upon English. And, although he granted that there is a sprinkling of Norse forms in English, he quoted several forms generally supposed to be due to Norse influence, but which he maintained had been regularly developed on English ground from their corresponding O.E. forms; such as the development of O.E. *d* to voiced *th* in words like father, mother, weather, gather, hither, thither, whither, &c., where *d* has become *th* through the influence of the following *r*. He said that in very many English dialects, as in the Windhill dialect, intervocalic *d* followed by *r* invariably becomes voiced *th*, even in words of French origin, as *pɔther* "powder," *consither* "consider," which shows the absurdity of assuming Norse influence upon such words. After this he gave a phonetic description of the vowel system of the Windhill dialect, tracing each sound back to its O.E. form. In the historical part, he was obliged to confine himself almost exclusively to the Windhill development of the O.E. vowels and diphthongs of accented syllables, mentioning here and there only what their development was in other than chief accented syllables. But Dr. Wright volunteered to treat the rest—the vowels of other than chief accented syllables, the consonant system (which he said contained many peculiarities) and the accidence—at some future meeting. He also promised a paper on "Some Mistaken Notions of the Principles of English Philology, as illustrated in Modern Etymological Dictionaries."

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, February 20.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—A paper was read by Rev. E. P. Scrymgeour on "The Real Essence of Religion." He began by insisting on the comprehensive character of philosophy, considered as rationally encyclopaedic, its progress involving, of necessity, a vast intellectual co-operation. To such co-operation, as pre-eminently marking modern life, he pointed as the origin of that peculiar idea named consciousness, considered as the problem of philosophy; which, accordingly, he found to fall into four natural divisions, in each of which the same problem is studied successively from a more comprehensive point of view. These he named (1) conception, (2) community, (3) science, (4) conscience. Under the first head we study the mode in which all real objects whatsoever are grasped by means of a progressive understanding of their mutual relations. Under the second, attention is fixed on that sort of real objects already distinguished as persons, and we observe how these are progressively known to one another by means of their mutual relationship, and how the establishment of such personal community depends upon a common knowledge of real objects generally. Having thus obtained a sufficient apprehension of the function of knowledge in the establishment of community, we observe under the third head how the progress of this knowledge brings to light a new set of objects under the name of laws—objects which must be recognised as real by the note of their permanent interest, which he maintained to be everywhere the criterion of reality. Seeing that the knowledge of law is pre-eminently the means by which community is established, we have finally to mark more decisively that this knowledge is progressive, and, therefore, voluntary. Under the fourth head consciousness appears as well, and as such it is the domain of religion. Healthy life is briefly described as conceptual endeavour, issuing spontaneously in reasonable action. But such progressive endeavour cannot be imposed upon an individual otherwise than as duty. Law is the utterance of superior power; but this power is not force. It acts upon

the individual as influence, persuading, convincing, constraining—not compelling. He may resist its authority, and so destroy himself and injure others; and there is nothing to overcome such resistance but conviction of the majesty of law as rationally supreme. The conception of law as force the reader maintained to be demonstrably untrue. As rational superiority, acting through knowledge, he contended that it is the saving power in human life. As permanent influence constraining to progressive rational endeavour, it is the supreme will, and therefore personal. Conceptual endeavour, in its perfection, is the fulfilment of supreme will on the part of an individual—it is a perfect act of will, essentially progressive and beneficent. But, because it is an act of will, it has of necessity its counterpart in opposition, more or less pronounced. Such opposition is an act of will in the negative sense, essentially retrogressive and destructive. Such bare assertion of will in defiance of admitted superiority, the reader maintained to be the real essence of evil. In the act of sin, vital progress is arrested, degradation is its necessary consequence—wantonly self-abandonment alternates with blind selfishness, until, by a real act of will, moral vitality is restored. As free obedience to acknowledged superiority, such an act of restoration is essentially religious; and it is in view of such restoration, preeminently, that supreme power appears as beneficent. God is good because He rescues man from the peril of sin, which is inherent in the nature of consciousness as will. As the sustaining energy of progressive endeavour, God is the saviour of that community of which He is the head. It is true that law, as actually known, appears fragmentary, and, in part, conflicting; but in its perpetual unfolding, it bears within it a promise of perfected reconciliation. The central secret we may not expect to possess otherwise than prospectively—we are constrained to seek it; and the intrinsic purpose of this perpetual unfolding is manifestly known as the progressive perfection of the civil life.—The paper was followed by a discussion.

ROYAL ASIATIC.—(Monday, February 20.)

SIR FREDERIC GOLDSMID in the chair.—Mr. Bendall exhibited some leaves of an interesting palm-leaf MS. of the *Lankavatara*, and pointed out the importance of obtaining such MSS. from Nepal. Mr. Reginald Stuart Poole gave an address on the "Political Relations of Shah Ismail I. and Tahmasp, the Safavis, with Babar and Humayun, Emperors of Delhi," on which valuable light had been thrown by new coins acquired at the British Museum.—Mr. Howorth confirmed Mr. Poole's views on the authority of parallel notices from the Mongolian side, and a discussion followed.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Wednesday, February 22.)

SIR PATRICK COLQUHOUN, president, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. J. Offord, jun., on "Recent Discoveries in Egyptian Papyri." The author confined himself to papyri containing historical matter, commencing with the information derivable from them as to the nations inhabiting Western Asia, Africa, and the basin of the Mediterranean in pre-historic times. After alluding to the gradual completion of the list of Egyptian monarchs which in a fragmentary form is contained in the Turin papyrus, reference was made to the immense value of the demotic papyri in various European collections. An explanation of the origin, nature, and history of this difficult form of writing was given, explaining the results achieved by continental scholars who have been foremost in its decyphering; and the historical information obtained from these papyri was passed in review, especially the demotic chronicle of the later dynasties, and the light thrown upon the history of Egypt under the Ptolemies. In conclusion, a résumé was given of the papyrus in the possession of Lord Monk-Bretton, containing the anathemas of a Pagan mother against her son for becoming a convert to Christianity.—At the conclusion of the paper the President complimented the reader upon the able and lucid manner in which he had treated his subject, and said that, looking at much of what had recently been discovered in Egyptian papyri, and comparing it with what was now passing in England, one might well

say *l'histoire se répète*. He thought that in some respects we knew more than the ancients themselves did of Egyptian history.—Dr. Leitner, who followed, drew attention to the fact already alluded to by the reader, that the same word in old Egyptian sometimes meant either a year, a day, or even other measurements of time.—Dr. W. Knighton compared the history of Ceylon with that of Egypt, especially in regard to the action of the priestly caste; and Mr. E. Gilbert Highton, after briefly adverting to a corroboration of Herodotus furnished by one of the papyri in regard to King Amasis, stated that the famous lost works of Eratosthenes, the chief librarian at Alexandria under Ptolemy Euergetes, treating of the whole field of history and geography, were a proof that the learned ancients knew far more than perhaps we should ever do of the annals of the earliest times and of the origin of nations.

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THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE present exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy is one of more than ordinary excellence; but it is an exhibition which it takes some time fittingly to appraise, for its merit lies less in a few prominent pictures than in its generally high average of accomplished and successful work.

Most of the large and notable figure-pictures come from London, for several of the leading Scottish figure-painters have this year been prevented from exhibiting in their usual force. Mr. W. E. Lockhart, for instance, has been busied with his royal commission for the memorial picture of the "Jubilee Service in Westminster Abbey"; and Mr. Robert Gibb has not been able, as yet, to complete his important subject of the "Battle of the Alma." Among the leading London works are Mr. Pettie's vigorous—if rather melodramatic and forced—picture of "The Chieftain's Candlesticks," and his "Scene from *Peveril of the Peak*," Mr. Britton Reviere's "Old World Wanderer," Mr. E. J. Poynter's refined and scholarly "Visit of Aesculapius," lent by the Royal Academy; and, among landscapes, Mr. MacWhirter's "View of Edinburgh from the Salisbury Crags," and Mr. Henry Moore's large sea-piece, "Calm before a Storm." The foreign pictures include a delicate grey landscape by Corot, and a rich and mellow cattle-piece by Van Marcke.

Mr. W. M'Taggart is always prominent in these exhibitions by reason of his bold and masterly brush-work, and the sense of brilliant sunlight and boundless atmosphere which he manages to introduce into his subjects. He exhibits "Corn in the Ear"—a graceful little picture of a pair of children seated beside a harvest-field; a large subject—singularly fresh and spirited—of boys bathing in the sea; and a brilliant coast-scene, with a fishing-boat making the harbour bar. Mr. W. Hole paints with great vigour a dark impressive subject of a knight returning from Flodden, bearing the torn banner of his country—the most successful work that he has yet produced; and Mr. W. D. M'Kay contributes a careful picture of a party of labourers resting at midday in the hayfield. During the past year or two the pictures of Mr. G. O. Reid have attracted much attention by the precision of their execution and the keen truth of their character-painting. To the present exhibition he sends a delightful cabinet-sized interior, depicting a Scottish rent-day—or "Oor Laird's Court Day" as the painter titles it—filled with

admirably expressive little figures; and a larger example representing a last-century author about to read some cherished literary productions to a party of friends. Mr. T. Anstey Brown is another of the extra-academic painters who is coming rapidly to the front. This year he has entirely changed his style of work, and, adopting a method founded upon that of the modern Dutch figure-painters, he has produced several very striking quietly coloured subjects of gypsy and peasant life, admirably vigorous and expressive in handling and satisfying in tone and relation; while from Mr. R. Payton Reid are some graceful, but rather feebly coloured, studies of Bavarian life.

In the department of landscape the Academy is, as usual, distinctly strong. Mr. George Reid sends a singularly pure and pearly view of Northam, and a low-toned winter view of St. Mary's Loch, distinguished by great unity of sombre feeling. Mr. W. D. M'Kay paints with more than his accustomed vigour of handling and force of colouring a south-country lane scene in a breezy "October Afternoon"; and Mr. J. Lawton Wingate, one of the most delicate and sensitive of Scottish landscape-painters, contributes liberally, his most important subject being "The Woods in Winter"—a scene amid the forest, with a lonely pool at which deer are drinking. Mr. J. Campbell Noble shows several striking studies of sky and sea, hardly equal, however, to some of the landscape work that he has recently exhibited; and Mr. Robert Noble has a view of Preston Mill, admirably rich in colour and mellow in effect, while his "Fête Champêtre" is a bolder, if less fully successful, experiment in potent chromatic harmonies.

Among the works of portraiture, Mr. George Reid—who also exhibits two notably delicate and splendid examples of flower-painting—has a head of Dr. Skene, the historian, solid in handling and silvery in tone; and a refined little bust-portrait of Sir Douglas MacLagan. Mr. J. R. Reid contributes a very richly coloured half-length of a lady. Several graceful female portraits are among the examples of the refined and cultured art of the late Mr. Robert Herdman, in whose footsteps his son, Mr. Duddingstone Herdman, is closely following, as is evident from his full-length of "Mrs. Newton, of Castlandhill," and other works upon the walls. Mr. W. E. Lockhart's contributions include a characteristic likeness of the Rev. Dr. Cairns, and that graceful portrait of two children in fancy dress which he sent last year to Burlington House. Other prominent exhibitors of portraits are Mr. Otto Leyde, Mr. C. M. Hardie, Mr. W. Hole, and Mr. R. P. Bell. Mr. R. Alexander, the Academician elect, shows a masterly picture of a donkey and her foal.

In the water-colour room the most notable works are a series of small landscapes by Sir W. Fettes Douglas, admirable for precision of touch and quiet harmony of colour; and Mr. Tom Scott's "Autumnal Landscape, near Earleton, Berwickshire," and his "Return to Selkirk after Flodden"—a striking combination of landscape and figure painting.

JAPANESE XYLOGRAPHY AT THE BURLINGTON CLUB.

POSSIBLY before this article is published the Japanese pictures in the British Museum will be open to public inspection, and, with the aid of Mr. Anderson's catalogue, the study of the pictorial art of Japan will for the first time be possible in England. But this collection does not illustrate the progress of wood-engraving in Japan; and the present exhibition at the Burlington Fine Arts Club has a special interest of its own. Wood-engraving is an art practised by the Japanese centuries before it was

known in Europe; and in the production of coloured wood-engravings printed from a number of blocks they are unrivalled. The walls of the Club's gallery in Savile Row are now hung with specimens of Japanese chromo-xylography from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the present day, arranged in chronological order; and numerous glass cases are filled with books coloured and uncoloured, the open leaves of which present a variety of pictures of smaller scale, but not less beautiful or interesting.

Some specimens are also shown of archaic wood-cutting, one of which (No. 1) is a representation of India, rudely cut on a large block of pearwood which is still preserved at the Temple of Shibamata, near Tokyo, and attributed to the Abbot Nichiren (1222-1282). The priests seem to have been the first encouragers of the art, and Mr. Anderson says in the preface to the catalogue:

"There are still preserved in the temples of Japan a number of pictorial blocks attributed to the early native fathers of the Buddhist religion, from the seventh century downwards; and, although most of these engravings are obvious frauds, the evidence in the case of a few is unassailable."

The one here shown is rude enough; but it is not wanting in a barbarous vigour, and will at least be interesting to experts like Mr. W. J. Linton for the very bold use of "white line"—a feature that disappears in the more modern work, which, however perfect in execution, follows faithfully the lines of the original drawing, which was pasted face downwards on the block.

Like the drawings on the walls, the books in the cases are carefully arranged; and as much information about both as can be afforded in the space occupied is given by Mr. Anderson in the excellent catalogue, for which a great deal of the material is contained in the author's catalogue to the collection in the British Museum and the *Pictorial Arts of Japan*. From the latter are also taken a good many of the black and white illustrations, which render the catalogue still more interesting and valuable, as they are well chosen to mark various phases of Japanese art. Of the books it is impossible to say more than that they range from the early illustrated books of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, such as the *Isé monogatari* (1608), an ancient romance, and the *Jokio hidden* (1649), a pictorial mirror of instruction for women, to the *Ainu Stories*, told in English by B. H. Chamberlain, illustrated by the living artist Sensai Yeitaku, and published at Tokyo in 1887. A whole case is occupied by books illustrated by the popular Hokusai and his school; and the place of honour over the mantelpiece is assigned to an original drawing by Hokusai, one of a set of a hundred drawn for the engraver, but never cut. The remainder are, or were, in the possession of Mr. Ernest Hart.

It is the "single sheet" chromo-xylographs upon the wall which form the most attractive feature of the exhibition. Some of the comparatively early ones like (10 and 12) groups of women by Nishimura Shigenaga and his pupil, Ishikawa Toyonobu, are charming in artistic feeling and delicate arrangement of colour. More beautiful, however, are the mosaic-like harmonies of Shunchō (14 and 52), and his designs are also remarkable for their grace of posture and line. The theatrical sheets of Shunchō are masterly in colour as well as in vigorous drawing; and indeed, if we accept the Japanese ideals of grace and dramatic action, there is little on the north wall of the room which is not admirable of its kind. As beautiful as any are the portraits of women by Kitawo Masanobu and Utagawa Toyokuni (64, 69, 72). The latter artist is also seen to advantage in larger compositions—such as "Women crossing

the Tama River" and "Girls fishing in the Tama River," where the motion of the river is wonderfully given by a clever convention, and the decorative value of the composition and arrangement of colour is of a high order.

Since 1825, it is said that the art of printing in colours has declined, and, in recent years, the colours themselves have sadly deteriorated in quality. Signs of this are visible on the south wall, but nevertheless there is little even there which is not fine. Few of the sheets are more beautiful in colour than the "Interior of Morita Theatre" (150), by Kunisada; nothing more grandly decorative or impressive than "The Great Storm in the Bay of Ōura" by the same artist (148); and few groups more finely dramatic than that by Kuniyoshi, where Jurō and Gorō are waiting for vengeance at the door of Kudo Suketsuné (153). It must, however, be owned that in delicacy of colour the later pictures cannot be compared with those of Mr. Anderson's fifth period (1769-1825), and that gaudiness and want of harmony are too frequent as one nears the door. C. M.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF TARRĀNEH.

Stout: Feb. 6, 1888.

[THE following report—the first of the present season—has been received from Mr. F. L. Griffith, the student attached to the Fund.—Amelia B. Edwards, Hon. Sec.]

On New Year's day I opened the campaign on the western edge of the delta at Tarrāneh. The mounds there, called Kûm abū Billū, are very extensive, and of considerable height. They lie on the edge of the desert at a point where the principal road from the Natron Lakes enters the Delta. The date of the surface rubbish seems to be early Arabic, and late Roman red brick extends as deep as one can conveniently excavate. The cemetery, which is very large and surrounds the town on three sides, is for the most part equally late; but a gravestone that I found is, perhaps, of the second century A.D. The tombs in the cemetery are rectangular and awkwardly domed, not arched. They are built in the main of crude brick, but have been much pulled to pieces for the sake of red brick, which was used in some part of the construction. They appear to contain no antiquities of importance, though there have been glass vessels in some. Epitaphs on limestone have been abundant, but generally only chips of them remain.

The name of the city was no doubt Terenuthis, surviving still in Tarrāneh. The latter is a small village one mile east of the mounds; and a mile south-east of Tarrāneh, but across the river, is a second mound, also large, but low. On the surface it seems to be moderately late Roman, and, though dug out by the fellahin to water level, it does not show anything certainly earlier than Roman times. Some large granite columns prove its importance at that date. One of the blocks of granite (reworked) has the name of Rameses II.

There are no early sites of importance in the neighbourhood, so far as I could ascertain; and Prosopis and Momemphis must be at some distance.

Notwithstanding the late date of Kûm abū Billū I found several early antiquities there. On the late Roman rubbish lay part of an *ushabti* of a man named Raneferab, after Psammetichus II. No doubt this has been used as an amulet. To the same category must be attributed a much-worn scarab of Amenhotep III. recording his marriage with Thē, and his lion hunts. Of more importance is a large block of hard Gebel Ahmar sandstone in the mosque at Terrāneh, which has the ovals and standard of Necho in the centre. The king is

styled friend of Neith of Sais, so far as I could decipher the fragmentary inscription. This block would seem to have been a way-mark for the road to the Wady, or something of that kind.

The Ptolemies, too, seem to have paid especial attention to the place. Strabo mentions Menelaus as the name of a city in the neighbourhood; and probably, like the Menelaite nome south of Alexandria, it was called after the brother of Ptolemy Soter. If we may not compare the name of Abū Billū with Menelaus, it is at any rate significant that a sufficiently handsome temple was built by Soter and Philadelphus at the side of the road to the Wady, just at the crest of the rise to the desert hills. In later times the city of Terenuthis, founded at the edge of the desert, spread along the road until it reached the same point, and the mounds of Kûm abū Billū partly overlap the old temple site.

The enclosure of this temple, with its chambers and the wall of the foundation, are still partly traceable, but not a single block of stone remains. The whole of the limestone had been cleared out of the loose sand and gravel, and I found a good part of it in the centre of the town built into a wall, the remnants of which are now fifteen feet in rubbish. Several feet above the foundation of this wall is a tile pavement with small marble columns lying upon it. It is evident that we have here the site of successive churches; and the earliest of them was built of stone taken direct from the pagan temple, and built in without any reworking. This reminds me of a passage quoted by Champollion from a Coptic author, where it is related that the governor of Letopolis, on receiving an imperial edict in favour of Christianity, immediately pulled down the temple, and built churches on the site. It is seldom that limestone remains are found in the Delta. It is evident that the town grew very rapidly in height in the Coptic period; and the limestone walls were gradually buried in buildings outside, the pavement of the church being raised without moving the walls, and this contributed to the preservation of the lower courses.

The inscriptions on the blocks are of no great interest. The cartouches of Ptolemy Soter, who rarely appears in person as a builder, though he reigned twenty years after the death of Alexander IV., and those of Ptolemy Philadelphus recur continually, with dedications to the cow goddess Hathor, of Mafkal, "the splendour of Bast." I can find no special local reference in any of the inscriptions, and it is clear that no ancient centre of worship existed here. There is a block from the same place bearing the name of the Hemnopolite Thoth, with part of a late cartouche that I cannot identify.

I did not work out the site completely, as it was not very promising. I have had all the interesting pieces of sculpture sawn off and taken to Bulaq, as the only means of saving them from the limekiln. A number of sculptured blocks have been found in former years, and taken to the village or built into *sagieh*s.

It is probable that the nation, salt, and bull-rushes of the Wady Natrūn were made use of in very ancient times; but it is within easy reach of the Delta, and at the present day much is collected by the fellahin from Terrāneh. The remains in the Wady are few. The monasteries have been the chief feature of the place since the introduction of Christianity; and, while the Ptolemies and Romans no doubt placed garrisons in the neighbourhood to protect the frontier and keep the wandering tribes in order, and also worked the produce of the Wady more systematically, the most flourishing time in the history—both of the Wady and of Terenuthis—was the period of Coptic monasteries.

F. L. GRIFFITH.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF INDIA.

THE Survey Party of the North Western Provinces and Oude circle, under Dr. A. Führer and Mr. E. W. Smith, conducted operations in the districts of Allahābād, Bānda, and Hamirpur during the cold season of 1886-87.

Accurate and detailed drawings were made of the ancient Buddhist and Brāhmanical remains at the village of Manknār, near Bithā; of the mediæval Brāhmanical temples and statues in the fort of Garhwā, near Bhargarh; of several Jain images excavated at Kosām; and of the rock-cave of Gopāla at Prabhāsa on the Jamnā in Allahābād district; of the Chandeli temples at Barhā-Kathura, Rāmāgar, Rauli-Golā, Rāsin, and Kālānjar in Bānda district; and of those at Mahobā and Rāhilya in Hamirpur district. Excavations were made in the ruined forts of Bithā and Kosām, and near the large *lingam* temple of Nilakantha at Kālānjar, which yielded, among other relics, a number of ancient Buddhist coins, enamelled beads, and pottery, which have been deposited in the Lucknow Provincial Museum.

The report submitted on this tour treats of the history, architecture, and archaeology of Allahābād, Jhūsi, Bithā, Deoriyā, Manknār, Bihar, Garhwā, Bhargarh, Barhā-Kathura, Rikhian caves, Kosām, Prabhāsa, Rithaura, Pūra, Rāmāgar, Lokhri, Rauli-Golā, Rāsin, Bīrpur, Kālānjar, Mahobā, and Rāhilya. It is accompanied by the texts and translations of 10 Arabic, 24 Persian, and over 250 Sanskrit inscriptions, among which there are 24 new Gupta ones, and over 35 belonging to the sixth and seventh centuries. The most successful event of the season, however, was the entering of the almost inaccessible cave of Gopāla, high up in the face of the hill of Prabhāsa, by means of a wooden crib let down from the overhanging rocks of the hill, with the result of obtaining three inscriptions of the Indo-Scythian period, the oldest of which is dated Vikrama samvat 10 (B.C. 47), besides five Gupta inscriptions.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MESSRS. J. S. VIRTUE & Co. announce as a re-issue, a library edition of *Knight's Pictorial Shakspeare*, in eight monthly vols. Each volume will contain about 500 pages of text, and 150 illustrations by Sir Joshua Reynolds, C. W. Cope, O. R. Leslie, G. S. Newton, Richard Redgrave, J. M. W. Turner, Frank Stone, Sir J. Noel Paton, and others. The first volume, containing "Romeo and Juliet," "Hamlet," "Cymbeline," "Othello," "Timon of Athens," and "King Lear," will be published at the end of March.

THE spring exhibition of the New English Art Club will be held at the Dudley Gallery. The selecting jury and hanging committee of this society are elected by the members and exhibitors of the previous year, all works, even those of members, being submitted to the jury.

THE last number of the *Transactions* of the Leicester Literary and Philosophical Society (Leicester: Gibbons) contains a paper on "The Roman Pavement in Jewry Wall Street," together with a photograph from a drawing. This handsome, though fragmentary, example of tessellated pavement was first discovered in 1832; and it has recently been acquired by the corporation of Leicester, who purchased the house beneath which it lies in order to its better preservation.

MR. VINCENT ARTHUR SMITH, of the Bengal Civil Service, has conferred a great service upon all students of the early history of India by compiling a general index to all the twenty-three reports of the archaeological survey, pub-

lished yearly under the superintendence of Sir A. Cunningham. The work consists of just 200 pages, besides a glossary. It seems to be arranged on sound and useful principles, one of the chief features being that it identifies, so far as possible by district or state, the villages and other petty sites so often vaguely mentioned in the original reports. It is published by the superintendent of government printing, Calcutta, at the price of six rupees (say 10s.).

THE STAGE.

THE "LADY OF LYONS" AT THE GLOBE.

THE "Lady of Lyons" was done for the second time at the Globe Theatre on Wednesday afternoon, before a crowded and enthusiastic audience; and there can be no doubt that the interpretation was as able and as satisfactory as any that has been seen in London for many years. We liked the playing, though we cannot say that we liked the piece. The piece, indeed, is one about which the opinions of actors and the public on the one hand, and of literary men upon the other, are pretty sure to be divided. The public recognises the broad appeal of Lord Lytton's drama to our common human sympathies; the actor recognises that, and, to boot, the technical skill of a dramatist who through five entire acts has hardly lost one possible opportunity for stage effect. But the literary man is annoyed at the very second-rate quality of the poetry; at the want of verisimilitude in more than one of the characters; and he declines to be moved by the expression of very obvious sentiments, as, for instance, that the husband's roof is ever the temple of the wife's honour, and that, whatever divorces are pronounced, there can never be divorce between mother and son. But to a fine and telling interpretation—like that in which Mr. Wilson Barrett and Miss Eastlake have the principal parts—the literary man may at all times be as willing as the public to do justice. Nay, perhaps the writer who analyses may be yet more alive than the public to the feat which is accomplished when the characters of Lord Lytton's stage romance are endowed with vitality by the actor. It is too late in the day to discuss the play in detail, but we will point out two or three of the most excellent features of the Globe performance; and, as a performance so successful is certain to be repeated, this will be worth doing.

Mr. Wilson Barrett cannot look otherwise than picturesque as Claude Melnotte, but we prefer his appearance as a successful soldier in the last act to his appearance as the poetic peasant in the earlier portion of the play. He is so thoroughly a master of the demands of the part that it is a little difficult to say what he does best; but he is certainly especially sympathetic in Claude Melnotte's first renunciation of his bride in the cottage scene in the second—or is it the third?—act, and he is extraordinarily spirited in that scene in the fourth act in which Claude Melnotte is afforded the opportunity of departing for the wars. In the first of the scenes we have mentioned, he touches us hardly less than he touched us in his illustration of the very different troubles of Chatterton. In the second his very manner of execution gives evidence of his sagacity of conception; to have reserved himself more or less for this outburst, of the fourth act, is to show plainly his opinion that it is here that the crisis of the play is really reached. Miss Eastlake is a sympathetic and powerful Pauline, but her power is shown less in the expression of scorn and of wounded pride than of the fascination which she feels in Claude's presence and of her real affection for him. Of course, Miss Eastlake is proficient in the habitual business of the part;

but from an actress of her thoughtfulness and inventiveness we expect fresh suggestions, nor—time-worn though the part is—do we fail to receive them. There is an extraordinarily successful clutch of reproach and irritation administered by her to Claude Melnotte in the cottage scene, which reveals a world of feeling—testiness, disappointment, uncertainty, nervous irritation. That is only one detail, but it is as effective as it is possible to make it. A wholly fresh rendering of such a character as Pauline's would be impracticable, for the dramatist has laid down quite clearly the lines on which alone the actress may proceed. A greater poet is very likely more indefinite—leaves more room to the imagination. Several of the minor characters—if minor they may be called—are played with a good deal of spirit. Mr. George Barrett is extremely likeable as Damas. Mr. Austin Melford is quaint and old-world looking as Pauline's father, the successful merchant or manufacturer of Lyons. Mr. C. Hudson—who still, unconsciously no doubt, has his moments of imitating Mr. Irving—is a realistic Beauséant: very clever and acceptable, we think. And, finally, Mr. Charles Fulton relates with befitting passion the indignities to which, as Claude's messenger, he has been subject.

STAGE NOTES.

THE Browning Society's performance of "A Blot on the 'Scutcheon'" has necessarily been postponed till Thursday, March 15—next Thursday having been appointed for the Olympic production of "Christina," and it being obviously impossible for Miss Alma Murray to play the heroine of both pieces in the course of the same day. The cast for "The Blot" includes, besides the "star" actress, Messrs. Fulton, Rodney, Webster and Foss, and Miss Alexes Leighton.

THE Olympic cast for "Christina"—which, after the experience of last summer, is said to be assured already of a certain run—is particularly strong. Besides Miss Alma Murray, there are numbered among the ladies Miss Rose Leclercq, Miss Carlotta Addison, and Miss Helen Leyton. Mr. Yorke Stephens, Mr. Frank Archer, and Mr. Brandon Thomas are among the best-known men; and an important part is also to be played by Mr. Willard, who is accounted by all real students of the stage as one of the most interesting actors now in London.

M. COQUELIN has re-appeared at the Royalty Theatre, along with Mdlle. Kalb—a very competent and mirth-provoking actress of pure comedy, who got a prize at the Conservatoire several years ago, and has since been at the Français.

AFTER the "Pompadour"—which has yet to be produced—has run its course at the Haymarket, there will be brought out a new play by Mr. H. A. Jones, to which, we hear, the finishing strokes have been already put.

By the death of Mr. John Clayton, which occurred this week, almost suddenly, at Liverpool, the stage loses an actor who was much admired and a man who was much liked. Mr. John Clayton, whose real name was Calthorpe, was but forty-three years of age. He looked, perhaps, somewhat older. Many years ago he was a subtle and unctuous Joseph Surface. He first made a distinct mark with the large public by his discreet and chivalrous and extremely pathetic performance of the hero of Mr. Palgrave Simpson's and Mr. Merivale's "All for Her"—an adaptation of *A Tale of Two Cities*, in which it was Mr. Clayton's happy lot to impersonate the character that stands for Sidney Carton. Afterwards Mr. Clayton made at the very least a *succès d'estime* in a little piece

of which we forget the title, but of which the main theme is the momentary love of a guardian for the ward whom he has nurtured. It was founded, if we mistake not, on Mr. Besant's and Mr. Rice's *My Little Girl*. Later Mr. Clayton developed comic qualities of the "full-bodied" sort, such as were better suited to modern farcical comedy than to the classic English comedy in which he had been seen long before. Thus, in two pieces of Mr. Pinero's—wholly farcical in idea but written with the utmost smartness—he was very peculiarly successful. These were "The Schoolmistress" and "Dandy Dick." Both were produced and had long runs—at the Court Theatre, where Mr. Clayton was associated with Mr. Arthur Cecil in management and with Mrs. John Wood and Miss Rose Norreys in acting. Had Mr. Clayton lived, he would, during the present spring, have opened the new Court Theatre, almost on the site of the old.

MUSIO.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. J. A. DYKES, whose Pianoforte Trio was recently performed at the Popular Concerts, gave a pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall on Friday, February 24. Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue and Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses" tested his mechanical powers, and he came well out of the ordeal. In Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 27, No. 2) there was some good playing, though, at times, a little heavy. In three numbers from Schumann's "Phantasietücke" (Op. 12) and in a Nocturne and Scherzo by Chopin, one could scarcely hear the music for the notes—too much finger, too little soul. Mr. Dykes is young, and has, therefore, time to develop into a good pianist.

Mdme. Schumann appeared at the Monday Popular Concert, and interpreted Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (Op. 81A) as if she understood and felt every note. We need not dwell on her finished mechanism, delicate touch, and wonderful gradations of tone. There is no falling off whatever; and, judging by this first night's performance, Mdme. Schumann is likely to equal her triumphs of previous seasons. What makes her rendering of a great work so thoroughly satisfactory is the way in which she gives herself wholly up to the spirit of the music. Few, indeed, are the artists who can bring us into immediate contact, as it were, with the composer, and thus make us forget for the time the interpreter. Mdme. Schumann is one of these few. A hearty welcome greeted her when she ascended the platform, and, of course, the public insisted on an encore. Mdme. Schumann was gracious, and gave, with wonderful fire and charm, Schumann's Romanze, in D minor, from Op. 32. Mr. Chappell's programme included another attraction. Beethoven's Quartet in C sharp minor, with Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti as interpreters, is perhaps one of the greatest treats which the *habitués* of these concerts can have. Wagner spoke of it as an "immediate revelation from another world." What it is a revelation of, or whence it comes, we do not know; but this much is certain, that it carries us far away from ordinary everyday existence. Miss Liza Lehmann was the vocalist. The concert concluded with Mozart's Divertimento in E flat, played by Messrs. Joachim, Straus, and Piatti.

On Tuesday evening an oratorio, entitled "Judith," by Dr. Jacob Bradford, was given at St. James's Hall, under the direction of the composer. Dr. Bradford, in selecting the story of the wise and beautiful widow who deceived Holofernes and cut off his head with a falchion, and thus delivered Israel out of the hands of their enemies, hit upon a stirring and, in a way, romantic

tale. But to make it interesting it required to be well told and well set. A series of verses from the book of Judith and passages from the Bible strung together without art or judgment, and music feebly imitating Handel's style, is, however, all that Dr. Bradford was able to offer. From the canons and fugues scattered through the score, it would seem as if the oratorio had been written as an exercise for the Doctor's degree at Oxford, which Dr. Bradford took some years ago. If so, the authorities must have winked at some of the passages. To get a degree no invention or gift of melody is needed; but a man ought to show a respectable knowledge of form, tonality, and be able to write for voices and instruments in an orderly and sensible manner. There was one little bit of local colour in the score, though we do not know if it was intentional on the part of the composer. "Drums, trumpets, and cymbals brayed and clashed in the Assyrian concerts," says Mr. Rowbotham, in his *History of Music*; and this sentence came to our mind in listening to some of Dr. Bradford's choruses. He was less happy in making the Israelites sing part of the Te Deum to the "Old Hundredth" (this was left out at the performance, chorus No. 7 being substituted for it) and indulge in a hymn, at sunset in the valley of Bethulia. We did not stop for the second part, not being tempted even by the prospect of an instrumental description of the decapitation of Holofernes, followed by a recitative and chorus of Assyrian soldiers, to the words "Behold Holofernes lieth upon the ground without a head. Woe unto us, who shall deliver us?" Of the performance it will suffice to say that Miss Anna Williams and the other vocalists did their best to make their parts acceptable. Mr. Stedman's choir boys sang well in the Sanctus.

The programme of the ninth orchestral concert at the Westminster Town Hall, on Wednesday evening, included no less than three English compositions by living artists. Such prominence given to native art deserves recognition. First came Dr. Bridge's Overture "La Morte d'Arthur," recently performed with great success at one of Mr. Henschel's concerts. It was conducted by the composer, and well received. Mr. J. F. Barnett contributed a Pianoforte Concerto in D minor, which was given at the Crystal Palace in 1876. The showy pianoforte part was fluently played by Miss E. Barnett. The music must have been written when the composer was strongly under the influence of Mendelssohn. There is a touch, too, of Weber in the second and third movements. In the second part of the programme came the first movement of a symphony by Mr. C. S. Macpherson, conductor of the society. The music and scoring betray a young hand. Wagner, not Mendelssohn, seems to be Mr. Macpherson's model. If it is fair to judge by one movement, we should say the composer would be heard to greater advantage in music of freer form. Songs were contributed by Miss M. Hall and Mr. Fulkerson. The room was crowded.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE *Meister* (No. 1) is a journal started by the London Branch of the Wagner Society. Translations from the master's literary works are to form a main feature of the undertaking. This first number, however, contains only a letter written by Wagner to Berlioz in 1860. Besides editorial articles there are others with signed names. It is to be hoped that this journal, while pursuing the laudable purpose of making Wagner's works and theories better known, will abstain from anything that may savour of man-worship, that it will be catholic in its judgments, and fair towards the opponents of Wagner's art-views.

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LITERATURE.

The Life of John William Colenso, D.D., Bishop of Natal. By the Rev. Sir G. W. Cox, Bart. In 2 vols. (Ridgway.)

THE life of an English bishop, whether home or colonial, is ordinarily not worthy of being had in such everlasting remembrance as biography has to confer. As a rule, the intellectual interest of such a life is nil, being either non-existent or suppressed; while, as regards its political or ecclesiastical interests, these have rarely the historical value which would entitle it to posthumous record. But the life of Bishop Colenso must be pronounced wholly exceptional. For the greater part of its chequered course it formed the centre of an enormous amount of controversial stir and activity—ecclesiastical, critical, and political—so that there can be no question of its claim to the biographical honours which Sir George Cox has in these portly volumes conferred upon it.

Whether the time has yet quite arrived to which the good bishop confidently appealed in his oft-quoted "*Securus judicatoribus terrarum*" may perhaps be doubted. The memories of the bitter controversies associated with his name are too recent for the *securus* judgment of at least that fragmentary and excitable portion of the *orbis terrarum*, the "religious world" of England. But Sir George Cox's book is so far opportune in that it is a statement of the case for the defence when the pleas for the prosecution had already been set forth in their most *ex parte* form. The lives of Bishop Colenso's arch-foes, Bishops Wilberforce and Gray, have for some time been before the world, and it is no more than just that the case for the Bishop of Natal should be set forth with at least equal knowledge and amplitude. The *orbis terrarum*, if it still lacks the remoteness of time needed for impassivity, has now at least sufficient material for arriving at impartiality.

In his treatment of the bishop's early life, Sir G. Cox displays the tact of the skilled biographer in laying stress on those precise attributes in the child and young man which developed into the conspicuous and memorable characteristics of the bishop of after years, especially his ingenuousness and unswerving devotion to truth. Like most of his contemporaries who were susceptible of such influences, young Colenso came early under the thought compelling inspiration of such teachers as Coleridge and Maurice, though it is clear that these extraneous forces were hardly more than accelerative. In the words of the Italian proverb, they aided *secondar l'onda corrente*, "to help onward the rolling wave" of his own eager truth-loving disposition. The crisis of his life came with his

appointment to the bishopric of Natal in 1853. Sir George Cox has correctly diagnosed the effect of this promotion on a man of Colenso's intellectual tendencies and moral temperament. It gave him just that independent scope and comparative freedom from traditional surroundings best adapted for bringing out his own native originality. It became a "new departure" as well of his intellectual and spiritual as of his ordinary life. The bishop describes the self-analysis thus forced on him in words so genuine and characteristic as to deserve quotation:

"To teach the truths of our holy religion to intelligent adult natives, who have the simplicity of children, but withal the earnestness and thoughtfulness of men—to whom these things are new and startling—... is a sifting process for the opinions of any teacher who feels the deep moral obligation of answering truly and faithfully and unreservedly his fellow man looking up to him for light and guidance, and asking—Are you sure of this? Do you know this to be true? Do you really believe that?" (vol. i., p. 156).

Probably not a few clerics among ourselves who teach the Christian faith with the somnolent acquiescence that long-existing methods and formulas engender would be considerably benefited by the galvanic shocks which the earnest queries of a thoughtful Buddhist or Brahmin, or even "an intelligent Zulu," would be likely to impart. As a rule, Christian teachers live so persistently in the upper stories of their ecclesiastical superstructure that they have lost sight of its foundations. Colenso was not the man to shirk questions dictated by the *saora fames* of knowledge or profound reverence for truth; nor, again, could he employ equivocation or subterfuge in answering them—least of all was he likely to suppress them with an *ex officio* assumption of superior knowledge or sacerdotal authority. Accordingly, when he came to deal with the questions, intellectual or moral, which his new life forced upon him, nothing can exceed the ingenuousness and straightforward candour of his method. One of the first difficulties he had to encounter was the question of polygamy. This he took up and determined, not from the standpoint of customary missionary usage—surcharged as it was with sacerdotal and dogmatic pretensions—but from the broader point of view of justice and Christian charity. In a similar spirit he considered the difficulties in Biblical criticism which the rudimentary teaching of his new flock and his translation of the Bible into the Zulu language forced on his attention. In short, Bishop Colenso's conduct as a missionary was animated by principles of simple justice and large-hearted Christian charity, which, however obvious they may seem, were not then, any more than they are now, the most conspicuous attributes of missionary work. The other worker in the same field with whom it is most natural to compare him was Bishop Selwyn, with whom, indeed, Colenso had many points in common. Probably Selwyn's intellectual interests and susceptibilities were less than Colenso's; but both were at least agreed as to the imperative need of civilising and humanising native converts before proceeding to induct them into the esoteric mysteries of Christianity. While not a few of Colenso's fellow missionaries in South Africa demonstrated their radical unfitness for

Christian pioneering by masquerading before their barbarian neophytes in fawdry ritualistic garb, and demanding from them instantaneous acquiescence in such dogmas as the apostolical succession, the eternity of hell torments, &c., Colenso, while limiting his teaching to such simple truths as the All Fatherhood of God, put forth his practical energy in educating his people, teaching them as well by example as precept to build better houses, to cultivate their fields, to read their language, and in that language to peruse portions of the Bible and other books which the bishop's labours as a translator and printer continually set before them.

That the bishop's manly independence and undeviating devotion to truth, both in the fields of missionary work and of Biblical criticism, should have exposed him to hostility seems to me inevitable. His conclusions as to the teaching best adapted for Christian missionaries were set forth in his commentary on the Epistle to the Romans published in 1861; while his lectures on Biblical criticism, begun about a year later by the publication of the first part of his work on the Pentateuch, were continued in a series of similar works up to 1874. On the effects of these publications, and the manifold controversies to which they gave rise, I have no space to dwell; nor, indeed, is it needful. The events themselves are recent, and Sir George Cox's recapitulation of them, which I heartily commend to readers of the ACADEMY, is so complete and exhaustive as to render further remark superfluous. No unprejudiced reader could, in my opinion, rise from the perusal of the narrative—whether it comes before him for the first time, or recalls to his memory what he has already known—without a feeling of pained disgust at the petty and ignoble persecution to which the good bishop was subjected for so many years. Societies for the promotion of the Gospel and Christian knowledge, with a curiously ironical disregard of their fundamental functions; bishops and clerics of all kinds, with a terrified apprehension which augured little for the stability of their own convictions; the so-called religious press—all combined together in maligning, persecuting, obstructing, and boycotting both ecclesiastically and socially, the Bishop of Natal. Doubtless the decisions of the law courts were in his favour, and he could claim besides a minority headed by Bishops Thirlwall and Tait and Dean Stanley, who were not able, in their zeal for traditional Christianity, to forget the rudimentary obligations of sobriety, justice, and charity; but, on the whole, the attitude of the English Church to one of the wisest and most devoted of her sons during the greater part of his life was such as to leave an indelible stain on her history. As a personal friend of the bishop, Sir George Cox's standpoint in describing these events is that of a partizan; but his partizanship is avowed and justified. Professing to hold a brief for Colenso, he continually places before his readers extracts from the briefs of his enemies. Indeed, so far from disregarding the position of the bishop's foes, he has been unduly lavish of his attentions. It was hardly worth while wasting so much ratiocination on the puerile critical lisplings of the Speaker's Commentary; and the imbecile proceedings of the

so-called Cape Town trial are treated at a length wholly out of proportion to their intrinsic worthlessness.

If the main object of a biography be not only to record a history, but to present a true and lively portrait—what the Germans call a *Charakterbild*—there can be no question of the success of Sir George Cox's work. His volumes depict a strikingly noble and generous character; and the result is attained, not by the partial leniency of a devoted friend, but mainly by the unconscious instrumentality of its object's self-portraiture in letters and private documents, which were never meant to see the light. The good bishop's behaviour under trials and difficulties of no common magnitude has already secured the cordial approval of all genuine Christians, and its record in these volumes constitutes the best religious biography of our time. The author may have had a certain artistic intention in dwelling—with what some would call undue length—on the bishop's noble warfare with Philistinism and obscurantism. He may have wished, by attention to the minutest details, to make the traits and colours of his portrait more impressively faithful. Certainly nothing can be more remarkable than the achieved result. To meekness, ingenuousness, and an unfaltering devotion to truth, Colenso united indomitable courage and an inflexible patience. To more than one of his vituperative foes, who had learned Christ in the school of sacerdotal intolerance, he might have retorted in the words of an old commentator on Boethius, "Tu didicisti maledicere, sed ego didici maledicta contemnere." Probably the bishop's lot would have been happier had the harmlessness of the dove in his disposition been blended with a larger adulteration of the wisdom of the serpent—had he been endowed with an ampler capacity for circumspection, diplomatic astuteness, and mere mundane prudence and reticence. No instance in recent biography is more conclusive as to the inexpediency of a man's "wearing his heart upon his sleeve for daws to peck at." The daws in his case were not unmindful of their ignoble propensities. We cannot, therefore, wonder that he bore to the grave a torn and lacerated, if not broken, heart.

Sir George Cox describes his biography as a vindication of his maligned and persecuted friend; but the bishop has another and still more potent vindication—that of his own favourite court of final appeal—the impassive sentence of the *orbis terrarum*. All the causes which he advocated against such powerful odds are already triumphing. The humaner methods and principles of missionary work which he helped to inaugurate are forcing themselves with increasing emphasis on Christian churches. The dogmas of traditionalism which he opposed are continually receiving larger and more liberal interpretations. The late date of the Hexateuch—the great question of his life—is become (as readers of the *ACADEMY* might have noticed for themselves in Dr. Neubauer's recent review) a generally received opinion, both among continental critics and leading Hebraists in this country. In a word, the objects for which the good bishop suffered such unmerited persecution are asserting themselves as unquestioned verities; and the prophecy

uttered by Dean Stanley in the rooms of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and, therefore, in the very focus and parliament of Colenso-persecutors—that the bishop's memory would live when his enemies were forgotten—is now in rapid process of fulfilment.

The space at my disposal is exhausted, and I have no room to discuss the bishop's intervention in South African politics during the later years of his life, though Sir G. Cox's luminous narrative of these events forms one of the most interesting portions of his biography. That Colenso was actuated by the purest of motives is now universally admitted. What is not so well known is that his political foresight has been amply justified by the events. But the story of the miserable incertitude and incredible mismanagement which seems to characterise our Colonial Office in its administration of South African affairs is humiliating to the last degree, though its truth is fully borne out by Mr. Froude and other independent judges. If this is a fair illustration of the method in which our imperial concerns are managed, the stability of the empire which could survive such maladministration will soon have to be based upon the miraculous supervision by which the Jew in Boccaccio's story accounted for the power of the church of Rome.

That Sir George Cox's *Life of Colenso* is destined to achieve a permanent literary success I cannot doubt. It will have no small value, independently of its biographical narrative, as a masterly vindication of Liberal Christianity; while to those who know personally or by fame the late bishop it will have the further worth of an enduring memorial. Mr. Ruakin recently gave his large diamond to the nation on condition that it should bear Colenso's honoured name. Not less lustrous or permanent is Sir George Cox's monument, on which he might have inscribed Mr. Ruakin's characteristic words: "In honour of his friend, the loyal and patiently adamant first Bishop of Natal."

JOHN OWEN.

Transcripts and Studies. By Edward Dowden. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

PROF. DOWDEN possesses in a remarkable degree the power, of which he speaks in one of these papers, "of getting to the heart of great books." He has also the rarer power of getting to the heart of great writers of books. If he were regarded only as a critic and interpreter of other men's works, and of their lives and genius, his criticisms are so much informed with sympathy, and his interpretations are so fresh and living and vigorous, that they would give a new significance to the office of critic and interpreter. But no one who is familiar with Prof. Dowden's writings, and especially no one who reads this volume, will deny to him those higher qualities which go to the making of literature. While he gives us the key to other men's thoughts he throws light upon them by the effulgence of his own. Literature, as he tells us, is itself an interpretation, while it is also an independent revelation of human life; and, in a like sense, Prof. Dowden's interpretations reveal to us new possibili-

ties and fresh ideals—they make human life bigger, nobler, and more beautiful. That, I think, must be the feeling of any student who follows Prof. Dowden through two, in particular, of the papers in this volume—the articles on "Victorian Literature" and "The Interpretation of Literature." I confess that they have awakened in me quite a new sense of the greatness of what I dimly realised to be great before. They have set men and ideas in a true perspective; and, above all, they have brought out the divine idea of the literature of the later half of the century with a clearness and fullness scarcely given to it before. To get at the secret of such minds as Carlyle's and Newman's, of George Eliot's and Robert Browning's—to realise how much and how little we owe to the true and false prophets, to the wise and vain teachers—to do this in the space of a hundred pages implies no ordinary power of teaching in the writer.

Prof. Dowden's is a devout mind. The discoveries of science have not made man's life less spiritual for him by the new light thrown on the material past of humanity. This very past suggests, indeed, an admirable reflection:

"If, moreover, the conviction that we and all that surrounds us have been so largely determined by the past sometimes weighs on us with tyrannous power, the thought that we in our turn are shaping the destinies of future generations becomes a moral motive of almost irresistible force, compelling us to high resolve and dutiful action."

In a passage of keen satire he rebukes the critical spirit in which a well-known writer treats of things pertaining to religion:

"Theology, once the science of sciences, is said to be superseded, and in its place we have got a 'science of religions.' God, to whom once all highest hopes and fears tended and were referred, the living God whom man, His creature, might love and adore and obey, has been superannuated, and we are requested to cultivate henceforth enthusiasm on behalf of 'a stream of tendency' which 'makes for righteousness.' Or perhaps it is more in harmony with the principles of a scientific age to direct our devout emotions to the great ensemble of humanity: 'O ensemble of humanity, thou art my ensemble; early will I seek thee: my soul thirsteth for thee in a dry and thirsty land where no water is.' Or yet again may it not be that we can dispense with this awkward ensemble—a leviathan of pettinesses—and recognising the existence of an Unknowable, may possess in that recognition the essence of all religions: 'Sing unto the Unknowable, O ye saints of its, and give thanks at the remembrance of its unknowableness.'"

It would certainly, as Prof. Dowden says, take us some time to get used to the new psalmody.

Within the covers of this volume are papers on (or concerning) Carlyle, Shelley, Shakspeare, Spenser, Milton, Wordsworth, Browning. Nor do these exhaust the list. They are all reverently written, in the spirit which the writer tells us is better than hero-worship—that of "cheerful and trustful fraternity."

"The great master is better pleased to find a brother than a worshipper or a serf; and only to a brother, no matter though he be a younger brother, will he lay bare his heart."

The Carlyle paper is a transcript of parts of

eleven out of twelve lectures, "On the History of Literature, or the Successive Periods of European Culture," delivered by Carlyle in London in 1837-38. The transcript has a peculiar interest from the fact that the lectures have not been printed. If the MS. of the report of the eleven lectures is at Prof. Dowden's disposal will he not publish the whole of it? Carlyle is evidently one of the elder brethren whom Prof. Dowden has lived most with. His intense earnestness and tenderness, his strong loves and antipathies, are all qualities discernible in these pages. Though there is no resemblance of style, yet in the more plastic diction which we have here the bold and vehement thoughts that continually flash out are very suggestive of Carlyle. In the "Last Words on Shelley," Prof. Dowden supplements his Life of the poet by a critical estimate of his genius and character. The Life was properly left to tell its own story and present its own portraiture; but since no one is better qualified than Prof. Dowden—and few are so well qualified—to pronounce a critical judgment on Shelley, it is well that he has given us this further chapter.

I am conscious that this is a very meagre and inadequate notice of a book of exceptionally high mark. But with all earnestness I commend the book itself, to the student and general reader alike, as one of the best literary first-fruits of the year.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

Commons and Common Fields. By T. R. Scrutton. (Cambridge: University Press.)

MR. SCRUTTON'S essay on the history and policy of the laws relating to commons obtained in 1886 the Yorke Prize, which was founded a few years ago in the University of Cambridge for the promotion of the study of the law of property. The author has wisely limited the scope of his work to two principal points, with the addition of some general suggestions as to the preservation of open spaces near large towns. The first part of the essay deals chiefly with the current theories of the origin of commoners' rights in England. Mr. Scrutton seems to prefer the view that they began in almost every case with an actual grant from a Norman landowner. He perhaps hardly allows sufficiently for the tolerance which retained the ancient agricultural usages among the tenants of the new lords, even when the extent and meaning of those usages were very imperfectly understood. In connexion with this part of the subject he is compelled to attack the vexed question of the origin of manors in this country. He appears to be attracted by the theory made popular by Mr. Seebohm, which represents "manors" as existing in Roman times, and as being taken over bodily by the English invaders; but he reconciles the followers of Blackstone with the believers in a continuity of the imperial civilisation by pointing out that, at any rate, every estate was given at the Norman Conquest to some absolute owner, without whose leave no ancient tenure or rights of common could have continued to exist. He does not go very fully into the question as to how it was that

the system of estate management which prevailed under the empire came to be copied rather closely in the case of a French fief, and more distantly and vaguely in the case of an English soke. Nor do we find much fresh light in his account of the ancient agricultural tenures. A full history of the English manor will have much more to say about the freeholders, who are often confused, under the common title of *villani*, with the serfs by birth, and with the freemen who held lands on the same terms as the serfs, except that their contracts were terminable.

The second part of the work, which deals with a subject better known in detail and more interesting to the general public, contains a lucid and well-sustained account of the policy of the legislation and the practice of the landowners with regard to inclosures. Mr. Scrutton has studied the subject thoroughly, and will carry his readers with him, without any flagging of interest, through several chapters in which he describes the earliest improvements effected either under the Common Law or the Statutes of Merton and Westminster, the growth of sheep-farms and the change of husbandry, caused incidentally by the influx of the precious metals from America, the extension of deer parks, and the terrible depopulation of the villages under the Tudor sovereigns. In his account of the seventeenth century he enlarges especially on the draining of the fens, and on the revival of the royal rights in the forests, which were soon to be disafforested and broken up after the close of the Civil War. The eighteenth century is marked by "the policy of agricultural gain"; and Mr. Scrutton here draws a very just distinction between the advantages accruing from the division of the ill-managed common-fields and the less obvious gain resulting from the inclosure of the wastes and commons which had never been subject to cultivation. The great rush of Inclosure Acts may have been good for the country as a whole; but there is no doubt that the interests of the poor were treated with a carelessness which has led to very evil results. The movement for supplying allotments to the labouring class would not have been required had proper provision for fields, gardens, and pasture fields been generally made upon an inclosure. The policy of the present day is to maintain open spaces in the neighbourhood of crowded towns, not only for purposes of recreation, but because they are also required as lungs and breathing-places and as a protection against "the adulteration of the air" in thickly-populated districts. Mr. Scrutton traces the course of modern legislation on this part of the subject from the introduction of the Metropolitan Commons Act to the Commons Act of 1876, with which, as he points out, the statutory history practically closes, "though the battle of inclosures is fought every year in Parliament" in connexion with a few schemes of the Land Commissioners and a good many private bills of railway companies and other public bodies.

C. ELTON.

TWO BOOKS ON SOUTH AMERICA.

Zephyrus: a Holiday in Brazil and on the River Plate. By E. R. Pearce Edgcombe, (Chatto & Windus.)

The Amazonian Provinces of Peru as a Field for European Emigration. By H. Guillaume. (Wyman.)

Zephyrus is the result of a flying visit made to parts of Brazil, Uruguay, and the Argentine States by the author and his wife early in the year 1886. It records some novel experiences and many shrewd observations on the social and political condition and future prospects of those lands in a pleasant vivacious style, which, however, occasionally becomes slightly familiar, as when the so-called "Bahia oranges" are described as "such juicy fellows, melting in the mouth." Nor are the historical references always quite trustworthy, as when we are told that Rio de Janeiro, rightly enough stated to be a misnomer, was so called because its Jesuit (*sic*) discoverers first entered the bay on St. John's day. Here the conversion of the valiant French Huguenot, Nicholas Durand Villegaignon, into a Romish Jesuit is only equalled by the confusion between St. John and the month of January (Janeiro).*

But such slips are rare, and wherever Dr. Edgcombe speaks at first hand his statements may be accepted with implicit confidence. On many points his remarks are of considerable value, and he deserves no little credit for being almost the only English writer who carefully distinguishes between the hopelessly degenerate Brazilian whites of the tropical regions and the vigorous enterprising Hispano-Lusitanians of the southern provinces. Thus the pure Portuguese element in Pernambuco

"seemed as if they drooped under the scorching blaze of the tropical sun, many of them looking as if visibly touched by the finger of death. To the effect of the climate are probably due, in a large degree, the many cripples and deformities in human shape we could not avoid noticing."

The moral standard is at the same low ebb, the universal dishonesty being summed up in the remark made to the writer by a native in somewhat broken English—"There is no place where they miss more the truth." Hence the decided antagonism that exists between these decrepit and unprogressive peoples and "the comparatively energetic dwellers in South Brazil"—a feeling which, combined with other causes, may lead to the dismemberment of the empire after the death of Dom Pedro II., and the union of the southern provinces with the conterminous and far more congenial state of Uruguay.

In the Banda Oriental, as this republic is familiarly called, the holiday-makers met with some unpleasant experiences. The country was just then in the throes of the revolution which resulted in the attempted assassination

* Villegaignon was not the actual discoverer, as the bay was sighted in 1515 by de Solis, but he was the founder of the first European settlement. It was named Rio de Janeiro ("River January") by the Portuguese navigator Martim Affonso de Souza in 1531, because he sailed into the bay, supposing it to be a river, on January 1 of that year. No Jesuits were heard of on this seaboard until after the expulsion of the French Protestants by the Portuguese in 1567.

and expulsion of President Santos, and the appointment of his successor, General Tajes. Hence, on reaching Salto on the Uruguay river, the first sight they saw was

"a long cavalcade of soldiers and national guards in charge of a large number of the most scrubby, miserable, dejected-looking wretches one ever would wish to see. Following the cavalcade came a train of waggons containing the wounded, who uttered groans as the great lumbering, springless vans, each drawn by eight or ten horses, jolted horribly over the rough road. The streets were thronged, but dead silence reigned, for the sympathies of the people were with the beaten revolutionists."

The disastrous effects of these incessant and mostly aimless disturbances are here clearly pointed out; and, strange to say, the cause of the evil is partly traced to the presidency, which, both in Uruguay and "Argentina," is practically a despotism. This office gives to the head of the state an enormous amount of personal influence, which, on the one hand, makes the presidency the prize of rival factions, and on the other holds out every inducement to the party in power to cling to office, on the principle of *beati possidentes*.

"Everywhere the sweets of power are attractive, and men are reluctant to descend from the presidential throne. Why is it, one cannot help asking, that republics have presidents? Surely the logical position of a republic is that of a state without a president. Switzerland is the true ideal republic."

These words seem to acquire a deep significance from recent events in France, where for the moment it appeared as if the presidency had fallen into irrecoverable disrepute.

But a worse institution by far than the presidency our travellers found the lazaretto at Monte Video, where they were detained in quarantine for a week because of the prevalence of yellow fever in the Brazilian ports whence they hailed. The lazaretto occupies a low rocky islet in the La Plata estuary, ironically named the Isla de Flores, where not a blade of grass will grow, but where a more plentiful crop of human miseries may be gathered than in any other spot of equal extent, except perhaps a Russian State prison.

"The real hardships of the lazaretto were the unsavoury food and unsavoury smells. We were given black coffee and sour bread every morning. There was butter, too, but it was quite uneatable. Milk was an extra, costing eight shillings a pint. After the airing of garments was over we had *déjeuner*, with oily soup and various chunks of hard meat cooked in oil, about as tough and gristly as the hardest india-rubber, some very repulsive vegetables, an apple each, *vin ordinaire*, and black coffee. Dinner at five was somewhat more ample, as far as food went, but not more palatable. Our meals were one prolonged groan from beginning to end from the partakers thereof. . . . The only vestige of amusement we could extract from our dinner arose from the erratic times at which the pudding appeared, often at the beginning, sometimes in the middle, but never at the end. Once we tried a very lean and hungry chicken, for which, being an extra, we paid eight shillings. The only satisfactory extras we indulged in were poached eggs at tenpence a piece."

There is a hospital attached to this establishment, which, however, the doctors do not visit through fear of infection, "but prescribe by telephone!"

Things were, on the whole, much pleasanter in the Argentine States, although even here the mosquitoes were found to be a terrible nuisance in some of the riverain districts. Travellers bound for regions infested by this pest will be glad to hear that a sure and simple remedy is a candle,

"the flame of which should be held about an inch off the wall, and four inches above the mosquito, as he sits perched, airing his hind legs on the wall; then slowly lower the flame down upon the enemy, and when it reaches him he will give a splutter and fall dead into the hot grease. Mosquitoes seem to be spell-bound by a candle flame; and by resort to this method of destruction a room may be converted in a few minutes from a veritable inferno into a place of rest."

Like all recent observers, Dr. Edgcumbe speaks highly of the rapid progress and future prospects of the more favoured states of the Argentine Republic. These new and fertile lands are already attracting an enormous stream of Italian immigration (as many as 125,000 in the year 1886), and persons well acquainted with the British colonies

"assured me that not one of them could be compared with the River Plate as to natural advantages. Their opinions appear to be confirmed by the fact that I came across several persons who were settled in the Plate and doing well, after having tried their luck without success either in Australia, New Zealand, or the Cape."

But this statement, which is not here made for the first time, must be received with great caution, as it by no means applies to all classes of British emigrants. The same remark is still more needed in respect of the attractive picture held out to English capitalists and intending settlers by Mr. Guillaume on behalf of "the Amazon Provinces of Peru." His book may be described as an enlarged English edition of a pamphlet issued in Lima in the year 1885 by an association calling itself the "Society for the Exploration and Colonisation of Peru," of which society Mr. Guillaume is the delegate member, as well as Consul-General for Peru in Southampton. Some idea of its multifarious but somewhat ill-digested contents may be had from the sub-title, which runs:

"A statistical and geographical review of the country and its resources, including the gold and silver mines, together with a mass of useful and valuable information, with map and illustrations."

The map, which is on a large scale, being based on Paz Soldan's excellent atlas, will be found trustworthy, although not very clearly printed. There are several other smaller maps, which appear to have been prepared by Erhard Frères for a French edition, and which here retain their French nomenclature. The illustrations are also numerous, and on the whole much better than might be expected in a work of this sort. Among them is a charming photograph of "A Party of Ladies and Gentlemen of Lima giving a Concert for a Charitable Purpose," which conveys an impressive idea of the decidedly handsome Limeño type. A large portion of the work is naturally devoted to the vast mineral resources of the country; and this section, which is excellently done, is supplemented by a long appendix on "The Gold Mines of Peru," translated from A. Raimondi's

paper in the *Anales de Construcciones Civiles y de Minas del Peru* (Lima, 1857).

Most of the rest of the work consists also of translations or extracts generally from good authorities—such as Orton, Clement Markham, Olivier Ordinaire, Patson, Von Tschudi—on the climate, geology, natural history, inhabitants, trade, statistics, railways, industries and so forth, of the whole of Peru and not merely of its Amazonian Provinces.

Everything is, of course, placed in the most favourable aspect for the compiler's object, which is confessedly to attract British capital and British settlers to the eastern provinces of Peru, drained by the Amazons and its numerous head-streams. Thus, the somewhat glowing description of the climate contains the statement that "instances are not rare of Indians living to 120 or 130 years of age, and retaining full possession of their bodily and mental powers." Then follows the passage from Stevenson about the remarkable longevity of the Indians in the Barranca district, and especially the case of the Jauja Indian said to have been born in 1697 and still alive in 1839, consequently 142 years old in that year. Ten years more and Peru also would have its Old Parr. In the preface surprise is expressed that "this immense territory, so fertile and abounding in the richest mercantile products should still remain ignored by commercial enterprise." But surely Mr. Guillaume must be aware that the Peruvian bondholders could, if consulted, readily explain the enigma.

A. H. KEANE.

Wealth and Welfare. By Commander Hastings Berkeley, R.N. (John Murray.)

Of the couple designated by the title the external factor first comes under attention. "The present economic condition of the United Kingdom" is considered in the light afforded by the Royal Commission on the Depression of Trade. The author balances the report of the majority with that of the dissentient minority. He inclines to the more depressed scale—the less hopeful estimate. This is not the place to do justice to an argument which turns upon a nice manipulation of figures. We recommend to the statistical expert a careful consideration of our author's political arithmetic. The moderation of his tone, his willingness to admit that those with whom he sides are liable to error, create a pleasant impression of candour. We may say as much of his chapter on recent changes in distribution. He concludes that the diminution in large manufacturers' profits has been partly compensated by the rise of small capitalists.

In entering on the consideration of distribution we pass to the second portion of the joint subject. The relation of wealth to welfare, the subordination of means to ends, is philosophically conceived:

"We must not look solely to the 'how much of gain here and loss there, but, if I may so express it, to the 'how borne' of it. You may strike a thousand different men with a feather and not do one of them an injury; but if you strike one man with the accumulated force of the thousand blows you will kill him."

This image is employed to illustrate the possible effects of a well-directed policy of

protection. Consumers in general might suffer a slight and almost inappreciable inconvenience; while one class of producers—in particular the agricultural interest—might be saved from ruin. This consideration of the advantages which, in conceivable cases, might result from protection appears to us to form a useful intellectual exercise; but we regret that Commander Berkeley, in his attacks upon the "orthodox political economy," should have taken for his guide Carlyle, whom he compares to the prophet Isaiah. Had he studied the new, instead of declaiming against the old, political economy, he would have found almost all his speculations anticipated in a recent work upon the principles of political economy. Under the government of an evenly balanced intellect, he would have poised more justly the considerations to which he attaches so much weight. He might have doubted whether a government could be found wise enough or strong enough to carry out the beneficent regulation which he contemplates. He would have asked less confidently

"whether the present Board of Trade, invested with greater powers, might not, in conjunction with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, exercise a selective action, guided in it according to the changing condition of production in our own and foreign industries."

A mild tincture of protection is not the only remedy prescribed by our author. He is in favour of taxing luxuries. He would impose a heavy, not to say a confiscatory, legacy-duty on the inheritance of "paper property"—that is shares and scrip of all kinds constituting "orders on the property or productive industry of others." Without accepting his particular suggestions, we think he does good service in clearing away the general prepossessions—the idols of the market-place—by which many powerful minds are deterred from even entertaining projects of social reform. The rigid dogma of *laissez-faire*, as laid down by Mr. Herbert Spencer, is soon disposed of. The doctrine of "differentiation and specialisation of parts" does not go far to prove that political decentralisation is the law of evolution. Commander Berkeley asks with authority—

"How does the reader suppose it would answer to curtail the authority of the captain on our modern line-of-battle ships, on the ground that the services to be performed by the several parts of the whole are now more difficult and complicated than they were in Nelson's day?"

Again, the Darwinian struggle for life is shown to have a very indirect bearing upon the principle of industrial competition. If the writer is asked, To what limit are we to push interference with open competition? he replies, "To the limit which commonsense and honesty of purpose shall in every case point out to us."

"That middle," he says, "which has been excluded from the realms of metaphysical thought has taken refuge and will bring comfort to the common of mortals. . . . Is it not, after all, he asks, that the *very fin mot* of legislation is neither Conservatism nor Radicalism nor Socialism, but Opportunism in its best sense?"

These and other remarks directed against the "Principle-mongers" appear to contain much

common sense. If they are not very original, they are at any rate well worth repeating. If they are not perfectly accurate, they are at least what an increasing number of intelligent persons regard as truth.

F. Y. EDGEWORTH.

NEW NOVELS.

The Woman he Loved. By A. N. Homer. In 3 vols. (White.)

A Voice in the Wilderness. By Caroline Fothergill. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Virginia Tennant. By the author of "Christina North," &c. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Island; or, An Adventure of a Person of Quality. By Richard Whiteing. (Longmans.)

Four Ghost Stories. By Mrs. Molesworth. (Macmillan.)

A Romance of the Queen's Hounds. By Charles James. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mrs. Smallbrams's Lodgers: a Christmas Tale. By Henry Hammond. (Sonnenschein.)

Izora: a Mystery. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

THE development of a soul through the influence of love is by no means a novel subject in fiction, but it is one capable of almost infinite diversity of treatment; and Mr. Homer has shown, in *The Woman he Loved*, that he is fully competent to deal with so subtle a theme. For that is the real text of the book. All side issues apart, the purification of Ada Devereaux is the main source of interest, and the point upon which the chief action of the piece turns. She is a young widow, highly gifted, both physically and intellectually, but utterly devoid of heart, whose one object in life, in the Indian home where we are first introduced to her, is to ensnare men for the dear delight of laughing them to scorn. This rather fiendish amusement is a systematic revenge upon the sex for her own ill-treatment as a girl. It seems a little improbable that a mere disappointment in love should so harden and embitter a warm and loving nature; and, since there is no hint that she had in any way committed herself as a girl, one hardly sees why Ada should so much have dreaded the fact that Geoffrey Carelesse was aware of her identity. Carelesse, an officer stationed at Calcutta, is one of the fair widow's many victims, whom she appears, for her own ends, to encourage, while secretly receiving the advances of his friend, Gerard Clarencourt, a young Cornish squire on his travels, little more than a boy, whom she supposes to be very wealthy, and determines to marry. As a matter of fact, the young squire, as simple hearted a gentleman as ever lived, was, until his majority at twenty-five, almost entirely dependent upon his mother, a scheming woman of fashion, whose love the poor lad had vainly tried to win, and who hated him as the prospective owner of her late husband's wealth. Carelesse is ordered to the Afghan frontier, and leaves, after registering a terrible vow of vengeance against any man who may find favour in his mistress's eyes; while she, as soon as the coast is clear, starts for home in

Gerard's company. The episode of their voyage is, perhaps, the most striking in the novel, and gives Mr. Homer scope for the exhibition of descriptive powers of a high order. It need only be noted, in particular, that the hero rescues a sailor from drowning, through whose gratitude both he and Mrs. Devereaux are saved when the ship founders; and that, after sundry stirring adventures, they arrive safely in London, and get privately married. There Ada lays aside her mask. The truth as to Gerard's circumstances—of which he had never thought for a moment—is revealed; and, after enduring a torrent of abuse, he leaves her, stunned and horrified by the discovery of her treachery. He goes abroad, striving to forget her; but, impelled by his unconquerable love, he returns, only to find that she has vanished, and settles down moodily at the paternal estate. The fact is that, after his departure, remorse awakened in Ada's breast; and, on becoming a mother, she discovered that she had insensibly fallen in love with her husband, refused to touch his allowance, and, reassuming her former name, retired to Sidcombe, the next village to his estate, to live in seclusion and yet be near him. So there they live, close to each other, and yet Gerard is ignorant of the fact. Is it not rather unlikely that this could have happened in a gossiping little seaside place? Meanwhile, Carelesse has been cashiered, on account of a gross breach of military discipline for which every gentleman must hold him excused, and comes home to find himself disinherited and reduced to a state of poverty, which cannot have been so very abject, since he smoked cigars, instead of contenting himself with a pipe. He traces Ada to Sidcombe, and then comes the tragedy of the story. It is neither necessary nor desirable to describe this exactly; suffice it to say that the excitement is worked up to the highest pitch, yet without a suspicion of melodrama. The novel is a good one, and may very likely be followed by others equally good, or even better. The *dramatis personae* are well and individually drawn, many of the scenes are striking, and, as has been said, there is considerable descriptive power. But Mr. Homer must be warned against slipshod construction. In the second volume we find the following passage, *à propos* of Sir George Fabyn: "The fortunate Croesus sat within, surrounded by every luxury that money could pay for and art devise—easy lounges, rich Eastern mats, a superb *physique*, a first-rate cigar."

Notwithstanding a certain amount of cleverness, *A Voice in the Wilderness* must be described as an uncomfortable book; and—if we except, to a certain extent, the hero and heroine—Miss Fothergill may claim to have originated about as objectionable a set of people as it has ever been our ill-fortune to meet with. It is not so much the Hardcastles—they were merely humdrum, wearisome Philistines; but what is to be said of the Wentworth household? Imagine a family in which the children were allowed to turn the drawing-room into a bear-garden, to insult their parents' guests with impunity, and to use a gallows as their favourite toy! The author may have thought that she was depicting nice, spirited children—after the manner of *Ravenshoe*—but she has only succeeded in drawing a parcel of vulgar brats, who, if

their mother had not been a perfect fool, would have been well whipped and sent to bed. Then the Richmonds, brother and sister: Bertha all but proposes to a married man, and she and the doctor lay themselves out to prove to him that he may justifiably live in open, if legalised, adultery with another woman, because his unhappy wife has become insane. But worse of all is the bigoted fanatic—the Rev. Mark Haalam. Where on earth the author got her idea of such a monstrous character is best known to herself. Here is a man, holding the office of an Anglican priest, habitually studying the *Imitatio Christi*—it must surely have been an expurgated edition—and using a crucifix in his private devotions, who has the impudence to preach rank Calvinism both in the pulpit and in private. And now it may be said that Antoinette Howard and her unacknowledged lover Richard Burland stand out brightly from amid their surroundings, though Antoinette was, perhaps, just a little inclined to be strong minded. Still she was a noble woman, whom it would have been a thousand pities to have seen sacrificed to the anomalous parson; and there is much true pathos in the brave way in which, on discovery of her own secret, she sets to work to live it down. It would have been too bad had such courage and fidelity gone unrewarded. Richard also is a fine, staunch fellow—although we think for our own part that he made a great if chivalrous mistake in keeping his mad wife under his own roof; of course, there came a moment when her attendant was off her guard, with a consequent catastrophe. There are some good scenes in the book, notably a graphic description of Antoinette and Burland lost in the mist on the Welsh mountains—the vivid truth of this must appeal to all who have ever been in a similar predicament; also the heroine's final refusal of Haalam, and their subsequent parting, are well told. May we point out that to "join issue" with other people does not mean to agree with them.

Virginia Tennant is as pretty and sympathetic a story as we have met with for a long time. There is nothing striking or sensational about it. The course of the heroine's trials is traced in a style which is simplicity itself, up to the happy ending; but there is a freshness and originality about the narrative which give it an indescribable charm. Virginia is the only child of a wealthy officer in the army, who, being obliged to go on active service, sends her with her French duenna, Mademoiselle Joseph, to stay with his sister, Mrs. Stansfield; whence arises an embroilment. There is a stepson at the park, to whom the estate will, under certain contingencies, eventually come, and whose position in the house is consequently none of the most comfortable, since, although he is virtually the master, he is always being made to feel himself *de trop* by his stepmother and her children. The proud, self-contained man, yearning for the affection that none will give him, and stigmatised by all as morose and hard, is a good study. Virginia, fresh from her quiet French home, comes as a new revelation to him, with her innocent prattle and unconventional ways; and need we say what was the result? The author excels in character drawing. The best figure, apart from

the chief two, is the kind-hearted old pessimist, Mademoiselle Joseph, always expecting the worst with the calmness of despair, and adoring her charge as she would have done an only daughter. We hope they let her live at La Vallière when all was set right, she would be so much happier there! The Stansfield family are also well drawn, especially the hypochondriacal invalid Emmeline, who, after all, had some warmth of feeling under the crust of selfishness, and Jack, a delightful young pickle, and perfect example of a public schoolboy. It strikes one that Virginia was rather an unreasonable young lady, as regards her relations to Norton, and it is well her impulsive conduct had no worse results; but we heartily recommend the book to all who can enjoy a pretty story. The author seems to have rather Spartan views, judging from the remark that Colonel Tennant had a fire "though it was early in October." For our own part, we have often been glad of one in June in this precious climate!

Mr. Whiteing has rather marred a very pretty romance of the South Seas by the introduction of a great deal of irrelevant satire on modern society in this country; all of which is bitter, some of it just, and a great deal of it very one-sided. For instance, when he indulges, as at p. 97, in diatribes against English Sundays, he must know that it is not true, in the present day, that in churches there is "the division of classes" of which he speaks; and in what sense can we be said to "have for ever lost" the secret of the brotherhood of man? No doubt there is a good deal of truth in what he says as to the condition of the poor; but the evil will not be set right by attempting to do away with distinctions of class. Even supposing such a state of things to be arrived at, how long could it last? And when he counsels the rich to "cut off some of the work that ministers but to your ease and luxury," one would fain learn how he proposes to recompense the toilers for the loss of that very work which is to them their daily bread. But there is wholesome, if bitter, satire in the chapter in which the wanderer, urged on by Victoria, advises the Ancient how to bring the so-called blessings of civilisation into Pitcairn's Island; and the materialist Yankee captain, who wanted to utilise all the brute creation down to the singing birds, is very funny, though he must have been a fearful trial on board-ship, where one could not get away. The idea of the story is that a certain young lord, finding the world out of joint, flees from civilised life, and is by accident cast on Pitcairn's Island, where he is most hospitably entertained by the gentle inhabitants, and lives happily in the company of the beautiful Victoria and her father until circumstances summon him home again. The description of the manners and customs, of the island, its laws, ceremonies, &c., are both curious and amusing, and are, we should imagine, the result of actual experience. The appeal in the cat case is particularly comic, and so is the idea of its being a legal offence for sweethearts to cut their names on a tree. All this is so good that we could have wished there had been more of it, and less of the "preachee-preachee," which can hardly have edified Victoria, and has certainly bored us.

Everything that Mrs. Molesworth writes is worth reading; but it might be almost a question whether she was altogether well advised in her latest attempt. It is superfluous to say that these Ghost Stories are well told; but, unless we are to understand that the author vouches for the actual truth of them, it seems almost a pity to make a little child, as in "Unexplained," the ghost-seer, the poor thing would be so frightened. Doubtless Mrs. Molesworth has some authority for so unusual a construction as "I should not have went." On the whole, "Lady Farquhar's Old Lady" is perhaps the most natural of these four tales.

A very pretty, though painfully tragic, story is *A Romance of the Queen's Hounds*. One can hardly believe in such a fiend as Bravo, and it was too bad of Mr. James to kill poor little Di Chesney; but it must be admitted that the story of her devotion is admirably told.

Mr. Hammond's little book is extremely amusing, as good a shillingworth, indeed, as we have met with for a long while; and we advise all who can enjoy a hearty, innocent laugh to make acquaintance with the troubles of the Smallbrane household. The good woman herself is almost worthy of a place by the side of the immortal Mrs. Brown, and the scene of the capture is capital. We shall be pleased to meet with Mr. Hammond again.

We must frankly own that we do not understand *Ixora*. It has to do with a mysterious Jewess who was burnt at Madrid, and then took to "walking," as the country folk say; but why she did so we have failed to discover. The verse in which much of the book is written is tolerable, in spite of a few cockney rhymes such as "dawning" and "morning." But if *Ixora* owned a New Testament, and prayed in the words here recorded, how came she to be burnt as a Jewess? B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

SOME FRENCH BOOKS.

Lettres Autographes composant la Collection de M. Alfred Bovet, décrites par Etienne Charavay. Ouvrage imprimé sous la direction de Fernand Calmettes. (Paris: Charavay Frères.) *Scripta manent*. Causeries à propos de la Collection d'Autographes de M. Alfred Bovet, par Philippe Godet. (Neuchâtel: Attinger Frères.) During the months of February and June 1884, and of June 1885, there was sold at the Hôtel Drouot the almost unrivalled collection of autographs gathered during the preceding fifteen years by M. Alfred Bovet, a gentleman of Swiss origin now domiciled in France. The number of lots exceeded 2,000; and the aggregate sum realised was 113,524 frs. (say £4,540). But totals of this sort fail to express the peculiar character of this collection. For M. Bovet was no mere amasser of miscellaneous signatures, such as we may conceive the vulgar autograph-hunter of America. He was an amateur of literary MSS. and historic documents—things which are capable of yielding as elevated a pleasure as the proofs of prints or the fine states of coins. It is understood that he has now succumbed to the modern weakness for specialisation; and that he parted with these treasures in order to concentrate his passion upon the autographs of composers and documents illustrating the history of music. But, though his collection is now scattered—some of the most valuable lots have, we believe, crossed the Atlantic—its fame will be rendered

imperishable among bibliophiles by this *édition de luxe* of the sale catalogue, which he has had prepared by M. Etienne Charavay, the scholar and palaeographer. The book, indeed, is worthy of the collection. It consists of about 1,000 pages grand quarto, printed by Claude Motteroz on specially manufactured paper, with a red border round each page. Almost every autograph described is reproduced in facsimile; while there are, in addition, no less than forty-nine photogravure plates of the most important documents. Here—to take a few French examples, which of course predominate—the curious may see the excessively rare signature of Molière, as surety to a bond, which M. Alexandre Dumas acquired for £100; four stanzas of Alfred de Musset's "Ballade à la Lune," with a sketch by the poet at the foot; the letter in which Victor Hugo announced his marriage to Lamennais, with these words:

"Je vais me marier . . . Je vous ai dit plusieurs fois que s'il y avait quelque dignité et quelque chasteté dans ma vie, ce n'était pas à moi que je le devais";

and the holograph documents in which A. Thiers, Jules Favre, Henri Rochefort, Jules Simon, and Jules Ferry swore obedience to the constitution and loyalty to the emperor before their election to the Chamber of Deputies in 1869. Among English men of letters we may mention Bacon (Fr. Verulam Canc., i.e., before he was created Viscount St. Albans); a beautiful specimen of Swift's calligraphy, written so late as 1735; a bond of Fielding in favour of his publisher for £1,892, sealed with a cameo; a letter of Hume to a French countess announcing his approaching death, which took place five days later; a letter by Byron, begging for a translation into Italian of a "plaguy long dissertation" at the end of a German version of *Manfred*; one from Shelley, at Pisa, to Byron, at Ravenna (September 17, 1820), referring to Allegra, asking for more cantos of *Don Juan*, and inquiring: "If I were to go to the Levant and to Greece, could you be of any service to me?" [this letter, we learn from Prof. Dowden's *Life of Shelley* (vol. ii., p. 330), had been sold in London at the Ridgeway sale in 1879. At the Bovet sale it fetched £20, the highest price for an English autograph being £32 for a letter of Burns]; and one from Thackeray to Philaret Chasles, with a characteristic sketch. To examine such documents as these, as we are permitted to do at our leisure in this Catalogue, may almost be termed a liberal education. The second title put at the head of this most inadequate notice is that of a privately printed quarto booklet, consisting substantially of articles that appeared in the *Bibliothèque Universelle* of Lausanne at the time of the sale. They are written by a compatriot of M. Bovet, who naturally draws attention to the Swiss documents in the collection. We must give a word of commendation to the Neuchâtel typography.

Poésies, traduites de l'anglais de Mary Robinson. Par J. Darmesteter. (Paris: Lemerre.) It is commonly asserted that poetry, if not frail unto death, is at least in a parlous state. Of the reading public there are three classes: those who never read poetry; those who talk a great deal about it, but seldom glance at anything in verse save a new volume by Lord Tennyson or Mr. Browning; and enthusiasts to whom it is the flower of literature and the best thing in life. It were needless to state that the first class constitutes an immense majority; but it is quite certain that the last class is far larger and more widespread than is generally supposed. Curiously enough, it is in France that the keenest love for poetry manifests itself. Not content with Chénier and Lamartine, Musset and Leconte de Lisle, François Coppée and Victor Hugo, and several

young men of promise, there seems to be a large number of French readers eager for the best work of contemporary German and English poets. Tennyson is fairly widely read abroad, and Browning is read about; as for Rossetti, his name is certainly more familiar in Parisian literary circles than is that of any contemporary French poet after Victor Hugo among ourselves. A magazine like *Le Monde poétique* is in itself a refutation of the prevalent assertion that the Muse has withdrawn from our midst in disgust. Putting aside M. Taine, Prof. Guizot, and the late J. Milsand, there are five young French writers who have done great service by their admirable essays upon, and translations of, English poets of the nineteenth century—MM. Paul Bourget, Lemaitre, Gabriel Sarrazin, Emile Hennequin, and James Darmesteter. It is the last of these who, with a profound belief in poetic enthusiasm, has here translated into French prose the verses of one of the most charming of our younger poets. M. Darmesteter has the triple advantage of a wide and sympathetic acquaintance with modern English literature, swift poetic insight, and an exceptionally delicate and nervous style of his own. Certainly Miss Mary Robinson could have had no abler translator; and, though there will always be a divergence of views about the relative value of prose and verse renderings, there can be little doubt that in the present instance M. Darmesteter's instinct towards a translation in prose guided him aright. The selections from Miss Robinson's four published volumes are made with discrimination, and, in the main, are so admirable that the French reader must wish he knew English for proof that the renderings were not superior to the originals. Of course, the absence of metrical cadence is a serious loss, more particularly when the translator comes to render the artificial measures which prevail in Miss Robinson's latest book, the *Italian Garden*. It is in the translation of the Strambotti, the Stornelli, the Riformate, and the Rispetti, that M. Darmesteter is least successful.

"Ce sont toujours les oliviers, gris ou blancs, comme l'amour est toujours l'amour dans les tourments ou la joie: Ce sont toujours les oliviers, froissés ou au repos, comme l'amour est toujours l'amour dans les pleurs ou le rire,"

is rhythmic prose, but it conveys little of the music of:

"But they are olives always, green or white,
As love is love in torment or delight;
But they are olives ruffled or at rest,
As love is always love in tears or jest."

On the other hand, how admirable is this prose rendering of the ultimate quatrain of the poem entitled "Dawn-Angels";

"Ils chantaient, et, comme un fleuve puissant, le flot de leur voix balaya la nuit: de l'Orient au Couchant courut un frisson blanc et leur chant grandissant devint le jour."

Among the longer pieces the "Conquest of Fairyland" and the "Prologue" to *The New Arcadia* are particularly excellent. The volume has an additional attraction in that it concludes with some five or six of Miss Robinson's best short poems, none of which has appeared in any of her books. That entitled "Darwinism" is a fine poetic presentment of a scientific theory, but hardly merits the importance attached to it by M. Darmesteter when he writes:

"La destinée, pourtant, est-elle absolument sans espoir? Non, répond la science même qui, la première, l'avait condamnée, et un Darwinisme idéaliste, héritier inattendu de la foi antique, jette soudain sur l'avenir de l'humanité le rayon d'une espérance étrange."

Histoire de Beaumarchais. Par Gudin de la Brenellerie. Edited by Maurice Tournoux. (Paris: Plon.) There are certain books of

which it is hardly a paradox to say that they are worth printing in order to make it clear that there is nothing particular in them; and the *Life of Beaumarchais*, by Gudin de la Brenellerie, hitherto "anecdotic" and known only by the extracts of M. de Lomenie, is in this class. Gudin, an industrious literary hack, was a very intimate friend of Beaumarchais, and was present at divers incidents of his friend's life—such as the scuffle with the Duke de Chaulnes; but he was also a friend of Beaumarchais's widow, and his "Life" has a little too much the character of an authorised and official apology to be really of first value, and much too much of that character to give any satisfaction on the subject of the famous Angellucci-Hatkinson mystification, Beaumarchais' own story of which he repeats with imperturbable gravity and an enviable conviction. But the life is well written and readable. There are a few anecdotes in the other and popular sense of the word, including one—not, it is true, of much importance—about Marie Antoinette (who is said to have in the Temple expressed contrition for the royal treatment of Gudin's immaculate friend), and the whole is a characteristic example of a kind of eighteenth-century work which was not the worst kind. M. Tournoux's editing is, it is hardly necessary to say, admirable; the introduction on Gudin being, in brief space, exhaustive; and the notes, though not lavish, always to the point and adequate, and sometimes—as in the case of the Angellucci business—copious enough to make reference elsewhere for ordinary purposes quite unnecessary. There has been a great burst of second-hand literature about the creator or recreator of *Figaro* lately. This is a first-hand piece of work of a first-rate kind, though in a small way.

La Rage et St. Hubert. Par Henri Gaidoz. (Paris: Picard.) This is the first volume of a series entitled "Bibliotheca Mythica," of which M. Gaidoz is the general editor, and which is to consist of works on religions, mythology, and folklore. The editor has set before his collaborators a model of excellence which they will find it difficult to surpass. The book, while full of matter which will be valuable to the student, is thoroughly entertaining from beginning to end. The subject itself is admirably chosen. The fame of St. Hubert as a curer of hydrophobia, although not much known in England, is in France, or at any rate in Belgium, even now scarcely inferior to that of M. Pasteur himself. The reason why the aid of this saint is supposed to be peculiarly efficacious against rabies is that he is regarded as the patron of hunters, whose occupation renders them peculiarly liable to become victims to this malady. The earliest biography of the saint, however, contains no hint of his having anything to do with the chase; but, as the district of the Ardennes, which he evangelised in the seventh century, was a hunting country, he was naturally often invoked for deliverance from the perils incident to huntmen, and in time succeeded to the attributes of the hunter-god whom the people had worshipped in their heathen days. His fame as the patron of hunting spread from the Ardennes to the neighbouring lands; and in some parts of France, as M. Gaidoz points out, he was actually confused, in popular fancy, with the "Wild Huntsman," who in expiation of the sin of too great love for the chase is doomed to ride nightly through the air until the day of judgment. The modern legend of St. Hubert is almost entirely a tissue of plagiarisms from lives of earlier saints. Even the story of his conversion from a sinful life by a vision seen by him when hunting is borrowed, in every detail, from the biography of St. Eustatius or Flacidus. M. Gaidoz traces minutely the gradual development of the

legend from its original nucleus as exhibited in the earliest life of the saint, and gives a full account of the method adopted for the cure of rabies by his miraculous powers. The author, when visiting the town of St. Hubert, was informed that some persons who had undergone M. Pasteur's treatment had afterwards taken the additional precaution to submit themselves to the operation of *la taille*, which consists in the insertion under the skin of the patient of a thread from the stole which St. Hubert received from the Virgin Mary by the hand of an angel. The book also contains chapters on the other saints who have been credited with powers similar to those of St. Hubert, and on the history of the medical treatment of hydrophobia in ancient and modern times. An appendix, "De l'emploi thérapeutique des reliques à l'intérieur," contains some extraordinary anecdotes of this grotesque development of popular superstition.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A NEW monthly review will make its first appearance in May, which will differ considerably in plan from any of the existing reviews, although its price will be the same as theirs. One of its features will be its international character, and it will in consequence be termed, in all probability, the *Universal Review*. Its proprietor, who will also be the editor, is a gentleman well-known in literary and artistic circles, and some time critic to the *Times*.

MR. W. F. TAYLOR has conceived the happy idea of editing the marginal notes written by Coleridge in the books which at various times he owned or borrowed. The volume will be issued in a limited edition, in handsome quarto form, and printed on handmade paper. It will be illustrated with three portraits, including the rare one painted by Northcote and engraved by W. Say. Subscriptions will be received by Mr. David Nutt.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish immediately a volume of tales by Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, which will take its title from the leading one, "A Teacher of the Violin."

The Goths, by Mr. Henry Bradley, will be published immediately by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin in the series entitled "The Story of the Nations." The author claims for this volume that it is the first English book expressly treating of the history of the Goths.

THE Cambridge University Press will issue very shortly a reprint of the first text of the Reformed Breviary of Cardinal Quignon, edited by Dr. John Wickham Legg. Copies of this first text are very rare; doubt has even been expressed by bibliographers whether any part of the recension had survived beyond the few pages of the preface that are preserved in the great library at Paris, in the Rue de Richelieu.

A VOLUME of poetry is shortly to appear which, besides contributions to the attempted naturalising of Provençal forms, will contain the first *Gloses* printed in our language. Mr. R. Greeven is the writer; and the book will be published by James Thornton, Oxford, under the title of *Rhymes by a Novice*.

DR. BENJAMIN WARD RICHARDSON has written a novel, which Messrs. Longmans will publish shortly in the orthodox three volumes. It is entitled *The Story of a Star: a Romance of the Second Century*; and it deals with Bar-Cohab, the last of the great leaders of the Jewish people in the final struggle for national independence.

THE fourth volume of *Expositions*, by Dr. Samuel Cox, will be published directly by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. The book, which concludes the series, is dedicated to the late Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish in a few days a book entitled *A Missing Chapter of the Indian Mutiny*. It is written by Lieut.-General Charles Lionel Showers, who was at that time political resident in the Meywar states of Rajputana.

MR. ARNOLD FORSTER's new work, entitled *The Laws of Everyday Life*, will be ready for publication during the course of the present month.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces that the next volume of the "Book Lovers' Library" will be a collection of Noodle Stories by Mr. W. A. Clouston, author of *The Story of Sindbad*.

The Premier and the Painter, a fantastic romance, by Mr. J. B. Freeman Bell, will be published next week by Mr. Spencer Blackett.

MR. EGMONT HAKE, who has been for some time engaged in studying the relations between capital and labour, has embodied his conclusions in a pamphlet, entitled *The Unemployed Problem Solved*, which will be issued immediately by Messrs. Hatchard.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will issue in a few days a translation of *Plus d'Angleterre* ("The Last of England"), which is having a large sale in France.

THE committee formed at Plymouth to commemorate the tercentenary of the repulse of the Spanish Armada have agreed upon the form which the permanent memorial shall take. It is to be a granite column, surmounted by a figure of Britannia, with medallions of the English captains and other ornaments below. The design selected is by Mr. Herbert A. Gribble, the architect of the Brompton Oratory, and himself a Plymouth man. It is estimated that the total cost will be not less than £2,000. The day chosen for the local celebration is July 19, when the Armada was first sighted off the English coast. The programme will probably include historical processions, an exhibition of Armada relics, the striking of a medal, and the publication of commemorative literature.

THE Westminster Review still maintains its old custom of withholding the names of its contributors. But we are not violating any confidence in stating that the opening article on "Local Government" is by Mr. Arthur F. Leach, and that entitled "Hans Sachs, the People's Goethe of the Sixteenth Century," by Mr. Karl Blind.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. JAMES WESTLAKE, Q.C., formerly fellow of Trinity, has been elected to the Whewell professorship of international law at Cambridge, vacant by the death of Sir H. S. Maine.

By the selection of Prof. Isaac Bayley Balfour to the chair of botany at Edinburgh, formerly occupied by his father, the Sherardian professorship at Oxford is rendered vacant. We hear that Dr. S. H. Vines, reader in botany at Cambridge, and the translator of Sachs's Text-book, will probably offer himself as a candidate.

THE list of candidates for the vacant chair of political economy at Oxford includes the following: among Oxford men—Mr. Thorold Rogers (a former professor), Mr. Phelps (the present deputy professor), Mr. F. Y. Edgeworth, Mr. I. S. Leadam, Mr. William Sidgwick, Mr. Ashley, and Mr. Price; Mr. Cunningham, from Cambridge; and Mr. Dunning Macleod.

DR. M. AUREL STEIN, the Hungarian scholar of Zend and Persian—whose name will be familiar to readers of the ACADEMY—has been provisionally appointed principal of the Oriental College at Lahore, and registrar of the Lahore University.

SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER, Prof. A. A. Macdonell, and Prof. Ethé have been appointed examiners in the new Oriental school at Oxford.

WITH reference to a memorial from the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching, the following regulation has been sanctioned at Cambridge for the previous examination:

"Elementary geometry—viz., the substance of the first three books, the definitions 1-10 of book v. and the substance of the first nineteen propositions of the sixth book of Euclid's elements. Euclid's definitions will be required, and no axioms or postulates except Euclid's may be assumed. The actual proofs of propositions as given in Euclid will not be required, but no proof of any proposition occurring in Euclid will be admitted in which use is made of any proposition which in Euclid's order occurs subsequently."

THE *Oxford Magazine* of March 7 contains a notice of the late James Cotter Morison, signed T. F., which is of special interest as giving information about his undergraduate days at Lincoln College.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

BALADE DE BON CONSEIL.

Dwel fer fro swiche as putten hem in prees
To sitten hye upon the whirling whele
Of fals Fortuue, blind and rewthelless;
For into wo she chaungeth al hir wele,
So sodainly can she her strokes dele;
Abyd in oon estaat, thogh low it be;
And Deth shal lyk a frend receyve thee.

Perform thyn honest labour yee by yere,
Ne grucche nat on swiche as swinken never;
For worldly wele is holden ay in fere,
And idelnes fro wo shal nat discever;
Disce on plesaunt sinne awaiteth ever;
Hold wel thy cours in trouthe and honestee;
And Deth shal lyk a frend receyve thee.

Thogh men thee scornen, be nat evel apaid,
But greet hem wel with gentle curteseye;
Give frendes help, of foos be never afraid,
But let hem goon her way, with noon envye;
Be trewe in love, withoute Ieloysye;
Thy thankful chere men shull gladly see,
And Deth shal lyk a frend receyve thee.

LENVOY.

Thou gretè God, that fro Thy trone on hy
Beholdest men whos lyves passen here,
Graunt me to liven wel and trewely
In lowly suffisaunce, and nat in fere
Of wo, disce, or sodain strook severe;
So mote I dwelle in pees and charitee,
And lyk a frend may Crist receyve me!

(Fer, far; swiche, such; putten hem in prees, throng eagerly; hir wele, their prosperity; grucche, murmur; swinken, toll; evel apaid, displeased; mote, may.)

WALTER W. SKRAT.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

MR. BRAILSFORD's paper, entitled "Antiquarian Memories," in *The Antiquary*, is eminently picturesque and pleasant. It not only brings before us places that have suffered sad mutations within our own time, but persons also who are no longer with us. The unsigned article on "National Portraits" is a history of the collection that goes under that name. The National Portrait Gallery is one of the many children of the great Exhibition of 1851. It began in a very humble way, and the state has always been niggardly in its support; nevertheless, it has developed into noble proportions, and we may confidently look forward to its future. Mr. E. W. Cox's paper on the sculptured stones recently found at Chester is of interest, but we want a much fuller account than this to make some things intelligible. Is the stone which seems to represent

a priest in eucharistic vestments a relic of the Middle Ages or is it Roman? We have our own opinion about it, but the question is beset with difficulties. Mr. Walter Haynes continues his extracts from the Stanford churchwardens' accounts. Some of the entries are of great interest. Here, as elsewhere, there seems to have been a building known as "The Church House." At Stanford some of the church's goods were kept in it in the reign of Edward VI. It is a matter of some interest to enquire what was the object for which these church-houses were built. There seems to be some evidence that occasionally they were used as market-halls at fair-times, and for purposes of festivity on the numberless occasions when ale had to be drunk for the public good. There is an entry of the first year of Mary which brings before us the rapid variations in religion on which the state from time to time insisted. The churchwardens received five shillings for "a tabull with a frame ye whiche served in ye churche for ye Communion in the wycked tyme of sysme." When another change came over the minds of those in authority, the latter words of this sentence were run through with a pen, though they can still be read.

THE *Expositor* for March cannot be accused of heaviness. Even the second article, which bears the learned name of Neubauer, is enlivened by several flashes of a sprightly wit, which will not let even controversy be tedious, and brings erudition within the range of the ordinary understanding. Of course, even Dr. Neubauer cannot condense history into a few pages, and we must still wait for an English Graetz. At any rate, the *Pugio Fidei* will not again be treated with supercilious contempt in England. Dr. Bruce's opening paper on the Epistle to the Hebrews, and Dr. Davidson's article on Joel, are clear and instructive enough; but the latter strikes us as having had its most important parts cut out. Mr. Taylor Innes presents the author of the Apocalypse of Esdras to us as "a forgotten poet." Dr. C. H. H. Wright opens a series of articles on commentaries and other students' aids. His acquaintance with the literature on the Pentateuch and Joshua is very wide, his judgment discriminating, and his advice to the student deserving of much attention.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- DESCHANEL, P. Orateurs et hommes d'état. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
FOUCAULD, le Vicomte Ch. de. Reconnaissance au Maroc. Paris: Challamel. 50 fr.
LÉNGUYE, E. Soixante ans de souvenirs. Paris: Hetzel. 12 fr.
MARTINE, X. Contes populaires de différents pays. 3^e Série. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.

HISTORY.

- BAYE, le Baron J. de. Etudes archéologiques: industrie longobarde. Paris: Nilsson. 80 fr.
COLOMÓN de documentos inéditos para la historia de España por de la Fuensanta del Valle. Tomo XC. Madrid: Murillo. 12 pes.
DELABORDS, H. F. L'expédition de Charles VIII. en Italie: histoire diplomatique et militaire. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 80 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- HOFFMANN, B. Ü. Säugethiere aus dem ostindischen Archipel (Mäuse, Fledermäuse, Büffel). Berlin: Friedländer. 4 M.
KORNBRE, R. Die Philosophie Arthur Schopenhauers. Heidelberg: Weiss. 5 M.
MANGOLD, G. Ü. die Altersfolge der vulkanischen Gesteine u. der Ablagerungen d. Braunkohlengebirges im Si. bergebirge. Kiel: Lipsius & Tischer. 1 M. 40 Pf.
NAUMANN, E. Fossilie Elefantenreste v. Mindanao, Sumatra u. Malakka. Berlin: Friedländer. 3 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- ANNALAS della Società rhaeto-romanscha. 2. Annata. Chur: Hitz. 7 M.
FAHL, R. Urgeschichte der Sprache u. Schrift. I. Die Andes-Sprachen in ihrem Zusammenhange m. dem semitischen Sprachstamme. Leipzig: Friedrich. 3 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHAKSPERE'S PORTRAITS.

Trinity College, Cambridge: March 5, 1888.

It is rash to take for granted that the smallest seventeenth-century allusion to Shakspeare has escaped notice; but that to which I am about to refer has certainly not been recorded by Dr. Ingleby in his *Shakspeare's Centurie of Prayse*, nor even in Miss Lucy Toulmin Smith's revised and much enlarged edition of the same in 1879. It occurs in a wretched poem by Tom D'Urfe: "*Collin's Walk through London and Westminster: a Poem in Burlesque*. By T. D., Gent. 12mo., 1690." In this worthless imitation of Butler, a countryman, one Collin, is taken over London on successive days, and in the fourth canto, "*Wednesday's Walk to the Play-House*," he is introduced to the Theatre Royal, where it would seem that Ben Jonson's "*Bartholomew Fair*" was being revived:

"To this rare place where Wit is taught,
The Major now had Collin brought;
The House was Peopled with all sorts,
The Citie's Product and the Court's;
An Ancient Comick Piece they knew
Intituled The Fair of Bartholomew.
Collin first thought, as he came in,
It had a Conventicle bin,
And that, mistaking of the day,
The Major brought him there to pray;
He saw each Box with Beauty crown'd,
And Pictures deck the Structure round,
Ben, Shakspear, and the learned Rout,
With Noses some, and some without."

Doubtless the last line refers to the famous portrait of Davenant, with a profusion of laurels round the brow and no nose whatever. It strikes me, however, as interesting to find the pictures of Shakspeare and Jonson adorning the theatre so early as 1690; and it occurs to me to ask whether some of the half-genuine and certainly seventeenth-century portraits of Shakspeare may not be paintings, partly traditional and conventional, made for the theatres of the Restoration? Might not this probably account, for instance, for the Jansen portrait and the Ashbourne portrait? EDMUND GOSSE.

THE SARPI MEMORIAL.

Ca' Torresella, Zattere, Venice: Feb. 27, 1888.

I wish, with your permission, to call the attention of readers of the ACADEMY to the fact that a committee has been formed in Venice with a view to raising a monument in honour of Fra Paolo Sarpi. Should any of your readers desire to subscribe towards this object, I am sure that such a token of sympathy from England to Venice would be highly appreciated here.

I shall be happy to receive and acknowledge any money sent me for this purpose; or subscribers may communicate directly with the secretary to the committee, Prof. Occioni Bonafons, 740 Sant' Agnese, Venice.

HORATIO F. BROWN.

THE "FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW" ON LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY.

London: March 3, 1888.

I have unfortunately only just seen an article, entitled "*A Jacobean Courtier*," by Mr. Arthur Benson, in the February number of the *Fortnightly Review*. Had I known earlier that it claimed to be "a study of the life and work of Lord Herbert of Chisbury, K.C.B. (sic)," it would not have escaped my attention so long. The subject has interested me for many years; and I think I may say without presumption that my edition of the autobiography (issued in 1886) shows that I have paid it some attention. Perhaps you will allow me, even at this late date, to enter a protest against the publication

(in a review with the *Fortnightly's* reputation) of so incompetent and inaccurate an essay on an important theme.

I tabulate a few of the errors or mis-statements in the order in which they appear.

1. Mr. Benson tells us that Herbert is "practically unknown" and is suffering "undeserved neglect." This is a bold statement for a writer to make who has a very inadequate knowledge of the autobiography, knows less of Herbert's other works, and is obviously ignorant that M. de Rémusat lately devoted a volume to an exhaustive examination of Herbert's life and writings; or that Sir William Hamilton succinctly analysed Herbert's *De Veritate* in his notes on Reid, or that Mr. Churton Collins re-printed Herbert's poems with an admirable preface in 1881, or that the autobiography was newly edited with notes and hitherto unpublished documents in 1886.

2. Lord Herbert was "twenty-seventh in descent from Pepin, son of Charlemagne." This Mr. Benson puts forward as authentic biography. Herbert himself is content to trace his ancestry no further back than to the fifteenth century. Scholarly genealogists have carefully examined the pedigree of the family, and, needless to add, reject the absurd claim to Carolingian descent.

3. Herbert, according to Mr. Benson, was born in 1581. This date, which has been assigned by early editors of the autobiography, conflicts with at least three statements that appear there. Lord Herbert's birthday was undoubtedly March 3, 1582-3, as Mr. Benson may see when he examines with proper care Herbert's autobiography, poems and letters, and the Oxford matriculation register.

4. His mother was (according to Mr. Benson) nothing more than "a Shropshire heiress." This is a singularly inappropriate mode of speaking of that accomplished lady, Magdalen Herbert, nee Newport, who has been immortalised by two of the finest prose-writers of the seventeenth century—her friends, Izaak Walton and Dean Donne. Walton's and Donne's accounts of Lady Herbert must, of necessity, be read many times by anyone who would write fittingly of her eldest son, whose education she directed.

5. "Six of his brothers were gentlemen-adventurers of the sword: two [i.e., George and Charles] were scholars." Herbert had six brothers in all. Only two can be accurately described as mere soldiers. A third, Henry, was the well-known Sir Henry Herbert, master of the revels. A fourth, Thomas, was a captain in the navy.

6. Mr. Benson speaks with pitying contempt of Lord Herbert's remarks on education, apparently on the ground that Lord Herbert was ignorant of modern science. Milton's and Locke's treatises deserve condemnation on the same ground. But Mr. Benson obviously knows little of the scientific and philosophical writings which Lord Herbert recommends to the student. Mr. Benson tells us that "*Titellius's Astrology*," is part of Lord Herbert's curriculum of study. This is very gross blundering. Lord Herbert rejected everybody's system of astrology, as careful students of the autobiography, of his *Religio Gentilium* and his *Dialogue* well know. Titellius is an old misprint for Telesius (of Cosenza), who was not an astrologer at all, but an acute critic of "the ordinary Peripatetic doctrine." Telesius was a very early advocate of scientific experiment, and Bacon was much indebted to him, as Mr. R. L. Ellis's introduction to Bacon's *De Principiis* fully shows.

7. Mr. Benson's remark that "the divinity of the School-men" forms part of Lord Herbert's educational system is quite unfounded. No School-man is mentioned.

8. "Finally," we are told that Lord Herbert

"threatens . . . to make a particular treatise, or *recherche*, about behaviour in general, based on Guazzo, *De Civili Conversatione*, and Galatens, *De Moribus*." Lord Herbert threatens nothing of the kind. He says, at the close of his excursus on education, that he has "collected many things to this purpose"—i.e., about education—and intends "to make a little treatise concerning these points." Mr. Benson does not seem to know that all this was accomplished in Herbert's "Dialogue between a Tutor and a Pupil" (not issued till 1768), which, so far from confining itself to "behaviour in general," covers the whole range of secular and religious education. Lord Herbert merely refers to the two Italian books as supplying "precepts conducing" to good behaviour, and says nothing about making further use of them. But what are we to make of "Galatens, *De Moribus*"? Mr. Benson, like Horace Walpole, the old transcriber of the autobiography, clearly imagines Galatens to be, like Guazzo, the name of the author of a book *De Moribus*. What Lord Herbert, of course, intended was a reference to the well-known Italian courtesy-book, entitled *Il Galathea*, whose author, Giovanni della Casa, was Archbishop of Benevento (1544-1556). Mrs. Lynn Linton, in an article in the same number of the *Fortnightly*, speaks (p. 255) correctly of "teaching the Galathea."

9. Mr. Benson talks of the Siege of Juliers in 1610 as that of "St. Julien," and calls Sir Edward Cecil, the commander-in-chief of the English army there, "one of the English generals."

10. In 1617, according to Mr. Benson, the great Duke of Buckingham was "plain George Villiers." As a matter of fact, he had been knighted in 1615 and created Viscount Villiers a year later.

11. "The notices of his life are, after this [i.e., 1624, when the autobiography closes], rather scanty." If Mr. Benson examines the Powysland Club collections, the Calendars of State Papers, and the Parliamentary Journals, he will find full accounts of the last quarter of a century of Lord Herbert's life. Herbert's numerous extant petitions for public employment render the helpless theorising by which Mr. Benson tries to account for Herbert's absence from public life singularly unfortunate and unnecessary. Of the cowardly part Herbert played in the Civil Wars Mr. Benson says nothing; yet no conclusion as to Herbert's real character is possible without a careful examination of this critical portion of his career. In the latest edition of the autobiography, there may be found a continuation of Lord Herbert's life, with full references to, and extracts from, the numerous original authorities.

12. Mr. Benson tells us that "*Dr. Anthony Master*" was Lord Herbert's "laborious friend." This is a characteristic reference, I suppose, to Thomas Master, B.D., Fellow of New College, Oxford.

13. In his imperfect list of Lord Herbert's writings, Mr. Benson brackets *Religio Gentilium* and *Religio Laici* together as forming one of Herbert's books. The former appeared in a volume by itself in 1663; the latter was issued in 1645 as part of an interesting volume (not mentioned at all by Mr. Benson), entitled *De Causis Errorum*, from the name of the first of the three important tracts which it includes.

14. According to Mr. Benson, Lord Herbert's poems are "undeniably feeble," "the scrapings of a courtier's pigeon holes," &c. Such remarks are mere impertinences when applied to the ablest of all Donne's disciples, to a writer who has notably influenced Lord Tennyson, and sometimes wrote nearly as well as Herrick. Mr. Benson should look at the

admirably just and appreciative criticism from the pen of Mr. Churton Collins, prefixed to the reprint of Herbert's poems (1881).

15. *The History of Henry VIII.* was, according to Mr. Benson, "collected for no end, digested for no purpose." Lord Herbert's letters prove him to have had a very practical object when he took up this work with a view to regaining royal favour. "I do not depreciate its value [Mr. Benson continues] as a nearly contemporary record; but it is on that ground only that it can take its stand." Nearly contemporary! Henry VIII. died in 1547, and Lord Herbert's history was published in 1649. Lord Herbert's history is a remarkable collection of carefully selected original papers, and a vindication of Henry's statesmanship; but Mr. Benson complains that "it is not in fact a contribution to political philosophy, and consequently wanting in direct interest." One might as rationally condemn an oak because it does not happen to be a rose tree.

16. Mr. Benson's description of Herbert's philosophical opinions hardly merits discussion. He has skimmed the autobiography, and imagines that thence are to be deduced all Herbert's philosophical views, and that a glance at the *Religio Gentilium*—the only one of Herbert's purely philosophical books that has been translated into English—is only needed to confirm one's first impressions. Herbert's really great book is the *De Veritate*, but Mr. Benson gives no hint that he has read beyond the title-page. How otherwise are we to account for his total silence as to Herbert's remarkable theory of perception, or to his argument in support of innate ideas, which are the chief features of his philosophical system? There is no excuse for Mr. Benson's ignorance of Lord Herbert's metaphysical position, since M. de Rémusat and Sir William Hamilton have fully expounded it. It is impossible to explain Herbert's religious doctrines without carefully studying the *De Veritate*.

17. Mr. Benson talks of the Deists as "a body of uncertain origin": "generally men of acute and subtle minds, they devoted themselves to literature and philosophy, and proselytised," &c. To regard them as an organised sect implies a strange misconception of their history in England. Lord Herbert was not, as Mr. Benson says, known to his contemporaries as "the chief patron of Deism," or "Fameux Deiste." I believe Leland, in 1754—106 years after Herbert died—first gave him the title of Deist.

18. "They [i.e. the Deists] then appeared as a rare and pestiferous vermin, capable of utter annihilation, in such treatises as Leland's *Short and Easy Method with the Deists*." Lord Herbert's views were criticised from many points of view in the seventeenth century and later. But the criticisms, so far as I know them, never treat him or his sympathisers as "rare and pestiferous vermin." See especially N. Culverwel's *Light of Nature* (1658), and Baxter's *More Reasons for the Christian Religion*, 1672. No such book as Leland's *Short and Easy Method with the Deists* exists. In 1754 a full examination of Herbert's writings was issued in vol. i. of Dr. John Leland's *A View of the Principal Deistical Writers that have appeared in England in the Last and Present Century*. This book is not short, nor particularly easy. It attempts to refute deistical opinions without the slightest rancour, and with much learning. Its opening chapters treat of Lord Herbert, and Leland invariably speaks of him with the utmost courtesy.

It is unnecessary to pursue Mr. Benson further. It would be easy to prove in greater detail the inadequacy of his account of Herbert's doctrine. But, since almost every syllable betrays ignorance of his works, the task would weary your readers, I could point out other

minor errors in matters of fact; but when a writer describes Lord Herbert in the first line of his essay as a "K.C.B."—a distinction of very modern invention—it is difficult to deal with him exhaustively. SIDNEY L. LEE.

FORA FORTUNA.

London: March 3, 1888.

Prof. Max Müller's phonological argument against the connexion of *fora* and *fero*, as now re-stated, seems to rest on the proposition that each particular Aryan root has, in Latin, a sort of elective affinity for some one vowel-grade rather than another. This *might* be only a mode of formulating certain well-known facts; but it seems to me an inconvenient mode, not merely because it is of limited application, but also because it suggests a conclusion which the facts themselves do not warrant. This conclusion Prof. Max Müller appears to have drawn when he argues that an exception to a general rule of elective affinity (such as *fora* would be if derived from *bher*) must needs be due to "hidden analogy" or some other obscure cause. This reasoning is without force if it be true—as is now generally admitted—that originally the vowel-grade of root-syllables, in Latin as elsewhere, depended on causes such as the nature of the suffix, the habitual position of the word with regard to sentence-accent, and so forth, and that the apparent elective affinities are themselves due to analogy or other disturbing causes.

There is only one point with regard to which I can complain that Prof. Max Müller has mistaken my meaning. I did not say that a "received" etymology has any such prescriptive right that it ought to be proved inadmissible before any alternative etymology can be regarded as equally worthy of consideration with it. What I did say was that an etymology must not be "accepted and treated as a historical fact" until every other plausible etymology has been shown to be inadmissible. When it is shown that Prof. Max Müller's derivation of *fora* is, on the score of meaning, more probable than the "received" etymology, the latter must, of course, retire into the background. At present it seems to me that the received etymology offers no difficulty on the ground of meaning, and that the proposed substitute offers great difficulties. The former is now reinforced by the Teutonic analogy pointed out by Prof. Kluge; and the Anglo-Saxon *byre*, "favourable opportunity," has also been compared. Can Prof. Max Müller show that any recognised name of the Dawn-goddess became, in any Aryan language, a familiar word for chance? The Latin *fora*, and its swarm of derivatives, were used in quite a trivial way as far back as the extant Latin literature will carry us. That, indeed, is not relatively so very far back; but we have also to remember that some of the other Italic dialects had *forti* in the sense of "luck." The burden of proof surely rests on those who affirm that "*forte evenit*" literally means "it happened by the intervention of the Dawn-goddess," and not on those who deny this.

HENRY BRADLEY.

GERMAN WORDS IN MIDDLE ENGLISH.

Berlin S.W., Kleinbeerenstr. 7: March 3, 1888.

Prof. Kluge, in his review of Prof. Skeat's *Principles of English Etymology in the Literaturblatt für germanische und romanische Philologie* for February (p. 57) points to *teserie*, *siker*, *keiser*, and *pilgrim* as Middle English words undoubtedly borrowed from the German. There can be no question about *keiser*, I think; but I entertain some doubt as to the German origin of *pilgrim*, the first two vowels of what appears

to be the oldest form of the word in English (*pelegrim*) being those of Latin *peregrinus* and French *pelerin* (cf. Dutch *pelgrim*), and not those of Old High German *pilgrim*. On the etymology of the other two words I must join issue with Prof. Kluge. In my opinion, *siker* is the continuation of Old English *stior* (in King Alfred's Pastoral Care 425-6 *ne bto we no dæa sicore*), which, as well as the Old Saxon *sicur*, &c., is derived from the Latin *securus*. *Tenserie* is a Romance word, derived from the Old French *tenser*, "to protest." Cf. *tenseria* in Ducange s.v. 1. *tensere*, where also *tensamentum* is defined by "*pensitatio, quæ a vasallis aut subditis pro protectione exolvebatur*."

JULIUS ZUPITZA.

THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN POET AND BARRINGTON'S PROLOGUE.

London: March 5, 1888.

Your correspondents are incorrect in stating that the first theatrical performance in Sydney was given in 1796, and that the prologue alleged to have been spoken upon that occasion, including the lines—

"True patriots [we], for be it understood
We left our country for our country's good"—

was written by George Barrington. Mr. Rusden has pointed out in his *History of Australia* (vol. i., p. 49) that the earliest theatrical performance was in 1789, and that the "Prologue" of 1796 is "believed to have been written by an officer."

No one who knows anything of the volumes which bear upon their title-pages the name of "George Barrington" believes that they were his productions. Barrington himself disclaimed the authorship of works he knew of only by report as about to be published. They are compilations from Phillips's *Voyage to Botany Bay* and Collins's *New South Wales*. One needs only to compare "Barrington's *Voyage*" and "Barrington's *History*" with these works to discover their origin. Especially is this the case with Collins's work, which "Barrington" follows paragraph by paragraph, opening, of course, and ending with personal remarks about himself as a disguise. But, coming to the account of the theatrical performance of January 16, 1796 (Collins, 1798, pp. 448-449; Barrington, 1802, pp. 151-153), while both agree in minor details—Collins gives the names of the principal performers in a foot-note, Barrington in the body of the work—Collins adds that the performers' motto was modest and well-chosen: "We cannot command success, but we'll endeavour to deserve it." This remark is not given in "Barrington"; but, instead of it, we find a 48-line "Prologue," which Collins knows nothing about. It is also to be noted that a previous and inferior edition of "Barrington" (1800) says nothing of a prologue. What are we to infer from this?

I take it that the celebrated "Prologue" was written by the compiler, or one of the compilers, of "Barrington," and (until some other evidence is produced of its origin) that it did not come from "Botany Bay," but that it emanated from some writer resident in this country.

The proprietors, in announcing the first part of the edition of 1802, said that "nothing can impede the regular publication of the work, as the MS. has all arrived." They might, with just as much truth, have said: "Some of it has been printed before."

Mr. Sladen will therefore act prudently in omitting it altogether from his Australasian anthology.

It has always seemed unaccountable to me that Collins himself, who was in London during the period that these works were being published (1796-1802), did nothing to stop the

"Barrington" books. His books were his own property, and their sale must have been hindered by the wide circulation of works of the "book-aneers." He could not have been a party to their issue, for the first edition of "Barrington's *Voyage*" was issued in 1795, and he could ill afford to lose his profits, as he was occasionally in need of money; and when he left this country finally as "Lieut.-Governor of Port Phillip," towards the end of 1802, his expenses far exceeded his means, and he was "obliged to incur a debt to enable him to leave England with credit."

My letter in the ACADEMY of March 3 was incorrectly dated February 22—a misprint for February 29.

EDWARD A. PETHERICK.

"AUSTRALIAN BALLADS AND RHYMES."

London: March 5, 1881.

In reply to Mr. Dykes Campbell's last letter may I be allowed to ask if it was possible for me in any Australian selection to omit a poem like "The Black Gin," which I may say, without any exaggeration, is in Australia almost as well known and as popular as the *Ingoldsby Legends*. Mr. Dykes Campbell's strictures on Brunton Stephens seem to me unjustifiable. If he will only take the trouble of reading "A Brisbane Reverie," "The Power of Science," and that admirably parody of E. A. Poe—"Quart Pot Creek," he will surely modify his opinion.

In reply to "Eildon Douglas," evidently a student of Australian literature, I may say that Mr. Petherick, the chief authority on Colonial bibliography, tells me that Barrington's prologue was actually written in London in 1789; and I would wish to ask if, before he wrote "tested by the works of our own living poets, there has been no poem yet produced under the spell of the southern cross which deserves other than a local immortality," he had read over again the purely New Zealand part of "Ranolf and Amohia" and Kendall's "Orana," "Bell Birds," and exquisite "After many Years." Is there nothing memorable in the poem that contains these lines:

"The soft white feet of afternoon
Are on the shining meads,
The breeze is as a pleasant tune
Among the happy reeds."

Or in the poem beginning—

"The song that once I dreamed about,
The tender touching thing,
As radiant as the rose without,
The love of wind and wing—
The perfect verses to the tune
Of woodland music set
As beautiful as afternoon
Remain unwritten yet."

In the new edition I have taken "Eildon Douglas's" hint that people might be glad to see Dr. Lang's lines on D'Entrecasteaux's Channel, which, perhaps, he saw in Longfellow's *Poems of Places*, though for myself I think their interest is principally antiquarian—to show us what Dr. Lang saw and how Dr. Lang wrote.

And, indeed, I am indebted to this correspondence in the ACADEMY for several other valuable hints which I have duly taken advantage of. Where the component parts of one's work had been scattered carelessly over a whole continent omissions were inevitable.

DOUGLAS B. W. SLADEN.

BRITISH MAP-MAKERS AND BRITISH POSSESSIONS.

Edinburgh: March 5, 1888.

My attention has just been directed to a letter in the ACADEMY of February 25 from Dr. Muir, of Glasgow, in which, under the above heading, he bewails the serious shortcomings of British map-makers, their discre-

pancies and inaccuracies. His criticism is the result of a comparison between three atlases of the British Empire published last year by Bartholomew, W. & A. K. Johnston, and G. Philip & Son, respectively.

As one of the map-makers implicated I wish simply to point out that, so far as Bartholomew's atlases are concerned, we are not to blame in the matter. The inconsistencies existing between the atlases arise, to a great extent, from the fact that they were each published at different periods—Bartholomew's appeared at the beginning of the year, Johnston's in the middle, and Philip's at the end—so that it can readily be understood that they might differ through changes or new information having been ascertained in the intervals. For this Dr. Muir makes no allowance, neither does he consider the difficulties of the map-maker in doubtful points, of which in geography their exist so many. I do not intend to refer to the other two atlases, but just to show in the five instances of discrepancy mentioned by Dr. Muir that if, not correct throughout, we were correct according to existing knowledge at the time.

(1) *The Ellice Islands*.—These are British. They are included in the "Western Pacific High Commission." (Also see notice of annexation, *Scott. Geog. Mag.*, vol. ii., p. 571.)

(2) *British North Borneo*.—At the time of our atlas going to press we had not received definite information of the annexation of the territory from the Sultan of Brunei, now called Dent Province. We, therefore, could only delimit the province to the best of our available knowledge at the time.

(3) *Pisheen Valley*.—This, although occupied by British troops, was not definitely annexed until some time after our date of publication. Of course, it would never do to consider all territories occupied by British troops as British.

(4) *Aden*.—The area of British Protectorate around Aden, as shown in our atlas, is correct according to official sources.

(5) *North Somali Coast*.—The 400 miles of coast coloured in Philip's map is merely a claim. It is not annexed, except a small portion at Samavonak.

These are all the points mentioned by Dr. Muir, and, therefore, all that I will reply to, although there are other cases where the atlases differ. I would, however, personally most strongly resent the charge of want of interest in geography, which Dr. Muir brings generally against the map-makers of this country.

JOHN GEORGE BARTHOLOMEW.

THE "SAD FLORENTINE" OF DU BELLAY AND SPENSER.

Berkeley, California: Feb. 17, 1888.

The Oxford professor of poetry, in his interesting letter on Dean Plumptre's *Dante* (ACADEMY, January 28) has himself fallen into a slight error, it would appear, in the very act of correcting the Dean. In my copy of Du Bellay (ed. Marty-Laveaux, Paris 1867), I find a note upon the first four lines of Sonnet XIII., as follows:

"Plus riche assez que ne se monstroît celle
Qui apparut au triste Florentin,
Iettant ma veue au riuage Latin,
Je vy de loing surgir une Nasselle.

Dans ces vers on a reconnu Dante apercevant la barque de Caron (troisième chant de l'*Enfer*)."

Du Bellay was unacquainted with neither Dante nor Petrarch, for he associates their names in Ode IV. of his *Recueil de Poesie* (Marty-Laveaux, I. 241):

"Quel siecle esteindra ta memoire,
O Boccace! et quels durs hyuers
Pourront iamais seicher la gloire,
Petrarque, de tes lauriers verds?
Qui verra la vostre muette
Dante, et Bembé à l'esprit haultain!"

But that he had no particular affection for Petrarch is shown, I think, by his poem, *Contre les Petrarquistes* (Marty-Laveaux, I., 333-8) beginning

"J'ay oublié l'art de Petrarquizer.
Je veux d'Amour franchement deuliser,"

and continuing with a lengthy travesty of Petrarchan phraseology. ALBERT S. COOK.

THE "GAY GORDONS."

London: March 6, 1888.

There is an oversight in Mr. Patchett Martin's letter on the Australian controversy in your columns. The epithet of the Gordons was not "gallant." They were known as the "Gay Gordons"; the Grahames were the "Gallant Grahames."

ONE OF KIN TO GORDON AND GRAHAME.

AI POINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, March 12, 7 p.m. London Institution: "Characteristic Qualities of the Works of the Great Composers," by Prof. Ernst Pauer.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Alloys," I., by Prof. W. Othander Roberts Austen.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "The Peaks, Passes, and Glaciers of the Caucasus," with Illustrations by Dioptric Lantern, by Mr. Douglas W. Freshfield.

TUESDAY, March 13, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin," IX., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "The Postal and Telegraphic Communication of the Empire," by Mr. J. Henniker Heaton.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "Exhibition of Inscribed Tablets from Babylon," by Mr. Outhbert Peck; "The Races of the Babylonian Empire from the Monuments," by Mr. G. Bertin.

WEDNESDAY, March 14, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Agricultural Education and Dairy Instruction," by Prof. John Wrightson.

8 p.m. Geological: "The Monian System," by the Rev. J. F. Blake; "The Gneissic Rocks off the Lizard," by Mr. Howard Fox, with Notes on Specimens by Mr. J. J. H. Teall.

8 p.m. Microscopical: "The Type of a New Order of Fungi," by Mr. G. Massee.

8 p.m. Shelley Society: "Shelley's Metres," by Prof. J. B. Mayor.

THURSDAY, March 15, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Microscopical Work, with Recent Lenses on the Least and Simplest Forms of Life," II., by the Rev. W. H. Dallinger.

6 p.m. London Institution: "A Generation's Changes in the Manufacture of Iron and Steel," by Mr. E. Riley.

8 p.m. Linnean: "Monograph of the *Thelophoraceae*," by Mr. George Massee; "Descriptions of Three New Marine Algae," by Mr. Edward A. L. Batters; "Exhibition of the *Osfontalis* of a Hornless Stag, with Remarks on such Abnormality," by Mr. J. E. Harting.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

8 p.m. Chemical: Election of Fellows.

FRIDAY, March 16, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Origin, Progress, and Influence of Universities in India," by Dr. F. J. Mouat.

8 p.m. Philological: "Irish Gaelic Dialects," by Mr. T. O'Flanagan.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Structure, Origin, and Distribution of Coral Reefs and Islands," by Mr. J. Murray.

SATURDAY, March 17, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Modern Drama, II., Scandinavian," by Mr. W. Archer.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Mann Lecture, "Protection of Buildings from Lightning," by Prof. J. Oliver Lodge.

SCIENCE.

The Politics of Aristotle. With an Introduction, two Prefatory Essays, and Notes Critical and Explanatory. By W. L. Newman. In 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

MR. NEWMAN'S edition of the *Politics* has been looked forward to for half a generation. During a too brief tenure of office at Oxford as Reader in Ancient History he so impressed his hearers that his lectures are still talked of, even after twenty years, and men of that standing who did not attend the lectures have discovered from many signs and tokens how good a thing they missed. It has been understood that Mr. Newman was employing his

leisure upon a study of the *Politics*, and much has been expected from that study. Hence it is with no small interest that readers will take up the present instalment of the promised work, and we can assure them that they will not be disappointed.

The first volume is entirely occupied by a general introduction to the subject; the second contains two prefatory essays (on the history of the *Politics*, and on the MSS.) and text and notes for books i.-ii.

The introduction may be briefly described as a most valuable independent study, based on a thorough knowledge of all which has been written upon the subject. The manner of it is something like the manner of Prof. Jowett's introductions to the several dialogues of Plato, but the treatment is more exhaustive. Point by point Mr. Newman goes over the matter. He thoroughly hammers out one topic (as slavery, trade, or whatever it may be) and then passes on to another. He begins with a careful examination of the fundamental notions of teleology, necessity, nature, and so forth, trying, as he says, to view Aristotle's political teaching in connexion with the central principles of his philosophical system. If we are to feel sure that the state is a natural institution, we must see clearly the relations of politics to nature and other governing ideas. Such a short statement as that "the state is not merely forced on man by his needs, but foreshadowed by his nature, and requisite to give full play to his faculties; man bears marks of being intended for life in the state . . ." contains really a number of technicalities which need full explanations. The discussion is all the more interesting to students who find discrepancies in their "Aristotle," and would like to know how an author could say in the *Politics* that the state is based on nature, when he spoke in the *Nicomachean Ethics* (8.14) as if it (or, at least, *πολιτικά φιλία*) rested on compact: *οἷον γὰρ καὶ ὁμολογίαν τινὰ φάσκοντα εἶναι*.

After the central ideas come the successive topics of the *Politics*; and these are worked over in order, with some reference to other Greek speculation, earlier and later, and to contemporary or earlier facts of Greek history. Something is said of important views of later ages, as well as of those notions of Isocrates and Xenophon which Aristotle seems so often to have tacitly in his mind; and it is amusing when a series which begins with Socrates can be traced down to the *Times* or the *Saturday Review*. But it was not, of course, Mr. Newman's intention to write a history of opinion on matters political. It is trouble enough to disentangle, to ascertain, and to reconcile Aristotle's own views.

Mr. Newman's systematic treatment of these grave questions is often relieved by incidental remarks of pithy and pregnant character. Such are the pages in which he puts together what would probably be Aristotle's criticisms on the Athens which he knew (and which he was afraid to criticise openly) as distinct from the Athens of Solon. Such, again, are the remarks that "from the Lacedaemonian state Aristotle learnt much, though rather in the way of warning than of example"; or, about festivals, that "perhaps the modern State has lost something in losing this bond of union"; or that Aristotle "knows nothing of the historical mission of

states." The familiar contrast, he points out, between Europe and Asia is no longer true as it used to be. "Europe has become the chief home of thought and contriving skill; and, if Asia has fallen into the rear, the element of spirit in its character has certainly been strengthened by Mohammedanism." Here is another happy contrast, happily brought out:

"In mediaeval Europe, at the moment when the customary morality of feudal times was losing its power, the moral vigour of the world was opportunely restored by the Reformation and Puritanism. Greece, on the contrary, at a somewhat similar epoch in its development found itself in the hands of the Sophists" (p. 391).

Unfortunately Mr. Newman has not cared to press modern history much into his service. When he does come down a few centuries for an illustration, what he finds is generally good enough to make us wish for more. The comparison hinted at between the work of Pythagoras at Kroton and that of Calvin at Geneva is very neat. There is of course much to be said for keeping to instances drawn from Greek history. They answer more fully than any modern ones can to what Aristotle had in his mind. But then the value of Aristotle's conclusions depends so much upon their being found applicable to cases and circumstances which he had not in his mind that it is a pity that readers should not more fully have the opportunity of testing what they read under a new set of circumstances. To say nothing of the scholar's joy in an apt illustration, or the malicious pleasure of crying "Distinguo" to the illustrations of someone else, we want to see the results of the *Politics* tested on new ground, and to learn whether there be reason for confidence that they are something more than empirical laws, good only within the limits of the time and space within which they were drawn up. The *Politics* is, after all, a political treatise, and we want to know how far it holds good. Our own conviction is that the laws of human affairs disclosed in this treatise come as near to universal validity as any generalisation on man's action can; and that, therefore, while translations of most classical works have value, few books read in a translation could do so good service as Mr. Welldon's version of the *Politics* may do to our electorate. There the electors will find the inevitable tendencies of what they are doing, or are asked to do. But for this view we should have liked to find more countenance and support from Mr. Newman's wide knowledge of history.

It is the more difficult to bring Aristotle into relation with modern history, with great kingdoms and wide federations, because of his silence about Macedonian affairs:

"No reference to the relation of Greece to Macedon appears in the *Politics*; the fact that a mighty power had suddenly arisen on her northern frontier is absolutely ignored. For all that appears to the contrary in its pages, the *Politics* may have been written while Thebes was still the leading power. Not a particle of Aristotle's attention is diverted from the *πόλις* to the *θῆνος*. The improvement of Greece is the central object of the work. It is the *πόλις*, not the *θῆνος*, which Aristotle makes it his aim to reform. It is the *πόλις* that brings men completeness in respect of good

life, as distinguished from completeness in respect of necessities. It is in Greece, not Macedon, that the future of human society is to be made or marred.

"Aristotle writes as a Hellene and a disciple of Plato, not as one whom circumstances had more or less attached to the fortunes of Macedon. The great spirits of antiquity, and Aristotle among them, seem to draw their creed from sources too deep to be greatly affected by accidents such as that which had connected him with Macedon. He still follows in the track of his philosophical predecessors, and especially of Plato, with whom he stands in complete filiation. The object of the *Politics* is to carry on and complete the work that Plato had begun—the work of readapting the *polis* to the promotion of virtue and noble living. Aristotle's relation to Plato was the critical fact of his life, not his relation to Philip or Alexander. He broke much fresh ground, it is true; yet over great regions of thought he found a track already made by his predecessor. In fact, it is the close sequence of two minds of this calibre, and in this particular order, that forms the most exceptional feature of the history of Greek philosophy, and goes far to account for its greatness" (vol. i., p. 477).

If the circumstances of Aristotle's life did not make it certain that he knew what was doing on the north frontier of Hellas, we should have taken his tone to be the expression of unaffected ignorance; but as it is, the silence must be deliberate. What account Mr. Newman gives of it we have seen; but it is possible that the subject was ignored out of a distaste springing from other causes. It may be that, while he saw that a *polis* under one governor could take any reasonable desired shape, a body so comparatively vast as an *ethnos* could not or would not do so.

"Passionate loyalty, or patriotism, or religious feeling, passionate enthusiasm for an idea of any kind, find no place in his notion of the popular mind. The world had not yet drunk deep of the creeds which more than aught else have made men fanatics and robbed the lawgiver and the statesman of their command over things; nor did it then know much even of those non-religious popular movements ('national' movements, for example), which have so often proved beyond the control of statesmanship" (p. 73).

Passionate enthusiasm, religious exaltation, and popular movements of all kinds would be far less under control in an *ethnos* than in a *polis*. In the absence or comparative calmness of these phenomena in a small state Aristotle had an advantage hardly less notable than that which he derived from a foundation to his state of people who were not citizens, and who must needs endure their position without inconvenient outcries.

We have left ourselves no room in which to speak of Mr. Newman's treatment of the text; but it will be found to be marked by the same qualities of caution, keeping vigorous originality under restraint, and of scientific German solidity, which make his introductory matter so valuable. He points out that, "though there is a certain amount of unity about the *Politics*, it is not a well-planned whole." The fit of the parts is not perfect; and Mr. Newman, showing the imperfectly closed joints, explains the fact on the theory of Aristotle "working successively at different parts of the treatise." It may be so; but we cannot help leaning to the view that we have,

both in this work and in most of the *Nicomachean Ethics*, the notes of pupils on different courses of lectures put together and imperfectly edited—edited, that is, less successfully than Niebuhr's lectures, which also were published from pupils' notes. Perhaps with Aristotle, too, as with Niebuhr, nearly all his sentences were anacoluths. Mr. Newman is obliged to come round to something not very unlike this theory to account for the specially disorganised condition of c. 12, book ii.

If we may venture to point to what seems a blemish on the commentary, we would say that it occasionally verges on obscurity by talking round a thing instead of explaining it directly. To take an instance, which is both plain and short, in 1255 b 29, "*πρό*, according to Suidas, properly meant *ἀντί* in this proverb; but Aristotle quotes it in a different sense." Would it not be well to say plainly what sense? Two very excellent notes may be found on 1255 b 5 and 1260 a 8 sq., the latter of which throws clear light upon a very obscure passage; while the former gives us the choice of two new explanations of a passage already explained by commentators in two other ways. Of the four alternatives thus presented, we should prefer Mr. Newman's suggestion that *οἱ μὲν* and *οἱ δὲ* mean *οἱ ἥτις*, as such, and *οἱ κρείττους*, as such. All the other ways will yield meanings which fit the extremely general language, and the extremely loose cohesion of the chapter; but they all require too much to be supplied from the mind of the reader to the elucidation of the writer, Dr. Congreve's view requiring most and the view of Bernays least. Is it quite necessary in 1274 b 24 to explain *οὐ* by *νόμος*, latent in *νομοθέτης*? Would it not be possible to refer it to the lawgiver himself?

FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

THE JUBILEE OF DR. BÖHTLINGK.

Festgruss an Otto von Böhtlingk zum Doctor Jubiläum, 3 Februar, 1888, von seinen Freunden. (Stuttgart: Kohlhammer.)

WITH this publication, the Sanskrit scholars of Germany appropriately offer to their Nestor, Otto Böhtlingk, the congratulations he so well deserves upon the fiftieth anniversary of his attainment of his doctor's degree.

Born in the year 1815, Böhtlingk stands before all living Sanskritists, not in age alone, but also in the untiring activity which he continues to display. The world will long have occasion to wonder at the thoroughness and astonishing industry exhibited in his numerous and comprehensive works. It is seldom that Böhtlingk seeks labour in remote fields; his works are always in the very focus of the science, and each of his writings marks a distinct stage in the advancing march of Sanskrit studies. His works, furthermore, have the advantage over those of many of his fellow-countrymen in being practical, concise, and comprehensive.

From him we have the first European edition and interpretation of the Indian grammarian Pāṇini (1839); the first critical edition of an Indian drama (Çakuntalā, 1872); the first useful Sanskrit Chrestomathy (1875), of which a second edition followed in the year 1877. In the great Sanskrit Dictionary (1855-1875), which has grown to a true Thesaurus, Böhtlingk did the lion's share. Hardly was it finished when this scholar, already advanced in life, is found undertaking a Sanskrit Dictionary in more concise form, but more comprehensive in

material. Before the last part of the work appeared, this giant of industry, returning to his first love, surprises us with a new and era-making translation of Pāṇini.

It is a fitting custom to celebrate the jubilee of so talented a pioneer with a special publication for the anniversary. The present work is a *potpourri* brought together from all portions of Sanskrit philology. The Veda, the classic literature, and inscriptions, all find their appropriate place. Names of the greatest eminence—Bühler, Pischel, Roth, and many more—adorn the pages. Personal friends also of Prof. Böhtlingk—such as Sievers and Miklosich—have, from their special subjects, contributed their mite. The book is published in elegant form by the house of W. Kohlhammer in Stuttgart.

KARL GELDNER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ETRUSCAN MOON-NAMES.

Barton-on-Humber.

If Mr. Abercromby (*vide* ACADEMY, January 21, 1888, p. 47) will refer again to my letter (ACADEMY, November 12, 1887, p. 323), he will find that I have not said there was any connexion in meaning and derivation between *Kave* and *Kuu*; and, *apropos* of the latter, I may next examine some Turanian moon-names. We find:

Akkadian		
As. Turkic	—	<i>a-i</i> = "the moon."
Osmanli		
Akkadian	—	<i>a-a</i> , (<i>ilu</i> <i>Aa</i> , the lunar "goddess Aa," consort of the Sun-god).
Homerio—	<i>a-l-a</i> (the lunar isle ¹).	
Akkadian—	<i>i-d-u</i> (the walking, increasing half-moon ²).	
Hesychio—	{ <i>ā-i-δ-ā</i> } = <i>ἡ σελήνη παρὰ</i>	
Greek myth—	{ <i>ā-i-δ-ḡ-s</i> } = <i>Χαλδαίος</i> .	
	<i>a-i-ḡ-t-ḡ-s</i> (the lunar King, i. son of Heliōs.)	
Etruscan—	{ <i>a-i-vil</i> }	= (<i>annus</i> , as moon-marked.)
Siberian Tatars—	<i>a-y</i>	
Ostiaks—	<i>i-r-s</i>	"the moon,"
Taugy—	<i>i-r-i</i>	= (from Strahlenberg).
Tomakoi Ostiaks—	<i>i-r-r-a-en</i>	
Buriat—	{ <i>ha-r-a</i> }	
	{ <i>sa-r-a</i> }	
	{ <i>j-i-r-y</i> }	= "the moon."
Samoiéd—	<i>e-r-s</i>	
	<i>ā-r-s</i>	
Akkadian—	{ <i>i-d-u</i> }	
	{ <i>i-t-u</i> }	= "month."
	{ <i>i-t-i</i> }	
Etruscan Latin—	{ <i>i-t-i-s</i> }	the half month,
	{ <i>i-t-u-s</i> }	= time of the half-moon. ³
	<i>i-d-u-s</i>	
	<i>i-d-u-ā-s</i> †† = the sheep sacrificed at the Ides.	

* *Vide* The Myth of Kikkē.

† When become the Full-moon called *Idu-lai*. The Aryan *Ið* ("the Goer") presents a similar idea.

‡ "Aisian Kikkē" the female moon, is naturally most closely related to him, and so is styled *ἀντοκασιγνήτη Αἰήτας* (Od. x. 137).

§ Cf. the Lapponic *ai-mo*, "ævum"; Akkadian *mu, me*, "year." Hence *ai-vi-i* (*ai-mi-i*) = Moon + period + belonging to, i.e., the period marked by the moon = *annus*. Cf. Numa's 12-month lunar year.

|| Macrob. Sat. i. 15.

¶ An Etruscan word (Varro).

** The originally lunar *Istar*, consort of Dumuzi (Tammuz), is the goddess "Fifteen," as connected with the Ides.

†† Cf. the Akkadian *lu*, "sheep" (collectively), *luim*, "ram"; Samoiéd *uldr*, "sheep." *Idul* seems a contraction of an original *idu-luli* = *id-ula(r)* = *id-u-li-s*.

We next come to the *Kuu*-group of moon-names:

Akkadian—	$\begin{cases} a-g-u \\ a-k-u \end{cases}$	= "the exalted."
Tungusic—	$\begin{cases} b-g-a \\ k-u \end{cases}$	
Ethiopian—	$\begin{cases} k-u \\ k-u \end{cases}$	
Finnic—	$\begin{cases} k-u \\ k-u \end{cases}$	
Mordvin—	$\begin{cases} k-u \\ k-u \end{cases}$	
Ostiak-Samoied—	$\begin{cases} k-h-i \\ k-h-i \end{cases}$	
Arintzi—	$\begin{cases} k-h-i \\ k-h-i \end{cases}$	(As to <i>is</i> , vide ACADEMY, November 12, 1887, p. 323.)
Kamacintzi—	$\begin{cases} k-u-i \\ k-u-i \end{cases}$	
Yenisei-Ostiak—	$\begin{cases} k-u-i \\ k-u-i \end{cases}$	
Magyar—	$\begin{cases} k-u-i \\ k-u-i \end{cases}$	
Jakuti—	$\begin{cases} k-u-i \\ k-u-i \end{cases}$	(Strahlenberg).

With *uix*, cf. 'Απὶ-ἄχ (LXX., in Gen. xiv. 1) = Eri-aku, "the Servant of the Moon-god." There is also a third group, and one of special interest in connexion with Etruscan; and here we must remember that in Ak. *m=v*, and that the same word may appear in such forms as *dim*, *tim*, *tiv*, *ti*.

Akkadian—	$\begin{cases} d-i-m-e \\ d-h-i-m \end{cases}$	= "to create," = "change" (time).
Koibal—	$\begin{cases} t-i-m \\ t-a-m \end{cases}$	= "point of time."
Lapponic—	$\begin{cases} t-i-m \\ t-i-fi \end{cases}$	= <i>hora</i> , <i>tempus</i> . = "time."
Samoied—	$\begin{cases} t-i-lis \\ t-i-lis \end{cases}$	= "moon," "month."
Etruscan—	$\begin{cases} t-i-v \\ t-i-v-s \\ t-i-v-r-s \end{cases}$	= <i>luna</i> . = <i>lunas</i> . = <i>mensium</i> .

The ideograph, one of the values of which is *dhim*, originally represented a foot, and also means "to set," Time being marked by the moon walking in brightness. So, the ideograph *du* = two legs, the walking moon. *Tiv*, "moon," and *Ust*, "sun," are two Etruscan words, the meaning of which is certain from internal evidence. So the moon appears as "the Goer," "the Exalted," and "the Time-marker."

We find, then, *iti-s*, *itu-s*, and *tiv* as Etruscan words; and the next question is, Are the forms corresponding with *aku* and *idu* found as moon-names in Etruscan? The Foiano libation-bowl inscription (Gamurrini, Appendix, 912 bis), which I regard as addressed to the Moon-goddess, begins with the word *Eku*. This is not the well-known *eca* ("hic," Deceke; "hoc," Pauli), which, as Pauli notes, appears as *cen* (original form), *cn*, *ecn*, *ca*, and *eca*; and exactly corresponds with the Akkadian demonstrative pronoun *gan*, which is abraded to *ga* and *ya*. The "Vorschlags-e" (Pauli) corresponds with such forms as the Akkadian "eme, dérivé du radical verbal *me*, par le moyen d'une voyelle prosthétique" (Lenormant).

Eku occurs again in the Semelê inscription (Fab. 1916 bis), "specchio con graffito che rappresenta Giove alato nell'atto di apparire a Semele, della quale il corpo già estinto dal fulmine." The following translation is merely provisional and suggestive, and intended to illustrate this particular word. The words are divided in the original:

$\begin{matrix} xual \\ mi \end{matrix}$	$\begin{matrix} tiliuia \\ Kakinia \end{matrix}$	$\begin{matrix} EKUX \\ ITVita \end{matrix}$	$\begin{matrix} ite- \\ ite- \end{matrix}$
Ides-(is)-this.	Oecnia	to-the-Moon-on-the-Ides	
$\begin{matrix} puðxi \\ the-metal-plate \end{matrix}$	$\begin{matrix} iib \\ in-the-shrine-of-the-goddess \end{matrix}$		
(dedicates).			

The χ in *ekux* = "and," -c and -x, according to Deceke and Pauli, representing a loan-word, the Latin *que*. Whether a loan-word or not (cf. the Lapponic conjunction *k-en*), it certainly means "and," and often appears at the end of Etruscan words. A distinction is preserved between *Eku*, the moon (general name), and *itu*, the Ides-moon.

ROBERT BROWN, JUN.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. HENRY O. FORBES, who has returned from New Guinea, will give an account of his explorations to the Royal Scottish Geographical Society at Edinburgh, on April 2. He will subsequently address the branches of the society at Glasgow, Dundee, and Aberdeen.

Proceedings of the Linnæan Society of New South Wales Second Series. Vol. II., part 3 (July-September, 1887). (Trübner.) This part contains the following articles on vertebrate animals. Descriptions of two new species of marsupials and a new species of *Mus*, by Dr. Ramsay, and notes on a species of rat now infesting the western portion of New South Wales, by K. H. Bennett; two articles on the eggs of Australian birds, by A. J. North; and an anatomical memoir on the early stages of the development of the emu, by Dr. Haswell; together with descriptions of four new Australian fishes, by Dr. Ramsay and J. D. Ogilby. In the Invertebrata, there are descriptions of some new Trilobites from Brown- ing, New South Wales, by J. Mitchell; on a species of *Peripatus* from Gippsland, by J. J. Fletcher; the continuation of descriptions of Australian earthworms, by the last-named author; on the Helaeides—a curious group of Australian beetles—with descriptions of sixty-one species of *Pterohelaeus*, by W. Macleay; continuation of a revision of the Staphylinidae of Australia, part 3, by A. S. Olliff; and a note on the splendid moth, *Zelotypia Stacyi*, by the last-named author. Dr. Oscar Katz contributes some curious observations on protective inoculation for bovine pleuro-pneumonia, and on micro-organisms in the tissues of diseased horses. The only botanical articles are a continuation of his memoir on the flowering seasons of Australian plants, No. 7, by E. Haviland; and notes on some indigenous sago and tobacco from New Guinea. The society has also issued a useful list of the contributors (with the titles of their articles) published in the ten volumes of the first series of their proceedings.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, February 16.)

DR. PAUL, president, in the chair.—Dr. Verrall read a paper on Horace *Odes*, III. 25, the object of which was to show that the difficulties, suggested to the commentators by the prefatory form of this poem and by its place at the close of the Caesarean poems of the Three Books, are increased by the great rarity in Roman literature of any reference to the kind of inspiration associated with the orgiastic religion of Bacchus. This rarity is not accidental, but is explained by the peculiar relations of that religion to the Roman state and to the policy of Augustus. It is probable, for this as for other reasons, that the form of this poem (III. 25) was dictated by some exceptional circumstance. The writer proposed to find this circumstance in the birth of O. Julius Caesar (son of Agrippa and Julius) in 20 B.C. (see *Studies in Horace*, p. 119), and referred particularly in this connexion to Ovid *Art. Amandi* i. 177 foll., a passage proved by its tone and allusions to have been originally suggested by that event.—The president, after congratulating the society on the recent edition of Lucan by one of its members, read the following notes on Lucan: III. 56. *asserit*=as. in libertatem—"sets free" (from slavish subjection). Ovid has the verb alone in same sense: *asserit iam me, fugique catenas*, *Am.* 3. 11. 3. This suits 58. The

* Specimens of this fine insect (which sometimes measures ten inches in the expanse of its wings) have recently arrived in London, where they have been sold at seven guineas a pair. The precise locality was kept secret, but Mr. Olliff informs us that its larva lives in the *Eucalyptus tereticornis* in the mining district of the Manning River and Newcastle, New South Wales.

common explanation "wins over" does not. The full phrase, of course, is *liberal asserere manu*. III. 417. *quos timeant*, &c., not "what gods they have to fear" (interrog. obl.), but "to have no knowledge of the gods they dread" (sub-oblige). They do dread certain gods—viz., those whose attributes are unknown, their statues giving no sign. It is no question whether they are to dread gods or not. III. 419. Part of a very fine passage—one of the finest in Lucan; both in matter and in rhythm free from any of his special faults. Especially the lines 417–421 give a fine word-painting; but 419 (as commonly explained) is wholly out of harmony. The simple sense is that the trees sway as though with wind, though there is no wind (above, 408–412). So, in the next line, there is a burning in the wood—but *no fire*; that is expressly stated (non ardente): but Lucan, having spoken above of the absence of wind, does not repeat it. The whole means: "Often ere now, the story went, the hollow caverns bellowed as the earth quaked, and the yews swaying forward to the earth, upreared themselves again, and there was a blaze as of burning in the wood, tho' no fire was there, &c." The ordinary explanation is out of place, whether fact or not. Besides, procumbentes cannot mean "cut down," nor can Lucan mean that "while being felled (a translation grammatically possible) they spring up again." VIII. 797–805. I doubt here the ordinary explanation of 797 and of obre saxa. 797 seems to mean no more than the utmost limit of earth. Mr. Haakins says it is suggested by *Am.* 7. 225 *audiet et si quem tellus extrema refuso summoet oceano*: true; and surely it means no more. Pendet is Lucan's improvement on Virgil's simpler statement: "where the earth sinks sheer in the sea." Instead of being "he is buried in something which is neither sea nor land" (a point surely out of place here), it is in immediate connexion with the following line, which puts the same fact in different words. Next as to *saxa*. I grant the peculiar license of Latin poets in speaking of tombs and dead bodies: *saxa might* mean a stone marking a tomb (and caespes below is actually=lapis). But can it *here*—with *unus lapis* so immediately following? It is better to explain it as = *Oeta* and *Nysa*. "Hide in the earth those rocks which cry aloud of Heaven's injustice! If Hercules own all *Oeta*, if all the ridges of *Nysa* lie open to the Bromian god—why has Magnus but *one stone* in Egypt?" It seems possible to construe the words "whelm on him rocks" on the analogy of *ruere* with the acc., and the parallelism of *obicit tumulum* favours this. But the word never occurs in this sense.

HELLENIC SOCIETY.—(Thursday, February 23.)

WATKINS LLOYD, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. H. H. Statham, in a short discourse upon "Greek Architectural Mouldings," said that he was not proposing at that moment to bring forward any new facts about Greek mouldings, but to call the attention of the society to the interest of a phase of Greek work of which little was generally known outside the architectural profession. Referring to a small sheet of diagrams which were handed round the meeting, he pointed out the function of architectural mouldings as a means of producing changes of reflected light or shadow by changes in the plane of surface of the material; and that such a modelling of the surface when drawn in profile (as mouldings always were drawn) became a form of lineal design. Examples were given of the profiles accepted since the Renaissance as the orthodox "classic" mouldings, and in contrast with these attention was directed to the varied and delicate curvatures of some of the typical forms of Greek moulding. Some profiles of Doric capitals were also given, showing the variety of treatment which had been practised in this single feature in various ages and localities. In conclusion, Mr. Statham said that his main practical object in calling attention to the subject was to recommend to the Hellenic Society that some special effort should be made, with the help which some of the architectural students at the School of Athens might give, towards forming and publishing a tolerably correct and typical collection of full-size profiles of Greek mouldings, which were at present very inadequately illustrated, and mostly only to a small scale, in published

illustrative works. Such a collection, he said, would be of value both artistically and historically. It seemed a work quite within the scope of the society, and one which would be highly appreciated by architects and students of architecture. The chairman and Mr. J. T. Clarke took part in the discussion which followed. Mr. L. R. Farnell read a paper on "The Classical Museums of Copenhagen, Stockholm, and St. Petersburg," giving a general account of their collections, and discussing certain antiquities that have not yet been published, or not sufficiently explained. Of the collection at Copenhagen, two archaic terracottas, a representation of a Gorgon in relief-style, and a small bust of Demeter were mentioned, certain vases of the best style of Greek vase-painting, a terracotta relief of Ares and Aphrodite, a relief of Atys, probably intended as a sepulchral emblem of resurrection, and a small Etruscan terracotta sarcophagus with the not infrequent "Echelios" scene. Of the Stockholm Museum, of which a scanty account had been published by Wieseler and Heydemann, the following antiquities were described:—(1) An archaic athlete head of Peloponnesian style, not unlike the head of the Chiosseul Gauffrets Apollo. (2) A female head, of which a photograph was exhibited (possibly of Demeter), with a veil at the back of the head and traces of a hand resting upon the cheek, much defaced, but bearing some marks of the Attic work of the latter part of the fourth century, B.C., and, in general outlines, not unlike one of the Mausoleum heads. (3) A mutilated head that was once supposed to have been detached from a Parthenon Metope, but belongs probably to the same period as the last. (4) Two female heads of the later Asia Minor style. (5) A head of uncertain meaning, called, without sufficient ground, Sappho, for the most part modern restoration, but displaying Greek workmanship in the antique portions. (6) The Sleeping Endymion—a motive borrowed in all probability from Alexandrine painting—a work of the Graeco-Roman period, of some formal merit, but not to be regarded as an exact reproduction of the archetype. (7) A head of Zeus-Ammon of the latter and degraded type. (8) A relief of Graeco-Roman style, showing a cippus supporting a tripod that is encircled by a snake, at which a youthful winged archer is shooting an arrow; beneath is an inscription—*MALVS GENIVS BEVTI*—which, if genuine—and it cannot easily be proved to be a modern forgery—would explain the scene as an allegorical representation of the triumph of the Caesarians at Philippi. The motive resembles the well-known emblem of Apollo Pythoctonus on the coins of Rhegium; and the winged figure might be an Agathodæmon, a divine form of Augustus. There are also certain coincidences between the details of the relief and the details of some of the coins of Philippi. The account of the sculpture of the Hermitage collection, of which there has been no systematic description, included the following works: of the archaic period—a relief with the figures of Hermes, Athene, and Artemis; a bronze tripod, upon which some of the labours of Hercules are wrought in relief, belonging to the end of the sixth century; of the period of perfected art—two marble heads of athletes, one showing some of the forms of the Doryphorus; a relief containing the figures of two women, one of whom holds a spindle; of the later Alexandrine period—a head very similar to the "dying Alexander" at Florence, showing possibly the influence of the Pergamene, or Rhodian school, a style which appears also in two somewhat later heads of the collection; of the Graeco-Roman period—a number of works of religious sculpture, e.g., a head of Pallas after the older and severer manner; three statues of Venus, the one similar in motive to the "Venus Genetrix" of the Louvre, the other two replicas of the Capitoline or Medicean type; a colossal Zeus seated on his throne, described and over-estimated by Overbeck as a head of Zeus which Stephanos regards as an immediate copy of the head of the Olympian Zeus of Phaidias, but of which neither the expression nor the forms are such as to bear out his theory; a genre group of Pan and a youthful Faun from whose foot the god is abstracting a thorn; two unpolished sarcophagi, one containing an interesting version of the slaughter of Aegisthus and Clytemnestra.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday,
February 25.)

J. H. TUCKER, Esq., in the chair.—A paper by Mr. J. W. Mills was read, which consisted of "A Review of Mr. W. Watkiss Lloyd's Edition of *Much ado about Nothing*." Mr. Lloyd's edition is described as being "now first published in fully-recovered metrical form," and no part of it is printed as prose. Mr. Mills said that the book under review was another instance, in addition to many which he named, of the craving of this age for sensation and paradox. Mr. Lloyd says, "The distinctive and original feature of the projected, and indeed prepared, edition of Shakspeare, of which this play is a specimen, is the recovery and exhibition of the proper character of the speeches hitherto uniformly printed for pure prose, as being in truth metrical—composed by the poet in a very definite form of blank verse." This is asserted, but nothing worthy of the name of argument is brought forward to support it. It is strange that, until these passages came upon Mr. Lloyd, no ear was ever fine enough to catch this "very definite form" of metre. The metre in question is quite superior to rules, which are what Mr. Lloyd calls "pedantic notions respecting versification"; and yet, with a blind inconsistency he says that only "an ear for systematic metre" can discover this wildly irregular and totally unsystematic verse. According to Mr. Lloyd, the lines may consist of feet with "three, four, or even more syllables," and the only essential is that five of these syllables shall be accented. Yet no hint is given where these accents are to be placed in the most extraordinary lines which Mr. Lloyd points as verse. Not only is the ordinary reader unable to perceive these metrical lines, but poets from Pope to Tennyson, who have been Shakspeare-students, have all missed that which so forcibly strikes Mr. Lloyd's ear. Truly this notion will make another most delicious paradox to suit the prevailing taste. If Mr. Lloyd will but assert it with sufficient dogmatism, he will secure a host of fanatical believers in this sublime discovery anent Shaksperian prose, which, but for him, might have slumbered on in darkness for centuries longer. Mr. Mills gave some passages haphazard from *Quentin Durward* and *Black House*, which could easily be turned into "Lloydian" verse. If the question as to what is, and what is not, metre is to be settled by each individual "ear," without intelligible rules, then the distinction between prose and verse must be utterly and for ever abandoned; for there is not one single prose work in this, or any other, tongue that may not be printed and read as genuine poetry. Mr. Mills then, in detail, showed that the metrical license allowable in Latin comedy, to which Mr. Lloyd, at considerable length, directs attention, lies entirely outside the question at issue.—Mr. Walter Strachan read a paper on "Benedick," saying that the character had been subject to much misconception. Benedick was not a captious, sneering, cynical detractor of, and disbeliever in, what is good in human nature; but an honourable, kind hearted, talented gentleman, who used his wit and his sarcasm to conceal his real thoughts and feelings.—Mr. G. Munro Smith read a paper on "Don Pedro," who is an interesting study, as showing, to some extent, Shakspeare's method of working; for he never "shirks" his characters, but, having the man in his mind's eye, he allows his qualities to appear without the least attempt to hide either the good or the bad. He does not present a batch of certain qualities. Don Pedro belongs to the class of disagreeable men. His sayings are frequently in bad taste, he is constantly showing his good opinion of himself, and his manners generally are nearly as bad as they can be. He is a man spoilt by his social position as prince, and Shakspeare very consistently draws him.—A paper by Miss Louise Mary Davies was read entitled "The Love-Affairs of a Wax Doll." The parallelism between Charles Kingsley's description of a doll and Shakspeare's description of Hero is so close that it cannot escape observation. In connexion with the episode at the masked ball, she tranquilly submits to a course of proceeding we can scarcely follow, even in imagination, so lowering does it seem to girlish dignity. This goes far to warrant Claudio and the others in crediting the slander which is afterwards alleged against her. The

extreme weakness of her nature is further shown by the imbecile way in which she meets the attack of Claudio in the church. Yet it does not seem quite right that she should have suffered so much for this weakness, and it is certainly not poetical justice that she should at last be handed over to an unstable, mistrustful, cowardly, coarse-minded bully.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.—
(Monday, February 27.)

THE president in the chair.—A paper by Miss Adeline Sergeant, on "The Functions of the Novelist and the Way in which George Meredith fulfils them" was read. This paper contained a record of three conversations. In the first, the speakers dealt mainly with the functions of the novelist. Indignation was expressed at the low estimation in which novels are held by those who read simply for amusement. The novelist's true function was considered, and was declared by one of the speakers to be the formation of a philosophy of life. He maintained that one at least of the novelists of our day has adopted this view; and that this philosophic novelist is George Meredith. In the second conversation, some of the difficulties which beset the reader of Meredith's novels were considered. Is it worth while to study the works of an author who is confessedly so hard to understand? The former champion of Meredith undertook to show that they deserve study, in spite of all that can be said against them. In the third conversation, he endeavoured to prove, chiefly by extracts from the novels, that Meredith possesses (1) a true conception of the novelist's high calling; (2) philosophical insight; (3) pathos, humour, power of characterisation, sympathy, and other qualities which make up the novelist's stock in trade. The conclusion was that Meredith's work deserves attentive study, and should not be lightly dismissed as uninteresting or unintelligible.

FINE ART.

A FRENCH MANUAL OF BOOKBINDING.

Manuel historique et bibliographique de l'Amateur de Reliures. Par Léon Gruel, relieur. (Paris: To be had of the Author at his Bindery.)

THIS handsome volume is divided into two parts: the first consisting of a general sketch of the history of bookbinding, preceded by a paper on the origin of the shape of books; the second, of an alphabetical list of binders with notices of their works. In his preface the author affirms that in his work, the result of long and minute research, he has brought together all that relates to the art of bookbinding from an historical point of view, and all that can possibly interest the serious collector; that if there be some lacunae, these are for the most part voluntary, and due to the author's firm resolve not to put forward any statement which was not to be relied on as established beyond dispute, and for which it was not possible for him to bring forward immediately irrefutable proof. These high words made me turn over the leaves of the book in great hopes of deriving therefrom much useful information, hopes only too quickly disappointed.

Two plates and three pages of text are devoted to what the author absurdly calls the Byzantine style—book-covers adorned with goldsmiths' work, enamels, and panels of carved ivory. Thence he leaps at one bound to the end of the thirteenth century, when, he says, the Byzantine gave way to the Gothic style; but, inasmuch as the art of working in leather was not yet well known, bindings in stamped calf or pigskin were, especially in the

thirteenth century, extremely rare, most of the ornamental leather bindings of this and the following century having been produced in Germany and the North of France. Now, so far from this being the case, the art of binding in leather, exercised with credit in the eleventh century, had before the end of the twelfth attained a very high state of perfection. Indeed, not only have more artistic leather bindings of the period from 1180 to 1225 come down to the present time than from 1225 to 1400, but I do not know a single specimen of the later period which will bear comparison with those of the former, either as regards beauty of design or excellence of the materials used. This, I believe, is to be accounted for by the then prevailing fashion of covering books in velvet and precious stuffs or with goldsmiths' work, the use of which in the earlier period had been almost exclusively confined to Books of Gospels, Sacramentaries, and Psalters, but which in the later, as wealth and worldliness increased, became general and continued in vogue until the Renaissance.

M. Gruel gives one specimen of the latter half of the thirteenth century—a book-cover stamped with fleurs de lys, towers, and monsters of fairly good design. This he alleges to be in pig-skin converted into parchment and stained red—*peau de truie parcheminée rouge*; and he adds the remark that leather stained red was exclusively used for bindings executed for royal persons. It would be easy to draw up a list of a hundred specimens of the twelfth and three following centuries which prove this statement to be quite unfounded.

The remainder of the first part, devoted to the Renaissance and succeeding styles, contains no fresh information whatever. Disappointed with this first portion I turned to the second, on almost every page of which I notice omissions. This part is really nothing more than a list of some of the binders, of whose works specimens are in the National Library at Paris or have passed through the author's hands, together with notices of binders reproduced from previously published works. Netherlandish binders who lived and died in their native country are entered as French, others as German; binders' names are misread and their works misdated. In short, the book, so far as I can check its assertions, is quite unreliable.

The typography of the volume is excellent. The heliographic plates—executed, some by Arents, but most by Charreyre—are very good; a certain number of these, however, are only reproductions of poor German lithographs.

W. H. JAMES WEALE.

MR. EDWIN HAYES'S PICTURES.

THE exhibition which opened last week at the Messrs. Dowdeswells's gallery is one of the soundest and most wholesome which have been held in that place of fashionable resort, Mr. Edwin Hayes being—as real students know—a thoroughly sterling painter, not only content, but determined, to obtain his effects by the means proper to art—the means which time has consecrated; and yet, with all his deference to what one may call a fine conventionality, never relaxing his hold of a nature he is constantly observing. In other words, Mr. Hayes reconciles, as but few men do now a days, the

claims of composition with the claims of fact. He paints scenes; he paints effects; he paints places; but, above all things, he paints pictures. He never satisfies himself with the partial view, with the ingenious fragment, with the dexterous suggestion of the thing that, in a given scene, would strike first, and possibly even strike alone, the superficial spectator. Mr. Hayes—though he can work rapidly, and so the better preserve vividness of feeling—always gives the impression of having thoroughly considered his scene. He approaches his subject with experience, and a fund of knowledge at his back, and approaches it too with a freshness which, under the circumstances, is very remarkable.

At the Messrs. Dowdeswells's, Mr. Hayes has something like 150 pictures and sketches. They are the result of work carried on in many places, and during a great number of years. Some of them are at least twenty years old. Others are of the day before yesterday. There has been no radical change in the artist's style, but it is quite observable that his more recent work is bolder than his earlier. It is painted less thinly: without a trace of timidity—he is, in fact, quite sure of his effect. The public associates Mr. Hayes perhaps a little too much with pictures of a Dutch "pink"—we think that is the word—labouring in dirty grey weather in the very trough of the sea. He is almost unique in these pictures—we grant it willingly—but it is time that the exhibition-goer understood that neither his capacity nor his practice is limited to the most popular, and, it may be, the most characteristic of his themes. The sapphire waters of the Straits of Messina have been painted by him hardly less convincingly than the grey North Sea, and the turbid and tawny stream of the Severn and the Bristol Channel; and more than once upon the English coast—notably perhaps in the engaging and beautifully composed sketch of "The *St. Vincent* in Portsmouth Harbour"—he has revelled in sunshine and calm. We cannot profess, in a brief notice like the present one, to single out those of Mr. Hayes's pictures which most commend him to us as a strong and varied painter of marine themes. Nor is it at all necessary; for he knows his business so well that his work very rarely falls below a certain level. And, moreover, what might, in a dealer's phrase, be styled the more "important" of his pictures are, as a matter of fact, closely rivalled in attractiveness and sterling worth by many of his smaller canvases. Perhaps, however, it is well to particularly mention such distinctly impressive successes as No. 78 and No. 127: the first representing a brigantine which has made signs of distress, and is now to be brought by a steam tug into Gorleston Harbour; the second showing a sea off Yarmouth, swept into hills and hollows by the force of a gale from the north-west. These are remarkable, and, in our opinion, highly satisfactory works; but it is not necessary to see even these in particular to be assured of Mr. Edwin Hayes's place in marine painting. He is of the succession to Backhuysen and Van de Velde, to Cotman and George Chambers.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE NEW ROOMS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THE new rooms in the British Museum, lately built from funds left by Mr. White some sixty years ago, have been opened to the public. The two principal rooms are large and long and lofty; and one has been devoted to the Museum's fine collection of glass, majolica, and Wedgwood, the other to a selection from the collection of Japanese paintings acquired by the Museum from Dr. W. Anderson. The latter room is quiet and simple in its decoration. The

brown walls, and oak cases lined with gold, make a quiet but rich harmony, and set off very well the delicate colours of the pictures or drawings.

One side of the room is hung with Chinese drawings, which show how greatly the Japanese are indebted to the older civilisation for nearly all the elements of their pictorial art, especially the dignity of their religious paintings, and the truth and beauty of their renderings of bird and flower. One of these antique Chinese drawings is specially remarkable for the drawing of the faces, which, with their fine suggestion of structure and character by means of delicate lines without shade, remind one inevitably of Holbein. The Japanese drawings are all carefully arranged according to schools, and will be most useful for the student, who, with the aid of the small catalogue, will be able to master the general course of Japanese pictorial art without difficulty. The larger catalogue of Dr. Anderson and the stores of unexhibited drawings will enable him to pursue his investigations more deeply. Mr. Sidney Colvin, first by his arrangements of drawings by Raphael, and later by the selection (now still exhibited) of examples of engraving of all schools, judiciously chosen and arranged, has already shown his desire to use the great stores of prints and drawings under his charge for the education of the intelligent public; and this exhibition of Japanese drawings may be regarded as another effort in the same wise direction.

The other rooms are under Mr. Franks, and are approached through those which are already filled by his magnificent gift of Oriental china. To this he has now added a fine collection of English porcelain, principally Chelsea, but including specimens of Bow, Derby, and other factories, among which may be specially mentioned some examples of the rare Longton Hall ware. The British Museum has long possessed some interesting specimens of early English pottery. These are now collected and arranged in a small room with Mr. Franks's English porcelain, and many interesting examples of pottery from the historical collection of Mr. H. Willett, recently acquired by the Museum. The specimens of Tofts' and Wrotham ware, posset-pots, Tygs, &c., with their effective slip-work, make a fine show of the kind, and with the salt glaze, tortoise-shell, and other early English ware, exhibit very fairly the original and often beautiful work of the old English potter. The splendid collections of glass—Roman, Venetian, Bohemian, &c.—of Italian and Spanish majolica, of Rhodian faience, and of Wedgwood, are now seen for the first time to full advantage in the larger room.

OBITUARY.

T. STUART BURNETT, A.R.S.A.

DURING the two past months of the present year the ranks of the Royal Scottish Academy have been sadly thinned by death. First came the loss of Mr. Robert Herdman, certainly—for his rare combination of valuable qualities both as a man and an artist—the very Academician who could least easily have been spared; he was followed by Mr. Norman Macbeth, the portrait-painter, father of Mr. R. A. Macbeth; and now we have to record the death of Mr. T. Stuart Burnett, who was the most talented and successful of living Scottish sculptors, which occurred on March 4—the result, after a very brief illness, of an attack of congestion of the lungs.

Mr. Burnett was born in Edinburgh in 1853, the son of an engraver there, and at an early age was apprenticed to Mr. William Brodie, the late secretary of the Royal Scottish Academy, with whom he afterwards worked as an assistant. He studied in the Edinburgh School

of Design, when he gained the National Gold Medal for his figure of "Antinous," and the Stewart Prize for his group of "Eugene Aram." He also attended the life-class of the Royal Scottish Academy, and afterwards prosecuted his studies in Italy. In 1870 he began to exhibit in the Scottish Academy exhibition; and from that date he was a regular contributor to the yearly displays of the body, of which he was elected an associate in 1883. At first he was represented by portrait-busts—varied by a few landscapes in water-colours; but afterwards his works in sculpture, to which he ultimately devoted himself exclusively, came to include subjects of an ideal character. Among the latter class may be mentioned his figure of a "Highland Athlete," and his bust titled "Innocence," which was among the works which first brought him prominently before the public; his "Bridge of Sighs"; his statuettes of "Davie Deans," "Effie Deans," and "The White Lady of Avenel," for the Scott monument, Edinburgh; his colossal statue of "Rob Roy" (1883); his graceful figure of "Youth" (1884); his "Robinson Crusoe" (1885); his bronze figure of "General Gordon" for Aberdeen, the casting of which has just been completed; and the figure of Burns, which at the time of his death he was preparing for competition in connexion with the statue to be erected in Ayr.

His work in portraiture was individual and excellent, faithful in likeness, possessing considerable dignity of style, and very successful in its suggestion of the softness and delicacy of flesh. Among his best productions in this department were a clever and spirited head of a "Florentine Priest," shown in the Royal Scottish Academy, in 1882; his most characteristic head of "Thomas Forrest, A.R.S.A.," the line-engraver; and the head of a child, the bronze bust of "An African," and the head of "Mr. Edward Burton," the mezzotint-engraver, in the present exhibition of the Scottish Academy.

Personally, Mr. Burnett's genial character and pleasant manner rendered him widely popular, and his sudden loss will be deeply felt by many of his artist brethren in the North.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HYKSOS.

Cairo: Feb. 24, 1888.

At the last meeting of the British Association, I pointed out, with general assent, the Mongolic type shown in the features of the Hyksos portrait statues, of which casts were exhibited by Mr. Petrie; and I suggested that the Hyksos invasion of Egypt was the first of those irruptions of barbarian nomads from Central Asia to which the inroads under Attila and Genghiz Khan furnish later historic parallels. Several colossal portrait statues of Hyksos kings, in the form of human-headed sphinxes, are in the museum at Boulaq, and strongly corroborate the theory first suggested by Mr. Petrie's casts. I pointed out these figures to Col. Stewart, H.M. consul for North-Eastern Persia, who is familiar with the Mongolic type of physiognomy. Col. Stewart writes to me to say that these statues

"cannot be looked at without the spectator being struck with the strong Mongolian cast of the features. The very high cheek-bones, the great breadth of the base of the nose, and the immensely broad face, strongly brought before me the Kalmucks that I had met in South-Eastern Russia, and, more strongly still, the Hazaras of Afghanistan and Eastern Persia. These Hazaras, who have retained their Tartar features in all their pristine ugliness, claim to have come westward into Afghanistan with Chengis Khan. I have been for many years much interested in the Hazaras, and know them well, having lived for

some considerable time in a Hazara village in Eastern Persia. Col. Yule, in the latest edition of his *Marco Polo*, has given a likeness of a Hazara; and anyone who compares this portrait, which is a typical one, with the sphinx on the left-hand side would be struck with the similarity of the faces. Without allowing too much weight to a single point, I cannot help thinking that if these sphinxes were portraits of Hyksos kings, as they are considered to have been, we must allow that some of these kings were of Mongolian race, or had Mongolian affinities."

The old theory that the Hyksos were Bedouin shepherds of Semitic race seems to present insuperable difficulties. For instance, on the hypothesis that the Hyksos were Semites, Brugsch is driven to discard altogether the express statements of Manetho as to the animosity with which the Hyksos were regarded by the Egyptians, in face of the evidence supplied by the monuments of the friendly terms on which the Egyptians, about the time of the expulsion of the Hyksos, lived with the Semitic population of the Delta, as shown by their adoption of Semitic names, and by the mania for using Semitic words and phrases in the time of the XIXth and XXth Dynasties. Moreover, none of the undoubted Hyksos names seem to be Semitic; and their chief deity, Set or Sutech, who was also the chief god of the Kheta, does not belong to the well-known Semitic pantheon. The horse, moreover, a native of Central Asia, only appears on the monuments after the Hyksos conquest; whereas, if the Hyksos were merely Semites from Arabia, it is quite inconceivable that it should not have been introduced into Egypt at an earlier period.

Manetho tells us that the Hyksos were "shepherds," but nothing he says implies that they were Semites. Josephus simply says that "people of low origin from the country of the East suddenly attacked the land." The name applied to the Hyksos on the monuments is not any one of the many names used to denote the Semitic races. They are not called Chal, or Char, or Fenekh, or Rutennu; but they are called *Men* or *Men-ti*, a word which may possibly contain the same root as the word *Mon-gol*. Brugsch thinks that in the fishermen of Lake Mensaleh he has found the modern descendants of the Hyksos. He describes them as quite different in appearance from the neighbouring races, "like the features of the Hyksos, with broad cheek bones, and with daring pouting lips." But this conflicts strangely with his theory that the Hyksos were Semites, who are certainly not distinguished, either now or on the monuments, by these characteristics.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE second annual photographic conference of the Camera Club will be held on Monday and Tuesday of next week, in the rooms of the Society of Arts. At 2 p.m. on each day meetings will be held for the reading and discussion of papers, under the presidency of Capt. W. de W. Abney, who will himself read a paper on "The Theoretical Aspect of Orthochromatic Photography." There will also be an exhibition of photographic apparatus, lantern slides, and photographs. All interested in photography, including ladies, are invited to attend.

THE exhibitions to open next week includes one of pictures and sculpture at the Royal Society of British Artists, which have been contributed towards the relief fund being raised for the widow and children of the late H. W. Sweny, known as an art critic under the pseudonym of "Mahlstick"; and a collection of Mr. F. G. Cotman's drawings, entitled

"Around London," at Messrs. Dowdeswells', in New Bond Street.

THE rage for Cruikshank's etchings, and his earlier works generally, is now about the maddest thing in the world of the collector. Of course, Cruikshank, with all his cleverness, has never been and never can be a prime favourite with the collector of the highest class, who wants Rembrandts and Vandykes and Turners and Meryons; but the collector not of the highest class is just now exceptionally crazy about him. Here are some of the prices fetched the other day, under the hammer, by proofs of some of his works: "The Tower of London," the set, £49; the "Miser's Daughter," £23 10s.; "Windor Castle," £23; the "Life of Sir John Falstaff," £61; Cruikshank's "Table Book"—etchings and woodcuts—£65. Among the books, there occurred a set of the almanacs, in nineteen parts complete, from the year 1835 to the year 1853. It fetched £27 10s. With regard to it—and to the Cruikshank prices generally—a sensible amateur writes to us:

"A few years ago, I declined to buy a set of the almanacs for five guineas, on the ground that I thought the price asked was excessive. Yet it was a better set than the one sold on Thursday. Metaphorically speaking, the Cruikshank Book must be placed on the shelf, by the side of the Whistler. Both are closed."

And our afflicted connoisseur, remembering these deprivations, signs himself, "Yours, very mournfully."

WE have received the first number of the new *Archaeological Review: a Journal of Historic and Pre-historic Antiquities*, edited by Mr. G. Laurence Gomme and published by David Nutt. The programme and the contents alike certainly cannot be said to be wanting in ambition. The general subject is divided—not very logically—into four sections: anthropology, archaeology proper, history, and literature; and under each of these sections are given original articles, reviews, correspondence, index notes, &c. The several indexes to papers scattered among the *Transactions* of archaeological societies promise to form a valuable feature, though we must beg leave to doubt the method adopted—that of the alphabetical order of the writer's names.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY will sell, on Monday Tuesday, and Wednesday of next week, another portion of the valuable collection of Cypriote antiquities formed by Major di Cesnola, and now the property of Mr. E. H. Lawrence.

THE STAGE.

THE middle days of the present week have been busy ones at the theatre; and we shall next Saturday, and afterwards, have something to say, in detail, of the productions. Let it suffice to-day to record that, over and above what we have already announced, there was produced on Wednesday at Toole's Mr. Hermann Merivale's long-talked of play, "The Don"; and on Thursday, at the Vaudeville, an adaptation of *Joseph Andrews*—the last with a cast headed by Mr. Thomas Thorne and Miss Kate Rorke; then at the Royalty, the bill has been changed almost every evening, the indefatigable M. Coquelin dashing from romance to broad comedy, and from broad comedy to literature. M. Coquelin remains with us for several weeks, and it may be of interest to note that the Comédie Française has refused the terms on which he proposed to return to it.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

PURCELL's opera, "Dido and Aeneas," was performed by the Bach Society last Thursday week at St. James's Hall. This work, written by the composer at the age of two-and-twenty, was first given at Chelsea, in 1680, by the young gentlewomen of Mr. Josiah Priest's boarding-school. Though much of the music sounds old-fashioned at the present day, the echo chorus, Dido's last air, and the concluding chorus show great dramatic power. The early death of the composer—snatched way in his thirty-seventh year—was, indeed, a loss to musical art. The libretto, by Tate, consists of sorry verse, and it is wonderful to see how much Purcell accomplished with such poor material. The original orchestration is for strings and harpsichord; and so it was given, excepting that the pianoforte was substituted for the old keyed-instrument. The performance, under the direction of Dr. Stanford, was excellent. The principal vocalists were Miss Anna Williams, Miss Thudichum, and Messrs. Bernard Lane and Thorndike.

Fraulein Marie Soldat made her first appearance in England, and played with great strength, purity of intonation, and marked intelligence, Brahms's difficult Violin Concerto in D. She is a pupil of Herr Joachim; and, if we mistake not, she has before her a brilliant career. Her reception was most enthusiastic. The programme included—besides Dr. Stanford's Elegiac Ode—a work which has fully maintained its popularity since its production at Norwich; and a chorus by Beethoven recently published in the Breitkopf and Härtel Supplement. According to the programme-book, it was given for the first time. It was written with the Overture in C (Op. 124) for the opening of the Josephstadt Theatre in Vienna in 1822, but not performed, according to Sir G. Grove, on that occasion. Herr Nottebohm, however, in his *Zweite Beethoveniana*, tells us that it was sung then; and, further, that it was given at a Gesellschaftsconcert at Vienna on March 23, 1873. The music is bright and Beethovenian, but it can only be looked upon as a *pièce d'occasion*.

The announcement that M^{me}. Schumann was to play Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques* drew an immense audience to St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon. The performance of the Beethoven Sonata on the previous Monday was in its way astonishing; but, in her brilliant and vigorous rendering of the trying "Etudes," M^{me}. Schumann fairly surpassed herself. More than fifty years ago Robert Schumann wrote: "Clara must be judged not by her age, but by what she actually does"; and the same may be said of her now. The programme included Schubert's magnificent Quintet for strings in G (Op. 163), most admirably interpreted by M^{me}. Norman-Néruda, and Messrs. Ries, Hollander, Howell, and Piatti, and one of Haydn's quartets. Miss Bertha Moore was the vocalist. On the following Monday evening M^{me}. Schumann played a selection of pieces by Scarlatti, and for an encore a piece by Rameau. She also took part with Messrs. Joachim and Piatti in Schumann's charming *Fantaisiestücke* (Op. 88). Comment is superfluous. The programme commenced with Mozart's Quintet in G minor, and concluded with a Haydn quartet. Mr. Henschel was, as usual, most successful in Loewe's "Erl King" and Schumann's "The Two Grenadiers." For the latter song he was recalled five times.

The second series of the London Symphony Concerts came to a close on Tuesday evening. Mr. F. H. Cowen conducted his clever Symphony in F, which was well received. The programme included Liszt's pleasing symphonic poem, "Tasso," and two excerpts

from the "Ring des Nibelungen." There was a fairly good audience. Mr. Henschel may be congratulated on the energy and perseverance which he has shown. There has been an improvement of late in the attendance, especially in the cheaper parts of the hall. He has had up-hill work, and the public have not supported him as well as one might have expected. Let us hope that he will commence his third season with an orchestra better equipped in the string department. At present, this is a weak point.

We have been unable to notice hitherto the interesting series of concerts being given by Mr. Charles Wade, at the Prince's Hall. On Tuesday evening the Shinner String Quartet played Quartets by Mendelssohn and Haydn. The ladies play with much vigour and intelligence, but in ensemble playing and finish they are not yet all that could be desired. Herr Schönbberger was the pianist, and, as usual, showed his strong and weak points.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC BOOKS.

Verdi, Milan, and "Othello." By Blanche Roosevelt. (Ward & Downey.) The author, in her dedication to Wilkie Collins, speaking of her letters to him, which have grown into this volume, says: "I am sure you will never again ask a woman to write to you, even from Paradise." We fancy, however, that Mr. Wilkie Collins, and also the public, will be very pleased to receive another batch of letters so lively, entertaining, and cleverly written as these which describe Milan at the time of Verdi's last triumph. The first part of the book gives a life of Verdi. It is interesting enough, but M. A. Pougin has already exhausted the subject. The letters from Milan, however, contain new matter. Our author arrived there in January, 1887, in order to be present at the first performance of Verdi's "Othello." But besides music she has much to say about the city with its cathedral, its churches, its theatres, and its pictures. She met with many celebrities in art and literature. She visited the famous printing establishment of Ricordi's, and was permitted to examine the autograph scores of many a famous Italian opera. Her book will interest the general reader, while musicians will be specially attracted by the description of the performance of "Othello," the interviews with Signor Arrigo Boito, and her visit to Verdi. She announced to the latter her intention to be present at his next great triumph. "Au revoir," said the maestro smiling, and then added mysteriously, "Another opera? Mademoiselle, connaissez-vous mon acte de naissance?" Miss Roosevelt writes intelligently about Verdi as a composer; but her immense admiration for Italian music, and her evident dislike of Wagner and his art-theories, will not suit everybody's taste. We can scarcely credit her statement that "Verdi detests Wagner." Also, her technical expressions about music are, at times, peculiar.

Bayreuth and Franconian Switzerland. By E. Milner Barry. (Sonnenschein.) The author gives a pleasing account of her pilgrimage to the Wagner shrine, and anyone intending to visit Bayreuth will find her book interesting and useful. So far as the purely musical part is concerned, the reader must accept her statements with caution. "Tristan" she finds less interesting than "Parsifal," but thinks the scenery in the former very beautiful. And, by the way, she speaks of the work as an "opera." We are told that Wagner's theory "consists of making a succession of harmonies, seldom or never breaking into a cadence." The author managed to enliven her pilgrimage by flying

visits to some of the most interesting spots in Franconian Switzerland, and describes persons and places in an agreeable manner.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE fifth of the series of Novello's oratorio concerts is announced for Tuesday next, March 13, when Dr. A. C. Mackenzie's dramatic oratorio, "The Rose of Sharon," will be performed. The soloists will be M^{me}. Nordica, Miss Hope Glenn, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Musgrave Tufnail, Mr. Santley; and Dr. Mackenzie himself will conduct.

MR. F. H. COWEN has been appointed Musical Director of the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition for six months. The salary is said to be the largest ever yet paid to a conductor for a similar period. He will have a band of 70 and a chorus of 700. Besides standard compositions he intends to perform a number of English works. He will leave London immediately after the close of the Philharmonic Concerts.

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SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1888.

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LITERATURE.

A Study of Religion. By James Martineau. In 2 vols. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

THERE is perhaps no man living better qualified to write a defence of philosophical theism than Dr. Martineau. Erudite, ingenious, and subtle, a master of metaphysical controversy, familiar with every branch of knowledge that can be brought to bear on his main theme, familiar, also, with the arguments of his opponents, as well as candid and generally courteous in meeting them, clothing his thoughts in a style of racy humour and astonishing picturesqueness, finally enjoying the authority that advanced age never fails to confer in England—the late principal of Manchester New College adds to these positive advantages the very appreciable negative advantage of not believing too much. When an ultramontane Catholic, an Anglican, or an orthodox Dissenter comes forward in defence of even the most abstract theology, his arguments will always be received with suspicion, and even impatience, by free-thinkers. There must, they fancy, be a fatal obliquity about the mental vision of one who accepts so much that, to the mass of educated persons, is becoming every day more incredible; and they are quite ready to believe that his religious system forms a logical chain the strength of which is measured by its weakest link. Dr. Martineau, on the other hand, passes for belonging to the most liberal school in the most liberal of all Christian communities; and that portion of his theological belief which remains unstated in these volumes would probably not extend much beyond the ground which they cover, and would involve the believer in no greater difficulties. To all this must be added the more doubtful advantage of virtual immunity from serious and searching criticism. Dr. Martineau will not be met by any antagonist of superior or equal powers. The leading champions on the other side are either dead or disabled, or wholly alienated from speculative interests.

Nevertheless, although Dr. Martineau is certain of popular support, and, although he can point to signs of wavering and defection in the opposite camp, his tone has lost the triumphant confidence that marked it some thirty-five years ago. His theism rests in great part on a metaphysical theory "against which," to use his own words, "all the batteries of modern philosophy are concentrating their fire" (vol. i., p. 179). He holds that "it was impossible to invent a combination of terms more definitely and unconditionally negating the possibility of God than the statement that there is nothing to be known but coexistences and successions of phenomena"

(vol. i., p. 6). Now in England the incriminated doctrine is still very generally held, or abandoned only for some form of Hegelianism, which, when logically thought out, is not less unfavourable to the idea of a personal Creator. Accordingly, Dr. Martineau begins with a very elaborate criticism of the phenomenist theories of perception respectively put forward by Kant and J. S. Mill. For himself he holds, as against every form of idealism, that the existence of an external world acting and reacting on our own personality becomes revealed to us through the combined processes of volition and perception. We simultaneously acquire the idea of causation, which is, in fact, from first to last, identical with that of volition exercised either by our own will or by that of another. Hence the first tendency of the human mind is to conceive the material universe as a vast assemblage of animated beings. But the progress of observation and thought leads to successive reductions in the number of causes, until at last we reach the idea of a Supreme Will, the cause of all phenomena except those produced by human or animal volitions. The great forces of nature are the primary manifestations of this Will, their correlation the proof of its unity. The invariable phenomenal antecedents known to science as physical causes are not causes in the true sense, but signs by which the processes and purposes of the Divine Will are revealed to our reason. Effects are really simultaneous with their causes; and, if we fancy that they are separated by an interval of time, this illusion is due to the transmission of causal agencies through space on the back of material substances—a process for which time is required. Dr. Martineau seems to accept the theory of Boscovich and Faraday that material particles are merely centres of force, thus leaving space alone eternally co-existent with God as the necessary condition of his activity.

Dr. Martineau speaks as if he and Prof. Laurie were the only dualists left; and he is "nae that sure" about Prof. Laurie. It seems as if the professor might retort with a similar doubt. Our author does not add to his other great gifts of style that of lucid and coherent exposition, and I am not always sure of having seized his meaning; but if the analysis just given be correct, he leaves us a universe peopled exclusively with more or less intelligent wills—a theory that most people would call monistic. But whether leading to dualism or not, his argument involves a fallacy at every step. Dr. Martineau is very fond of gibing at those psychologists who profess an intimate acquaintance with what goes on in the infant consciousness. Then how does he know that the perception of an external world first arises in company with the feeling of resistance to our will? And how does he know that will can be opposed by nothing but will? In this connexion it is idle to fall back on the testimony of consciousness, when the author himself unintentionally supplies us with an instance of how mistaken that testimony can be:

"If I know myself at all it is in *trying* 'with all my might' to do something needed but difficult, to heave away a retarding resistance; nor does anything sooner bring home to one the poise and counterpoise between self and nature than the attempt to shut a door against a furious

wind. When thus withstood and resolved to persist rather than desist I am conscious of exercising a causal will to institute or sustain efficient movement" (vol. i., p. 199).

Here what our consciousness seems to tell us is that we are creating the muscular force which at most we are only liberating, and which is just as physical as the opposing wind. We may note in passing that when one physical force is counteracted by another—an event which is continually happening throughout nature—the divine consciousness must be of a singularly self-contradictory character. Again, the scientific proof that physical phenomena come under laws that take them out of the category of voluntary actions like our own is dexterously, though, I think, very inconclusively, used to favour their interpretation as the product of a divine will. But this is only putting off the evil day. If God ever existed as a solitary Will—and that he did so exist is involved in the idea of creation—He must, according to our theologian, have remained plunged in eternal unconsciousness, for, "nothing gets known except through its negation, and . . . we first become alive to our agency by more or less losing it against impediments" (p. 201). Surely it would be the cruelest irony of dialectic were an eminent Unitarian divine driven by his own premises to postulate a plurality of persons at the beginning of things.

Even were the postulate allowed, another and more momentous difficulty would remain unsolved. In these investigations we have admittedly no other guide than human analogies. Now, judging from our own experience, self-consciousness does not as such imply creative power. Dr. Martineau tells us that the Supreme Will operates by "planting out force" in space (vol. i., p. 415). In other words, he "plants out" portions of himself. This is quite beyond me. I can understand planting out trees or colonies, but I cannot understand what is meant by planting out bits of one's own will; and I should be much surprised to hear that our author or anyone else had ever performed such a feat. We have here, in truth, one unintelligibility based on another. The theory requires that we should resolve matter into centres of force, and force without matter is inconceivable. Moreover, the argument assumes throughout that the will is free—that is to say, that it initiates energy—and therefore must go for nothing with a determinist. I cannot help thinking it a serious fault in the arrangement of the work that the defence of Free Will which it at last offers should have been postponed till the middle of the second volume. The defence itself contributes nothing new to this well-worn theme, being mainly an appeal to the testimony of consciousness. Here everyone must speak for himself; and—however disgraceful the admission may be—I can only say that I am not personally conscious of anything but freedom from physical restraint. But I believe in a moral law, and I regard it as a violation of that law for Dr. Martineau to cite the opinions of Diderot as in any way binding on the determinists of the present day (vol. ii., pp. 318, sqq.); such an imputation, however ridiculous, being well calculated to injure them in the opinion of his less well informed readers.

Our author is on much stronger ground when he falls back on teleology. He succeeds, I think, in showing that the Darwinian theory has by no means so thoroughly disposed of the old theistic argument from design as some persons are apt to assume; although perhaps more serious breaches have been made in it than he would admit. It has become clear that what were once thought separate creations are merely transformations of pre-existing types; and to some extent this process has been explained by physical causes the very existence of which was not long ago unsuspected. It is at least remarkable that, with the extension of scientific knowledge, the domain of the supernatural should continually recede. But there is no doubt that an enormous mass of biological phenomena still remain unexplained by mechanical causes; and could they be really explained by recourse to the action of a creative intelligence, we might gladly accept the hypothesis. But no hypothesis is legitimate that reproduces under another form the difficulties it professes to remove, while involving others that did not exist before. Now this is precisely what we object to in the ordinary theism. It must assume that the phenomena of organic life existed under an ideal form from all eternity in the divine intelligence, or that they were evolved from the blank form of its self-consciousness. In the one case, the correlation of organs and the adaptation of organism to environment have to be accounted for as before. In the latter, we must still fall back on evolution; but this time it will be an evolution of a kind that has never been known to occur, for our own ideas group themselves under the guidance of external patterns, and under the impulses of pleasure and pain. Fresh difficulties arise when we try to conceive the embodiment of the divine ideas in material forms. The creation of matter out of nothing is something that we have never experienced, and have no right to assume; while, if matter is co-eternal with God, there must be some relation and harmony between the two whereby the one is fitted to receive the impress of the other's thoughts; and on teleological principles this involves a second designing intelligence. Finally, there is nothing in which we seem to find more convincing evidence of design than in the structure of our own nervous system; but unfortunately it is only in connexion with such a system that designing reason is proved to exist.

The third argument advanced by Dr. Martineau is our consciousness of moral obligation. The existence of a divine law-giver is implied in the existence of the moral law, which can be accounted for in no other manner. This mode of reasoning seems to me so weak as scarcely to deserve refutation. To the intuitionist, as well as to the utilitarian, morality expresses a relation between persons, not something imposed by one person on another. It is as much binding on the Creator as on the creature; otherwise, indeed, no moral attributes could be ascribed to the former. Neither can it be argued that God, as the author of all things, must possess the quality of goodness which he has bestowed on men; or, by parity of reasoning, we must ascribe to him their pains and vices also.

Apart from mystical revelations, we can only judge the Power that created nature by the light of such evidence as nature herself affords. The impartial enquirer has to ask himself whether the distribution of happiness among sensitive beings is so lavish and so exactly proportioned to their deserts as to prove the operation of a perfectly beneficent and just being; or whether the actual arrangements are such as can be reconciled with the existence of such a being, supposing him to be at the same time omnipotent.

Dr. Martineau meets the difficulty here suggested with the most heroic intrepidity and cheerfulness; and perhaps there is nothing in his work so brilliant as the chapter in which he rehabilitates the somewhat discredited optimism of the last century. But the task entails some heavy sacrifices. The divine omnipotence is virtually thrown overboard. On the physical side God's power is limited by his own primary volitions, by the inherent necessities of things, by a dislike to break his own laws, which in a human governor would be thought cruelly pedantic. On the moral side he is limited by human freewill, for which he is much more considerate than the police, making himself even the passive instrument of its behests. We are told indeed that "God burns no heretics" (vol. ii., p. 135); but how can this be reconciled with the fact that the consuming power of flame and the susceptibility of the nerves to its action are natural forces, taken along with our author's reiterated assurance that all so-called natural forces are direct volitions of the Supreme Cause (see especially vol. ii., pp. 151, 172, 176, and 186)? After all, Dr. Martineau never fairly faces the fundamental difficulty, which is, that the creative power has given animals a nervous system susceptible of agonising pain, and has placed them in an environment containing agencies fitted to call forth that susceptibility, such as the "hellish drug curari," and arsenic, which, when swallowed by living beings, feels like live coals in their inside. Will it be said that pleasure and pain "are polar forces, and must either enter in pairs or stay away, . . . for they denote changes, and each is the transition from the other" (vol. ii., p. 82)? For one thing, one fails to see the consistency of this polar theory with the "overflowing preponderance of enjoyment" asserted to exist only two pages further on; but, in fact, many, if not most, pains far surpass any known pleasure in intensity, and many have no pleasure of any kind to counterbalance them.

Like other theists Dr. Martineau reserves precisely as much ground from his optimism as is necessary to support the claim on a future life. The metaphysical argument for this is not pressed beyond the opening of an equal possibility. As the lower animals are spiritual beings, at least to the extent of possessing freewill (vol. i., p. 161), I do not see why the losing chance should be summarily assigned to them (vol. ii., p. 329); except, of course, that their survival forms no part of the Christian tradition by which our philosopher is guided throughout. For the rest, every single argument in his justification of divine providence as exhibited in the present world may be retorted with crushing effect to show that quite possibly there is no other world, and that, if so, we have no right to

complain. Since the divine power is so limited it may be precluded from giving us another existence. But, if so, would Dr. Martineau maintain that we had better not have been created at all, that our baffled hopes and unfulfilled ideals with the reason and conscience whence they inevitably spring are enough to make that life not worth living which he teaches us to believe is not too dearly purchased by all the terrors, the privations and the death-agonies of a merely animal existence?

Dr. Martineau has expanded into two good-sized volumes the two short pages of Tennyson's "Higher Pantheism." But what impressed us all so deeply as the confession of a poet's faith loses much of its force when brought down from the heights of oracular dogmatism to the level of discussion, contradiction and disproof.

ALFRED W. BENN.

History of the Irish Confederation and the War in Ireland. Edited by John T. Gilbert. Vol. IV. (Dublin.)

MR. GILBERT'S present volume covers rather less than a year—from October 1644 to July 1645. Intensely interesting as this short period is in English history, it was a time of slack water in Ireland. The Cessation between the king's forces and the confederate Catholics was still in force, though a state of war still prevailed in Ulster between Monro's Scots and the Irish, and in Munster between the Irish and Lord Inchiquin. Glamorgan did not sign his treaty, nor did Rinuccini appear upon the scene till a somewhat later date. Moreover, the narrative of Richard Bellings, which forms the basis of the volume, is of less interest than usual, as he was absent from Ireland during these months on a mission to the pope and other Catholic princes, and was therefore only able to give information on Irish affairs at second hand.

Yet, though this volume is comparatively less interesting than its predecessors, it is through no fault of Mr. Gilbert's. He has, as usual, added to Bellings's own story a number of highly interesting original documents, chiefly taken from the Carte MSS.—a work which is the more acceptable as the hope of having in our hands a detailed *résumé* of those MSS. must now be abandoned, in consequence of the discovery that the Calendar, which was drawn up some years ago, for the curators of the Bodleian Library is too full of blunders to deserve publication. Every student of English, as well as of Irish, history will therefore turn with pleasure to these pages; though, if he is bent on serious work, they will not exempt him from the duty of seeking among the originals at Oxford for the mass of still unpublished documents.

Even from a purely English point of view there can be no greater mistake than that which regards the Irish history of the reign of Charles I. as a matter to be treated episodically. Events passing in Ireland had a constant effect upon the course taken by statesmen in England, and on more than one occasion news from Ireland influenced the popular feeling and led to the adoption of measures of the highest importance. However much we have for many years been

acquainted with Charles's intrigues with governments and people who were not English, it may be doubted whether the immense effect of this un-English policy upon his fortunes has been sufficiently realised, and still less whether its connexion with the rise of Cromwell, the hero of English independence, passing gradually into English domination, has been enough taken into account. Ireland was, indeed, only one of the strings to Charles's bow, which was certainly not the bow of Ulysses; but it was one on which he persistently counted, and for this reason any new light on Irish matters should be heartily welcomed on both sides of the channel which divides the two nations. To Mr. Gilbert, for his assistance in dispelling the darkness, are due the thanks of every one interested in the affairs of the seventeenth century.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

"Great Writers Series."—*Life of Sir Walter Scott*. By Charles Duke Yonge. (Walter Scott.)

LET me say frankly at the outset that Prof. Yonge has not given any fresh biographical information respecting Scott. Nor was it likely he could do so. Lovers of the great master who desire an elaborate portrait of him must still turn to Lockhart's *Life*—one of the most charming books of its kind in the language. But busy men, who desire an accurate, succinct, and pleasantly told narrative of Scott's career; or readers conscious of an imperfect acquaintance with the subject, who want a safe and instructive commentary on Scott's poems and novels, will find this volume useful, notwithstanding the similar works by George Gilfillan, Mr. R. H. Hutton, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, and others. It must here be sufficient to discuss one or two of Prof. Yonge's critical opinions.

The threefold classification in which Prof. Yonge places the novels, is, on the whole, just; though at first sight it seems a little startling to find *Waverley* described as a novel dealing not entirely with Scottish life. In support of this contention, Prof. Yonge points out that Scott, when putting into definite shape his idea of illustrating old Scottish life, as Miss Edgeworth had illustrated the life of Ireland, sought to heighten English interest and sympathy by associating his story with a great historical crisis common to both England and Scotland. *Guy Mannering* is adequately dealt with by Prof. Yonge. Jeffrey, in one of his letters, ranked it below *Waverley*; but Time, the ruthless reverser of critical judgments, has not always upheld even the deliberate sentences of that critical lawgiver, much less all his *obiter dicta*. The writing of this story was an important epoch in Scott's career, for few can doubt that by the creation of Meg Merrilies he first took rank among the pre-eminently great novelists; indeed, the whole atmosphere of the tale has that indefinable quality always present in really great works of fiction—a something not of the plot or situations, but arising from the fact that to their creator the characters were vital. In one of the most suggestive of his essays Mr. Theodore Watts has pointed out how essential is this quality of vitality to all imaginative work of the first order, and has shown the fallacy of the superficial criticism which

asserts that because Scott was an exceedingly rapid writer he was therefore wanting in the higher "imaginative energy." He adds:

"The plot grows out of the scenes; the scenes do not grow out of the plot. Hence, in the deepest and truest sense, Scott, often called the most improvisatorial, is the least improvisatorial of writers. . . . This is why, in short, there is more imagination in a single page of *The Antiquary* than in an entire story by Gaboriau."

Prof. Yonge has rightly given an important place to *The Antiquary*, for, as Lockhart says, "there is assuredly no one of all his [Scott's] works on which more of his own early associations have left their image." *Old Mortality* is dealt with at a length commensurate with its importance not merely as a novel but on account of the historical questions involved. Prof. Yonge is a warm defender of Claverhouse, and in his view *Old Mortality* is remarkable not only because it is, in Lockhart's phrase, "the novelist's first attempt to re-people the past by the power of imagination working on materials furnished by books," but also because, to a large extent, the "author's principal object" was the vindication of a "great historical character." Space will not serve to discuss fully the difficult question of the fidelity to truth of Scott's portraiture. But this much may be conceded even by those who, doubting its accuracy, hold that Claverhouse's cruelties exceeded the measure of his time and his orders—namely, that his character (as is often the case with great men) had two distinct and almost antithetical sides; while Scott, owing to his own cast of mind and political idiosyncrasy, could only see the side which was knightly and pure. Passing over *Rob Roy* we come to *The Heart of Midlothian*. It is in this tale (though Prof. Yonge has not mentioned it) that one of the great faults of Scott as a novelist first becomes apparent. I refer to prolixity in description, which clogs the narrative, and is, in truth, one of the chief causes of Scott's waning popularity with a certain class of readers in our own day. In Prof. Yonge's opinion Scott made a new departure of an important character in *Ivanhoe*; for, abandoning Scotland, which had hitherto been the scene of all his novels, he took a wider range and attempted a "description of the great feudal hero Richard I., and of the condition of England in his time." Prof. Yonge has some pertinent remarks as to the reasons which induced Scott to endeavour to throw novelty into the theme of his stories, together with some apt comments on the historical novel generally. Though he "will not go so far as to say that *Ivanhoe* is the best of all the novels," yet he holds "that it stands high even among Scott's master-pieces." Are not we made to feel this the more because of the charm of Scott's personality—a charm so great as to permeate his writings and cause us to forget this serious artistic blemish, that the mediaevalism of this and other stories is too often, after all, not a genuine mediaevalism but a cheap counterfeit? What Prof. Yonge has to say about the *Abbot* and *Kenneth* is eminently judicious; while his comparison of Varney with Iago is interesting, even although his point is not absolutely made.

Competent critics have frequently urged against Scott a supposed failure in feminine

portraiture. It is contended that we "rarely know how the heroine feels"; for although painting love in its results and commanding influence with a powerful touch, Scott does not succeed in leading us "to 'the inmost enchanted fountain' of the heart." This indictment, were it proved, would be a grave detractor to Scott's claim as a great artist. Prof. Yonge, however, is of an opposite opinion; he speaks of the "exquisite delicacy exhibited by Scott in the drawing of his female portraits," adducing, it must be said, not a little evidence in support of his view. He has some sensible remarks on Scott's occasional deficiency in management of plot (a deficiency which he believes would have been at once admitted by Scott himself); and says that "the plot was never the chief object in his [Scott's] eyes; the object of his chief study was rather the portrayal of character." In the valuable concluding chapter, where Prof. Yonge discourses on Scott's place as a writer, I do not observe that he has mentioned one of Scott's abiding claims to distinction as a literary craftsman. I refer to his use of dialogue as an important part of the very mechanism of the story. Before Scott arose English novels were structurally narrative, the dialogue being used for what may be called imitative purposes only, not as an active agent for carrying on the dramatic action; in Scott the form of the novel became twofold, the purely dramatic and the purely narrative being combined, and this has continued to be the form of the English novel ever since. Thus Scott, even apart from his imagination and his other great gifts, has deeply influenced the cause of our literature.

Though not without his faults, Scott's charm as a man needs no setting forth; yet none the less, one of the pleasantest portions of this volume is the concluding paragraphs in which the author describes Scott's domestic relations. It is very pleasant and salutary to think that the greatest novelist of the century should have possessed that sanity of life and conduct which is the crown of the highest genius.

H. T. MACKENZIE BELL.

How to write the History of a Family. By W. P. W. Phillimore. (Elliot Stook.)

A good deal that is bad in the present age is attributed to the sceptical spirit that prevails. Let us admit that in the field of genealogy it has had a beneficial influence. The Romance of the Peerage has lost its popularity, and family historians are now expected to display the same appreciation of truth as other chroniclers. Facts, however dry and seemingly unimportant, are valued above the most ingenious fictions, and not a few "family trees" have, in consequence, lost their topmost branches. Mr. Phillimore belongs to the modern school of genealogists, and has already given unimpeachable evidence of critical sagacity as well as of patient industry. He knows where to look for information and how to use it when acquired, and there can be no better guide to those storehouses of genealogical lore—the Public Records—than the author of this succinct, yet comprehensive, handbook.

It has been too much the habit of those who have made genealogy a pastime to content themselves with making more or less accurate extracts from county histories and works of

similar character, and constructing out of such materials a pleasant and plausible story. Mr. Phillimore is not content with such a course. The student who accepts his guidance must be prepared for hard and honest labour, and must make truth the object of his search. In no field of enquiry is it more necessary to "verify your quotations" than in the field of genealogical research. There is a curious persistency of error which nothing but careful investigation and some amount of training can successfully meet. Constant recourse must be had to the documentary evidence which is now available in so many quarters, but which from its very profusion is apt to embarrass the enquirer. And, indeed, without some such key as Mr. Phillimore supplies, the visitor to Fetter Lane would be likely enough to come away disappointed and despairing. What, for instance, can he learn from the title of that valuable series of Rolls called "Ministers' Accounts"? He may think they have reference to the high officers of the state or to the sequestered clergy; but he will be scarcely likely to know that they comprise returns made annually

"by the king's ministers—that is to say, his reeves, bailiffs, and others—of the profits of the various possessions of the Crown, and are necessarily of an extremely varied character. Setting out, as they do, the names of tenants, and giving particulars of the holdings, often with recitals of leases, they will be found most useful to the genealogist."

Mr. Phillimore does not neglect what he terms "Provincial Records"—a mine of genealogical wealth which has been as yet very imperfectly worked. Of course, the parochial and episcopal registers have always been more or less accessible; but it is only of late years that the records relating to counties and boroughs, and the books of the trade guilds which existed in every town, have been much thought about. The truth is that, owing to the greater facilities now afforded, it is easier to trace the descent of families and lands than it ever has been; and, while documents without number have perished in the last three centuries, the number made available for use exceeds that to which Dugdale or Hearne had access.

Among the most valuable features in Mr. Phillimore's handbook is the appendix, which contains a list of the Record publications, state papers, reports of the deputy keeper, and the "Rolls" series. There are also some useful examples given of the various forms in which pedigrees may be arranged, and the special advantages of each plan are readily seen. While insisting on the necessity of an index, the author consistently takes care that his own little volume shall be provided with an excellent one. Although it will not wholly supersede the larger works on the same subject by Grimaldi, Thomas, and Sims, it will be found a most convenient manual, and, so far as we have tested it, thoroughly trustworthy.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

Through the Yang-tse Gorges; or, Trade and Travel in Western China. By Archibald John Little. (Sampson Low.)

THIS is an exceedingly interesting and well-written book, giving a graphic account of the

dangers and difficulties attending a boat journey up and down the great river of China between Ichang and Chung-king. The author is a Shanghai merchant who has resided in China for nearly thirty years. He is a gentleman of well-known scientific attainments. And as he is, moreover, perfectly familiar with the language, and both speaks and reads it with fluency and ease, he was peculiarly fitted for the task he undertook. He has managed to bring back a great number of novel and interesting facts connected with parts of the empire till hitherto but little visited by foreigners, and to place them before the public in a most readable and lively way. For although the volume modestly professes to be nothing more than the transcript from a diary kept during the journey, it deals largely with such matter as foreign trade with the west of China, the prospects of opening up the country by railways and steamers, the missionary problem, and the opium question. All who are interested in the future of the Far East will do well to study the author's clear and dispassionate views on these difficult and embarrassing subjects.

Leaving Shanghai in the middle of February, the author travelled by one of the fine river steamers to Hankow, whence he proceeded by native boat to Ichang, the journey of 400 miles being accomplished in seventeen days. A stay of three days at Ichang enabled him to visit some of the places of interest in the neighbourhood, and to witness the curious process (peculiar to the place) of otter fishing, which is thus described:

"Attached to the rocky shore, in a small bay, sheltered somewhat from the violence of the current, the fishermen have their otter station. From the bank and overhanging the water depend small bamboos, like fishing-rods, to the extremity of each of which is attached an otter by an iron chain fixed to leather thongs, crossed round the animal's chest and immediately behind the shoulders. Some of the animals were playing in the water, swimming as far as the length of their tether would allow them; others had hung themselves across their bamboos, resting doubled up, and looking for all the world like otter skins hung up to dry in the sun. When required for use, the fisherman, after casting his net, which is heavily loaded all round the foot, draws up its long neck to the water-level, and inserts the otter through the central aperture; the otter then routes out the fish from the muddy bottom and rocky crevices in which they hide. Fish, otter, and net are then all hauled on board together, the otter is released and rewarded, and a fresh cast is made" (pp. 88-9).

As far as Ichang the river is easily navigable by steamers, and it retains its well-known name of Yang-tse Kiang. But above, where the stream assumes various names, the real difficulties commence; and the passage has to be performed, at all events at present, by boats and junks specially contrived for the purpose, and propelled by a combined system of rowing, sculling, poling, tracking, and, occasionally, sailing. The distance from Ichang to Kwei-chow-fu (estimated by the writer at 146 miles) was performed in seven days. The stream here traverses the Great Gorges, which present some of the most magnificent river scenery in the world, the first impression of which is thus graphically described:

"The reach of the river above Ichang is about

three-quarters of a mile wide, and has all the appearance of a mountain loch. No sign of an outlet is visible; and as, toiling against the small rapid, or 'chi-pa,' you approach the upper end, the river seems lost entirely. Suddenly, on the left, a cleft in the mountains comes in sight, and lo! there is the Great River, narrowed to 400 yards, flowing in majestic grandeur between precipitous limestone cliffs which, in the distance, seem to close together and to leave no room for the river between them. The view and the surprise that burst upon one for the first time are indescribable; and no pen can paint the beauty and impressiveness of the panorama that slowly unrolled itself during the next three hours, as we made our way slowly up some ten miles of the gorge to our moorings for the night. The water in the gorges is extremely deep (50 to 100 fathoms). Not a ripple disturbs its surface, and not a sound beyond the occasional echoes of the trackers' voices breaks the awful stillness. Clouds enveloped the higher peaks and enhanced the gloom of the chasm up which we slowly crawled. . . . I was alone, . . . and I rejoiced that it had been my good fortune to visit the Yang-tse Gorges before the inevitable steamboat and the omnivorous globe-trotter had destroyed their charm. Such scenery is better left unvisited, if it has to be rushed through with steam, leaving no time to study the details or to fix any one picture firmly in the mind before it is obliterated by the next. The photographs and drawings that have hitherto been made of the Ichang Gorge fail lamentably to convey any idea of the size, which is the most striking feature. The dark limestone strata being disposed horizontally, and the cleavage being vertical, account for the striking forms, the towers and buttresses, into which the mountains have been cut up; the narrow side glens, where small streams enter the river, are equally wall-sided, and each turn in the valleys is a right angle. Vegetation, wherever a ledge afforded room, was rich and abundant, and the air was scented and the gloom enlivened by the fruit-trees, now masses of blossom" (pp. 104-5).

Alas for poor Dr. Barton's and poor Mr. Thomson's beautiful sketches and photographs of these wonderful scenes! Alas for the permanence of the feelings which inspired the above poetical outburst against the profanity of a "ho-lun-chwan" in the Gorges! For, the author has actually procured and equipped a small steamer, the *Kuling*, in which he is about to attempt the passage of the river above Ichang, and thus to solve a much disputed point. The difficulties of the passage did not end with the Gorges, for immediately on leaving Kwei-chow-fu

"our progress to-day was through a succession of eddies and small rapids. In the words of Tennyson (slightly altered), 'The rapid runs by every rapid point,' and it was a constant succession of jumping out to haul us up by main force round these points, and in again to paddle the boat up the eddies. This work culminated in the fierce rapid of Lao-ma (Old Horse), at which we were detained some time waiting our turn to get through, while the Ting-chai (my official conductor) jumped ashore . . . and pressed extra trackers into our service. . . . We passed the minor rapid of Miao chi-tse (Temple stairs), the water rushing over a succession of rock steps with, however, a clear channel, but an eight-knot current in mid-stream" (pp. 159-61).

It will be comforting to those "Fan-Kwei" who purpose visiting Szechuen to learn that,

on crossing the frontier and entering that favoured province,

"the little urchins ran on in front shouting 'Yang-jen!' (ocean-man or foreigner), but no 'Yang-kwei-tse' (foreign devil) was heard any more from this time forth. This opprobrious term, by which foreigners are universally designated in the eastern provinces, is happily unknown in Szechuen" (p. 140).

One of the most interesting and novel facts mentioned by the author is that there are boarding schools in Szechuen: "Here [at the city of Chang-sho] one of my companions . . . informed me that he had been two years at a boarding school, the first time I ever heard of the existence of such an institution in China."

The terrific flood of 1870—several times alluded to, which, in the Gorges, rose 200 feet above low-water level, swept away entirely the city of Feng-tu and devastated the low-lying ground as far down as Hankow—was mild, however, in its effects to the awful flood of last autumn in the Hwang-ho, which burst its banks at a point about 300 miles from the sea, made itself a new channel, and is estimated to have destroyed in the province of Honan from one to two million persons, though it is probable that this estimate is greatly under the number of those actually drowned.

There are a few inaccuracies in the book which might be corrected in a future edition. Thus, for instance, the distance between Ichang and Kwei-chow-fu is given on p. 151 as 146 miles, while on the next page it is stated to be 150 miles. The population of Szechuen is variously given: on p. 148 at 35 millions; on p. 208 at 30 to 35 millions; on p. 37 as being far larger than that of France (which is close upon 38 millions); while on p. 13 Mr. Popoff's recent estimate, which "is believed to be fairly accurate," gives the population of the province at over 71 millions. "The highest northing since leaving Ichang" is stated on p. 170 to be at Wan-hsien—viz., 30° 57'; whereas Wu-shan-hien, which had already been passed, is in 31° 15', the similarity of the names having probably caused the mistake. The date of Capt. Blakiston's celebrated voyage up the river is given on p. 231 as 1860, whereas it was in 1861. The "Bellows Gorge" is given on the map accompanying the book as being below Kwei-chow, in Hupeh, though it is in reality just below Kwei-chow-fu, in Szechuen; and here again the mistake is easily accounted for by the identity in name of the two places.

As mentioned above, Mr. Little has equipped a steamer, and has obtained permission from the Tsung-li-yamen to make a single trip up the rapids with passengers, but without cargo. He is just about to start on his venturesome undertaking. Whether he will be successful or not is a matter upon which opinion is greatly divided. The difficulties and dangers of such a passage are fully set forth in his book, which has only to be studied to gain a very fair idea what the navigation of the river is above Ichang. That he will carry with him the sympathy and best wishes for success of everyone at home and in China who has the welfare of the empire at heart is certain; but it is impossible, at the same time, not to remember the estimate of the river in the Gorges that Capt. Blakiston puts into the

mouth of the porpoises at Ichang—"That top-side river no belong Mr. Neptune King, hab got too muchey rock and rapid, makey all same chow-chow water!"

M. BRAZLEY.

An Inquiry into Socialism. By Thomas Kirkup. (Longmans.)

MR. KIRKUP's essay might have been as correctly entitled "An Inquiry into Individualism" as "An Inquiry into Socialism." It is rather an indictment of the present system of ill-regulated competition than an investigation into the economic truth of socialistic theories; and the ideal of the future is presented to us less in the form of what is probably attainable than of what is eminently desirable. Having touched very briefly on the history of socialism, he traces the rise of the present system, and proceeds to show how it tends to commercial anarchy, social misery, and the debasement of moral ideas. This theme he expands in an inquiry into the nature and prospects of socialism. He invites us to look forward to a society based on useful work or service, and on association or co-operation, in which not private self-interest but a desire to serve the common good will be the controlling power, and in which a more equitable economic system will enable men to live freer and more beautiful lives than they do to-day. This ideal, he urges, is in harmony with the requirements of ethical, industrial, and political progress; and towards it, as many signs indicate, we are steadily moving.

With a great part of Mr. Kirkup's denunciation of the present system we cordially agree. That in many aspects it is a wasteful system, that its rewards are inequitably distributed, that it produces terrible misery, and that where uncontrolled by other influences keen competition for wealth tends to the debasement of morality—these are truths thrust upon us every day. There is ample excuse for the impatience of socialists. They can urge, moreover, this vital consideration—that the evils mainly arise from the weakness among us of the social feeling, and that the progress of men will be measured and accompanied by the growth of this feeling. Whether their methods are wise or not is a simple question of their practicability, with regard to which we must form our judgment on known facts of human nature and economical history. Mr. Kirkup is free from the crude notion that a system of socialism can be furnished ready made:

"It is indeed a common fault of socialistic theories," he says most truly, "that they begin at the wrong end, and indicate as the starting-point what even on their own principles is really the goal of a long process of social development, laying down as if for immediate realisation a programme which it would require generations to carry out."

He strips away from socialism the accidental or misleading features on which enthusiasts or careless critics have insisted. It is not communistic nor revolutionary, nor a mere mode for increased state interference. It simply sums up the economic changes of the next stage of social evolution. His is not the socialists' socialism as preached to the people; but, all the same, he is bold enough to maintain what

he rightly considers the essential part of the socialist doctrine—namely, that the wage system is doomed. "So long as the present wage system prevails," he says, "there can be no real solution of our social difficulties." As slave and serf labour gave way to wage labour, so must the latter give way to the associated or co-operative labour of persons jointly owning the means of production; and towards this result industrial society is tending. This is his contention, by which his whole theory stands or falls. It appears to us totally unfounded. Not a sign is visible of the decay of the wage system. Individualists of the pure faith are dying out; large businesses are driving out small; the democracy is gaining power; and our generation has witnessed the growth of state and municipal socialism and the success of the co-operative movement. All this is true, but it scarcely touches the matter in hand. It is cheering evidence of the development of the idea of social responsibility, but it does not point to the decline of the wage system. The argument from co-operation is relevant indeed, but it is mournfully weak; for the co-operative stores, which in certain localities have had remarkable success, do not affect the industrial relations, while co-operative production, as a means of superseding the system of employer and wage-earner, has conspicuously failed. Co-operative mills are for the most part substantially joint-stock companies, in which the workmen may or may not be shareholders, and in which, as in many private concerns, they receive a share of profits. The co-operators, in fact, carry out the wage system very much in the same way as their individual competitors, and so long as men differ from one another in capacity they cannot do otherwise. Were there nothing else, this difference in capacity would compel us to regard the socialist idea of associated labourers jointly owning the means of production as the dream of a future which will never be present. If Mr. Kirkup were right in saying that, so long as the wage system prevails, there can be no real solution of our social difficulties, then indeed we should lose faith. Such hope as we have is grounded on the belief, which he shares and on which he lays just emphasis, that more and more are men becoming penetrated with the sense of social responsibility. G. P. MACDONELL.

NEW NOVELS.

Robert Elsmere. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. In 3 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

Only a Governess. By Rosa N. Carey. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Molly's Story. By Frank Merryfield. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Confessions of a Young Man. By George Moore. (Sonnenschein.)

Savage London. By Henry King. (Simpson Low.)

His Heritage. By Linda Gardiner. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

A Love Crime. By Paul Bourget. (Vizetelly.)

It is not easy to briefly criticise a novel that is unmistakably the product of deep thought,

varied spiritual experience, and much literary care—still less, when it is a faithful record of the mental growth of a nature of exceeding beauty and power. Ordinary critical canons have to be set aside, or hardly taken into account. All that the critic of fiction commonly looks to—incident, evolution of plot, artistic sequence of events, and so forth—seems secondary when compared with the startlingly vivid presentment of a human soul in the storm and stress incidental to the renunciation of past spiritual domination and the acceptance of new hopes and aspirations.

In the remarkable study from life where-with Mrs. Humphry Ward has followed up her delightful, but relatively unimportant, first venture, it seems to me that she has produced a book which cannot fail of a wide and potent influence. As a novel it is a powerful story, and it is written with all the charm of style which characterised *Miss Bretherton*; and merely as a tale of contemporary English life, a fictitious record of the joys and sorrows, loves and antagonisms, fortune and misfortune of men and women more or less like individuals whom most of us know, it is keenly interesting. But *Robert Elsmere* is more than this. It seems to me a book that has a permanent value apart from its attraction as a skilful tale—one that must stimulate every reader, a book not readily to be forgotten or to be read merely for the pleasure of the moment. Of course, in one sense there are innumerable works of fiction whose *raison d'être* is the delineation of the moral and mental development of an exceptionally interesting man or woman; yet, when one looks retrospectively upon the list, how meagre it seems—how few and far between are the names writ in red lettering! Mrs. Ward's literary method is that of George Eliot. Indeed, there is a curious affinity in *Robert Elsmere* to *Adam Bede*—though there is perhaps not an incident, possibly no play of character or acute sidelight of thought or vivifying suggestion, that could be found in both, while the plot and general scheme are entirely dissimilar. In scope *Robert Elsmere* is ampler, in human sympathy it is broader, in insight it is as deep, if not so keen; on the other hand it has little of the other work's dramatic intensity, and it has one ominous flaw which *Adam Bede* has not—though *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda* are not void of the blight—it suffers from diffuseness. If it should not win a permanent place in Victorian fiction, it will, I believe, be for no other reason than that it is too heavily handicapped with a superfluity of words. Mrs. Ward is too excellent a literary artist to make this perceptible in any one page. It is only after having read one of the "Books," or perhaps not until the conclusion of the third volume, that it is realised there has not been sufficient verbal economy. The day of the interminable novel is doomed. Though all the wisdom of Solomon were to be enshrined in a tale, it would avail nothing—if the tale were in five thick volumes. For after all, there is no evasion of the fact that a story must be a story, that is, whatever else it be, it must be narratively interesting; and to be interesting, a story must not demand days, much less weeks, of assiduous reading.

Mrs. Ward's book deals with the mundane fortunes and spiritual history of one Robert Elsmere, who from a brilliant undergraduate becomes an earnest clergyman; who, against many warring impulses and influences, passes through the dark valley of renunciation, and at last finds saving grace in the purest socialism. There is nothing new in all this. The charm and the impressiveness are in the telling. The tragedy—in a sense the whole book is a tragedy, for there is an echo throughout as of the Parcae at their mystic task—is not of the vulgar kind; neither bloodshed nor wrong-doing is responsible for it, but only the blind and terrible impartiality of fate. The mischance of destiny in the union of those two noble souls, Catherine Leyburn and Robert Elsmere, owes its keenest pathos to the great love which unites husband and wife, despite their spiritual estrangement; and the tragedy of the first revelation of the dividing gulf, even the slow and terrible tragedy of Elsmere's passionate struggle for life, is as nought compared with the spiritual desolation in which Catherine is ultimately left. The narrowness of her nature—beautiful and saintly as it is—is her doom. Her vision is intense within its scope, but it is simply impossible for her to scan horizons beyond her ken. There is no tragedy like unto love's discovery of the futility of its most cherished hopes; and it is this supreme tragedy which, with rare power and insight, Mrs. Ward has set herself to interpret. The personality of Roger Wendover, and the striking figures of Langham, the Oxford don and intellectual and spiritual *roué*, Grey, the popular "coach," and Newcome, the fiery Ritualist zealot, may be more or less recognisable; yet in each case the portrait is so subtly wrought as to defy absolute identification. Roger Wendover seems to me one of the most impressive personages drawn by any contemporary novelist; and it is his influence, I may add, that is the final and most potent factor in the dissolution of Robert Elsmere's sunlit sand-mansions. In conclusion, I would say that Mrs. Ward not only shows an intimate knowledge of life and nature in northern Westmoreland and southern Surrey (the "backgrounds" she most affects), but, along with a swift and penetrating insight, betrays an exceptionally delicate faculty for selection of essential detail.

Miss or Mrs. Carey's novel, *Only a Governess*, has good points, and the narrative flows as placidly and pleasantly through sheets of good print as one of our Midland streams through leagues of meadow-land. If I find the book dull, the fault is possibly my own; for the personages of the story are not altogether uninteresting folk, and the author's style, if not distinctive, is at least agreeably mediocre. Miss Rossiter, the governess of the Chudleigh family, is the magnet for many errant affections; and it is not until Launcelot Chudleigh endeavours to win her as his wife that he and the reader learn that the winsome Huldah Rossiter is no other than—well, I will not betray the only little mystery that the book can boast.

Molly, whose story is set forth in the chronicles "edited" by Mr. Frank Merryfield, was an excellent, garrulous, and some-

what tiresome domestic, who followed the fortunes of the Blackburns and the Thornwoods, outlived most of her associates, and died in the odour of parlour-grace. Three volumes of this amiable creature's memoirs, narrated in a style that is common without piquancy or raciness, is more than one reviewer whom I wot of can stand; so, without praise or blame, I leave *Molly's Story* to the judgment of those who will have patience to read right through these episodes from the family history of the Blackburn-Thornwoods, as told by the worthy but sadly monotonous Miss Russell.

Mr. George Moore's new book defies adequate review. It raises a hundred points for literary discussion, and deals so trenchantly with difficult problems and is so bold in its personalities that one can simply say—get it and read it. It is a brilliant sketch; much the best thing that Mr. Moore has yet done: the production of a man of wide culture, and containing scarcely a single page void of something suggestive, amusing, daring, or—impertinent. It is in autobiographical form, and the reader will need to look closely to gather that this autobiography is at least nominally fictitious. In Mr. Moore's previous books which I have read—*A Mummer's Wife* and *A Modern Lover*—there was a certain unwieldiness of language akin to Zola's, without the latter's sledge-hammer force; but in these "confessions" he writes with a verve and literary grace altogether beyond the French novelist, to whom he is commonly (though mistakenly) supposed to be in close literary relationship. With regard to the audacious personalities, I confess that I find it difficult to formulate any sweeping censure, for it would be hypocritical to deny that Mr. Moore's pungent criticisms of contemporary writers have interested and amused me. There are, however, certain remarks which transgress the bounds of courtesy, and one or two epithets which are as objectionable as they are uncalled for. There is one very *naïve* passage on page 295:

"In England, as in France, those who loved literature the most purely, who were the least mercenary in their love, were marked out for persecution, and all three were driven into exile. Byron, Shelley, and George Moore, and Swinburne, he, too, who loved literature for its own sake, was forced," &c.

The italicisation is mine; but comment I have none. As a perfectly candid account of the mental development (I was about to add "moral," but there isn't any) of a young man of the "pure Pagan" kind, this book has genuine interest. In point of mere cleverness—a quality often sneered at, probably for the "sour grapes" reason—these "confessions" seem to me without a rival in recent English fiction. The book is unequal: the "Strand" portion of it, for example, might advantageously be excised. At the same time it is likely to prove *caviare* to the general, for its most attractive interests are literary. Plot, in the ordinary sense, there is none. There are no stirring incidents, and no love episodes. It is simply the record of a sensualist in life and literature—a "sensualist" not in its derogatory, but in its actual sense. Finally, I would ask how so brilliant and clever a book could be allowed to

go forth handicapped with such an ugly and totally irrelative cover-design? Perhaps it is Nemesis for the Emma episode, the only real blot upon what otherwise is Mr. Moore's *chef d'œuvre*.

Every page of *Savage London* bears witness to the author's familiarity with the scenes he describes. The eight studies from wretchedness here brought together are stirring, pathetic, and vivid narratives of life amid what may be called the ooze of civilisation. There is nothing namby-pamby nor wantonly sensational about any of them. All are honest and manly transcripts from such depths of poverty as not one in a thousand of us even guesses at. "Flags"—the story of a crippled girl—has a dramatic intensity, and "A Pilgrim's Progress" a piteousness, which show that Mr. King has, to a rare degree, the faculty to subtly touch readers to emotional sympathy.

His Heritage is the title of an interesting account of how one Martin Hall came "unto his ain again," and how in the midst of the triumph of long-delayed justice he fulfilled the saying of Epicurus, that a good man should ever willingly die for his friend. The plot is somewhat commonplace, though stories of defrauded inheritance are seldom uninteresting; but the narrative is brisk and nowhere flags unduly.

M. Paul Bourget's delicately written but morbidly analytical *Crime d'Amour* is so widely known that I need not here do more than allude to it. The anonymous translator has had a difficult task in rendering into English the prose of so exquisite a master of his art as M. Bourget. It is exact, it is even pleasing; yet there is a total lack of that which to me, at any rate, was the chief charm of the original, the almost over-refined subtlety and delicacy of the language. It was only M. Bourget's assured skill that preserved his unpleasant story from vulgarity. In the English version, I confess, the border line seems to me occasionally transgressed.

WILLIAM SHARP.

MEDIAEVAL ROMANCES.

"The English Charlemagne Romances."—*Huon of Burdeuz*. Parts III. and IV. Edited by S. L. Lee. Early English Text Society. (Trübner.) Mr. Lee is to be congratulated on having been able to finish his English edition of *Huon*, and no one who has any experience of editing will be discontented with his apology for the length of time which has passed since he began it. Indeed, he may rather think himself happy in having been delayed only by pressure of other work and default of leisure. There are more annoying causes than these which sometimes delay the painful editor. The parts now before us, completing the work, consist first of the ending of the text, and next of a part which contains some editorial comments, a series of notes by Mr. Clouston on the magical points of the romance, a couple of indices, and a glossary. The whole gives in convenient and well-edited form an edition of one of the most interesting of the *chansons*—interesting from the very reason that it is late, and therefore combines a considerable number of very different elements. The exact separation and discussion of these elements is the task, not of an editor of the English adaptation, but of an editor of the French romance in its latest and fullest form—a task hitherto

unattempted. But Mr. Lee has done all that can reasonably be expected from an incumbent of his own office, and more. His excursions on various points are valuable, and we have only to protest mildly against one slight instance of "overweening." It is not exactly the fact that, as Mr. Lee says, "it has recently been proved that euphuism is a Spanish product, an imitation of the style of Antonio de Guevara, a Spanish writer of the early part of the sixteenth century." In the first place, "proof" of such a fact is impossible, unless, indeed, some new Mr. Collier were to be fortunate enough to discover an autograph of Lyly, properly witnessed, and dated Magdalen College, with an acknowledgment that he, Lyly, was going, in imitation of one Guevara, to do certain things. In the second place, what has been not "proved," but made reasonably probable, is that Guevara was one of the patterns of a style which had, beyond all question, other patterns, some of them dating a good deal earlier than the early part of the sixteenth century. But this is not a matter of great importance, and we only mention it because this too dogmatic habit has in matters literary often been the cause of a corresponding excess of scepticism. It does not at all affect the excellence and acceptableness of Mr. Lee's work on this interesting romance, which deserves, at least as well as any other, the position of link between the simpler adventure-stories of the Arthurian cycle or the *gestes*, and the elaborate magic-and-giant-wonders of the Amadis and its derivatives.

Der Löwenritter von Christian von Troyes. Herausgegeben von Wendelin Förster. (Halle: Niemeyer.) The reproach, in our opinion justly, brought against the habit of re-editing already edited texts when there is plenty of new matter waiting for the light, will not apply to Dr. Förster's edition of the *Chevalier au Lyon or Yvain*; although, through Dr. Holland's now thrice reprinted work, this poem is better known than anything of its author's. For Dr. Förster, editing a complete edition of *Christian*, was naturally not bound to mutilate it, however good a presentment of separate works might exist. Moreover, while Dr. Holland went on the principle of taking one MS., and at most supplying wants from others, Dr. Förster has adopted the more fashionable (we do not say the better) plan of composing a "critical" text from all. He has also given a good body of general notes, as well as the sterner apparatus criticus with which some German critics content themselves, and a full introduction. The book appears at a useful time, for *Yvain* has, we believe, been selected as one of the subjects for the Modern and Mediaeval tripos at Cambridge. It is well worth reading, being more manageable in size, and having, perhaps, a stronger smack of individual flavour than the longer, and, in a sense, more important poems, of which *Lancelot* and *Percivale* are the chief; while it is more interesting than either *Cligès* or *Erec*. Few better patterns of the Arthurian type of knight exist than the Knight of the Lion, and Lunete is an engaging heroine. We dare not follow Dr. Förster in his brief introductory plunge into the great abyss of the general Arthurian problem. It is enough to say that he has our assent in his expression of opinion that too little credit has been given to the French poets for actual invention.

Die Werke des Troubadors N'at de Mons. Zum ersten Mal herausgegeben von W. Bernhard. (Heilbronn: Henninger.) Herr Bernhard's edition of N'at or Ato de Mons is a workmanlike performance. The Troubadour in question had, it is hardly needful to say, nothing to do with the better-known Mons in Hainault. His Mons was near Toulouse, and the family to which it gave name was a noble

one. Ato, who lived in the thirteenth century, seems to have served, or been on good terms with, the kings of Castile and Aragon; and he addresses to them and others divers long poems of short lines, rhyming in couplets, and sometimes with more or less intricate stanza arrangements. The *Ensenhamen*, or instructive epistle, is Ato's favourite style; and, to tell the honest truth, he is not an inspiring writer. Indeed, few of them are, save in a very limited number of well-known lyrical bursts.

La Chanson de Roland. Traduction archaïque et rythmée par L. Clédât. (Paris: Leroux.) The comparatively small number of those who occupy themselves about translations at all, from the scholarly point of view, is so sharply and with no possibility of conversion divided into those who disapprove of translations altogether, and those who approve of them altogether, that perhaps no one can give a thoroughly impartial or, at least, open-minded judgment on any book of the kind. We own that in our case disapproval of what M. Clédât has endeavoured to do is so strong that it may possibly (though we do not think it has had that effect) have made us unjust to him. In no language or country perhaps is it so desirable that old classics should not be modernised as in France and in French. For nowhere else is there such a curiously Philistine and irrational disinclination to take the very slight trouble necessary to read such classics unmodernised. No one, Frenchman or foreigner, who possesses a good knowledge of the modern language and a little brains wants any but very slight help of notes and glossary to enable him to read anything from *Roland* downwards; and it is wrong to give him crutches when fair walking with a light cane is so easy. Besides, the losses in translation are tremendous. M. Clédât has pitched the assonance overboard, or rather, he has kept it when he can, and dropped it when he cannot keep it, thereby causing hideous breaks of continuity. And the gain appears to us of the smallest. For instance—and it is a fair instance—M. Clédât renders the line—

"Tréva le jor, la nuit est assérie"
thus,

"S'en va le jour, la nuit est attardée."

Now the two words sacrificed here are words which almost anyone but an idiot can understand. "Tréva," as M. Clédât truly says in a note, is just like "trépasa," "goes across," "goes over." "Assérie" hardly needs *serus* to help the comprehension of it, for *soir* is enough. And the substitution gives remarkably little help, for "la nuit est attardée" would not naturally mean "the night is late," but "the night is long in coming"; and M. Clédât has to give a note to explain his version. We might multiply this (which we have taken at strict *sortes Virgilianae* hazard) to any extent; and we can only regret that so much labour (for the labour must have been very considerable) has been so spent. A brief and sufficiently, but not elaborately, annotated edition of the *Chanson* in French is a thing for which there is ample room; and M. Clédât might have given it far more easily than this, and a great deal more profitably.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE new edition of Mr. Browning's poems will consist of sixteen volumes, small crown octavo. There will also be an issue of a limited number of copies on large paper. More than one portrait will be given, besides a few other illustrations. The first volume, containing "Pauline" and "Sordello," will be published towards the end of April.

PROF. JAMES DARMESTETER proposes to collect into a volume the articles descriptive of

his recent visit to India, which have been appearing in the *Débats* and the *Revue Bleue*. The book will be published by Lemerre, of Paris, under the title "Lettres sur l'Inde."

MR. FREDERICK HAWKINS'S promised continuation of his history of the French theatre will be published next week by Messrs. Chapman & Hall. It is entitled *The French Stage in the Eighteenth Century*, and, like its predecessor, is provided with portraits and a chronology. How attractive the subject is may be gathered from the fact that among those whom it introduces to us in one way or another are Regnard, Baron, Lesage, Destouches, Mdlle. Lecouvreur, Quinault-Dufresne, Marivaux, Mdlle. Dangeville, Voltaire, Piron, Mdlle. Dumesnil, Mdlle. Clairon, Diderot, Lekain, Prévile, Sédaine, Molé, Beaumarchais, Mdlle. Contat, and Talma. The author, it is understood, has imported a new element of interest into his work by showing that, for nearly thirty years before the Revolution came, it was clearly foreshadowed in the moods of the audience at the Comédie Française on particular occasions.

OWING to his many engagements and contemplated journey to South Africa on his return from Asia, Mr. Charles Marvin has been compelled to resign the task of writing the life of Prince Gortschakoff, for the "Statesmen Series." Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co. have, therefore, made arrangements with Mr. G. Dobson, who for some years has acted as correspondent for the *Times* at St. Petersburg. Mr. Dobson served as special correspondent of that paper during the war in Bulgaria, and had numerous opportunities, before and after the campaign, of becoming intimately acquainted with the personages and events connected with the latter portion of Prince Gortschakoff's career.

MESSRS. FREDERICK W. WILSON & BROTHER, of Glasgow, announce for publication by subscription a new book on Walt Whitman, by Mr. W. S. Kennedy. Besides a good deal of unpublished material derived from Whitman's admirers, and critical chapters, the volume will contain a bibliography of *Leaves of Grass* and a concordance to the same. It will be illustrated with a portrait, a view of Whitman's house at Camden, and a facsimile of his handwriting. It is noteworthy that, though the author is an American, the only publisher is the Scotch firm mentioned above.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON spent some time last summer examining the "Mary the Maid of the Inn" myth at Kirkstall Abbey, near Leeds. The result is a short story, entitled *The Abbey Murder*, which Mr. Spencer Blackett will publish at the end of this month.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co. will publish in a few days an entirely new edition of *William I. and the German Empire: a Biographical and Historical Sketch*, by G. Barnett Smith, brought down to the date of his death. The same publishers will also reissue, in a cheaper form, *The Emperor Frederick: a Diary*.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will issue immediately *The German Emperor and Empress, Frederick III. and Victoria: the Story of their Lives*, being a popular issue of Miss Dorothea Roberts's "Two Royal Lives," which has passed through three editions under the old title.

A NEW edition of *The Directory of Second Hand Booksellers* will be issued shortly by Messrs. Elliot Stock. It will contain, besides the name and address of the booksellers in Great Britain, those in the United States, Canada, and the principal towns of Europe; and it will give much new information not contained in the first edition.

A NEW and cheaper edition of *Child Life in Japan*, by the late Mrs. M. C. Chaplin Ayrton, will be published immediately by Messrs.

Griffith, Farran & Co. The book originally appeared ten years ago, and in its then expensive form met with considerable success, the edition being entirely sold out in a very short time.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. will issue in a few days a second edition of Prof. Kirchhoff's *Volapük*, which will shortly be followed by a Key to the work prepared by the author.

MR. ANDREW LANG has been appointed to the Gifford lectureship on Natural Religion at his own university of St. Andrews.

SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER will deliver an address to the boys at Eton College on the evening of Saturday next, March 17, upon "An Indian Civilian, at Work and at Play."

MR. SAMUEL BRANDRAM announces a series of eight recitals, to be given at the Steinway Hall on Saturdays, at 3 p.m., during the months of April and May. The staple, of course, will be Shakspeare—both entire plays and selections. But the programme also includes a good deal of Sheridan and Dickens; and, we have been interested to notice, among the ballads, Rossetti's "The King's Tragedy."

MR. GEORGE H. ELLIOTT, of Gateshead, has been appointed to the chief librarianship of the public library about to be opened in Belfast.

DURING the first four days of next week Messrs. Sotheby will sell a very choice collection of books brought together from several libraries. Undoubtedly the greatest attraction is the unique and hitherto unknown duodecimo of Thomas Middleton, entitled *Honorable Entertainments composed for the Service of this Noble Citty* (1621); but there are also a number of other works by the contemporaries and followers of Shakspeare. Among modern rarities, we notice the Pisa edition of the *Adonais* (1821); William Blake's *America* (1793) and Alexander Gilchrist's copy of Blake's *Poetical Sketches* (1783); and Mr. Swinburne's *Le Tombeau de Theophile Gautier* (Paris, 1873).

LAST week we noticed a French collection of autographs. We have now received a dealer's catalogue from Germany, in which not the least notable specimens are likewise English. Among sovereigns, we notice that the signatures of Elizabeth and Cromwell are the most highly prized, while Nelson is placed above Blücher. Neither Goethe nor Schiller is represented. The catalogue, which is illustrated with two photographs, is issued by J. A. Stargardt, of Berlin. Besides autographs, it includes a collection of nearly 500 portraits.

ON Saturday last, March 10, a silver drinking cup and salver, with a congratulatory address, was presented to Mr. Edward Frank Wyman, in celebration of his silver wedding, by those employed by the well-known printing firm in Great Queen Street, of which he is a member.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE second number of the *Archaeological Review* will open with a paper by Mr. J. G. Frazer on "The Language of Animals." Capt. Conder will write upon "The Pre-Semitic Element in Phoenicia." The historical section will contain a paper by Miss Toulmin Smith on "The Bakers' Guild at York," illustrated by facsimile drawings of the sixteenth century method of baking; and a paper by Mr. J. Horace Round on Richard I.'s change of seal. Mr. Arthur Evans, Dr. Kuno Meyer, Mr. Hartland and others will also contribute to this number. Among the index notes will be an index of Udal's *Ralph Roister Doister*, and some notes on Westminster Palace from the Records.

THE Princess Christian, whose interest in nursing is so well known, will contribute an article, on "Nursing as a Profession for

Women," to the April number of the *Women's World*.

WILLIAM P. P. LONGFELLOW, Professor of Architecture in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, will contribute to *Scribner's Magazine* for April an essay on "The Greek Vase," as an expression of the wonderful sense for refinement and nobility of form possessed by the ancient Greeks. The illustrations for this article are from public and private collections in America. The concluding paper on "The Campaign of Waterloo," by John C. Ropes, will be a critical estimate of the movements made by the leading generals, and an analysis of Napoleon's mistakes. The title of Mr. R. L. Stevenson's paper will be "Pulvis et Umbra." It is a plea for a brave attitude towards life "in our isle of terror and under the imminent hand of death."

THE April number of the *Classical Review* will contain, among original articles: "Beginning of a Catalogue of the Classical MSS. in the British Museum," by Mr. E. Maunde Thompson; "The Fish 'Oppis,'" by Mr. J. Thacker Clarke; and among reviews—Sidgwick's "Eumenides," by Mr. R. Whitelaw; Newman's "Politics," by Mr. D. G. Ritchie; and Brochard's "Les Sceptiques Grecs," by Prof. Lewis Campbell.

THE April number of *Time* will contain articles on "Spineza," by Prof. F. Pollock; "The German Labour Colony," by Mr. Conyngham Greene; "The House of Lords—a New Suggestion," by Mr. F. Pulling; "Beaumarchais," by Mdlle. T. Blaze de Bury; a paper dealing with the iniquities of modern servants, entitled "Blackmail on the Hearth"; and the opening chapters of Mr. Julian Corbett's new novel, "Kophetua the Thirteenth."

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"Three Cruises of the *Blake*," by Alexander Agassiz, Director of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, Mass., fully illustrated, in 2 vols.; "Antipodean Notes," collected on a nine months' tour round the world by Wanderer; "The Italian Masters," by Prof. Attwell; "Turbans and Tails; or Sketches in the Unromantic East," by A. J. Bamford; "Hymns and other Verses," by Canon Baynes, editor of *Lyra Anglicana*; "Authentic Biography of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher," authorised by his family, largely autobiographic; "A Practical Treatise on Animal and Vegetable Fats and Oils," comprising both fixed and volatile oils, their physical and chemical properties and uses, the manner of extracting and refining them, and practical rules for testing them, as well as the manufacture of artificial butter, lubricants, including mineral lubricating oils, &c., and on ozokerite, by William T. Brannet, illustrated with 244 engravings; "The History of Wool and Wool Combing," by James Burnley, with illustrations; "The Three Principles of Book-keeping," a popular treatise on the theory and practice of accounts, by J. J. Chaplin; "A Thought-Reader's Thoughts," by Stuart Cumberland; "Dethroning Shakspeare," a selection of letters contributed to the *Daily Telegraph*, with the preliminary editorial papers, edited, with notes and comments, by R. M. Theobald, hon. sec. to the Bacon Society; "The Great Cryptogram," Francis Bacon's Cipher in the so-called Shakspeare plays, by Ignatius Donnelly, in 2 vols.; "Pictures of East Anglian Life," by Dr. P. H. Emerson, "English Catalogue of Books for 1887," containing a complete list of all the books published in Great Britain and Ireland in the year 1887, with their sizes, prices, and publishers' names, also of the principal books published in the United States of

America, with the addition of an index to subjects; "Handbook of Surgery," by Dr. F. Bismarck, a new translation from the third German edition, by Dr. R. Farquhar Curtis, with 647 illustrations; "Songs of the Birds," by the Rev. E. A. Evans, new edition, with numerous illustrations; "Lights and Shadows of Melbourne Life," by John Freeman; "Sunny Fields and Shady Woods," by the Countess A. de Gasparin; "Before the Curfew, and other Poems," chiefly occasional, by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Tent Life in Tiger Land," being twelve years' sporting reminiscences of a pioneer planter in an Indian frontier district, by the Hon. James Inglis (Maori); "Life of Nathaniel Hawthorne"; "Low's Handbook to the Charities of London, 1888," enlarged edition, giving the objects, date of formation, office, income, expenditure, invested funds, bankers, treasurers, and secretaries of over a thousand charitable institutions, fifty-first year, revised according to the latest reports; "Life of Comr. M. F. Maury," compiled by his daughter, D. F. Maury Corbin, edited by Mr. Clements Markham; "Land and Work," an examination into the depression of the agricultural, manufacturing, and commercial industries of the United Kingdom, with a proposal for the union of the agricultural interest, by Warneford Moffat; "London of To-day, 1888," by C. E. Pascoe, fourth year of publication, with illustrations; "The Land of the Pink Pearl; or, Recollections of Life in the Bahamas," by L. D. Powles, late circuit justice in the Bahama Islands; "Around the World on a Bicycle," by Thomas Stevens, Vol. II.; "Near and Far," an angler's sketches of home sport and colonial life, by Wm. Senior ("Red Spinner"); "Shakespeare's Heroines," a series of studies, by the greatest living British painters, Goupilgrave illustrations; "Birds in Nature," text by R. Bowdler Sharpe, with forty coloured plates of birds as seen wild in nature, and the surroundings in which they are found; "A Manual of Practical Dairy Farming," by H. Upton; "The Land of Rubens," a companion for visitors to Belgium, by Conrad Busken Huet, translated from the Dutch, and edited by Albert D. Van Dam; the Lea and Dove illustrated edition of Walton and Cotton's "The Compleat Angler," edited, with lives of Walton and Cotton, by R. B. Marston, containing a reprint (by permission) of "The Chronicle of the Compleat Angler," being a bibliographical record of its various editions and imitations, by Thomas Westwood and Thomas Satchell, in 2 vols.; "Directory and List of Products of the Chemical Industries of the German Empire," by Otto Wenzel. New Novels: "Adventures of a House-Boat," by William Black, in 3 vols.; "Bonaventure," a prose pastoral of Acadian Louisiana, by G. W. Cable; "Beyond Compare," a story by Charles Gibbon, in 3 vols.; "Ulu," an African romance, by Joseph Thomson and Miss Harris-Smith, in 2 vols.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE LETTER OF FREDERICK III. TO PRINCE
BISMARCK.

"Nor caring for the splendour of great deed
And strife for glory, but with this content
That some day graven on my monument
The humblest child of Fatherland may read,
'He who the glorious Kaiser did succeed
Was sworn to Peace—his rule beneficent.
He served his people on their welfare bent
And sowed for generations hence Faith's seed.'"
Oh, by the palms and laurels 'neath the dome
Where rests before the dark-draped altar shrine
The warrior king who made a nation one,
Did father e'er beget a nobler son?
Had ever people, when their chief went home,
A surer pledge of kingliness divine?

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

IN MEMORIAM.

ANNE BENSON PROCTER.

OUR readers may not unnaturally have expected to see in the ACADEMY last week some obituary notice of a lady so well known as Mrs. Procter, who, if not literary herself, has been closely connected with almost every eminent man and woman of letters since the beginning of the century. The present paper was not at once written in deference to the wishes of the dead, who often expressed to the writer her feeling that obituary notices were too hurried and ill-considered, and that in most cases silence was the fitting form of respect and sorrow. She had also the strongest dislike to the view, not uncommon—as it would seem—that death removes all seals of secrecy, that private letters may be read by the world, and private affairs revealed so soon as the voice which would have protested is hushed for ever. Bearing her wishes on the subject in mind, the writer only now speaks when, other notices having already appeared, some of the nearest relatives and friends desire that some further slight account of Mrs. Procter should be placed on record by one who had the honour to know her well.

Anne Benson Procter was born at York on September 11, 1799. Her father, Mr. Skepper, was a Yorkshire squire of small landed property, but descended and deriving his name from the German Scheffer, the partner of Fust, the earliest printer. Her mother was a Miss Benson, of the same county, and aunt of the present Archbishop of Canterbury. Mrs. Skepper, early left a widow, married Mr. Basil Montagu, Q.C., the well-known reformer of the bankruptcy laws and editor of Bacon. Though he had been married twice before, he was still a young man, occupying a good social and literary position, and able to introduce his brilliant young wife to a circle in which she took a prominent part. Mr. Montagu was fourteen when Dr. Johnson, whom he knew, died; he was the intimate associate of Godwin, Coleridge, Wordsworth; he watched by Mary Wollstonecraft's death bed; Sir James Mackintosh helped to steady those liberal principles which were growing somewhat wild under Godwin's influence; his home was the haunt not only of Londoners like Charles Lamb, but of young men from the country before they grew famous, if only they had promise in them, like Edward Irving and Carlyle.

Thus from her early childhood Anne Skepper was surrounded by liberal and literary influences which moulded her strong, bright nature. The word liberal is used, however, only to designate her independent, vigorous thought; for in politics Mrs. Procter was, and remained, a high Tory, a Church and State woman of the old school, accepting in these later years the principles of the Primrose League, and wearing its badge with pleasure. Her recollections of those early days were most interesting; but she was so full of life to the last, and so in touch with all that was around her, that the talk about them was quite unlike ordinary senile memories: Lamb and Godwin might have passed from us but yesterday. Not long since a letter from Lamb to Mrs. Basil Montagu found its way into the autograph market, in which he expressed contrition for having allowed himself to become the worse for liquor at her table. Mrs. Procter said:

"But they have not seen the second letter, which I have upstairs, written next day, in which he said that my mother might ask him again with safety, because he never got drunk twice in the same house."

She would speak, as if it had been of a romance of last week, of how zealously Mrs. Montagu threw herself into young people's love affairs,

so that Irving's marriage with Miss Martin took place from her house; and at the age of eighty-five, as many of Mrs. Procter's friends will remember, Mrs. Montagu's daughter engaged with inherited zeal in the arrangements for another marriage opposed by the lady's family. She was ever ready to do battle for her mother and stepfather if they were misunderstood or misrepresented in the smallest degree. It was not enough to her generous nature that their high characters and their name in the world should speak for themselves. Thus, when Carlyle's disparaging remarks on Basil Montagu's patronage and the kindness of his wife were brought to light with ill-nature and unwisdom, she printed and circulated widely early letters which showed Carlyle as a grateful suppliant for favour; and it was with difficulty that some of her friends persuaded her to suppress a scathing motto from "Othello," which seemed to her to fit the facts of the case.

In 1823, Miss Skepper married Bryan Waller Procter, known in literature as "Barry Cornwall," who was shortly after called to the Bar. Means were small, Mr. Procter was "a simple, sincere, shy, and delicate soul," as Mr. Coventry Patmore calls him, and his wife's spirits often had to do for both. She retained her old literary friends, and made by degrees many more, who loved herself and her husband for their own sakes. During great part of their early married life they lived with the Montagus, so that the two circles of friends were fused into one. Mr. Procter's poems are probably now known but to few; but when he was a young man, in the third decade of this century, they had a vogue which would now be scarcely understood. Popular composers set his songs—much better than words to music were wont to be—and schoolboys had them by heart. Still, though more than fifty years have gone by since he saw them, the present writer could repeat a poem on London streets, which were not found to be paved with gold—"King Death," "The Sea," and many others—read in school hours under the shelter of a friendly desk-lid. Nor did we schoolboys think them, as Lamb did, "redundant." In July, 1827, Lamb wrote to Patmore: "Procter has a wen growing out at the nape of his neck, which his wife wants him to have cut off; but I think it rather an agreeable excrescence—like his poetry—redundant." The wen is probably as much imagination, or banter, as the next sentence: "Godwin was taken up for picking pockets."

Six children, in somewhat rapid succession, left scant time for society; but it was never dropped, and in one way or another the Procters knew most people worth knowing in London. They were, as Mr. Patmore says—we may make his words plural—"the friends of almost every person of character in art or letters." They had, after a while, sufficient means, Mr. Procter having been appointed, in 1831, Commissioner in Lunacy—an office which he held for thirty years. Mr. Procter died in 1874, and had reached the precise age which his wife also had attained at her death.

During all those years when as Miss Skepper in her mother's house, and afterwards in her own, so many persons passed before her, it is not to be expected that she would, or could, view all with equal liking, and in truth she piqued herself on being as good a hater as she was a friend. It would not be fair to specify later names; but since, as Sydney Smith once said, "We are all dead now," there can be no harm in telling that her pet aversion was the pedant philosopher, Godwin. He was the type of the few persons for whom she could feel no tolerance.

During Mr. Procter's failing health his wife was a good deal withdrawn from the society of all but her intimate friends—and they were

many; but, for the last thirteen years, few people have been better known in London, nor till quite within the last few months would any one have learnt from her conversation or manner that she had passed from middle life to old age. What she was at fifty she was at eighty and long past that time.

"Our Lady of Bitterness" one among her friends has named her, and she did not shrink from the title; but neither he nor any one who knew her well would recognise it as more than an accidental description. Her conversation and her criticism were always tonic; and there must be a dash of bitter in every tonic, how pleasant and healthful soever it may be. She always sat very upright, with her whole figure as it were on the alert. Then, when need was, she seemed to straighten herself still more, and with a spark of mischief in her eyes, bright to the last, she flashed out her verbal dagger, whose blade was so keen that the interlocutor admired the weapon more than he felt the wound. She never was prosy, though she now and then repeated to her hearers a good thing she had said on another occasion—

"I found myself, my dear," she said, "in such odd company last night, at Mr.—'s. I don't know how the man came to ask me or why I went. But when I saw Lady— (who had just been divorced), I could not resist saying to her 'What an odd party this is! All the men have been co-respondents, and all the women, *except you and me*, have lost their characters.'"

But this keenness of tongue was accompanied by the greatest kindness of heart and action. When Mrs. Jameson was in need, Mrs. Procter's untiring energy gained from her friends a sufficient sum to settle on her an adequate annuity. She was even too chivalric and self-denying for the sake of those who told her a story which worked on her sympathies. And she was equally pleased to sit for an evening with an invalid or poor friend in humble lodgings as at a great entertainment where she was the life of the party. She kept herself young in a measure through the young whose *confidante* and adviser she was on many occasions.

Her reading was, with limitations, extremely various, one curious limitation being that she knew no language but her own. Some phrases of French everyone must learn if they live a certain number of years in the world, but she refused to admit that she knew any; and if by chance in her presence a French story was told, or a French phrase used, her whole figure grew stony, and her countenance was as that of the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears. It might almost be thought that, as M. Renan is said to have avoided learning English lest he should injure the perfection of his French style, so Mrs. Procter avoided foreign tongues for the sake of her English. A very few weeks before her death she was speaking of the novel, *The New Antigone*, of which she had read every word, and praised it for the sake of the conversations. "People speak in it as they were taught to speak when I was young. They use good grammar, and always finish their sentences: that is rare both in books and talk now." It is quite true that her own words were as finished as they were incisive. There is, perhaps, no one else in recent days, with the exception of George Eliot, whose spoken words, if taken down in shorthand for a book, would have left no room for correction. But Mrs. Procter was by far the more rapid and conversational of the two.

Her energy and interests were marvellous, and her physical powers great. On a day for instance when she was "at home," and received visitors all the afternoon, she would dine out, and go on to an evening party, at which she rarely sat down, as fresh at midnight as at noon. The writer has a vivid remembrance

of a country house party, less than eighteen months since, at which from half-past ten in the morning; during a fairly long afternoon's walk; and in the evening she was the youngest of the company. Near midnight she stood many minutes with her bed candle in her hand, dramatically representing a scene which had amused her a few days before.

It would be, however, a complete mistake to consider Mrs. Procter as one who lived merely for society, much as she enjoyed it. It was, she said herself, a question of temperament. There was no reason why, if she enjoyed seeing her friends abroad, she was not doing as good a work as if she had been asleep in her chair. She did not go at all on the French principle—that a man is as young as he feels, and a woman as old as she looks; feeling was to her the test in the case of both sexes. Much the same rule applied to her entrance into society again after the deaths of husband and daughters. That those who were gone would have wished her to do so, that a pretence of not liking it better than moping alone would have been mere hypocrisy, were adequate reasons for doing as she wished; nor was there in this any want of affection. The touching way in which she was wont to speak of "my Adelaide," "my Edith," showed how present and vivid were the memories of those who had left her side. She could not endure the way in which many people think it a sign of reverence to change or sink their voices in talking of their dead relatives, "as if they had done something to be ashamed of, as you would speak of a bankrupt uncle."

In regard to her daughters and other members of her family who followed in their steps, she showed a wise tolerance. One after another of them became Catholics, one a nun. The family union was in no way broken for this cause. The granddaughter who ministered to her last days did the same. She was free as her aunts had been to act on her honest convictions. On her own faith she was reticent, no doubt believing that "it was that of all sensible people which sensible people never tell." But if it be one of the signs of a mind at rest to be sunny and cheerful, then she had such a mind, the outcome of a good life.

If Mrs. Procter was interesting as an acquaintance, she was still more valuable as a friend. Probably in later years it was by some accident that any were admitted to this inner circle. One such friend entered into it, owing to an accidental conversation with her daughter a few weeks before her death. That the hand of death was on Miss Procter was only too evident, but the mother and the daughter each trying to spare the other, the subject was avoided. Miss Procter told a friend how near the end was, that she grieved only for the suffering it would cause her mother, how deep was her own inward peace, and how great the comfort of her faith. The end came at last suddenly; and Mrs. Procter blamed herself with calm unshrinking bitterness that she had not told her daughter how near the end was. The friend was able to remove the notion that death had been unexpected, and will never forget the relief to the mother's heart, the unforgetting gratitude during the remaining years for so slight a service.

There are other old ladies living in society, clever and bright, but Mrs. Procter stood alone. She was always transparently simple, spoke her whole mind, and was entirely herself. Any transparent artifice was never intended to conceal. If her hair was not grey, but a *blond cendré*, it was because all women of fifty years ago wore a front; never was false hair so completely *en evidence*. If she differed from a speaker she said so; and if she thought him silly it appeared in her tone, but always with a kindly tolerance.

In her passes away one whom many have

liked, and an inner circle have loved, who sat at the feet of those who talked with Johnson and Boswell, and about whose chair have gathered most of the wisest and most entertaining men who succeeded them—to the poets and the novelists who are yet young. She wrote next to nothing herself, only bright little letters which will never be published, in a handwriting clear, precise, and ladylike as herself. If those who came about her live as long as she did, or longer yet, it will always be among their pleasantest and happiest memories—not always, perhaps, possible to make clear to others, since no evidence of what she was will remain—that they knew Mrs. Procter, or better still, were honoured by her friendship.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

BISHOP COLENSO.

London: March 15, 1888.

There is one fact concerning Bishop Colenso which ought to be known before the eulogy by Sir George Cox can be accepted at par. He compiled a Hymnal for use in his diocese, from which he excluded rigidly every mention of the very name of Christ. It did not merely, like Unitarian Hymnals, omit Trinitarian hymns and hymns of worship to Christ, but there was absolutely no allusion to such a being as Christ throughout the volume.

It was soon suppressed as impolitic. I had it in my possession for a considerable time; but I gave it to the late Martin R. Sharp, editor of the *Guardian*, that he might use it, if necessary, in the controversy as to the moral tenability of Bishop Colenso's position, then agitated.

R. F. LITTLEDALE.

DANISH PLACE-NAMES AROUND LONDON.

Nottingham: Feb. 24, 1888.

As to the Danish local name "Vandel," referred to by Mr. Rye, I may state that I was well aware that "Vandill," or "Vendill," was the old name of the northern part of Jutland, that name being embodied in the familiar "Vendil-skagi," the [name of the Skaw or Skagerack. I suppose Mr. Rye's modern Danish "Vandel" is some relic of this territorial name; but, obscure as is the origin of "Vendill," it in no way affects the derivation of "Wandsworth" from the Old English personal name *Wendel*. It would have been more to the point had Mr. Rye pointed out that the corresponding Old Norse name "Vendill," which is elsewhere authenticated, is embodied in the Danish "Vindels-bæk"; but even if a corresponding English "Wendles-bec" existed, I should still maintain that the English names in "Wendel" are native compounds from a genuine English form of a common Teutonic personal name.

I am not easily surprised at the sweeping historical deductions that local historians draw from impossible etymologies of local names; but Mr. Rye has fairly astonished me. Being struck with the superficial resemblance of certain modern Danish local names to certain modern English ones, he has, without inquiring into the history of these names, or troubling himself about the phonology of the two languages, proceeded to bracket them together, and has then assumed that the English names are merely reproductions of the Danish ones. But the most surprising portion of his theory is that these fallacious parallels prove that the English reproductions are due to Danish invaders who preceded the Romans! To accept this theory we are bound to believe that the original Danish names and their English reproductions have preserved their original likeness to one another undisturbed by the national or linguistic changes of two thousand years. The bare statement of such a theory is sufficient to condemn it in the eyes of anyone who has devoted a little time to the analytical study of the Teutonic dialects.

It is possible that there may be a few cases where an English local name is a reproduction of a Danish one. Indeed, we have, if we may accept the evidence of the *Flatey* book (i. p. 203), an instance of this process in the case of "Slesvig," the name of the northern head-quarters of the *bingmanna-l'ð* in England.

* Since "Wendles" in local names is sometimes reduced to "Wanda," one is tempted to guess that *Wansbeck*-water is really "Wendles-bec." At all events, this guess is more probable than Taylor's derivation of *wan* from "Welsh *afon*," the *s* being "probably a vestige of the Gadhelic *uige*!"

The continental Slesvig derives its name from the Slie fjord (Munch, *Det Norske Folks Historie*, i., pt. 1, p. 381). But even if this instance were free from doubt, I should still demur to Mr. Rye's proposition that "hundreds of the names of our English villages were simply reproductions by Danish settlers of their home-names." Certainly Mr. Rye's list does not support any such conclusion; for the comparisons are, in the majority of cases, owing to the philological recklessness displayed in the compilation of the list, utterly fallacious. No Teutonic philologist would, I think, dream of connecting "Tjerne-holme" with Turn-ham, "†l-holm" with Wal-ham, "Ræve-hede" with River-head, *bjerg* with "bury," &c. Mr. Rye must know that a modern English name is not a true index of its original form, and a modern Danish form is even less reliable than a modern English one.

Mr. Rye does not appear to have taken any steps to ensure the accuracy of his English examples. He tells us seriously that the Danish *ø*, "island" (=O.N. *øy*, Icel. *ey*, O.E. *æg*, all from a common Teutonic *aujō-*) is preserved in "Harr-ow," "Hounsl-ow"; and "†apl-ow." In the first place it is impossible for the Danish *ø* to have produced "ow"; and some eight or ten centuries ago this word was practically identical in sound with O.E. *æg*, which is represented in local names by "ey." Now, it is fairly certain that the termination of "Houndslow" and "†aplow" is *low*, "a hill or tumulus" (O.E. *hlāw*, *hlæw*, Got. *hlaiw*, not recorded in O.N.), and "Harrow" represents *hearge*, the dat. sing. of *hearth*, a heathen temple or, perhaps, the grove without the temple (see Grimm, *Deutsche Mythologie*, p. 59). It is recorded in Domesday as "Herges," and in an original charter of A.D. 825, as *æt Hearge* (*Cart. Sax.* i. 530, 4, 35). Then the house of "Limehouse" is, as Prof. Skeat has shown, a corruption of *oast* (O.E. *æst*), "a kiln," a word that is not represented in the Scandinavian dialects. Neither *house* nor *oast* could have yielded a modern Danish *ose*, as in Mr. Rye's parallel. Mr. Rye might have discovered that *flet*, "a stream," is a genuine English word. It occurs in "Wippedes-fléot," one of the earliest English names that we have recorded. If he had consulted Domesday before comparing the Lincolnshire "London-thorpe" with the name of the metropolis, he would have found that the old name of this village was "Lunder-torp," which has certainly no connexion with "Londinium." It is merely an instance of the Old Norse fashion of compounding with the gen., *Lunder* being the gen. *lundar* of *lundr*, "a grove," which is preserved in Lincolnshire and Nottinghamshire as *Lound*.

This brings me to Mr. Rye's strange idea that "London" is a repetition of the Danish "Lunden"—an idea that is almost as wild as his theory that "Dover" (a name derived from an exceptionally well-authenticated Celtic word that occurs in Gaulish as well as British names) is merely a repetition of the Danish local name "Dovre" (*Popular History of Norfolk*, p. 4, note *). A few years ago, a correspondent of *Notes and Queries* made the amusing suggestion that *horn* in English local names was derived from *ferne*, a word that he found attached to some islands on a map of Norway. His ignorance of Danish was so intense that he did not know that the *erne* was merely the plural sign *er*, and the plural of the suffixed article, the word in the nom. sing. being *ø*! As Mr. Rye has professedly taken his examples from a modern Danish gazetteer, it is possible that he may have been similarly misled by the suffixed article, and that *Lund-en* simply means "the grove." In Norwegian local names *en* frequently represents the nom. or dat. sing. of *vin*, "a meadow," as in the common name Horgen=O.N. *Hörgin* or *Hörgini* (Olaf Rygh,

Mynder om Gudene og deres Dyrkeles i Norske Stednavne, in Kjør's edition of Munch's *Norrøne Gude og Helte-Sagn*). I do not know sufficient of Danish local etymology to say whether this may be the origin of "Lund-en," or whether this name may represent the dat. pl. "Lundum," which does occur as a Danish local name. But in any case I think there can be no reason for deriving "London" from the obscure Danish "Lunden."

It can be easily proved, without having recourse to the original Danish forms, that some of Mr. Rye's English names are in no way connected with the assumed Danish parallels. Take "Hackney" = Danish "Aake-næs." The English name seems to represent an original *æt Hæccan tēge* from the personal name "Hæcca," whereas the Danish "Aake-næs" has no initial *h*, has a long vowel (*aa*=*ā*) instead of a short one, and is, if we may trust the modern form, derived from an entirely different name—the O.N. *Áki*. The corresponding name to "Hæcca" in O.N. is *Haki*, which is embodied in the Danish "Hage-sted," "Hak-sted." Nor is it easy to see how the Danish "Bromelle" can be in any way connected with the English "Brom-ley," which represents *æt bróm léage*—that is "broom-lea." Now, as neither *bróm* nor *léah* are represented in the Scandinavian dialects, it is difficult to believe in a Danish "Brom-ley"; and if *léah* had existed in O.N., it must have borne the form *lō*, which could not very well yield a modern Danish *le*. An equally impossible equation is that of "Brixton" with the Danish "Brix-gaard." Brixton was not the name of a township, but of a stone in the parish of Lambeth. The early forms of this name are: A.D. 1062, "æt Brixges stāne, tō Brixes stān[e]" (*Cod. Dipl.* iv. 158, 4) and the Domesday "Bricsi-stan," "Brixi-stan." There can be no doubt that the first part of this compound represents the O.E. personal name "Briht-sige"—a form that could not occur in Old Danish, for the reasons that *briht* is a peculiarly English metathesis of *berht*, and that this common Teutonic word is represented in O.N. by *bjartr*, from which *Brix* cannot be descended, since the *x* in "Brixton" represents the coalescence of the *s* of *sige*, and of the guttural spirant *h*, which does not exist in the O.N. form. There is the further objection that the Teutonic names in *briht* were very sparingly used by the Northmen; and there is, I believe, no record of an O.N. equivalent to the English *Briht-sige* or *Beorht-sige*. It is not improbable that Brixton derives its name from "Berht-sige," a relation of *dux* Ælfred, the owner of Clapham in 871-889. See his will in Sweet's *Oldest English Texts*, No. 45, *Second Anglo-Saxon Reader*, p. 194. Clapham is mentioned in this will as "Cloppaham"—a fact that is fatal to the derivation of this name from Osgod Clapa, the usually received etymology cited by Mr. Rye.

Parallel formations in English and Danish local nomenclature may arise (1) from both languages using common Teutonic words in the formation of local names, or (2) from their use of common Teutonic personal names, or (3) from the introduction into England of particular Danish names or words. A good instance of the first process is Mr. Rye's "Wester-ham" and the Danish "Vester-holm," where the first member of these compounds is a common Teutonic adj. meaning "western." *Westerham* occurs as "Westar-ham" in the will of Ælfred, A.D. 871-889, above referred to. I may here state that the English *ham* is not equivalent to the Danish *holm*. This early mention of

* Cf. A.D. 944, "Hæccan bróc"; *Chron. Mon. de Abingd.* i. 113, 3, and A.D. 709, "Hæccan ig"; *Cod. Dipl.* vi. 221, 13; "Heohene-ig"; *Vari. Sax.* i. 184, 32 (late copy).

"Westerham" renders the connexion of *hám* with *holm* impossible in this case. Again, as *land* and *end* are Teutonic words common to English and O.N., it is not necessary to suppose that our "Landsend" is a reproduction of "Landzendi," the O.N. name for the southern point of Norway. But the name "Kirkby" affords an even stronger proof of the baselessness of Mr. Rye's theory that agreements between English and Danish local names are due to reproduction. This name occurs in Iceland as "Kirkju-bœr," in Denmark as "Kirkeby," in Normandy as "Crique-bœuf," and in England as "Kirkby." Now, since *Kirk* never meant anything but a Christian temple in any Teutonic dialect, it is certain that the English Kirkbys are not legacies from the ante-Roman Danes; and the English and Norman instances can hardly have been borrowed from Denmark at a later date, for these names were, in all probability, conferred before Denmark was converted to Christianity. All four instances were, no doubt, entirely spontaneous compounds formed by the inhabitants of each country. As an example of the second process, I will take Mr. Rye's "Sunbury" = "Sonne-bjerg." The former is recorded in A.D. 1066 as "in Sunna-byri" (*Cod. Dipl.* iv. 177, 23), and in Domesday as "Sune-berie." Both forms represent an O.E. *æt Sunnan byrig*, where *Sunnan* is the gen. of the personal name **Sunna*. The Danish "Sonne-bjerg" is, I suppose, from the corresponding Old Danish name *Suni*, gen. *Sunne*, but, although this Danish name may be part of the common Teutonic heritage, it is possibly a name borrowed from the English **Sunna*, since names beginning with *Sun* are very rare in O.N., the most familiar instance, "Sunniva," being clearly a representation of the O.E. "Sun-gifu" (Aasen, *Norsk Navnebog*, p. 75). But there are certain common Teutonic names that were so altered under the influence of English and Norse phonology that we can readily determine which is the English and which is the Norse form. The O.N. *Gunn-arr* will serve as an example of this. This name is apparently embodied in Mr. Rye's "Gunnarsbury" and in the Danish "Gunnars-Kjer." The English name corresponding to "Gunn-arr" was "Gúð-hera," so that when we find "Gunn-arr" in an English local name we know that that name is due to Danish influence. And we have evidence that "Gunn-arr" was in use in England, a *Gunner dux* being mentioned in 931 (*Cart. Sax.* ii. 365, 11), and in other charters of this period. Now, it is evident that an English *by* owned by this or any other *Gunn-arr* might be called "Gunnars-by" without its name being in any way a reproduction of the equivalent "Gunnars-bœr," near Tonsberg, Norway; and in the same way we may account for "Gunnars-bury," and even for the Norman *Gonne-tot* = "Gunnars-toft" (Munch, *N. F. H.*, i., p. 1, p. 681, citing Petersen, "Om Stedsnavne i Normandiet," *Nordisk Tidsskrift for Oldkyndighed*, ii., pp. 224-242). Similarly the Nottinghamshire "Gun-thorpe" (Domesday *Gune-torp*) is entirely independent of the Danish "Gunde-rup" and "Gunnarup"; and the Lincolnshire "Gun-by" (Domesday *Gunne-bi*) is likewise independent of the Danish "Gunn-by," these names being all derived from men named *Gunni*, gen. *Gunna*.†

* I say "apparently" because I have no old forms of this name before me. The apparently similar Lincolnshire "Goner-by" is not derived from *Gunn-arr* but from *Gunn-varðr*, the Domesday form being "Gunn-worde-bi."

† I may here mention, to show the folly of taking a modern Danish local name as a basis of comparison, that "Gunn-rød" is not derived, as its modern form suggests, from *Gunni*, but from the fem. name *Gunn-hildr*. (See Nielsen, *Old danske Personnavne*, p. xii.)

Nor is there any reason to imagine that the English "Grims-thorpe" is a reproduction of the Danish "Grims-trup," both being derived from the O.N. personal name *Grimr*, if, indeed, the English instance be not from an English *Grim*.

It is, I think, unnecessary to proceed with the analysis of Mr. Rye's fallacious parallels. There is nothing in any of them to support the strange proposition that the English examples are due to "reproductions by Danish settlers of their home-names," whether that reproduction be assumed to have taken place before the Roman invasion or when the historic Danes appeared in England. There is a tendency among English antiquaries to over-rate the Danish influence in local etymology. This may be due to the glamour of the Sagas, or to Worsaae's interesting, but somewhat imaginative work. In any case, we meet with Danish explanations of good English names almost as frequently as we do with modern Welsh etymologies of equally undoubted English compounds.

W. H. STEVENSON.

FORS FORTUNA.

(Oxford: March 5, 1888.)

In the introduction to Letter B of my Icelandic Dictionary, I have equated Latin *fors*, *forte*, with Icelandic *burðr*. That introduction was written at this place in the early months of 1867, now twenty-one years ago.

Bera is one of the great verbs of Icelandic, the Leviathan of Letter B. It gave me a vast deal of trouble at the time. It is Section C (as I call it), the impersonal usages, which bear most upon the present question. Space and regard for your readers forbid my copying or even abstracting two condensed columns of print—*Si ut scripsit novus consul dixisset, principem enecuisse*. Nor can any translation of mine convey to the reader the living breath of the native idioms as *felt* by an Icelander. However, one is not far from the mark in saying that there runs through the section the notion of an invisible, passive, sudden, involuntary chance agency, a "*fatis agimur*" indeed. Thus, *bera at*, or reflex, *beraz at* = "to befall, chance, happen, come to pass," and the corresponding noun, *at-burðr* = "event, chance, hap, accident." How, seeing this, can one help equating *ferre* with *bera*, and *fort-is* with *burðr*?

In another section, marked by me A II., is *bera*, "to bear, give birth," and the corresponding noun, *burðr*, "birth," but also, in plural, denoting the birthright or accompaniments, endowments of birth = "rank, honour, might, strength"; and this calls to mind Latin *fortis*, "strong," and *fortuna*, "luck." Fairy midwives, called *Norns*, were present (to the Norse mind) at the birth of every mother's child, shaping there and then at the very hour of "birth" the child's "fortune" and future life. I have long held "birth" and "fortune" to be related words, in both senses, A II. and C. Am I wrong? I mean it etymologically, and in the ancient, not modern, sense—no more.

In all these words, verbal *ð* and nominal *þ* go together. Besides *bera* and *burð-r*, there are *skera*, "to cut," and *skurð-r*, "a cut"; *stela*, "to steal," and *stulð-r*, "a theft"; *þuerra*, "to wane," and *þurð-r*, "a decrease"; *verða*, "to happen," and *urð-r*, "the destiny." All those nouns are masculine; if feminine, then for obvious reasons we have the unlauted *ð* (*y*), thus *byrð-r*, "a burden"—all fitting in with the Table of Vowels given by Prof. Brugmann in his recent great work.

GUDBRAND VIGFUSSON.

THE CANARY ISLANDS.

Puerto de Orotava, Tenerife: March 1, 1888.

As reviewer of Mrs. Stone's recently published volumes on the Canary Islands, I feel bound to

explain that my criticism of that book remains unaltered, and is quite unaffected by her letter of self-defence (ACADEMY, February 18). Every point was examined with care, and now there is nothing to retract or to change. Furthermore, since my notice was written, friends (long resident here) have pointed out many other errors of detail relating more especially to matters of fact, which imply both hasty generalisation, and "a partial knowledge of these islands." What could be expected but this result, when a book is the product of a few weeks spent in each of the chief islands of the group? One re-echoes Mrs. Stone's dogma that "criticism founded upon a partial knowledge of these islands is apt to be most misleading." To take the two largest islands only, if Mrs. Stone denies that her knowledge and her experience of both Tenerife and Grand Canary are but *partial*, we shall concede to her at once some hitherto unacknowledged privilege of infallibility belonging to a lady traveller. It is necessary to dwell upon this point, because of Mrs. Stone's tone of assured superiority over her predecessors, which permeates the book from its preface onwards. Such a tone has caused some people to take a distorted view of these volumes. Knowledge and infallibility, however, cannot walk the same road for long without one of them going to the wall.

Briefly, I wish to point out some mistaken deductions in Mrs. Stone's letter. Her list of bibliographical titles is exactly as I suspected. Ninety-one titles is not so very formidable or cumbersome a number after all, nor does it amount to one half of the total that I have collected in a trial list. A goodly percentage of these were accessible to London students. The question I asked was not only whether Mrs. Stone had "insufficiently consulted original authorities," but also whether she had not believed herself to have consulted all authorities, when the contrary could be distinctly shown. As to original authorities for the earlier history of the islands, Mrs. Stone holds some very decided views, which cannot be reconciled with those of the veteran historian and critic Don Agustín Millares, of Las Palmas. By the verdict of the latter authority I shall prefer to abide.

Misprints can, of course, be amended in a second (let us trust, abridged) edition, but the matter of local names is not so easy to gloss over as Mrs. Stone supposes. We have lists of topographical names throughout the archipelago in the works of Webb et Berthelot, Olive, Millares, and Chil y Naranjo; and by these a majority of names have become fixed, and are now unquestionable. Of those which have puzzling variants, I do not remember any in Mrs. Stone's work worthy of mention. Thus, whether rightly or wrongly fixed, there is for the mass of names an authorised nomenclature in topography. No rashness, no dogmatism, therefore, were needed as assistance when I corrected a few Tenerife names, which future tourists will wish to know accurately. As to names of people and places, Mrs. Stone's dearly-loved authority, Glas, cannot always be depended on.

Again, the maps are hardly seriously to be called by the author "mymaps." For want of research the map of Tenerife has been altered without warrant for accuracy, and that of Palma contains some place marked "Arriba" and "Abajo," which to me is a puzzle, since if a man went to Boscaille not knowing its name, and was told that he had walked through "Upper" and "Lower," without mention being made of the name of Boscaille, he would feel as much in a fog as to that place, as I am in regard to this village in Palma. The Admiralty Charts, Fritsch, and Don Marcial Velasquez are, I repeat, authorities for the other maps. Private observations made

by Mr. Stone in topography and meteorology do not call for remark, nor could a reviewer have mentioned those of Mr. Béchervaise at Las Palmas as being specially worthy of attention.

Mrs. Stone's work is a book of travel only. Who could possibly mistake it for anything else? But books of travel require to be padded (sometimes considerably so) with matters relating to the history, geography, and manners and customs of the regions they describe. I have shown that Mrs. Stone's padding lacks accuracy throughout; but her travel proper is, apart from prolix verbosity, usually interesting. Yet, if an author, in her preface, leads one, by her own words, to expect a work showing the results of some research apart from her journal notes, I did not surely exceed the limits of ordinary anticipation, in expressing disappointment, when such research proved to be hollow.

Before closing this letter I will deal with Mrs. Stone's twice-announced fact that herself and her husband "were the first English to visit the singularly isolated and beautiful island of Hierro, and that "No English-speaking-person has been on this island since the days of Columbus." Without proving the random nature of the latter statement, let me ask one question. Has Mrs. Stone yet become aware of the fact that Hierro was explored in a thorough and scientific manner by two English gentlemen (Dr. W. Duppa-Crotch and his brother) somewhat more than twenty years ago? Curiously enough, the name of one of these gentlemen appears in Mrs. Stone's own pages concealed by a dash.

"Truth is the strong thing," we are told by Mr. Robert Browning, and Mrs. Stone assures us that her aim was truth. Weak points, we all know too well, are inevitable in human workmanship; but, after they have been exposed, for an author to maintain that they were beyond the limits of attack, by mere assumption of superior wisdom, is hardly advisable.

GEORGE F. HOOPER.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, March 19, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Alloys," II., by Prof. W. Chandler Roberts-Austen.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Results of many Years' Survey among the Coral Formations in the Pacific," by Dr. H. B. Guppy; "Chinese Ethnology and Chronology," by Dr. O. A. Gordon.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Attention," by Mr. G. F. Stout.

TUESDAY, March 20, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Before and after Darwin," X., by Prof. G. J. Romanes.

7.45 p.m. Statistical.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "What style of Architecture should we Follow?" by Mr. William Simpson.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "Economy-Trials of a Non-condensing Steam-Engine—Simple, Compound, and Triple," by Mr. F. W. Willans.

Zoological: "The Classification of the Ranidae," by Mr. G. A. Boulenger; "Descriptions of Sixteen New Species of Shells," by Mr. G. B. Sowerby; "A Worm of the Genus *Aelosoma*," by Mr. Frank E. Beddard.

WEDNESDAY, March 21, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Evils of Canal Irrigation in India, and their Prevention," by Mr. I. H. Thornton.

THURSDAY, March 22, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Microscopical Work with Recent Lenses on the Least and Simplest Forms of Life," III., by the Rev. W. H. Dallinger.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "Electrical Stress," by Prof. A. W. Rücker and Mr. O. V. Boys.

8 p.m. Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts: "The Fine Arts of Palestine," by Mrs. E. A. Finn.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, March 23, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "Principal Types of American Swing Bridges," by Mr. H. H. Hodge.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "A Lecture with—and without—Point," by Sir Frederick Bramwell.

SATURDAY, March 24, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Modern Drama, III, English," by Mr. W. Archer.

8.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

RECENT WORKS ON THE MICROSCOPE.

The Microscope in Theory and Practice. Translated from the German of Prof. Carl Naegeli and Prof. S. Schwendener. (Sonnenschein.)

My Microscope and Some Objects from My Cabinet. By a Quekett Club-man. (Roper & Drowley.)

The Student's Handbook to the Microscope. (Same Author and Publishers.)

A Manual of Elementary Microscopical Manipulation. By T. Charles White. (Same Publishers.)

ANY one who takes up Naegeli and Schwendener's work with the expectation of finding in it an addition to our many popular books on the microscope, such as Carpenter's or Hogg's or Beale's, will be disappointed. He will find here no general description of the use of the instrument, or directions as to the dissecting apparatus with which the beginner should provide himself; no pretty drawings of animals or plants to be picked up in a slimy pond, of snow-crystals, or the scales on butterflies' wings. He will find, on the contrary, every page bristling with mathematical formulae and diagrams; and, unless his object be to learn something of the theory as well as the practice of the microscope, and unless he has some knowledge of mathematics, he had better send away the book whence it came.

Few of those who use the microscope as a toy, few even of those who use it as an adjunct to biological or petrological work, are able to realise the skill which has been requisite to bring the instrument to its present high state of perfection, or the extent to which a knowledge of the higher mathematics is essential to its improvement. There are microscopists in this country who are deeply versed in microscopical optics; but they are mostly amateurs. Almost the whole of the practical application of science to the instrument has come from Germany; and it is to the researches of Prof. Abbé de Jena that we chiefly owe the extraordinary advance during recent years in the evolution of the microscope.

The first part of the work treats of the Theory of the Microscope; and discusses, among other special subjects, Chromatic and Spherical Aberration, and the vexed question of Aperture. Under the head of the Theory of Microscopic Observation, we have a section on Interference Phenomena. In Part VII. the phenomena of Polarisation are entered into in detail. Nor are points of practical technique passed over. The reader will here find advice, which cannot but be of service to him, from the highest possible authority, on such points as the Preparation and Treatment of Specimens, the Preservation of Microscopic Specimens, and the Measurement and Drawing of Microscopic Objects.

The translation from the original German—a work of no ordinary difficulty—has been very satisfactorily accomplished, at the outset by Mr. F. Crisp, and completed by Mr. J. Mayall, jun.

The two little books by the writer who styles himself "A Quekett Club-man" are well adapted to interest the beginner in this fascinating science; written, as they are, in a pleasant and easy style, and tastily got up by the publishers. The one we have placed first describes the appearance presented under the microscope by such objects as the parasitic fungus on the dock, a diatom, a freshwater *Hydra*, a butterfly's wing, a spider's eye, and a slice of limestone. In the second, the microscopes of the best English makers—Baker, Beck, Collins, Crouch, Powell, Ross,

Swift, Watson, and others—are described and compared, together with the accessory apparatus necessary for the worker. These are both books which can be placed with confidence in the hands of students. Before new editions are called for, we would venture to make two suggestions to the writer: first, that to the *Handbook to the Microscope* should be added a short chapter on section-cutting and the mounting of slides; and, secondly, that the specific and generic names should be carefully revised. By this means, the use of such terms as "a foraminifera," "Pleurosigmata," and others, which jar upon the scientific reader, would be avoided.

Praise is needless for any work by the accomplished "late President of the Quekett Microscopical Club." Although the book is a very small one, Mr. White's *Manual* goes over considerably larger ground than the second of the "Quekett Club-man's." We find here instructions for mounting, section-cutting, staining, injection, &c. With this little manual, in addition to the two preceding ones, the beginner will be well provided.

ALFRED W. BENNETT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEW KANISHKA INSCRIPTION AND THE TITLE "SHĀHI."

Paris: Mars 6, 1888.

Vous avez publié dans le No. 826 de l'ACADEMY une lettre du Dr. G. Bühler, de Vienne, au sujet d'une inscription datée de la 7^e année du mahārāja rājātrāja Shāhi Kanishka, qui vient d'être trouvée à Mathurā par l'infatigable explorateur, Dr. Burgess. Cette inscription, indépendamment de son importance au point de vue du Jainism, est particulièrement intéressante en ce qu'elle nous apprend que Kanishka avait le titre de Shāhi. Jusqu'ici le plus ancien texte qui mentionnât ce titre iranien, était une inscription trouvée également dans le Kankali mound, à Mathurā, en 1869, et datée de Samvat 87 du roi Vāsu-deva (= 165 A.D.), et l'on pouvait douter que ce titre eût également appartenu à Kanishka et Huvishka, ses prédécesseurs. La découverte de la nouvelle inscription signalée par le savant professeur de Vienne fait tomber tous les doutes, et est, en outre, une éclatante confirmation de la lecture shahanano shah (Shāhinshāh) proposée par Dr. Aurel Stein pour la légende PAONANOPAO des monnaies de Kanishka et de ses successeurs (v. l'ACADEMY, Septembre 10 et 24, et Octobre 1 et 8, 1887). L'an 7 de Kanishka correspond à A.D. 85; on a donc l'indication certaine, par cette inscription, et par les monnaies, que le titre royal shāh et shāhinshāh était usité en Perse et dans l'Iran oriental au premier siècle de notre ère, bien que ce soit seulement 150 ans plus tard que ces appellations se rencontrent sous la forme malkān malkā sur les monnaies des Sassanides.

C'est là une de ces surprises comme l'Inde nous en a déjà révélée et comme elle nous en réserve d'autres, grâce aux intelligentes recherches des savants anglais et allemands de la Commission archéologique de l'Inde.

ED. DROUIN.

RAWLINSON B. 512 AND THE TRIPARTITE LIFE OF S. PATRICK.

London: March 6, 1888.

A catalogue of the contents of Rawl. B. 512 (one of the most valuable of the Irish MSS. in the Bodleian) has just been published in pp. xiv.-xlv. of the introduction to the Rolls edition of the Tripartite Life of S. Patrick. Permit me, through the columns of the ACADEMY, to ask the possessors of this book to make in their respective copies the following

corrections of the catalogue in question. For these I am indebted to the learning and palaeographical skill of Mr. S. H. O'Grady:

- P. xv., l. 13, Da . . . should doubtless be Dálaigh—Tadg ó Dálaigh having been a poet who flourished A.D. 1520.
- xv., l. 22, for os, read or; l. 23, for and, read for.
- l. 30, and note 2, for Ceannus, read Ce[n]annus "Kells."
- Note 2, for "Breifne," read "Breifnes" (of which there were two).
- xvi., ll. 6, 7, for críocharacht, read críocharach[dó]racht.
- xvii., note 2, for these miracles, read this miracle.
- xix., ll. 21, 22, read Sunday eventide has overtaken us, and under God's protection may I be!
- Note 3, for unyoke, read leave off.
- xxii., l. 7, for inbir, read dinbir.
- Note 1, l. 14, for at the end of, read hard by.
- xxiii., note 4, the second sentence should be, "Knowest thou that in every year there are four fair things?"
- xxiv., note 1, for (when) found, read as taken.
- xxv., l. 10 } for iarrad, read iarraid.
- xxvii., l. 8 }
- xxvi., l. 4, for arcabail, read ar cabair.
- Note 4, ll. 5, 6, 7, read enumerated here be helping us both. I and Gerald, the eventide of the festival of Mary of the Salutation (Lady-day) overtaking us.
- xxvii., note 2, should be "I am Dubthach . . . who have written a stave (or 'gathering') for Conchobar . . . and we waiting our opportunity to ask," &c.
- xxviii., note 6, for to reckon their ranks and their steps, read to rehearse them in gradations and in degrees.
- Note 7, for number, read enumeration.
- xxix., note 1, fesc is right. Translate "and last night was wet." In l. 2 of the text dele "[leg. fusc?]"
- xxxi., note 3, for throne, read royal seat.
- xxxii., l. 21, after ceneol, insert "Eogain."
- Note 5, the meaning is: "Irard mac Coise concocted this work of imagination for [i.e. against] the Cindl Eogha'n, after he had by them been unjustly plundered [as it were], in re the alaying of Muiredach, son of Eogan, so that they trumped up a charge against him, and went illegally to work," &c.
- xxxv., note 1, l. 3, for were . . . read were parting; l. 5, for warfare, read use of arms.
- xxxvi., note 5, for should, read do.
- xxxvii., note 1, the last line of the quatrain should be: "Whose judgments are not on the track of truth"—lorg fire = Wahrheitslauf.
- xxxviii., note 1, for delight (them), read make melody.
- xxxix., l. 10, for Feart, read Feart[ar].
- xl., l. 17, for Maine, read [of Hy] Maine.
- Note 2, for Aidne, read of Aidne.
- xlili., l. 4, for "an Aisia," other copies have "Achaia," which is a much better reading.
- Note 2, for full of chastity, read "perfect (and) chaste"—lana being a scribal error for imlana.
- xl., note 1, for saith . . . read saith on the other side of the page.

So far Mr. O'Grady. I take this opportunity of correcting the following misprints and other

errors in the Rolls edition of the Tripartite Life:

- P. xxvii., l. 9, for disis in, read disi sin.
- xxxviii., l. 5, for oltrifited, read oltrifited.
- lxxii., col. 2, ros-aslacht should be opposite ad-slig, and conom-adnaiss should be opposite adnácim.
- ci., l. 2, for Hieronyman, read Hieronymian.
- cxviii., l. 12, for Royal, read Royale.
- cxviii., last line, after MS., insert in.
- cxlv., l. 28, dele "for which we have."
- cllii., l. 22, for quina, read *quina.
- cliv., l. 4, read dagforcillidib.
- clxviii., l. 9, read ros-airillem.
- clxxiv., l. 3, read mentioned.
- clxxix., l. 9, before Irish, insert ancient.
- clxxxii., col. 2, l. 31, for remedy, read remedies.
- cxo., col. 2, ll. 2, 14, 23, dele the colon;
- l. 32, for plentitude, read plenitude.
- cxci., l. 3, read nones.
- 5, l. 5, for one of the two contexts, read the context.
- 9, ll. 22, 25, after read, reading insert out.
- 29, ll. 15, 16, for be at Germanus's hand, read act for Germanus.
- l. 21, read "What ails the hag?"
- 47, l. 27, for path, read puts.
- 57, l. 10, for cried out, read laughed;
- ll. 30, 32, for cleric, read clerical student; l. 31, for before, read beside.
- 75, l. 10, for enjoined us, read charged me.
- 153, l. 15, for tonsures, read tonsure.
- 431, l. 1, for one of the two connected passages, read the context.
- 655, col. 1, s.v. nemed, read ard-nemed.
- 664, col. 2, s.v. mirror, read French mirer.

The following additions may also be made to the introduction: in p. cxxxi., l. 18, it should be stated that, according to the late Henry Bradshaw, the Oxford and Cambridge MSS. here mentioned are copies of the *Terti Vita* in its proper state, i.e., without ca. i.-xi. and xciv. The *clochan* or causeway, mentioned in p. 458, l. 20, should have been referred to in p. cxlix., l. 5; the reference to sun-worship in Cormac's Glossary should have been mentioned in p. clviii., l. 36; and the evidence of daily celebration afforded by the Tripartite Life, p. 192, l. 26, should have been noticed in p. clxxvi., l. 22.

WHITLEY STOKES.

SCIENCE NOTES.

At the Bath meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, which commences on September 5, the following gentlemen will be presidents of the Sections: A, Prof. Schuster; B, Prof. Tilden; C, Prof. Boyd Dawkins; D, Mr. Thiselton Dyer; E, Sir Charles Wilson; F, Lord Bramwell; G, Mr. Preece; H, Gen. Pitt Rivers.

MESSRS. GURNEY & JACKSON, successors to Mr. Van Voort, announce an *Illustrated Manual of British Birds*, by Mr. Howard Saunders, to be issued in monthly parts. Each species will have a woodcut and two pages of letterpress devoted to it; and the whole will form a volume of nearly 800 pages. The illustrations will, for the most part, be identical with those in the fourth edition of *Yarrell*, of which the two last volumes were edited by Mr. Saunders. The first part will be published in the course of next month.

PROF. J. LANGE, of Copenhagen, has sent us a very elaborate *Nomenclator Floras Danicæ*. It contains a complete list of all the species described in the *Flora Danica*, edited by Prof. Lange, with synonyms, arranged in order of publication, and a second list, arranged alpha-

betically, of the species figured in the plates. The range of species includes not only flowering plants, but ferns and their allies, mosses, algae, and fungi. The geographical range comprises Denmark, the entire Scandinavian Peninsula, Iceland, and the Faroe Islands. Many critical remarks of great value are added.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, March 5.)

PROF. A. MACALISTER, president, in the chair.—Prof. J. H. Middleton read notes on the temple of Apollo at Delphi and its existing remains. The fifth and last temple was begun soon after 548 B.C. by a Corinthian architect named Spintharus, but the whole building and its sculpture was not completed till about a century later. The very scanty remains which now exist of drums of columns, capitals, architraves, and a few other features, bear a close resemblance to the existing temple at Corinth. Some of the details, such as the hypotrachelia, are so exactly similar in both temples that one may reasonably suggest that Spintharus was also the architect of the temple at Corinth. The temple at Delphi was hexastyle, peripteral with pyknostyle intercolumniation: the main front was of Parian marble, the rest of local stone. It was divided into a pronaos in antis, a large hypæthral cella, an inner sanctuary, and below it a subterranean vault which contained the tripod on which the priestess sat to deliver the oracles. Her voice, passing up through an opening in the vault into the sanctuary above, was there heard by the attendant priests of Apollo, and then repeated in a poetical form to the persons in the cella who had come to consult the oracle. The main objects within the temple were: (1) in the sanctuary the golden statue of Apollo, the omphalos with its gold ornaments, the sacred fire, and probably the iron bowl-stand by Glaucus of Chios (seventh century B.C.) and the iron chair of Pindar; (2) in the cella, statues of Apollo Moiragetes, Zeus Moiragetes, two Fates, and Hermione, together with an altar to Poseidon; (3) in the Pronaos was a bronze statue of Homer, and the silver krater given by Croesus. The sculpture in the front pediment represented Apollo, Leto, Artemis, and the Muses; in the back pediment Dionysus, as inventor of the lyre, and the Thyiades. In the metopes over the pronaos were reliefs of some of the deeds of Heracles and battles between the gods and giants. These sculptures were partly the work of Praxias, a pupil of Calamis and contemporary of Pheidias, and were partly finished after his death by another Athenian sculptor, Androcthenes. Only the most scanty fragments of these various pieces of sculpture are now in existence.—Mr. J. W. Clark made some remarks on a fireplace associated with the Lady Margaret lately discovered in the master's lodge at Christ's College. The college was founded in 1505, and the buildings were commenced at once. The statutes, issued in 1506, speak of the master's lodge as completed; and though such assertions in statutes, licences, and other documents must be received with caution, we know from other sources that in this case the building-work did proceed without interruption. The master's lodge was therefore probably completed when the following passage in the statutes was written. It may be thus translated: "We allow the master for the time being to occupy the chambers on the ground floor under the chambers on the first floor which have been built for our own use, and in our absence for the use of John, Bishop of Rochester," i.e. Bishop Fisher. The master's chambers here mentioned are the three rooms on the ground floor between the chapel and the hall, the original size of which may be readily made out; and the chambers above them, reserved for the foundress, are of the same size. The most important of these was clearly that which has the beautiful oriel-window on the side next the court, now the drawing-room of the master's lodge; and in the east wall of this the fire-place in question was discovered in the course of some alterations undertaken shortly after the election of the present master. It had been completely hidden by a modern chimney-piece. It consists of a low four-centered

arch, set in a square panel. The material is clunch. The pendants are filled with foliage, of a very delicate and beautiful design, admirably executed; a remark which applies also to the devices which ornament the bosses projecting from the hollow which forms the principal member of the mouldings of the panel. The jambs, for a height of about three feet, are unadorned, and were originally ornamented with painting in tempera, traces of which were visible when the fireplace was first discovered. There were originally sixteen devices, not counting the foliage which decorates the corners of the panel; but when the fire-place was opened out, the two lowest on the left hand were found to have been wholly destroyed. The subjects of the remaining fourteen are: (1) a full-blown rose; (2) a fleur-de-lys surrounded by daisies, some full-blown, some in bud; (3) the letters H.R. knotted together by a piece of cord; (4) three feathers, one drooping sinister, two dexter, set in a scroll, bearing the words *Dieu et*; (5) a portcullis; (6) a full-blown rose; (7) the letters H.R. as above; (8) a portcullis; (9) a fleur-de-lys, set on a background of foliage; (10) an arched-crown, surmounted by a cross, and backed by foliage; (11) a group of daisies and leaves, growing out of a flower-pot or flower-bed; (12) a full-blown rose; (13) three feathers as in (4), the scroll bearing the words *Dieu et moi*; (14) a basket or flower-pot, out of which daisies are growing. It was suggested that these badges might be arranged in two groups, the one commemorating the Lady Margaret, the other her son, King Henry VII. The first group consists of the fleur-de-lys and daisies (2); the fleur-de-lys alone (9); the group of daisies (11); the basket of daisies (14); the second group of the portcullis (5), (8); the full-blown rose (1) (6) (12); the crown (10); and the letters H.R. (3) (7). The feathers set in a scroll bearing a motto which was evidently *Dieu et mon droit* (4 and 13) are somewhat puzzling. Feathers were the badge, among others, of the Beauforts, and as such appear on the gate of Christ's College; but they do not occur among the well-known badges of King Henry VII; nor is it usual to find them employed as the badge of a reigning sovereign.—Mr. J. J. W. Livett read an account of his visit to the Cistercian monastery at Whitwick, on the northern border of Charnwood Forest in Leicestershire—a house where at the present day the strictest rules of the order are observed. The buildings consist of museum, poor house, guest-chambers, cloisters, cells, &c., described by the architect, Pugin, "as in the lancet style, with massive walls and buttresses, long and narrow windows, high gables and roofs, with deeply-arched doorways." Every portion of the architecture and fittings correspond to the austerity of the order. The monks assemble in the chapel at 2 a.m. on week-days, and at 1 a.m. on Sundays, no one being allowed to speak till 5.30 a.m. The cloisters resemble those at Queen's College. In the museum is a "Crucifixion" by Van Dyck, and a "Veronica" by Albert Dürer, as well as two remarkable illuminated Antiphonaries of the twelfth century. There are also collections of fossils and Roman coins. The monastery was founded in 1833 by brethren from Mount Melleray in Ireland, so that it is directly descended from Cîteaux through the houses of La Trappe, Val de Sainte, and Saint Susan's, Lulworth.

SOCIETY OF BIBLICAL ARCHAEOLOGY.—(Tuesday, March 6.)

DR. PAGE RENOUF, president, in the chair.—Prof. Amélineau, of Paris, sent an account of a very interesting MS., which was read by the secretary.—After thanking the owner, Lord Zouche, who had generously placed at his disposal his Coptic MSS. for the study of the Memphitic and Theban versions of the New Testament, the author explained that for some time he had been trying to arrive at a text of this version which would be satisfactory. The MS. now described is not, of course, entirely unknown, as it has already been mentioned by Prof. W. Wright and Bishop Lightfoot. Prof. Amélineau stated that, having now copied the whole of the text, and spent much time and labour on its study, he was in a position to fully describe its contents. It had been supposed from the account in Mr. Curzon's catalogue to contain commentaries on two of the Gospels; but the examination had proved, as suspected by

Bishop Lightfoot, that it contained a collection of extracts bearing on the four Gospels, as well as other matter. Besides the value of the MS. for the text of the New Testament, it was pointed out that it was even more valuable from the number of selections from the Fathers, which had been added to carry out the purpose of the compiler. Although it is not quite perfect, still a very large quantity remains. Originally it contained 300 folios, of which 254, or 508 leaves, still survive, having been bound up in any order probably for their preservation. The extracts are numerous, and naturally vary in length. They include portions of the writings of the most celebrated Fathers of the Greek Church—Athanasius, Cyril, Gregorius Nazianzenus, Basil of Caesarea, Gregory of Nyssa, Chrysostom, Clement of Alexandria, the historian Eusebius, Titus of Bostra, Simon Stylites—without doubt, the well-known saint; and, above all, a series of extracts from the Patriarch Severus of Antioch. His writings, with those of Cyril and Chrysostom, had been laid under contribution more than the rest. This, Prof. Amélineau pointed out, was most fortunate, because none of the works of Severus are extant, although in his time he played a most important part in Syria as well as in Egypt. In the latter place his renown was so great that round his name a large number of legends grew up. From this MS. it was possible for the first time to know him from his own writings. The extracts from Cyril are also of great interest, as they differ in details from the published copies of his work. Among other matters it was mentioned that there were also found in the MS. portions of the lost commentaries of Eusebius, &c. Prof. Amélineau then considered the caligraphy and date of the MS., and how it bore comparison with other Coptic MSS.; and in conclusion he stated that the MS. of Lord Zouche was valuable, not only linguistically but theologically, and from an historical point of view as well. The Bishop of Durham had said that he who published it would do a service to scientific and historical study. Prof. Amélineau pointed out that he had done a portion of this in copying and studying it most carefully, and was now prepared to give it to the world; and he only hoped that some interested person would come forward and assist him in such a desirable undertaking.

NEW SHAKSPEARE.—(Friday, March 9.)

DR. F. J. FURNIVALL, in the chair.—A paper on "Shakspeare's Accentuation of Proper Names" was read by Mr. B. Dawson, who contended that the accent on proper names in Shakspeare was not varied, as had been asserted, but always stable and fixed. For example, "Messala," Mr. Dawson urged, was always accented on the penultimate, while the accents in "Dunstan," "Coriolanus," "Coriol," and "Posthumus," were also invariable; and he proceeded to show how, in doubtful cases, the lines in question could be scanned according to his theory. The meeting, however, found itself unable to accept this invariability in several instances.

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"The National Gallery."—*The Italian Pre-Raphaelites.* By Cosmo Monkhouse. (Cassell.)

THIS book on the National Gallery is a guide that will prove very useful to many visitors of that collection who seek for information about an art the principles of which they do not understand, and who expect enjoyment where they cannot find out by themselves what the merits of the various

pictures are. Mr. Monkhouse addresses himself to the public at large; and, accordingly, he discusses many questions which, in the preliminary knowledge of art, are indispensable. The pictures are reviewed in chronological order, and grouped according to the local schools in which they have been produced. Only very few have been omitted altogether, or merely enumerated. The pictures by great masters are all discussed in detail, and thus an opportunity is given to the reader to understand the manners of the several painters. There are also very useful cross-references to other pictures in the same collection. Such comparative studies within the limits of the National Gallery are strongly to be recommended to those who aim at a thorough knowledge of the subject. The description of the subject of the pictures has in most cases been omitted, for the obvious reason that the visitor to the Gallery can do without it when looking at the pictures. To him the concise title is all he needs when using this guide-book. Information of this kind is, of course, essential in the official catalogue, as also the references about the material and the size of the pictures, the details of the lives of the artist, &c. Both may therefore be used side by side. Mr. Monkhouse's book is profusely illustrated with excellent woodcuts. We may perhaps disagree with the writer in some questions of detail as well as in some of his views about the aims of the Italian Pre-Raphaelites, but we thoroughly approve of the principles on which his handbook has been compiled.

J. P. RICHTER.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

M. NAVILLE'S LECTURE ON "BUBASTIS AND THE CITY OF ONIAS."

III.

(Continued from the ACADEMY of February 25.)

By far the most interesting, and I may say the most exciting excavations which we made this year were those at Bubastis, of which I shall speak only briefly, because they are but a beginning. The reason which induced me to go to Tell Basta was a report which I heard that the fellahs, in digging for *sebkah*, had come across tombs of the XVIIIth Dynasty. It is a curious fact that in all our excavations in the Delta, and even in places which had already been explored, there does not appear one single monument of the XVIIIth Dynasty. Whence does this arise? Was the Delta still occupied by the Hyksos? Certainly not by the Hyksos kings, as we know of the capture of Avaris by Ahmes; besides, Thothmes III., in his military expeditions, had to pass through the Delta. It may be that the XVIIIth Dynasty considered the country as still impure and adverse to the Theban gods, and that for this reason they did not like to build temples in the Delta. Certain it is that the earliest traces we have met with in the Delta are inscriptions of Seti, who had the Delta god Set in his name, and Rameses II., who adopted the worship of Set, and dedicated a large number of statues and monuments to that god. Scarabs of Amenhotep III. and his wife have frequently been discovered at Bubastis; but the fact that people were buried with scarabs of the XVIIIth Dynasty is but a very scanty piece of information.

Our first attempts in the tombs were unsuccessful. We came across sepulchral pits, with traces of the cartonnages, painted blue and red,

which had contained the bodies; but, except a few amulets, we found nothing of interest. Therefore, we soon turned from the tombs to the area of the temple—a large rectangular depression surrounded on all sides by the mounds of houses, which, according to Herodotus, must in his time have been higher than the temple. In that depression, a few blocks of weathered red granite were the witnesses of Mariette's unsuccessful attempts, which he soon abandoned. We find in Herodotus a complete description of the temple, which he says was one of the most beautiful in Egypt; and he describes the great festivals which took place there in honour of the goddess. Could this magnificent building have disappeared altogether? Were there no traces left of the great sanctuary of Bast? We broke ground in April; and, during the month that Mr. Griffith and I worked together, the interest of the work grew every day. We began at several places at once—first near the mounds, at a place where a large block with a sculpture of Osorkon II. was still visible. There we found columns with palm and lotus capitals, which may be of the time of the XIIth Dynasty. They seem to have belonged to a doorway leading from the city towards the temple, for we found traces of a basalt pavement in that direction. The temple itself we attacked in three different places—towards the east, where was the entrance, in the middle, and at the back, which was at the west side. We were astonished, after a few days, at the enormous number of huge blocks which we discovered at an inconsiderable depth. The eastern part now presents, though on a smaller scale, an appearance not unlike that of Sān. A large space is covered with enormous granite masses all thrown over each other; and where it is impossible to trace the direction of a wall, the blocks are intermingled with fragments of colossal statues, double or single, and also with remains of shrines which have not escaped destruction. The first cartouche we met with was that of Osorkon II., and afterwards, on a colossal statue, we found the cartouche of Rameses II.; but before we began turning the blocks we found the name of no other king. The sculptures of Osorkon II. are very numerous, and they have a peculiar character. They consist of processions of priests and gods advancing towards the king, who is seated in a shrine with the crown of Upper or Lower Egypt on his head, and generally accompanied by the goddess Bast. In some places these priests are represented in the most extraordinary positions, and performing curious dances. Everything points to a great festival given by Osorkon—very likely on the day of his coronation. In fact, as I read in the inscriptions, this part of the temple is called *hat heb*, the hall of the festival. There near the entrance, as at Sān, stood a considerable number of statues; there Rameses accumulated his colossal images, of which it is clear that a great number were usurpations. It seems to me very doubtful whether the beautiful head of black granite which has been brought to England really belongs to him. It may very well have been the portrait of an earlier king, on which Rameses merely engraved his name.* Another case where the usurpation is evident is that of the crouching statue of the royal prince, also brought to this country.† It is evident that the inscription on the front and on one of the sides has been erased, and even the head has been diminished on one side in order to cut in the lock of the royal prince. The royal son Mentuhereshoptef was first officer of his father, general of cavalry to his majesty. The inscrip-

tion is dedicated to Bast and Uati, the goddess of Netersekh, the name of the territory of Bubastis and of Bubastis itself. Mentuhereshoptef was older than Menephtah, who inherited the crown. He very likely died before him. The name of Menephtah occurs several times. He also bore the title of general, but of infantry. At the entrance of the hall of the festival we discovered other statues: a beautiful head in red granite in a perfect state of preservation, which is now at the entrance of the Boolak Museum. It belongs also to Rameses II., and wears the *atef* crown—a head-dress which is seldom found in a good state of preservation. From the same place come also the weathered statue of the royal son of Kush, of which the name is destroyed, and the small group of a priest and priestess of the time of the Psammetic; the name of the priestess Tahontui is alone preserved. Other statues were so much weathered that we did not take them away, and there is good hope that we may find more. I believe, for instance, that we may find the base of the statue to which the head of Rameses belonged. The back appeared under some heavy blocks, which we could not roll. It is still on the spot waiting for us.

If Rameses has usurped many monuments and statues of his predecessors, Osorkon II. has done the same by him. Sometimes even the usurpation has not been completed, and has been done in the following way, which is very common. It occurs in the second cartouche in the name of Rameses II. The cartouche begins with the figure of Ra, with a solar disk on his head. Amon is placed opposite and the sign *mer* underneath. The second cartouche of the Bubastite is Osorkon Si Bast mer Amen. This last part is common with Rameses II.; so, in order to do it quickly, Osorkon erases, in the cartouche of Rameses, the lower part under the sign *mer*, and merely enlarges the hawk's head so as to make it look like the lion Bast; he also widens the solar disk on one side so as to make it an egg, which reads *si*. Thus the new cartouche reads Si Bast mer Amon, which Osorkon thought sufficient to cause him to be recognised. It is curious that, although the XXIInd Dynasty is said to be Bubastite, we found none of its kings except Osorkon II., the fourth king, who was very likely the Zerach of the Bible who fought against Asa.

After having laid bare all the space covered with large blocks which once was the hall of the festival, the second part of the work, which we could only begin, was the turning of those blocks, in order to see whether they bore any inscriptions. This was done by special workmen, *shayaleen*, under the command of a sheikh. These *shayaleen* are very strong men accustomed to lift heavy loads, such as cotton bales. They bring their ropes and tie them round one of the large blocks; then, at the command of a singer, and after a short prayer to the Prophet, they all pull together in time. If the stone resists, the appeals to the Prophet become louder and more incessant, until the enormous mass begins to move slowly, and at last falls forward amid shouts of joy. This work we could only begin and carry on during two days. It is the most exciting part of the excavations, and that which promises the most startling results. Thus, quite unexpectedly, we came across the cartouche of Pepi I., a king of the VIth Dynasty, of the remote Pyramid period, whose cartouche has already been found at Sān. There the question was raised whether Pepi could be considered as the founder of Tanis, or whether his stone had not been brought from Upper Egypt by Rameses II., or one of the later kings; but now this doubt no longer exists. The fact that the name of Pepi I. has been found not only at Tanis, but also at Bubastis, and there twice (as we have also a fragment of another cartouche of the same

king) shows that the construction of the two temples can only be attributed to Pepi, who is also the founder of Denderah. Pepi achieved conquests in Sinai. His name is found on tablets in the Wadi Maghara, and it is natural that he should have founded cities and temples on his eastern frontier. He is the first king of the Old Empire whose name is found in the Delta north of Memphis. Another interesting name there discovered was that of Usertesen III., one of the powerful rulers of the XIIth Dynasty, and his name accounts for the architectural style of the middle part of the temple. There we found some of the most beautiful columns which are seen in Egypt—monolithic granite columns unfortunately broken to pieces, but of workmanship so perfect, that it cannot be attributed to the XIXth Dynasty. Some of them have capitals with lotus buds; others with palm leaves; others with the head of Hathor. Of course, Rameses and Osorkon have engraved their names everywhere; but it is evident that the monuments are more ancient, as the names have often been cut across some of the ornaments of the columns. Here we have another point of resemblance to Sān. Evidently the kings of the XIIth Dynasty enlarged the temple of Bubastis, and some of the statues which now bear the name of Rameses II. are their work.

Thus we now know that the temple of Bubastis, long considered as hopelessly lost, not only exists in ruins, but has already yielded most interesting inscriptions, and may contain many more. We have done only one-third of the work; all the back part of the temple is really intact, and most of the blocks have not been turned.

It is always dangerous to play the prophet in speaking of excavations; but I cannot help feeling confident that those heaps of stones which we left untouched last spring keep in store for us some valuable and thoroughly unknown documents.

I look forward to the day when I shall again hear the song of the *Shayaleen*—when I shall again see the granite masses roll over and reveal inscriptions which have been concealed for two thousand years; and I earnestly hope that the friends and supporters of the Egypt Exploration Fund will soon reckon Bubastis as one of the choicest conquests due to their persevering and enlightened interest.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HYKSOS.

London: March 18, 1888.

From whatever point of view the type or race of the Hyksos invaders of ancient Egypt is regarded, the question presented is undoubtedly difficult and obscure. But, notwithstanding what may be said to the contrary, I am still of opinion that the Hyksos were probably of a pure or mixed Semitic race. No doubt, however, the heads of Khita warriors with "pig-tails" depicted at Abu-Simbel, and similarly adorned heads on the Hittite monuments, may reasonably suggest a Mongolian irruption into Western Asia at an extremely remote period. But into the general question I do not now propose to enter. When, however, Canon Taylor observes of the Hyksos that "their chief deity, Set or Sutech, who was also the chief god of the Kheta, does not belong to the well-known Semitic pantheon," I feel that the statement should scarcely be allowed to pass without comment. To speak of "the well-known Semitic pantheon" seems to imply that all the gods worshipped by the different Semitic peoples are well known, so well known as to make it certain that Set was nowhere included among them. I venture to think, however, that our knowledge of the deities worshipped by some, if not all, of these peoples is far from perfect. I need not point to

* This fine head has been presented by the Egypt Exploration Fund to the Museum of the University, Sydney, N.S.W.

† Presented by the Egypt Exploration Fund to the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, U.S.A.

the multitudinous deities of the ancient Babylonians; for no Biblical student requires to be told how obscure is our information concerning some of the deities worshipped by the Israelites themselves when, according to the Old Testament, they lapsed into idolatry. Speaking of the Egyptian god Set, the late Dr. Birch observed—"One idea is that his name was the most ancient one of God amongst the Semitic races" (Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*, ed. 1878, vol. iii., p. 145), and referred to the work of Pleyte (*La Religion des Pré-Israélites: Recherches sur le Dieu Seth*, Leide, 1865). It is not difficult to understand that the name "Set" has been identified with "Shaddai," the proper name of God in patriarchal times, according to Exod. vi. 3. Moreover, certain passages in Genesis where Seth is spoken of are supposed to have relation to a deity; and Prof. Sayce has lately, if I rightly recollect, proposed, in *Hebraica*, an emendation of the obscure passage (Gen. iv. 7) which would make this passage refer to "the god Sheth." But, whatever may be the value of these criticisms, the identification of "Set" with "Shaddai" has too much plausibility to allow of so sweeping an assertion as that of Canon Taylor; and the identification cannot be put aside by a reference to the ideas which in Egypt were specially associated with the name of Set some time after the expulsion of the Hyksos. Previously Set had been regarded with reverence.

THOMAS TYLER.

"THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL REVIEW."

London: March 13, 1883.

May I be allowed to explain that the arrangement of the index of papers contributed to archaeological societies under author's names was found, after practically trying other plans, to be the only satisfactory method; and that before finally adopting it, I took the opinion of many authorities, including Mr. A. W. Franks, Mr. H. B. Wheatley, and others. As explained in the editorial note, it will be followed by a subject-index, arranged somewhat on the plan of the subject-index to the catalogue of the London Library; and this surely will supply students with all that is necessary for the purpose of research. As I have worked at this for about six years, I venture to think that my experience may be of use in estimating the proper way of proceeding with so vast an undertaking. Indeed, very few people can really know what such an index involves in the shape of work.

G. LAURENCE GOMME.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

UNDER the title of *A Season in Egypt, 1887*, Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie will issue to-day, through the Leadenhall Press, an illustrated account of his recent work in Egypt. The volume deals chiefly with the rock inscriptions along the Nile, near Assuan, the pyramids of Dahshur, the roads in the Fayum, and the weights of Memphis. The size is large quarto; and it is illustrated with no less than thirty-two lithograph plates.

THE exhibitions to open next week include Mr. John Fulleylove's drawings of Oxford, at the Fine Art Society's; Mr. J. Haynes Williams's "Fair and Famous Fontainebleau," at the Goupil Gallery—both in New Bond Street; and the annual spring exhibitions of English and foreign pictures by Mr. Thomas McLean and Messrs Arthur Tooth & Sons, side by side in the Haymarket. At the last men-

tioned, the attraction is F. Eisenhut's "The Snake Charmer."

M. AUTOKOLSKY, the Russian sculptor, has been elected a foreign associate of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, in place of the late M. Gallait. The only other candidate who received votes was Mr. Hunt, the American architect.

THE Grolier Club—a famous New York body, consisting wholly of men who care for books and prints—has lately, in its rooms in Madison Avenue, had an exhibition of the *Liber Studiorum* of Turner; and it has published, or rather issued, after its manner, an exquisitely printed catalogue, done at "The De Vinne Press." We have been the recipients of such a pretty attention as consists in the sending us a "large paper" copy. The exhibition itself, we note—and English lovers of the *Liber* will be glad to hear it—comprised a very interesting and complete representation of the work. Though English art is not much in vogue in America—is indeed much less in vogue than English people—there have long been collectors of Turner in the greater cities and in the centres of education. It is now some years since Prof. C. E. Norton, of Cambridge, Mass., displayed a collection and published a catalogue based a good deal on that of the Burlington Fine Arts Club. In the Grolier Club Exhibition there figured a certain number of Turner's etchings and a complete set of engravings, very many of them in that "first published state" which, when the impression is a chosen one, obviously represents better than anything else the intention of the master in making the picture. It is not mentioned in the Catalogue to whom the exhibited collection belongs; but we think it likely that it is that of only one collector, it belongs to Mr. Howard Mansfield—to whom is due probably the very sufficient introductory "note," which displays a complete acquaintance with the *Liber Studiorum*, its history, and, we may even add, its literature.

M. THÉODORE DURET—one of the most "advanced" of French writers on art—lately published in a costly artistic magazine a careful and serious study of the art of Mr. Whistler, with which he is, we need hardly say, much in sympathy. In this article Mr. Whistler is considered both as painter and as etcher, and reproductions of a very few of his works are given. We should ourselves have chosen a later etching than the one of the child, which is most elaborately reproduced. It is a work of thirty years ago. Of course, one is always glad to see again the portrait of the painter's mother—a quite famous canvas; nor is anything to be urged against the "Lady Arohibold," which, indeed, is a portrait *très-réussi*. We are glad M. Duret so completely recognises the excellence of the "Twenty-six Etchings," published a year or two ago by the Dowdeswells. "Il semble impossible," he writes, "que M. Whistler puisse jamais dépasser en souplesse et en finesse de pointe, en velouté et transparence de tirage, le degré de perfection atteint dans cette série."

MR. T. WILSON, of Edinburgh, has sent us an artist's proof of a mezzotint by Mr. W. A. Clouston after the portrait of Principal Shairp, painted by Mr. Robert Herdman for St. Andrew's University. Principal Shairp died before the picture was exhibited at the Royal Scottish Academy last year; and Mr. Herdman himself only lived long enough to give his approval to the engraver's work. The portrait is half length; but the interest is entirely concentrated on the face, which seems to us both faithful as a likeness and a good example of the softness which mezzotint can attain.

THE STAGE.

"CHRISTINA" AND "LE DEPUTÉ DE BOMBIGNAC."

"CHRISTINA," the elaborate piece by Mr. Mark Ambiant and Mr. Percy Lynwood—which was brought out in the summer at a *matinée*, we forget where—was, in a revised form, produced at the Olympic last week, with scenery and effects suggestive of an anticipated run, and with a cast of distinctly exceptional strength. While we write, the play is yet susceptible, perhaps, of even further alteration. The exposition of matters in the first act is not free from dullness; the settlement of them in the fourth is not free from obscurity. But the second and third acts—in which the engrossing action takes place—are powerful, ingenious, full of varied excitements. The piece deals, as a whole, with a subject which no small portion of the public finds very interesting—the theme of conspiracies made and conspiracies thwarted; and though its true hero may smile and smile and be a villain, its heroine is engaging and faultless. Moreover, the piece has in it at least one comic scene of singular freshness; and, from end to end, it is extremely well written. "Christina," then, has very good chances of a prolonged success; and, at all events, it was received on the first night with overwhelming applause.

We hope the daily papers have relieved us from the responsibility of telling in uncertain detail its intricate story. But we will say briefly who are its chief characters, and what are its strongest points. There is a fairly reputable exile—one Prince Korosekoff—who, when he is not housed at Claridge's Hotel, dwells picturesquely on the shores of the Lake of Geneva. Christina is his daughter. As regards Russia, at all events, she shares his revolutionary views; but when her highly placed English lover ventures to suppose that her notions of our insular politics are hardly less incendiary, she utters a reply both epigrammatic and reassuring. Most of our problems have been solved already, she tells us. "In England you have only to find land for the labourer, and work for the millionaire." Christina has two lovers. One of them—the Englishman—is Lord Ernest Arden. The other is Count Freund, a German by his name; a false revolutionist, who, though he helps her father as secretary, betrays him and the cause, and everybody and thing with which he comes into contact. He is the most ingenious and the most absolute of scoundrels; but he says a very sharp thing. We confess ourselves inclined to forgive him for a quarter of an hour—well-disposed towards him for perhaps twenty minutes—after his undoubted though often misapplied intelligence has taken stock of the revolutionary-minded, and has expressed their theory in a nut-shell, when he says of them that their deepest sense is of the supreme duty of doing exactly what they like. It is a pity that a gentleman so sound in judgment and so penetrating in observation should in his own life be quite so undesirable and repulsive as Count Freund. Christina, of course, will have none of him. But he intrigues to obtain her and the fortune which

will be hers. He takes a short cut to put his rival out of the way. He is foiled, but is again ever on the alert. His command over her father's future—obtained through a knowledge of his secrets—he uses to compass his own aims. Later on he tries to stab the aged and revolutionary Prince. In the evening, by the lake, within sight of the mountains—when "light by light puts forth Geneva"—he maims, but cannot kill him. Christina, in her one disagreeable scene—a scene in which Miss Alma Murray almost recalls the power and horror of "The Cenci"—has serious thoughts of stabbing Count Freund for all his earlier evil deeds and this crowning one. Eventually this arch scoundrel is destroyed by one who had long cherished thoughts of vengeance—a certain Alexis, whom he vilely wronged.

Two other characters, with a distinct bearing upon the fortunes of the play, we have not had occasion to name. One of these is a most worthy and enterprising journalist—he belongs quite to "the newer journalism"—whose longings are for the triumph of right; who is always willing to assist the sufferer, perhaps with money, certainly with advice and a paragraph; and who finds his efforts in the interests of humanity not at all incompatible with a business-like regard for the circulation of his print. Mr. Frank Archer looks and plays this part with absolute discretion and completeness. The part suits him down to the ground, and he is right in every moment of it. The other character is a bold and pleasant young Frenchwoman—entirely frank and positive—with the virtue of good spirits. Mdle. Adrienne Dairrolles does all the part requires with admirable gusto; and these things help materially in the success of the piece. Mr. Robson, the younger, is adequate as her lover; Mr. Yorke Stevens is adequate—but he is not more than adequate—as the good lover of Christina. Miss Rose Leclercq has too little to do. Mr. Rodney plays Alexis with force; Miss Helen Leyton the part of a Swiss maid with care and grace. But it is by the acting of Miss Murray and Mr. Willard that the piece in the last resort has to stand or fall. Miss Murray's method has long been allowed to be refined and distinguished; and, what is more, it is individual. She never—after the manner of the mere imitators of this or that great French artist—assumes and affects an excitability not in her organisation. Her passion and tenderness, her grace and quietude, are her own. Miss Murray's love scene, in the second act of "Christina," is as delicately impulsive, as exactly controlled a performance as anything she has done. She is never less than competent, and here and elsewhere she is thoroughly interesting. But the greatest opportunity of all is reserved for Mr. Willard. His Freund is a powerful creation, and one with which the reasonable student of the actor's art will feel himself bound to be acquainted. Mr. Willard's grip of any character is apt to be extraordinarily firm. He strikes the right note without faltering; but never have his qualities and intelligence, decisiveness, and vigour been exercised to greater advantage, or with more admirable variety, than in the presentation of Freund—a polished scoundrel of a well-bred world.

A word must suffice to record the curious

and the not quite justified popular success of "Le Deputé de Bombignac" at the Royalty. It seems that in England it is a greater hit than Molière. This smartly constructed farce is found more fascinating than "L'Etourdi." So much the worse for the public. How "Le Deputé de Bombignac" contrived to get upon the boards of the Théâtre Français at all is a problem requiring explanation. It dates from the days of M. Perrin, we hear—which are not so very remote, by-the-by—and M. Perrin was more eager for a money success than to maintain the traditions of the theatre. It was generally possible, however, to secure a money success without entering into direct rivalry with the Variétés or the Palais Royal. "Le Deputé de Bombignac"—from which is derived "The Candidate," at the Criterion—is essentially of the Palais Royal. Its plot is frankly farcical; its language the language of equivocation. As literature, it has no value. Having said this, we are quite free to add that three out of the six or seven people now engaged in representing it invest it with some faculty of amusement. These are M. Jean Coquelin—the famous comedian's son—Mdle. Patry, and M. Coquelin himself. Mdle. Patry acts very skillfully as a dictatorial middle-aged woman—a mother-in-law, and a very dragon in the house. M. Coquelin displays his usual wealth of facial expression, his readiness of resource, and his wonted effectiveness in the delivery of his words. In a character which, if we took it seriously, would be morally despicable, he contrives to be amazingly sympathetic. The remaining artists are of little account. It is time to say plainly that the women, as a group, would be represented on the English stage infinitely better.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. F. CORDER's ballad, "The Minstrel's Curse," for declamation, with orchestral accompaniment, was performed for the first time at the Crystal Palace last Saturday. The poem of Uhland was set to music by Schumann, and the cantata was performed at a concert of the London Musical Society in 1885. Mr. Corder has treated the subject differently. His music is of the melodramatic order. Both Schumann and Liszt have left specimens of this kind, and the programme-book stated that Mr. Corder had taken them as models. We see no reason whatever to complain of the music, which colours well the words; but it occupies a distinctly subordinate position, and is not likely in any way to increase Mr. Corder's reputation as a composer. He has yet to fulfil the promise shown in his "Bridal of Triermain." Mendelssohn's music to "Oedipus" was given for the first time since 1868. The chorus sang well, though the tenors were occasionally a little flat. In both the above-mentioned works Mr. C. Fry proved an effective reciter. The London Vocal Union was much applauded for its excellent rendering of Cooke's "Strike the Lyre," and a part-song by Hatton. The attendance was only moderate.

Mdme. Schumann again attracted a large audience to St. James's Hall on Saturday, but did not appear on Monday evening. She is probably reserving all her strength for Thursday, when she is announced to play Chopin's F minor Concerto at the first Philharmonic concert.

But her place was occupied by Miss Fanny Davies, one of her most earnest and successful pupils. She played Mendelssohn's very dry Caprice in F sharp minor, displaying excellent technique. In her encore—Chopin's Nocturne in B major (Op. 62, No. 1)—she had a better opportunity of appealing to the hearts of her audience. Except for a little hardness in the middle section, it was admirably given. She also took part in Beethoven's Pianoforte Trio in B flat (Op. 97) with Herr Joachim and Piatti. Her reading was pure, intelligent, and refined. She seemed, however, afraid to give herself up wholly to the music, and there was not always the necessary life and warmth. But, as we have often said before, Miss Davies is young; her powers are not yet matured. The programme included Beethoven's Rasoumowski Quartet in E minor, led by Herr Joachim; and a Larghetto and Rondo for two violins, by Spohr, performed by the eminent violinist and his talented pupil, Miss E. Shinner. Herr Niemann was the vocalist, but his rendering of songs by Schubert and Schumann was not satisfactory. His voice was not in good order, yet no apology was made.

We noticed a few weeks back the performances of Mdle. Dratz on the clavi-harp at Eastbourne. A concert was given at Prince's Hall on Tuesday afternoon to introduce the instrument to London. There was a large gathering, especially of musicians. It is certainly a very clever invention. In arpeggio passages the tone of the harp is wonderfully imitated. The clavi-harp was tested in combination with the piano, violin and harmonium, and the result of the afternoon may be pronounced a success.

The performance of the "Rose of Sharon," under the direction of the composer, at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, came at an appropriate moment to remind us that Dr. Mackenzie's appointment as principal of the Royal Academy of Music has been won, not by intrigue or favour, but by genuine merit. The "Rose of Sharon" is a fine work, and the Procession chain of choruses, whether considered dramatically, or from a purely musical point of view, is a masterly production. There are so many good things in this oratorio that we cannot but wish Dr. Mackenzie would apply the pruning-knife once more, and cut out certain numbers towards the close which still impede the dramatic action. The performance was an excellent one. The Novello choir sang with unusual spirit. Mdle. Nordica interpreted her part with much intelligence and feeling. There was some doubtful moments in the first part; but she was heard to great advantage in the sleep scene, and in the duet near the close. Messrs. Lloyd and Santley were in splendid voice. The other vocalists were Miss Hope Glenn and Mr. Tufnail. The lady was much applauded for her solo in the last part. There was a very good attendance, and the composer was well received.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE usual summer series of nine Richter Concerts is announced. They commence on Monday, May 7, at St. James's Hall. Berlioz's "Faust" will be given for the first time under Dr. Richter's direction. The list of excerpts from Wagner's music-dramas will be increased by the "Schmidelieder" from "Siegfried," "Hagen's Wacht," and the closing scene from "Götterdämmerung." Dr. Stanford's Irish Symphony and Dr. Mackenzie's Overture, "Twelfth Night," are promised. Haydn is represented by one Symphony, and Weber and Mendelssohn each by an Overture.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1888.

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LITERATURE.

English Writers: an Attempt towards a History of English Literature. By Henry Morley. Vol. II. From Cædmon to the Conquest. (Cassell.)

THIS second volume of Prof. Morley's *English Writers* appears about eight months later than the date for which it was announced. But the delay has been turned to good account. The new volume gives evidence of extensive study of the best modern literature bearing upon the subject, and it is comparatively free from glaring errors such as abounded in its predecessor. It cannot, indeed, be recommended as a safe guide for students to whom minute accuracy is of importance; but as a popular book it has decided merits. Prof. Morley knows, what some writers of far greater learning seem not to know, that literature is a thing to be enjoyed, and not merely a subject for critical or philological analysis; and he has succeeded in being thoroughly interesting even in dealing with the most unpromising parts of his subject. With regard to the former volume, I am still of opinion that it is a pity that it was published at all. The present volume, in spite of many serious defects, some of which will be referred to in the course of this article, has a distinct value of its own; indeed, I know no other book so well adapted to create an interest in the remains of our oldest literature.

The opening chapter, dealing with the poem of "Widsith," does not show Prof. Morley at his best. The interest of this composition is not so much literary as ethnological, and the problems connected with it require for their discussion precisely that kind of knowledge in which the author is most deficient. In a footnote on p. 2 he undertakes to tell his readers who "Jornandes" was; but—with his usual infelicity when writing about matters of continental Teutonic history—he has apparently managed to confound that writer with Cassiodorus. The suggestions that "Hwala" may possibly be Cyrus, and that "Hnæt" is the English form of the name written by Jordanis as "Cniva," would not now be entertained by any sound Teutonic philologist. Equally inadmissible is the conjecture that Alewih is the same name as "Olaus or Olave." The two names have absolutely nothing in common. Prof. Morley, however, concerns himself but little with the detailed interpretation of the poem; and his remarks on its place in literary history, and on the function of the Scóp or gleeman, are frequently happy. I am inclined to agree with him in rejecting the attempts—though recommended by the great name of Müllenhoff—to reduce "Widsith" to strophic form by the hypothesis of extensive interpolations and transpositions.

In treating of Cædmon Prof. Morley adopts the untenable theory—discarded by every scholar whose opinion is of any value—that the extant paraphrases of Scripture are substantially the work of the Northumbrian peasant celebrated by Bæda. Nothing can be more certain than that these compositions proceed from several different authors, and that in general they were written by men who could read the Latin Bible for themselves. Prof. Morley, for the most part, states fairly enough the opinions of modern scholars on the question of authorship; but he has evidently failed to appreciate the strength of the arguments on which they rest. In order to ridicule the attempts of German critics to prove diversity of authorship by the internal evidence of style, he tries to show that a plausible case might be made out for ascribing his own first volume to two different writers. Caricature of this kind can only prove, what no one doubts, that the method referred to is untrustworthy when carried to an unreasonable excess of subtlety. To contend that the method itself is essentially fallacious would be absurd. If the "Ode on a Grecian Urn" had happened to have been first printed in an edition of the works of Crabbe, even Prof. Morley would hardly demand that some external evidence should be produced before he could admit that it was not by the same author as "The Borough." The fact is that the only ground for assuming unity of authorship in the so-called Cædmon poems is that they are found in the same MS.—a circumstance which is sufficiently accounted for by their affinity in subject. In the days of Junius the attribution of the paraphrases to Cædmon was the most obvious guess that could have been made. The fact that this guess is over two centuries old gives it a sort of traditional authority; but if it had been made for the first time by a living German scholar, there can be little doubt that Prof. Morley would have rejected it as an extremely adventurous speculation. My own conjecture, on which I do not desire to lay great stress, is that a genuine song of Cædmon's may possibly be found—no doubt in a much altered form—in the long interpolation in the "Genesis," which is the best known portion of the reputed Cædmon poems; and that the Old-Saxon poem of the "Heliand" may have been founded on the original songs of the Northumbrian poet. Intrinsically there seems to be a strong probability that the English missionaries to the continent would carry with them the works of the Northumbrian sacred poet of whom Bæda thought so highly, and would adapt them to the use of their converts speaking a language closely allied to their own. The "Heliand," as a connected poem, is doubtless the work of a native Old-Saxon who was a man of considerable learning; but there is nothing to forbid the supposition that he worked up into a continuous whole the already current translations of Cædmon's lays. The well-known "Versus de Poeta," if they are rightly regarded as having been originally prefixed to the "Heliand," really amount to a definite ascription of the ultimate authorship of the work to Bæda's inspired peasant; and, in any case, they seem to show that poetry purporting to be Cædmon's was known among the Old-Saxons. It is obviously a mistake to

attribute to the authorship of an illiterate peasant those portions either of the Anglo-Saxon sacred poems or of the "Heliand" which are mere close reproductions of the Bible story, or which imply intimate knowledge of commentaries or theological writings. According to Bæda, Cædmon's songs were founded on his recollection of what he had heard read. It appears to me that the splendid fragment known as the "later Genesis," the close affinity of which with the "Heliand" has been conclusively proved by Prof. Sievers, may be regarded as quite possibly a genuine work of Cædmon, even though it be only a retranslation from a version in Old-Saxon.

The speculations of Palgrave and of Sandras and Bouterwek with regard to the origin of the name "Cædmon" are not worth the space which Prof. Morley has given to them. Palgrave pointed out that the name is not significant in Old-English, and whimsically suggested that it might be a pseudonym, derived from the Aramaic title of the Book of Genesis! Prof. Morley mentions this wild fancy with a sort of half-approval, but gives as an alternative the conjecture of Sandras and Bouterwek that the first element in the name may be the Anglo-Saxon *cæd*, a "boat." This word, however, is a mere misreading of the well-known word *ceol*. I am inclined to think that the name is of Celtic origin, identical with the Catumanus and the modern Welsh Cadfan. The initial element, Cæd-, occurs, so far as I know, in no other Old-English names, except Cædwalla and Cædbæi. The former is admittedly of British origin, and it seems quite possible that the latter may be so also. If this conjecture be correct, Prof. Morley will be able to use it as an argument for his favourite contention that the imaginative elements in English literature are due to the admixture of Celtic blood in the English people.

The chapters on the English writers in Latin—Bæda, Aldhelm, Alcuin, and others—are interesting, and tolerably accurate, though there is an odd slip on p. 137, where the name of Bugge, the daughter of King Kentwine, is mistaken for the name of a place. The succeeding chapters, treating of the early glossaries, the poem of "Judith," and the Vercelli and Exeter books, are open to little objection. It may, however, be noted that Prof. Morley speaks of the Vespasian Psalter as Kentish, in accordance with an opinion formerly maintained by Mr. Sweet, but now regarded by him as untenable. The prevailing opinion is that the dialect is Mercian.

In the chapter on Cynewulf, the author shows a good deal of wholesome caution in dealing with a subject that has been the theme of much controversy. His view is that the only works which can with confidence be ascribed to Cynewulf are those which are actually signed—the Elene, the Juliana, and the Crist. Prof. Morley does not seem to be acquainted with the dissertation of Ramhorst, which to my mind appears to be conclusive in showing that the "Andreas" is the work of the same poet. I am myself inclined to think that some, at least, of the riddles are of Cynewulf's composition; but I fully agree with Prof. Morley in rejecting both the theory of Leo that the first riddle is a charade on the writer's name, and that of Trautmann (which he inadvertently ascribes to Dietrich)

that the answer is "A Riddle." At the same time, I cannot accept Prof. Morley's own proposed solution. Before discussing it I may as well state my own view, which is, that the so-called riddle is not a riddle at all, but a fragment of a dramatic soliloquy, like "Déor" and "The Banished Wife's Complaint," to the latter of which it bears, both in motive and in treatment, a strong resemblance. The poem is certainly "enigmatical" enough; but its obscurity may be due to the absence of context, and in part also to the monodramatic form. To me it seems quite as intelligible as the "Banished Wife's Complaint," or even as some of the poems in Mr. Browning's *Dramatis Personae*. The following is an attempt at a translation. The speaker, it should be premised, is shown by the grammar to be a woman. Apparently she is a captive in a foreign land. Wulf is her lover and an outlaw, and Eadwacer (I suspect, though it is not certain) is her tyrant husband. Whether the subject of the poem be drawn from history or Teutonic legend, or whether it be purely the invention of the poet, there seems to be no evidence to determine:

* * * * *

Is to my people as though one gave them a
present.
Will they give him food if he should come to
want?
It is otherwise with us!

Wulf is on an island, I on another.
The island is closely surrounded by fen.
On yonder isle are fierce and cruel men;
Will they give him food if he should come to
want?
It is otherwise with us!

I waited for my Wulf with far-wandering
longings
When it was rainy weather, and I sat tearful.
When the brave warrior encircled me with his
arms
It was joy to me, yet was it also pain.

O Wulf, my Wulf! it was my longings after
thee
That made me sick—it was thy seldom coming—
It was a sorrowful heart, not the want of food!

Dost thou hear, Eadwacer? The cowardly (?)
whelp of us two
Shall Wulf carry off to the wood.
Easily can that be broken asunder which never
was united.

The song of us two together
[* * * * *]

Some points in this translation are open to dispute. The rendering of *on þræt cuman* as "to come to want" is suggested by the Icelandic phrase *at þrotum koma* in the same sense. The literal meaning of *þræt* (= Icel. *braut*, from the same root as *þrot*) is "pressure, stress," whence its usual sense of "a throng or crowd." *Apæcgan*, which occurs only in this passage, I take as the causative of *þicgan*, and as meaning "to give food to, to entertain." The adjective *earh*, which I regard as the accusative of *earh* "cowardly," is commonly explained as "swift," from *earu*. Except with regard to these details, and to the punctuation, my translation does not differ essentially from that which is generally accepted.* I do not pretend that the meaning is perfectly transparent; and

* In the last two lines, perhaps, *geador* should be construed with *gesomnad*. If so, the translation would be: "Easily can that be broken apart which was never joined together, namely our song." This leaves the sense substantially unaltered.

probably if we had the entire poem my translation might be found to require some correction. But the general sense does not seem to present any great difficulty, and I think the fragment as it stands has enough of poetic interest to be worth disinterring from the grave in which it has been buried by the notion that it is to be regarded as a riddle. Probably such an idea would never have occurred to anyone but for the accident that the fragment appears at the head of the riddles in the Exeter Book.

The reader may, however, wish to know what are the explanations that have been offered of the meaning of the piece by those who have treated it as a riddle. The theory of Leo, accepted in substance by Dietrich and Rieger, is that it is a charade on the syllables *Cyn-e-Wulf*. A detailed exposition of this solution would require a whole column; but its futility has been so clearly shown by Trautmann (whose arguments Prof. Morley repeats) that it is needless to discuss it. Trautmann's opinion is that the speaker is "a riddle" personified, and that Wulf is *the guesser*, who is compared to a wolf, and who finally seizes and "carries to the wood" *the answer*, which is the "whelp" or offspring jointly of himself and of the riddle. Let the reader compare this ingenious interpretation with any translation of the "riddle" that attempts to be fairly literal, and refrain from smiling if he can. Trautmann makes no attempt to show why the name of Eadwacer has been introduced; he regards it merely as the name of the "whelp"; but if the "whelp" be the personified answer, it was an odd proceeding on the part of the poet to bestow upon him a name at all, unless it had some appropriate signification. Prof. Morley's solution is, perhaps, somewhat more plausible, but I do not see how it is to be reconciled with Anglo-Saxon grammar. The speaker, he thinks (apparently overlooking the feminine adjective), is "the Christian Preacher," and Wulf is the devil. The interpretation of the last few lines must be given in Prof. Morley's own words, as I do not understand it clearly enough to summarise it:

"There is the preaching. Hearest thou it? Eadwacer—the word means *custos bonorum*, watcher over our wealth—the child of us both, of Christian teacher and of the flesh. He carries the wolf to the wood; he brings the power of the devil over us to the rood-tree, the wood of the cross. Men who have never been joined in Christian brotherhood, and who are easily parted from each other, our music brings together."

Possibly this interpretation might be amended so as to make it consistent with grammar, but it is scarcely worth patching up.

Prof. Morley also endeavours to explain the Latin riddle which has sometimes been ascribed to Cynewulf:

"Mirum videtur mihi: lupus ab agno tenetur;
Obcurrit agnus et capit viscera lupi
Dum starem et mirarem, vidi gloriam magnam
Duo lupi stantes et tertium tribulantes
Illi pedes habebant, cum septem oculis videbant."

The current opinion is that this is a play upon the various dictionary senses of *lupus*; but even if it were proved that these were known to the Anglo-Saxons, the solution does

not seem very satisfactory. Prof. Morley thinks that in the first line the lamb is the Lamb of God, and the wolf the devil. In the last three lines he suggests, if I correctly understand him, that "tertium" is not "a third wolf," but the third person of the Trinity. Who the two wolves are he does not say, but the four feet are the four Gospels, and the seven eyes refer to the "seven eyes of the Lamb" in the Book of Revelation. An alternative suggestion given in a footnote is that "the two wolves might be the Old and New Testament troubling the devil." I cannot feel much confidence in either of these conjectures, but they are certainly ingenious.

I have left myself no space to discuss the remaining chapters, forming nearly half the volume. For the most part they deal but little with controversial matter. They are agreeable reading and seem to contain no very serious mistakes. On the whole, Prof. Morley may be congratulated on the remarkable improvement which this portion of his work shows when compared with the former volume. If he is able to make an equal advance in each succeeding volume, his critics will before long find nothing to say except in praise.

HENRY BRADLEY.

Olysses; or, Scenes and Studies in many Lands. By W. Gifford Palgrave. (Macmillan.)

No one will dispute the appropriateness of the title which Mr. Palgrave has chosen for his collection of essays. Versatile and keen-witted as his great model, he has become full of the knowledge of the remotest corners of the world, and is familiar with the habits and feelings of many races of men who must always remain strangers to the ordinary traveller. Within the limits of two or three chapters he is able to present "scenes and studies" of the Anatolian peasantry, which bring clearly before our view the life and movement of the present and the "relics and survivals" of the past. A visit to the monastery of Sumelas is described in a manner worthy of Curzon. A collection of folk-tales and spectre-stories from Trebizond recalls the old legends of the Lamias in Pontus, and the witty talk of Lucian on the marvels of the Syrian legends; and the modern traveller is able to cap the ancient stories with allusions to gruesome Russian goblins, and the "hollow half-man" of the Brazilian forest. His account of the Georgians, the "handsome but worthless nation" of Gibbon's well-known description, is the more valuable because it was written before half the population was handed over to Russia to be denationalised by the treaty of 1878. The "Savoy of the Caucasus" is little known and rarely visited, and when Mr. Palgrave travelled through it a great part of the country was almost a *terra incognita* even to its Turkish masters. "Russian Georgia" was then undergoing the process of being civilised *à la Russe*, which has since been extended to the whole district, at the expense of the picturesque and romantic qualities of the people, though, no doubt, to their practical and positive advantage.

The description of Upper Egypt is twenty-two years old, and the traveller's opinions on many topics might be changed if he were to

revisit the country which he remembers as it lay helpless under the exactions of Ismail. His essay is, however, still interesting in a very high degree to all who have visited, or longed to visit, the "widespread wonders" of Luxor. Mr. Palgrave holds to the essential truthfulness of his sketch, especially with regard to the fellaheen, whom he regards as a most shuffling, mean-spirited, and unsatisfactory race of men; and we may, on the whole, accept the truth of his own candid criticism on the merits of his work, and say that it would be difficult to find elsewhere "a better panoramic view of what remains to us of Thebes of the Hundred Gates."

The account of Luxor is followed by an essay on "West Indian Memories," containing an interesting picture of life in Martinique, and a description of the boiling lake in Dominica, which is the more valuable because very few European travellers have visited the crater of the Grande Soufrière, and because the lake itself was destroyed by an earthquake in 1880, about four years after the date of Mr. Palgrave's visit. After traversing a half-extinct crater filled with the noise and steam of the brightly coloured salt and sulphur springs, the explorers came to a silent burnt-out region ridged with the debris of another crater, and climbing a barrier-wall of volcanic deposits came suddenly upon the boiling lake:

"A strange sight to see, and not less awful than strange. Fenced in by steep, mostly indeed perpendicular, banks from 60 to 100 feet high, cut out in ash and pumice, the lake rages and roars like a wild beast in its cage; the surface, to which such measurements as we could make assigned about two hundred yards in length by more than half the same amount in breadth, is that of a gigantic seething cauldron, covered with rapid steam, through which, when the veil is for a moment blown apart by the mountain breeze, appears a confused mass of tossing waves, crossing and clashing in every direction, a chaos of boiling waters. Towards the centre, where the ebullition is at its fiercest, geyser-like masses are being constantly thrown up to the height of several feet, not on one exact spot, but shifting from side to side, each fresh burst being preceded by a noise like that of cannon being fired off at some great depth below, while lesser jets often suddenly make their appearance nearer the sides of the lake. . . . Above us was the deep azure of the sky, veiled ever and anon by massive wreaths of steam, that ceaselessly rose in capricious swirls, to be caught up and scattered by the trade-winds, then to unite in one dense canopy overhead. Seen from a distance these steam-wreaths form the cloud so often noticed by seafarers as they coast along the southerly shores of Dominica, and look high up at the rugged crest of the Grande Soufrière."

Almost immediately after his visit to the Lesser Antilles, Mr. Palgrave was appointed to Her Majesty's Consulate at Manila, the "tropical Venice," to use his own picturesque expressions, fronting the vast harbour-gulf which forms "the secure vestibule of the typhoon-swept China seas." The Malay life in the Philippines is depicted with an enthusiasm which few of his readers will share. The author endeavours to describe a land and a people of the highest type of mortal excellence. The Archipelago is without a rival in beauty through all its islands "from the extreme northern verge of the Formosan channel to where the tepid equa-

torial wave sinks faint on the coral-reefs of Borneo." The inhabitants are pleasant and domestic in their ways, moderate polytheists, and gifted with "a happy immunity from the virus inoculation of improvement and progress."

Mr. Palgrave admits that in some particulars the East has lessons to learn from "unquiet disintegrating Europe," but his sympathies are all on the side of Cathay. China is praised for despising the bright mirage of our "promise-phantoms." In Canton the traveller will see how well it is with a nation that knows when it is well off, and "prefers to enjoy in quiet the steady if not dazzling light of its own tried and hereditary lamp." The Japanese are reminded of the excellence of their "Shinto" or system of nature-worship, which, though supplanted by a more modern Buddhism, "appears coeval with the first dawn of Japanese history, adds lustre to its brilliant noon, and blends even yet with the rays of its declining day." The traveller has heard that a progressive change has come over "the spirit of the Japanese dream," even since his essay was first published in 1881; but he hopes that the shade will be but transient, "to be followed by renewed splendour of the ancestral light." When he comes to deal with Siam he finds much more to say in favour of Buddhism as the most beneficent and humanising of the systems promulgated among mankind. In an extremely interesting account of the Siamese pilgrimages to the footprint of Buddha at Phra-Bat he expresses the hope that the land of Siam, "this strange survival of past ages, this land forgotten by the years," may long continue faithful to the memory of her first lawgiver, by obeying whose precepts she "took a place among the kingdoms, and attained whatever power and prosperity she has possessed or is ever likely to possess."

From discussing the vast antiquities of the Eastern world the traveller passes to the modern beauties of life in La Plata, the trade of Montevideo, and the glorious story of the patriotism of the soldiers of Lopez. But even in the dense forests of Paraguay and along the reaches of the Parana and the Argentine River he meets "the fatal contagion of a mimic Europeanism," the blight that creeps over all lands infected with "Western-European intercourse." The essay on Paraguay is full of valuable information. Mr. Palgrave is thoroughly at home in describing the manners of its strange people of mixed Basque and Guarani blood, the beauty of its forest-scenery and multitudinous lakes, and the dangers and delights of life in a "land of electricity."

The volume ends with a romantic love story from Nejd, which was originally published some years ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*. It is not in form a record of personal travel. But the author explains that its substance was collected by him from native sources, while wandering "as an Arab among Arabs." Mr. Palgrave claims, on behalf of "Ulysses," to include the story of Alhamah's Cave among "the results of his own diversified sojournings"; and his readers will probably be glad enough to welcome another record of self-sacrifice and generous sentiment from one who formerly told so well the story of Herman Agha.

CHARLES ELTON.

The Life and Times of John Wilkes. By Percy Fitzgerald. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

A KEEN perception of a good subject for portraiture is among the qualities of Mr. Fitzgerald, and in his choice of Wilkes as a sitter he has displayed more than his accustomed shrewdness. The central figure in the embittered struggle for freedom against the exercise of general warrants, and in the subsequent campaign for liberty of election to a seat in the lower house of legislature, would, if only for his share in these momentous issues, deserve to be drawn at full length. But Wilkes has other, though it may be less important, claims to a place in the world's memory. For many years a contest raged between the fathers of the city and the members of the House of Commons over the vexed question of the publication of the debates in Parliament; and in this fray the coolness and intrepidity of Wilkes as one of the leading combatants gave material assistance to the success of his cause, and, which he valued still more, had no little influence on his own popularity among his fellow-citizens. The claims of Wilkes to public distinction are not yet exhausted. From his youth, which was passed in the Dutch University of Leyden, until his death some fifty years later, his time was spent in the company of those whom the lovers of literature and political history regard with interest. Charles Townshend and Dowdeswell, two rival chancellors of the exchequer, were among his associates in Holland. Askew, the learned physician, whose house was crammed with editions of the classics from the basement to the garret, consorted with him during his residence at Leyden; and while Wilkes was abroad he threw the spell of his conversational powers around the Scotch philosopher, Andrew Baxter, whose life was protracted sufficiently long to enable him to commit to the press the substance of their talk in the "Capuchine's garden at Spaw in the summer of 1745." With such a training Wilkes became no mean scholar; and all his life, whether with or without any means for paying the printers in his employment, he was distributing among the literati of his day copies of the works of classical writers which had been struck off under his editorship at his private press. Lord Mansfield and Dr. Johnson both fell under the fascination of his manners; and it is no inconsiderable advantage when an author is able, as Mr. Percy Fitzgerald is, to transfer bodily to his narrative several of the best known pages in Boswell. Two more names stand out conspicuously in connexion with Wilkes. Churchill, the satirist, lived and died the staunchest of his allies in the strife of political controversy. Horne Tooke sought his society, fought for some time by his side, and sympathised with his cause to the last; but for many years their personal friendship was severed.

Do the volumes of Mr. Fitzgerald present an adequate memorial of so interesting a character? To this question the answer must be in the negative. He has dived into the voluminous papers of Wilkes which are preserved in the British Museum, and recovered from the deep many curious passages, the most characteristic of which bear on the

turbulent demagogue's friendship with his poetic friend, Churchill. But more selections might have been made with advantage, the materials might not infrequently have been presented in a more attractive form, and the student might have been spared that dread of incompleteness of research and inaccuracy of fact which hang around all the literary labours of Mr. Fitzgerald. On the very threshold of this memoir these haunting suspicions most invade the mind. The opening page of the narrative is faced by a pedigree of the family of Wilkes, which starts from Edward Wilkes, of Leighton Buzzard, the great-grandfather of "Wilkes and Liberty"; but a genealogical tree of the house, more complete in minor details, is printed in the pages of so well-known a county history as Lipscomb's *Buckinghamshire*. Over one of the characters in this pedigree Mr. Fitzgerald leaves the reader involved in hopeless ambiguity. Israel, the brother of John Wilkes, is represented in it as the father of Charles Wilkes, a commodore in the navy of the United States. On p. 9 it is stated that Charles, the son of Israel, became "cashier in the United States' bank. From this branch sprang a celebrated commodore of the United States' Navy, a dashing officer and man of science." Turn the page, and a contradictory statement stares you in the face. There we read that

"Israel Wilkes, when advanced in life, had a son born, Charles Wilkes, who became a man of science, a commodore in the American Navy, . . . and was more particularly famed for having stopped the English steamer *Trent* on the high seas and taken out the two Confederate agents."

At the close of the second volume Mr. Fitzgerald reverts to the subject. The daughter of Wilkes left the family property situated in Buckinghamshire and three other counties to her cousin, the American Charles Wilkes; and the biographer, after printing an abstract of the will, adds: "I am inclined to doubt whether he can have been the Commodore Wilkes who became conspicuous in the American War of Secession." A further change of opinion is apparent a few pages later. Mr. Fitzgerald there extracts a passage from Carlyle's reminiscences on Jeffreys's second wife, "actual brother's daughter of our demagogue Wilkes. She was the sister of Commodore Wilkes, who boarded the *Trent* some years ago." With this passage the work concludes, and the reader is consequently spared another change of front. Not often are such startling mutations of opinion in an author's mind so frankly revealed to public gaze.

A striking instance of Mr. Fitzgerald's neglect to communicate the whole circumstances bearing on the connexions of Wilkes occurs in the first volume (p. 14). The celebrated Dr. Mead is stated, and correctly stated, to have been nearly related to the family into which Wilkes married; and the doctor's daughter, Mrs. Nicholls, is named at a subsequent date as the nearest relative but one of the demagogue's wife. This, I believe, is the sole mention in the two volumes of Mrs. Nicholls. Nowhere is it mentioned that she was married to an eminent physician, one of the victims of the Scotch premier whom Wilkes attacked. Her husband was Dr. Frank Nicholls, "a very eminent man," as

Dr. Johnson said, who was turned out by Bute "from being physician to the king to make room for one of his countrymen, a man very low in his profession." This treatment, which even the high-prerogative Johnson did not seek to palliate, could not have been pleasing to Wilkes, who, for his daughter's sake, would follow with interest the troubles or advantages of her relations. An editor of Boswell—and Mr. Fitzgerald's edition of the immortal biography does not rank among the least of his innumerable literary ventures—may be excused for being ignorant of the lives of some of Johnson's contemporaries, but the outlines of Boswell's life should be imprinted indelibly in his memory. Wilkes proceeded, as we have already stated, to the University of Leyden; and, according to Mr. Fitzgerald, (i. 15) "it will be recollected that some twenty years later Boswell set off to prosecute his studies at the same seat of learning." To trust to recollection is too often fatal to a man of letters, and the biographer of Wilkes falls within that condemnation. It was not to the University of Leyden but to that of Utrecht that Boswell set out at his father's wish to complete the study of the law. The warning of Dr. Routh on the necessity of verifying all quotations should be dinned over and over again into the ears of Mr. Fitzgerald. Who would suppose from the string of names on p. 36—"Sir Francis Dashwood, Bubb Dodington, Lords Melcombe and Orford"—that Dodington and the first-named peer were one and the same person? Look, again, at vol. i., p. 58, where the connexion of Wilkes and Smollett is chronicled, and note the sentence that Smollett's *Critical Review* was threatened "with a prosecution for an attack on Admiral Brown." Mr. Fitzgerald, when he stops to think, knows better than this. A person with half his acquaintance with the history of the period would be aware that the name of the gallant admiral who invoked the terrors of the law against the Scotch reviewer should have been given as Knowles. There is another matter which I would dwell on, and the offender in this instance is not the biographer of Wilkes. When the patriot was in the Tower, some verses on his imprisonment were penned by Lady Temple, which have induced Mr. Fitzgerald to remark that "the gods had not made her ladyship poetical." The lines are inscribed "The Jewel in the Tower"; and both the title and the greater part of the lines are stolen from a longer song, originally composed on Sir Robert Walpole's imprisonment in the same building. It was not poetry only that the gods omitted to plant in the mind of Lady Temple.

The question whether Wilkes believed in the opinions with which his name is indelibly associated has disturbed many minds, and is not yet set at rest; but Mr. Fitzgerald evidently believes that he was only engaged in acting a part. The sarcasm of Wilkes that his friend and legal adviser, Sergeant Glynn, "was a Wilkite, which I never was," seems to sway the mind of Mr. Fitzgerald to the adoption of this belief; but it should be remembered that the great agitator was a man of infinite jest, and that his remarks were not invariably meant to be taken seriously. In one respect his most candid friend could not doubt his sincerity,

and that was his affection for his daughter. Whether present or absent, her happiness was ever in his thoughts, and for her sake he deemed no exertion too great. To everyone else he was lavish of promises, but remiss in performance. He undertook with reckless prodigality a series of undertakings which he never could have contemplated carrying to completion. One of these labours—the task above all which it was most incumbent upon him to execute—was an edition of the works of his devoted ally, Charles Churchill; but all that Wilkes accomplished is summed up as "little more than a single note to each poem." His conversation was inimitable, but he indulged in times in the grossest obscenity. He knew, however, how to suit his talk to his company; and, if he sank with the low, he could raise himself to an intellectual quality with the highest personages of his age. Wilkes merited a much better monument of his life than Mr. Fitzgerald has thought fitting to supply.

W. P. COURTNEY.

My Ladies' Sonnets: and other "Vain and Amatorious" Verses, with some of Graver Mood. By Richard Le Gallienne. (Liverpool: W. & T. Arnold.)

EVERYONE has not the courage with which Charles Lamb openly flouted the wisdom of the ancients as embodied in popular proverbs. That "beauty is but skin-deep," and that "handsome is as handsome does," are pious opinions which I have never dared explicitly to deny; and yet I always find myself believing pleasant things of good-looking people, and even of good-looking books, and I am disappointed less often than I ought to be. Here, for example, is a little volume, the sight and handling of which bring a quick thrill of pleasure to the heart of the book-lover. Its gray side boards, its white, ribbed back, its luxurious paper, and its pretty rubricated initials, are so appetising that in looking forward to the less sensuous pleasure of reading we believe all things and hope all things. Nor are we disappointed, unless, to use the quaint words of Thomas Fuller, we "expect what in reason we cannot expect."

Mr. Le Gallienne is obviously young, for many of his poems are examples of a kind of work which, when perfectly sincere and instinctive—as it is here—is produced only in youth. Could I say of his volume that it is devoid of all the crudities of thought, emotion, or expression which belong to the adolescent period, it would be simply equivalent to saying that it has the forced artificial maturity which gives no real satisfaction in the present, and forbids all hope of growth in the future. But it has surprisingly few of these things, and—what is of more importance than either their presence or their absence—it provides abundant evidence that Mr. Le Gallienne has the root of the matter in him. One of the most refreshing, because one of the rarest, qualities of his verse is its individuality. Here and there is an echo of Keats or Rossetti, or of one of the recognised producers of *verse de société*; but, in the main, Mr. Le Gallienne speaks with a voice of his own, and it is a voice of much natural sweetness, which has been cared for and cultured without having been, as sporting men say,

"trained too fine." At present the most notable deficiency in his work is the inevitable lack of body which we always feel conscious of in verse which is largely the expression of pure sentiment or passion unweighted by a pervading thought; but many poets whose mature work has been as rich in body as in bouquet have begun their career—as Lord Tennyson begun his—by mere studies in the art of graceful and musical utterance. The one unpardonable sin in poetry is the sin of insincerity, and from this Mr. Le Gallienne is free. He has wisely chosen to sing the emotion that he has rather than the thought that he has not, and a larger and wider experience of life will give his verse substance and gravity; but the habit of affectation once formed seems to be ineradicable, and it vitiates the work of a lifetime. Within his own range he works freely, without strain or spasms, but with prevailing grace and sweetness, and often with arresting and winning felicity of touch. His sonnets are unequal, and some of them seem to have been written at a time when his study of sonnet structure was incomplete, many having three rhymes in the octave; but they all possess what I ventured some time ago to call "a sonnet-making argument," that is, a motive which naturally clothes itself in the sonnet form, and they are therefore more satisfying than other performances of the same kind which are, from a technical point of view, less faulty. Here is a sonnet addressed by Mr. Le Gallienne to his mother, which has an attractive *naïveté* due to a combination of ingenuity and tenderness that is not infrequent in his verses:

"Sweet mother, I did long to sing for thee
A birthday song, but somehow from my throat,
When I essayed, died out the struggling note
O'erburdened with the weight of sympathy.
So easy has it ever seemed to me
To pen a sonnet to my lady's look
Or write a verse in some confession-book,
That it seemed strange I had no song for thee;
And yet none such has come, although I strove
Long time for music: now I know at length
Why so this is, for as a mother's love
Is sacredest of all, so must the strength
To sing it be the strongest—thus in vain I long
Till that strength comes to sing 'my mother's song.'"

This is, I take it, one of the poems "of graver mood." From the lighter pieces, which give the volume its special character, I should like to select the very graceful "Ballade of Old Sweethearts," but it is probably known to many readers of the ACADEMY, having been reprinted in Mr. Gleeson White's recent anthology of English poems in the old French forms; so I select instead a little lyric of quotable length which may be taken as a fair sample of Mr. Le Gallienne's average work.

"A maiden in grey and gold,
Grey robe and a golden band,
Grey eyes and a golden smile
I never can understand.

"Thus only she seems to me,
She may have a heart somewhere,
She may have a love to win
For him with a heart to dare.

"It may be the grey is but
Dawn-mist of the coming day,
That her golden smile will clear—
With all such mists—away.

"It may be if one should speak
He would thaw that freezing grey,
And heighten the sunny gold,
But who dare that essay?"

"So still she must seem to me,
As ever she's seemed of old,
Grey robe and a golden band,
Grey eyes and a smile of gold."

Mr. Le Gallienne, in the verses described by Milton's phrase, quoted (with a superfluous "and") in his title, is, for the most part, a singer of the sentiment rather than the passion of love; but two of three of the poems—notably "Quelle heure est-il?"—have a passionate fervour, which seem to indicate that the poet does not always let himself go, but has a stock of strength in reserve. One of the pieces of this latter kind, the sonnet entitled "A Vigil," is, however, a mistake from every point of view; and, should a new edition of *My Ladies' Sonnets* be called for, Mr. Le Gallienne will find it easy to substitute for it something worthier of himself and more harmonious with the other contents of the volume.

I have left myself but little space in which to speak of the longest and, in some respects, most important of Mr. Le Gallienne's poems. This is "The Bookman's Avalon," which is the first of "Three Booklover's Songs," as they are called, though not one of them is a song in the strict sense of the word. It is a quaintly and fancifully elaborated description, written in Spenserian stanzas, and richly adorned with Keats-like imagery, of a dream-built palace "of vistaed halls and alcoved galleries," rich with the literary spoils of time, in which the wanderer recognises by the dreamer's instinct "The Bookman's Paradise." The many mansions of this heaven of books are very charmingly imagined; and Mr. Le Gallienne's style acquires here a certain gusto and sumptuousness, which indicates that he is on specially congenial ground. The other two "songs" are less important, though "A Ballad of Bindings" is made pleasant by the vein of very bright humour which runs through it.

As a rule, the best way in which to review a book consisting mainly of brief lyrics is to give copious selections rather than to indulge in copious comments. I have not adopted this course in reviewing *My Ladies' Sonnets*, because many of Mr. Le Gallienne's best poems have some little flaw of execution which, though generally too trifling to mar the reader's pleasure, would be apt to reveal itself somewhat aggressively "in that fierce light which beats upon" a quotation. In spite, however, of all their little lapses, the total of which does not amount to much, these poems give more pleasure and refreshment than we can ever derive from the faultily faultless work which has every charm but that charm of life which Mr. Le Gallienne's work certainly possesses. If he can perfect his art without losing simplicity and spontaneity, we may expect from him something of permanent worth.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

Service Afloat, or the Naval Career of Sir William Hoste. (W. H. Allen.)

THIS narrative of distinguished services of an officer who was pre-eminently of the Nelson school cannot fail to be of interest. It is,

naturally, based on the Memoirs and Letters published more than fifty years ago, which now are not readily met with. To those, therefore, who either do not possess, or are unacquainted with, the early two-volume work, this is a capital substitute, or perhaps in some ways an improvement on the original. There is in it more condensation, more connexion in the history of the great Napoleonic war, and more illustration of events referred to from other authorities. A good index and a *résumé* of the principal affairs in which Hoste had sole or part command are alike useful to the student, and with commendable discreetness the anonymous editor has relegated his notice of the Hoste family to the appendix. Thus we escape anything like that lengthy preliminary genealogical dissertation which editors have usually felt it their duty to begin biographies with.

We find but one thing to which we must take exception, and that is that the editor considers Sir W. Hoste to have been "a great man." He seems to have been driven to this judgment in defence of his hero against the somewhat severely critical remarks on Hoste's professional character to be found in the Life of Sir William Napier. It was, however, scarcely necessary to go so far. For it seems a most unfortunate use of a term which by general consent is applied specially to those who strike out new paths for themselves and their fellows, and who lead the way boldly where none have ventured before. Nelson, St. Vincent, Rodney, and Hawke, each of these is marked among his contemporaries for having displayed peculiar skill—thereby achieving success—in tactics, strategy, organisation of a fleet, or management of men so as to obtain exact discipline. Such, too, no doubt were Rooke, Blake, Monson, and Drake, though of them we know less certainly. But Hoste's name cannot be placed in the same category with these. His career was too short to allow of fair comparison even with the earlier part of that of his master, Nelson, for the latter received the rank of rear admiral at the age of thirty-nine, while Hoste virtually retired from active service when in his thirty-fifth year.

Yet in twenty-one years of active service Hoste, by good fortune, was continually in contact with the enemy, and thus received a training than which none could have been better for a British naval captain. Serving as a youngster in the *Agamemnon*, when Calvi and Bastia and Hotham's action off Genoa brought her commander's name before the public; then, later, being present at the battle off Cape St. Vincent, at the unfortunate attack on Santa Cruz de Tenerife, and, lastly, at the wonderful victory in Abukir Bay, Hoste had acquired much of the Nelsonic character for boldness, good seamanship, "political courage," and untiring exertion. After the truce of Amiens collapsed his work lay almost entirely in the Adriatic, of which he wrote in 1810:

"We have plenty of work cut out for us in the Adriatic, and of all stations it is the pleasantest; such variety and amusement, and prizes to boot, make the hours pass quick, I assure you."

Between cruising (which then in those waters was no slight task in winter), and blockading, and cutting-out expeditions, Hoste spent six years in the Adriatic during his two com-

missions on the *Amphion* and *Bacchante*. The action off Lissa is what will best hand his name down to posterity. Its decisive result, and the brilliancy and precision with which Hoste's weaker force was handled, showed how much high discipline and united action, with skilful pilotage, could effect even against an adversary of double strength in men and guns. The key to repeated failures on the part of the French and their allies in the Adriatic is given us by Hoste himself. He writes, several months before Lissa :

"The truth is, they are afraid of the weather, and are very badly manned; we are well manned, and do not care a fig about the weather."

Withal, to sum up Hoste's professional career, he proved a model captain, who, with opportunities and health, might have become a famous admiral.

We have two or three minor points to mention in connexion with this admirable memoir. One is the fact that, in the time of the great wars, "interest" was as much sought after and needed in order to obtain quick promotion and good appointments as now. Another trifle to be noticed is the anxiety for "pewter" or prize money, which, after the days of the grand *guerre d'escadre* had gone by, animated our officers and men. Hoste wrote, on entering the Adriatic, "I have at last got on good ground for 'pewterising.'" He seems to have gained a fair share of prize money, and we do not think that, as to honours, he was so shabbily treated as he himself affirmed. Our last point is to ask why the name of the French commander-in-chief at the battle of the Nile should here be spelled "Brueix" instead of Brueys? It leads to some confusion with the contemporary Minister of Marine, Rear-Admiral Bruix. We also notice a slight discrepancy in dates on p. 84. Ganteaume left Brest for Berteau Roads on January 7, 1801, but did not actually sail for his destination in the Mediterranean till January 23. And on p. 179, we may fill up the blank name of the captain of the *Danaë* with that of Villon. We think that the names of the captains of the Italian men-of-war, on the same page, need revision. With that, our privilege of giving vent to small grumbles is satisfied.

GEORGE F. HOOPER.

NEW NOVELS.

The New Judgment of Paris. By Philip Lafargue. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

A Wily Widow. By Henry Cresswell. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

A Flight to Florida. By Peregrinator. In 2 vols. (White.)

Alma. By Emma Marshall. (Sonnenschein.)

Vere Thornleigh's Inheritance. By A. M. Hopkinson. (London Literary Society.)

Looking Backward. By Edward Bellamy. (Boston: Ticknor; London: Trübner.)

The Emotions of Polydore Marasquin. By Léon Gozlan. (Vizetelly.)

The New Judgment of Paris is, perhaps, the most remarkable and most successful performance on literary stilts that the English reading public has yet seen. It may

be the work of a woman, but looks more like the work of a very clever man, who is laughing in his sleeve at the scientific and artistic faddishness he reproduces, at the majority of his characters, and, above all, at the fearfully and wonderfully precious style he affects. If *The New Judgment of Paris*, which ought rather to have been styled "The Old Judgment of Helen," is not essentially a satire, it is essentially an absurdity. That a girl like Ida Bannatyne—clever, pretty, superficial, healthily but unconsciously selfish—should, when the chance comes her way, amuse herself for a season in London with picking up the cant, and playing with the ideas, of *savans* and studios, is likely enough. That—sent out from a country parsonage, to get on in the world, and, in her heart, believing in the gospel of getting on—she should marry a good-natured, well-built blockhead of a country baronet is, perhaps, inevitable. But that she should allow herself, even for a time, to be engaged to Ambrose Trevor, who is Posthwaite and Maudle rolled into one, who lives on phrases, who, to induce a young lady to sit to him, tells her "I want to depolarise, to disindividualise you, and help men to look through the concrete beauty to the abstract beauty which lies beyond"—well, in asking his readers to believe anything of this sort Mr.—supposing it is Mr.—Lafargue makes a large draft upon their credulity. What is even more improbable, he makes Ida think in Trevor's phrases, as when she says not to him, but to herself, "He is spiritual to my mere *spirituelle*. But he lacks balance. I could be pendulum to his spring, checking explosion and carrying him over gulfs of lethargy and despair." But if Trevor be left out of consideration it must be allowed that there is scarcely a weak character in *The New Judgment of Paris*. John Sumner, whom Ida ought to have chosen—a George Warrington about to leave Bohemia and settle in Hampstead—was deserving of even more pains than Mr. Lafargue has bestowed upon him; and the same may be said of his sister Eva, who, no doubt, marries Ambrose some day, and gives that poor creature the sympathy he needs, as well as the "balance" that her friend Ida could never have supplied. There is a fascination, too, about that refined Chevy Slime, Dr. Harvey Bland, half quack, wholly self-seeker though he is. Mr. Lafargue is not strong in incident. The fortunes of the artistic sheet, the *Byleaf*, supply a little fun, but that is obviously mere comic business. The stories, too, of the unlovable Sister Irene and the contest for a seat in Parliament between Sir Eric Armstrong and John Sumner are dragged clumsily into the story, as if to show that Mr. Lafargue does know something of fashionable nursing and modern politics. His style, resonant though it is, is occasionally very effective; a passage towards the end descriptive of the sea, as seen from the cliffs near Dover, shows it at its best. Mr. Lafargue has a sense of humour, and, indeed, represses it too much. But is he not unconsciously humorous when he represents Trevor "tempting" Ida, who has been sitting to him in his studio for Aphrodite, "to stay, with fruits and sweetmeats and fair words," and "her white hands making havoc among the caramels, while

Mrs. Catchpole, in her distant corner, demurely devours the delicacies they send her." This is a very elegant edition of the old story of Mariana and Wilhelm and old Barbara. But does the spectacle of Aphrodite munching caramels quite suggest a symphony? And had Trevor not a drop of gin, or at least a glass of sherry, to offer poor Mrs. Catchpole?

Mr. Henry Cresswell is not seen at his best—which is very good of its kind—in *A Wily Widow*. He does not seem to have started writing with a stock of ideas sufficiently large to last him through three volumes. He gives us only two strong characters—Maud Gainsborough, the poisoning widow, who gets rid of a husband, and very nearly gets rid of a rival with the help of aconite, but is yet a lovable, warm-hearted creature; and her brother-in-law, Anthony, who dislikes and cheekmates her. But the duel between the two could have had full justice done to it in one volume. The love-affair between Frank Warrington and Lily Hardwicke is terribly spun out, however; and Mr. Cresswell does not make so much, in the first volume, of the cruel practical joke played on Warrington by his first sweetheart as he has made of somewhat similar incidents in previous works. The plot of *A Wily Widow*, such as it is, is well constructed.

A Flight to Florida might have been better, but it might also have been a great deal worse. "Peregrinator" writes of the fascinations of that State with the enthusiasm of Mayne Reid, but in a more chastened style. He is full of almost *Handy Andy* animal spirits; indeed, some of the practical jokes played on a certain Mr. Williams are spoiled by horseplay. The passages in the first volume between Glendinning and Raby, whose courtship is of the Benedick and Beatrice sort, are well-managed, and show "Peregrinator" to be possessed of a sunny humour. But the tragedy—it is little else—which brings the two together in the end will be generally resented as violent, unpleasant, and unnecessary.

In *Alma*, Mrs. Marshall probably attains the perfection of her humble, but honest, sub-Dickensian art. She frequently errs on the side of prolixity; *Alma* is agreeably short and quite compact. As a rule, she puts too many figures in her work; in *Alma* there are only four of any pretensions—Alma Montgomery, the pretty music mistress herself; the mother of her fiancé, Dr. Herbert Law; her blind musical brother; and the mysterious peer, whose life is a series of disappointments in love, relieved to some extent by indulgence in good deeds and champagne. Probably most of the special public that Mrs. Marshall caters for with no inconsiderable success will regret that Alma does not marry Lord Heroncliffe in the last page. His eccentricities are but the raw material of which high character is made, whereas Dr. Law is certain, after marriage, to develop into a commonplace practitioner and husband. But, even it be allowed that Mrs. Marshall might have made a better arrangement for Alma than she has done, her story is singularly free from blemishes. The ups and downs of the music-mistress's social and professional struggles; her ill-treatment at the hands of

Mrs. Law; her recognition by Dr. Earle; the appearance on the scene of her two good angels, Lord Heroncliffe and Herbert Law's father—are traced with skill and sympathy. Alma's blind brother Christopher is perfect in his way; indeed, Mrs. Marshall ought to have sent so good a child to Heaven as certainly as she ought to have placed Alma in the arms of Lord Heroncliffe. It is evident that Mrs. Marshall does delight to make humble people happy, and to make their happiness result from a goodness that sustains and solaces industry; and there is contagion in her delight. *Alma* is very warmly to be commended.

Vere Thornleigh's Inheritance is neither better nor worse—though it is unfortunately longer—than most stories of pretty girls who have fortunes and parents that they are ignorant of, but that certain villains know of only too well. Mr. Tressider, who is as much of a scoundrel as this story can boast of, is too weak for his part, and so has no worse punishment inflicted on him than that involved in seeing Vere marry his son Paul and not his son Hugh, and in having an offer of marriage refused by Vere's mother. Mabel Tressider is a sufficiently lively girl of the modern conventional sort, chattering constantly of "the Pater," and "cream satin bodies" and equally important topics. Crosby Savile, the comic barrister, who is in store for her, is tolerable enough till he becomes serious and lets the world know that he

"early resolved that if he could prevent it his marriage should not be a lottery, that he would know his future wife in her home and out of it; in sunshine and rain, in south winds and east winds."

It is hardly possibly to criticise a colourless story like *Vere Thornleigh's Inheritance*.

It is a pity to see so able a writer and so careful an analyst of character as the author of *Dr. Heidenhoff's Process* bitten by the craze which at present prevails on the other side of the Atlantic for trying to present in fiction the domestic and social life of a coming century. Yet this is what Mr. Edward Bellamy attempts—and the only thing he attempts—in *Looking Backward*, which ends apparently in his hero's marrying a girl who ought to have been his own grand-daughter. It is so far well, perhaps, that the new Heavens and the new Earth wherein dwelleth economical righteousness, and into which Mr. Bellamy practically resolves his twenty-first century, should prove quite as fatiguing as either earthly or ethereal paradises generally are. There is much careful and even some graceful writing in *Looking Backward*; but it is quite thrown away.

The Emotions of Polydore Marasquin is a harmless, laughable, ingenious book, reminding one here and there of M. Paul Célière's *Startling Exploits of Dr. J. B. Quies*, but more demurely written. The idea of wrecking a Macao dealer in birds and beasts on an island inhabited chiefly by monkeys, including a baboon and a pair of chimpanzees that he had sold to certain British naval officers, is an original one, and is worked out by M. Leon Gozlan with an effective humour, which is not spoiled by realism, or tainted with suggestiveness. The imitativeness of monkeys is a stock subject with writers for boys, and one

or two of the oddities of the creatures that are first the tyrants and afterwards the slaves of Polydore Marasquin, strike us as having done duty before. But the inversion of the old relations between Polydore and his tame baboon, Karabouff the First, the successful masquerading of Polydore as mandril-emperor of the island where he figures as a castaway, the conduct of the love-sick and loyal chimpanzees, are all quietly droll, and as novel as they are droll. Perhaps *The Emotions of Polydore Marasquin* is a profound satire on humanity; if so, M. Gozlan conceals his Swiftian mission with marvellous success. His book is a remarkable one to be written by a Frenchman, and to be translated and published by Messrs. Vizetelly. It is filled, though not adorned, with comic but roughly executed illustrations.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

RECENT THEOLOGY.

The Life and Times of John Skinner. Bishop of Aberdeen, and Primus of the Scottish Episcopal Church. By William Walker. (Aberdeen: Edmond & Spark.) Dr. Walker is already favourably known as the biographer of Dr. Gleig, Bishop of Brechin and Dunkeld; and of the saintly Alexander Jolly, Bishop of Moray. In the present volume he deals with a remarkable man and with the stirring times of the repeal of the penal laws affecting Episcopalians in Scotland. Bishop Skinner was son of the Scottish poet, John Skinner, of Linshart ("Tullochgorum"), whose verses were so warmly admired by Burns, and whose interesting biography has been already given to the public by Dr. Walker. To all who are interested in the history of the Scottish Episcopal Church this *Life of Bishop Skinner* may be heartily commended. It will give to the reader a vivid sense of the rapid growth of the Church in numbers and influence within the last ninety years, and of the forcible repression under which it managed to exist in the last century.

A Sketch of the Life and Episcopate of the Right Reverend Robert Bickersteth, D.D., Bishop of Ripon. By the Rev. Montague Cyril Bickersteth. (Rivingtons.) Mr. Bickersteth very modestly entitles his biography of his father a sketch; but the narrative is full and thorough. The diocese of Ripon was reconstituted in 1836, and Bishop Bickersteth succeeded Bishop Langley, the first bishop of the see, in 1857. His position was not an easy one; for the most able and energetic workers in the diocese were High Churchmen, and to continue Bishop Langley's work without their hearty co-operation was impossible. But without any very extraordinary gifts Bishop Bickersteth was a capable man of business, a vigorous preacher, and a hard and conscientious worker. He, moreover, exhibited toleration and tact in his dealings with those of his clergy who were not in sympathy with his own pronounced evangelical views; so that his episcopate, though not brilliant, was successful and prosperous. Mr. Bickersteth's book is, as we have said, full and thorough. It is also well arranged and clearly written, but it is too laudatory. This is a difficult fault for a son to avoid, or for a reader to pardon. We wish to know what the world thought of Bishop Bickersteth, not only when it praised, but when it criticised. We should like also to feel sure that the bishop had some faults and weaknesses; and would probably love him more if his biographer could have loved him less.

Bishop Forbes: a Memoir. By Donald J. Mackey. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) The late Bishop Forbes, of Brechin, having taken a very

prominent part in some of the keenest ecclesiastical controversies of his day directed, with a spirit of wisdom worthy of imitation, that the most important part of his correspondence and journals should be preserved unopened and under seal for twenty-five years from the date of his death. Despite the desire indicated by this fact, and the disapproval of the family of the bishop, who possess much material that may assist some future biographer, Mr. Mackey has persisted in making a book. The casual reader, glancing through this volume, would not unnaturally come to the conclusion that Mr. W. E. Gladstone was the bishop's only correspondent. Mr. Gladstone has been so ill-advised as to furnish Mr. Mackey with a considerable number of the bishop's letters; but the replies, which would, doubtless, in some instances, be interesting, remain, if preserved at all, under seal at Brechin, waiting for the expiry of the quarter of a century. It is much to be regretted that Bishop Forbes's wishes should be so far set at naught by his biographer, notably in his partisan attacks on ecclesiastical opponents. The bishop, though uncompromising, was full of magnanimous generosity towards those with whom he was brought into controversy, and was a real lover of the things that make for peace. The bishop asked for silence for a space, and till, in all probability, those who were most actively engaged in the embittered religious disputations that led to his trial should have passed away; but Mr. Mackey so little regards his intentions that with loud voice he shouts afresh the party war-cries. Alexander Penrose Forbes was a man of wide culture, of scholarly tastes, and considerable ecclesiastical learning. Above all he was a man of earnest piety and self-devotion. His life deserves to be told; and we hope the time may come when it will be told from a fund of sufficient material, and in a becoming spirit. Mr. Mackey has certainly not forestalled such a biography. The material Mr. Mackey had before him was scanty, but even that material is edited in a slovenly way. Thus, at p. 170, writing to Mr. Gladstone, Bishop Forbes gives an interesting notice of a literary friend, who had suddenly died; but there is no hint from the editor as to the name of the person referred to. Mr. Mackey was, as we learn from the title-page, formerly a clergyman officiating in the Scottish Church. He might, accordingly, have avoided such errors as that the Scottish Communion Office "was dethroned from its rightful place" by the General Synod of 1876, or that the Bishop of Aberdeen was Primus in 1875 (p. 210). It is not the case (witness Edinburgh Cathedral) that the plan of two incumbents for one charge has "now happily entirely disappeared" (p. 63). Erastus (not *Erastian*, p. 208) was the name of the physician of Baden after whom certain ecclesiastical views have received their designation. Hiberio or Hiberia—not Hibernio (p. 249)—was the name given by St. Patrick to Ireland.

THE pamphlet of the Rev. Frederick Hockin on *John Wesley and Modern Methodism* (Rivingtons), originally published anonymously in 1874, has now in its fourth edition expanded into a volume of over two hundred pages. He aims at proving that the present followers of the founder of Methodism have deviated from the teaching which their father in religion advocated consistently throughout life; and in support of this argument he alleges that many important passages of Wesley's teaching have since his death been eliminated from his writings. The contradictions between the principles of John Wesley and those of the modern Methodists have been set out by several previous writers, and notably by Mr. Denny Umlin. It may well be doubted whether the game is worth the candle. The views of Methodism have passed away—be it for good or for evil—

from the sacramental doctrines which John Wesley preached himself, and wished to see established in others. If the Wesleyan ministers desired to revert to the old-fashioned opinions of High-Churchism which formed the staple of Wesley's principles, they would soon be abandoned by the congregations which now assemble in the chapels of Methodism. The county of Cornwall has long been identified with this form of dissent, and in no place have the Wesleyan ministers found better ground for the sowing of their seed. An interesting appendix in Mr. Hockin's work is devoted to an examination of the statement that before Wesley's day the natives of Cornwall were habituated to the crime of murdering the shipwrecked, and of the character of the Cornish clergy at that period. The first charge is probably groundless; but the good qualities of the clergy of the Established Church about 1760 will scarcely be estimated by impartial critics so highly as Mr. Hockin would desire.

The Sisters of the Poor and their Work. By Rev. Henry D. Nihill. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) The twelve letters contained in this volume were originally printed for private circulation "to furnish the friends of The Sisterhood of St. Mary at the Cross with some account of their work." The recent trial of Allcard v. Skinner has induced their author to publish them that the public may understand clearly the nature of the institution they describe. The letters date from 1870, and will be read with great profit by all interested in the condition of the poor. They make no attempt to be sensational, and are remarkably bright and cheerful; but they give us an unusually clear and graphic account of the work done in Shoreditch by the Sisters of the Poor. Mr. Nihill has done well to publish his admirable letters; not only the Sisters, but the public also, will thank him for his work.

The Parish Priest of the Town. Lectures delivered in the Divinity School, Cambridge. By John Gott. (S. P. C. K.) These terse and vigorous lectures give us in short compass the advice of a veteran in all departments of a town clergyman's work. We know of no book in which a clergyman's practical and spiritual duties are more clearly and fully stated; earnest piety, sound commonsense, and thorough acquaintance with the subject treated of are rarely found in such equal combination as in Dr. Gott's six lectures. The third part of the appendix, entitled "A Town Curate's Prayer Desk," will be greatly appreciated by those for whom it is intended.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. BLADES, EAST, & BLADES, have issued a circular regarding the publication of a facsimile of the MS. of Thomas Dingley's account of the progress of the first Duke of Beaufort, as lord president of the council in Wales, through Wales and the Marches in 1684. This document was printed, in a very limited number of copies for private circulation, in 1864. It is now proposed to reproduce it by photo-lithography, thus giving all the pen-and-ink sketches of castles, monuments, coat armour, &c. The present Duke of Beaufort, who owns the MS., has given his consent to the publication, at the request of the Cambrian Archaeological Association. The work consists of 354 pages, with two maps; and it will be published in a handsome volume, demy quarto. The subscription price, for an edition of 350 copies, is one guinea.

THE first volume brought out by the New Spalding Club has now been issued to members: *Memorials of the Family of Skene of Skene*, from the Family Papers, with other Illustrative Documents, edited by Dr. William Forbes

Skene, Historiographer for Scotland; with reproductions of sketches by the late James Skene of Rubislaw. The other portion of the first year's issue is also printed, and will soon be in the hands of members. It consists of vol. i. of the Chartulary of the Collegiate Church of St. Nicholas, one of the few Scotch Chartularies enumerated by the late Dr. John Stuart in his Report on the MS. Materials for History in Scotland (Hist. MSS. Com. Rep. I. iii.) as still unprinted. The volume is edited by the Rev. James Cooper, Minister of the Church of St. Nicholas, and will contain illustrations by Mr. George Reid.

At the recent sale of the Aylesford library—which realised altogether £10,754—the four folios of Shakspeare fetched the following prizes. The first folio (1623), somewhat patched and soiled, but otherwise a good copy, £200; the second folio (1632), a copy which had belonged to Theobald, and afterwards to Dr. Johnson, in whose handwriting there were many notes (£140, Henry Irving); the third folio (1664), a fine copy (£93); the fourth folio (1685), also a good copy (£29).

A HOLOGRAPH MS. of Burns, containing several of his best-known poems, with variations from the printed edition, was sold at Sotheby's on Tuesday last for £215 5s. It was bought for the Burns Museum at Kilmarnock.

MR. MURRAY has now in the press Mr. Sydney Buxton's *Finance and Politics*, an historical study of the last sixty or seventy years, which will shortly be published in two volumes. A seventh edition of Mr. Buxton's *Handbook to Political Questions* is also in preparation.

MR. GRANT ALLEN's new novel, *The Devil's Die*, will be published, in three-volume form, by Messrs. Chatto & Windus in the course of next month.

Miracle Gold is the title of a new three volume novel by Mr. Richard Dowling, which will be ready at the libraries next week.

Two new volumes of stories will be published next week by Messrs. Ward & Downey—*David Pointdexter's Disappearance*, by Julian Hawthorne, and *Idle Tales*, by Mrs. Riddell.

A VOLUME of *Legends and Traditions of Yorkshire*, by Rev. Thomas Parkinson, is announced for early publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

A VOLUME, entitled *Holiday Recreations and other Poems*, from the pen of Mr. Alexander Skene Smith, of Johnstone, N.B., will be published shortly by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

MESSRS. ROPER & DROWLEY will issue immediately a manual of daily devotional reading for home use by busy or invalid persons, by the Rev. A. Hunter Dunn. Its title will be *Holy Thoughts for Quiet Moments*.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co. will publish the cheap edition of Miss Braddon's recent novel, *Like and Unlike*, early next July. The same firm will issue, in three volumes, *The Fatal Three*, the novel which Miss Braddon is now engaged in writing for Messrs. Leng & Co.'s syndicate of newspapers.

MESSRS. FREDERICK W. WILSON & BROTHER, of Glasgow, will publish immediately a new work by Mr. John Davidson, entitled *Smith: a Tragedy*. The author's earlier drama, *Bruce*, was favourably reviewed some time ago in the ACADEMY.

WE understand that Mr. Bellars's recent little book of private devotions, *Before the Throne*, is already in a fourth edition, enlarged. Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. announce for immediate publication an edition of it adapted to the Scottish Communion office, with a preface by the Bishop of Aberdeen and

Orkney; and also an edition adapted to the American Prayer-Book, with a preface by the Bishop of Springfield.

MESSRS. BURNS & OATES have in the press a popular edition of Bishop Ullathorne's works on the *Endowments of Man*, entitled respectively "The Groundwork of the Christian Virtues," "The Endowment of Man," and "Christian Patience: the Strength and Discipline of the Soul."

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will publish immediately a cheap edition of Mr. Hutton's *Literary Landmarks*, revised and enlarged by the author.

THREE editions of Mr. Panton's manual of household management, *From Kitchen to Garret*, have been exhausted in the course of a few months. The fourth edition is now at the printers.

THE Queen has been pleased to become the patron of the Royal Historical Society.

Corrections.—In Prof. Zupitza's letter on "German Words in Middle English," in the ACADEMY of March 10, the Old High German word should be "pilgrim" not "pilgrim"; in the passage from King Alfred's Pastoral Care read "ðæs" instead of "des"; and Old French *tenser* is "to protect" not "to protest."

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

IN the next number of the *Contemporary Review*, Prof. Max Müller will write on "The New German Emperor"; Prof. A. V. Dicey, on "Old Jacobinism and New Morality"; Dr. Clifford, on "Baptist Theology"; Canon MacColl, on "Islam and Civilisation"; and Michael Davitt, on "The Irish Landlord's Demand."

THE April number of *Art and Letters* will contain the new play written by Mme. Sara Bernhardt, which is to be produced by her at the Odeon Theatre, on March 31; also, "A Wedding Chest," by Vernon Lee; a poem by Oscar Wilde; "The Comédie Française," by F. Sarcey; and "Art at the Mirletons Club," by G. Jollivet.

MR. WALTER BESANT will contribute the second of two articles on "The Writing of Novels" to the April number of *Atlantis*. The same number will also contain the opening chapters of a serial story by Mr. Grant Allen, entitled "The White Man's Foot."

SOME of the many remains of undoubtedly Roman origin which have been found in the Chester city walls will be described, with illustrations, by Mr. E. W. Cox, in the April number of the *Antiquary*, under the title of "The Symbolism of the Sculptured Remains found at Chester."

MR. BLADES will continue his papers on the origin of printing in the April number of the *Bookworm*, on this occasion stating the case "Coster v. Gutenberg." In the same number there will be an article on the "First Folio of Shakspeare."

MR. FREDERICK J. CROWE will contribute a paper on "The Rise and Growth of the Song Form in Music" to the coming number of *Cassell's Family Magazine*.

THE April number of *The Play-Goer's Magazine* will contain what claims to be the fullest biography yet published of Mr. H. Beerbohm-Tree, illustrated with six portraits; letters from Mr. Percy Fitzgerald and others on the proposed Stage-School of Acting; and biographies, with portraits, of the late Mr. Clayton and Mr. A. W. Pinero.

"THOSE YOUNG PEOPLE" is the title of a serial story which Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip) will commence in the April number of *Illustrations*.

THE novel, "Mr. Barnes, of New York," will be given away, as extra supplements, with Nos. 235 and 236 of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, published on March 27 and April 4. In No. 235 (which will form the first number of a new volume), two new serial stories will be commenced—"Lady Biddy Fane," a tale of adventure, by Frank Barrett, illustrated by J. Finemore; and "An American Penman" (from the diary of Inspector Byrnes, of the New York detective force), by Julian Hawthorne.

Decoration for April will contain a supplement, which it is intended shall become a permanent feature, with the title of "The Art Trades' Review," under the editorship of Mr. W. Norman Brown, author of "Principles and Practice of Decorative Art." The title of the journal will henceforth be *Decoration and Art Trades' Review*. The price will remain the same as heretofore.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"THE History of South Africa, 1486-1691," by George McCall Theal, with 3 maps; "The South African Gold Fields," a guide for investors, miners, and intending visitors, by Ernest Glanville, of Cape Town; "Ireland in '98," sketches of the principal men of the time, based on published volumes and unpublished MSS. of the late Dr. R. Madden, and edited by J. B. Daly, with portraits and other illustrations; "History of Ireland," by Dr. R. Hassencamp, authorised translation, in 2 vols.; "Sierra Leone; or, the White Man's Grave," by G. A. Lethbridge Banbury, with plates; "Samoa; or, the Last White Man on the Beach," by W. B. Churchward, illustrated; "Life in the Cut, Sketches of Barge Life," by Amos Reade; "The Russian Peasantry, their Agrarian Condition, Social Life, and Religion," by Stepniak, in 2 vols.; "The Russian Storm-Cloud," by Stepniak, second edition; "English Associations of Working Men," by Dr. Baernreither, translated by Alice Taylor; "The Science of Religions," by Emil Burnouf, translated by J. Liebe; "Memoirs of the Reign of Louis XIV. and the Regency," by the Duke of Saint-Simon, translated by Bayle St. John, in 3 vols.; "Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson, together with a Journal of a Tour in the Hebrides," edited by Percy Fitzgerald, second edition, in 3 vols.; "German Socialism and Ferdinand Lasalle," by W. H. Dawson, with a portrait; "Chants of Labour," with music, compiled by Edw. Carpenter, with a frontispiece and illustrated title-page by Walter Crane; "The Demon of Dyspepsia; or, Digestion Perfect and Imperfect"; "Volapük Grammar and Reading Book," by Prof. Kirchhoff, and Key to the same; "Volapük Dictionary"; "Volapük Commercial Correspondence"; "Practical Essay Writing," by A. W. H. Forbes; "Parallel Grammar Series," Latin, Greek, German, and French; "A First History of the English People," by Amy Baker, in 4 vols.; "A New Era in Thought," by C. Howard Hinton; "Poultry," a manual for breeders and exhibitors, by a Poultry Farmer; "Model Engine Making," by J. Pococke; "The Dog, its Diseases and Management," by Prof. J. Woodroffe-Hill, illustrated. Novels: "Love's a Tyrant," by Annie Thomas, in 3 vols.; "Vaia's Lord," by Jean Middlemass, in 3 vols.; "Two Chorus Girls," by Hamilton Clarke; "St. Bernard's," the Romance of a Medical Student, third edition, and Key to same; "A More Excellent Way," by Constance Howell; "Peccavi," by Emily F. D. Osborn, in 3 vols.; cheap edition of "Lucy Smith, by F. C. Philips. In the Unicorn Series: Earl of Desart's "Lord and Lady Piccadilly," Mayne Reid's "Death Shot," Skottowe's "Sudden

Death." Imperial Parliament Series: "Church Reform," by Albert Grey and Canon W. H. Fremantle, "London Government and City Guilds," by J. F. B. Firth.

MESSRS. CROSBY LOCKWOOD & SON'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

"WATERWORKS," being notes on the storage of water in reservoirs, the construction of embankments, weirs, stream gauges, rainfall, conduits and pipes, domestic water supply, pumping engines, service reservoirs, water power, water wheels, corn mills, rivers, floods in rivers, conservancy of rivers, county boards, and watershed areas, by Charles Slagg; "The Mechanical Engineer's Office Book," by Nelson Foley, second edition, much enlarged; "Practical Surveying," a text-book for students preparing for examinations or the colonies, by George W. Usill; "Granite and Our Granite Industries," with numerous illustrations, by G. F. Harris; "Asbestos," a popular account of its properties and commercial uses, and of the asbestos mines of Canada, by Robert H. Jones; "The Mechanic's Workshop Handy-book," a practical manual on mechanical manipulation, by P. N. Hasluck, a new volume of Lockwood's "Handybooks for Handicrafts"; "A Treatise on Metalliferous Minerals and Mining," by D. C. Davies, fourth edition; "The Foreign Commercial Correspondent," being aids to commercial correspondence in four languages, French, German, Italian, and Spanish, by Charles E. Baker.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

FAILURE.

"All honour to him who shall win the prize,
The world has cried for a thousand years,
But to him who tries, who fails and dies,
I give great honour, and glory, and tears."
JOAQUIN MILLER.

You have failed, you say, in your life.
I tell you that now and forever,
You stand above all in the strife,
Though the world may acknowledge it never.

They will never know half the cost
That you paid with your heart's best blood;
They who marr'd your life, till you lost
So much that the world counts good.

To know what you might have been,
If they who stood close to your side
Had bid you go forth and win
All that which is now denied.

Yours is the great true heart,
That speaketh no word of blame,
But endureth on to the end,
With a love that is still the same.

You pray to your God for strength,
He will help you to bear the cross,
Till you win your rest at length,
From all suffering, pain, and loss.

You may never be great in the sight
Of the world;—but before God's throne
You will one day stand crowned in the light
When He calleth together His own.

F. P.

OBITUARY.

AMOS BRONSON ALCOTT AND LOUISA MAY ALCOTT.

THE last representative of that famous circle of New England Transcendentalists which included Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Parker, and Margaret Fuller, died at Concord on March 5.

Mr. Alcott was not only the last but the eldest of the company. He was born on November 29, 1799, one year earlier than John Brown, and four years earlier than Emerson. The popular impression about him was that he was a most unpractical person—a visionary, a

dreamer; and, in truth, there was a certain measure of correctness in the popular impression. He was a profound student of Plato and the mystics of all ages, and knew far more about them and their ideas than about modern commerce and the things of daily life; and he was a dreamer of beautiful dreams. His continual effort to make those dreams real in the world met with invariable failure—that is to say, his enterprises collapsed, usually very quickly; but, if the influence he exercised over the minds and lives of the children and the men and women with whom he came in contact could be measured, the judgment pronounced would probably be quite other than "failure." Emerson, who met him in 1836, and remained his life-long friend, esteemed him highly from the outset. He wrote of him, to Margaret Fuller the next year, as one who had in him "more of the God-like than any man I have ever seen"; and, touching this point of "success," he said: "I shall dismiss for the future all anxiety about his success. If he cannot make intelligent men feel the presence of a superior nature, the worse for them; I can never doubt him." In 1839 he described him to Carlyle as "a majestic soul, with whom conversation is possible." This was strong speech from Emerson, who was not only a keen critic of character, but a hater of superlatives. When Mr. Alcott visited England in 1842, Emerson sent him to Carlyle, but not without some questioning how the man of facts would receive the man of ideas; and the foreboding was realised, for Carlyle—forgetful as he too often was of the rightful claims of hospitality—tried to make Alcott a butt for his rough wit, and, at the best, only saw in him "a genial, innocent, simple-hearted man of much natural intelligence and goodness, with an air of rusticity, veracity, and dignity withal which, in many ways, appeals to one." Mr. Alcott, on his part, was not drawn towards Carlyle. "His wit was sombre, severe, hopeless; his very merriment had madness in it; his humour was tragic even to tears."

In 1825 Mr. Alcott opened a school in Cheshire, Connecticut, which was maintained for about two years; a little later he commenced another at Fremont Place, Boston, but it had an even shorter existence. Then, in 1831, he married, and in 1834 founded his more famous "Temple School." Among his assistants were Margaret Fuller and Elizabeth Peabody, the latter of whom in her *Record of a School* has given to the world an interesting and instructive account of Mr. Alcott's principles and methods. His daughter Louisa was there also, as a pupil; and the Plumfield School, in her *Little Men* is chiefly based on this undertaking of her father's. His school was conducted, says Mr. Sanborn, "on Pestalozzian and Christian principles"; but, in the eyes of Boston orthodoxy in that day, Pestalozzian principles were strange and Christian principles dangerous, and the result was that a brief but striking success was followed by failure. Alcott's fatal offence was the admission of a negro child into the school; whereupon all but five of his scholars were withdrawn by their scandalised parents, and, in 1839, the doors were closed.

Less satisfactory was Alcott's attempt to form a community for adults. He declined an invitation to join Brook Farm; but about the same time (namely, in 1843), with the co-operation of Lane and others, he established "Fruitlands." This was a farm of some ninety acres, situated about three miles from Harvard, and remote from any high-road. The vegetarian diet, which Mr. Alcott had adopted in 1835, was to be one feature of the institution. The purpose of the founders was the setting aside "of all impure diet, dirty habits, idle thoughts, and selfish feelings." Great were the hopes; but

Alcott and his co-workers had little of this world's wisdom, and within one year Fruitlands had ceased to be.

Mr. Alcott was a teacher more than a man of letters. There is little system in his writings. They are mainly notes of thought, but of such a kind as to charm and also stimulate to a high degree. He was one of the promoters of *The Dial*, and contributed to its pages. His *Concord Days*, *Table Talk*, *Tablets*, and *Sonnets and Cazonets*, are all current in America, and should be edited for this country also, but they still await an enterprising publisher.

Absolutely sincere himself, Mr. Alcott never doubted the equal sincerity of others. His faith in mankind was boundless. As Mr. Frothingham says: "A singular sincerity characterised his mind and his life; he formed his beliefs on ideal laws and based his conduct on them." His was an original nature and self-poised. He sought for guidance within himself, not from his fellow men. He was not a disciple or follower of anyone. At one time he was regarded as the leader of the "Transcendental" movement, but he lacked the practical qualities of which Emerson had so large a measure; yet he received and needed less influence from Emerson than, perhaps, any other member of that circle.

Miss Louisa May Alcott was born in 1833, on the anniversary of her father's birth. It has been said that one of Mr. Alcott's best contributions to literature was his daughter, Louisa; and readers of all ages, here and in America, will give their cordial assent to that. Few writers are more popular, and none more deservedly so. A touching and beautiful picture of the Alcott household is given in *Little Women*—a picture entirely true in spirit, though not realised in all particulars. Louisa Alcott herself was "Jo"; but Jo's career and hers differed in some important respects. She was herself more self-devoted and heroic even than Jo. *Moods* (as originally written) is, perhaps, the most vivid of all her stories. I do not remember to have ever read a book whose characters seemed to me so much like flesh and blood as the characters set forth in *Moods*. A new and more cheerful ending was written years after, but this was a blunder. *An Old-Fashioned Girl* is one of the healthiest books possible to put into the hands of girls or boys either. Admirable as a writer, Miss Alcott was not less admirable as a woman. She was an indefatigable nurse of wounded soldiers during the Civil War until she was herself stricken down. She was equally faithful in all the domestic relations. No better tribute to her greatness is needed than that which her father offered in the following sonnet:

"When I remember with what buoyant heart,
Midst war's alarms and woes of civil strife,
In youthful eagerness thou didst depart,
At peril of thy safety, peace, and life,
To nurse the wounded soldier, swathe the dead—
How pierced soon by fever's poisoned dart,
And brought unconscious home, with wildered head—
Thou, ever since, mid languor and dull pain,
To conquer fortune, cherish kindred dear,
Hast with grave studies vexed a sprightly brain,
In myriad households kindled love and cheer;
Ne'er from thyself by fame's loud trumpet beguiled,
Sounding in this and the farther hemisphere—
I press thee to my heart, as Duty's faithful child."

Her last earthly service was tending her dying father—a service which claimed her own life; and, when he was gone, she followed him immediately into the unseen.

WALTER LEWIN.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

Le Livre has been, since the beginning of the year, so well furnished with strictly literary articles that it would be unreasonable to quarrel with M. Uzanne for giving none such in the non-ephemeral part of his magazine for March. This part is made up of some extracts from recently sold autographs; and of a paper by the editor himself, on "M. Félix Buhot," an etcher especially for the purpose of book illustration, who is, perhaps, not very widely known in England. From what, however, we ourselves have seen of his work, we should be disposed to agree with much of what M. Uzanne says. Some technical notes of M. Buhot's experiments with different papers and modes of preparing them are interesting.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

AUDEBRAND, P. *Alexandre Dumas à la Maison d'or: souvenir de la vie littéraire.* Paris: Calmann Lévy. 8 fr. 50 c.
BOUCHET, L. *Profilis bretons.* Paris: Blond & Barral. 8 fr. 50 c.
LES VOIES en 1870 et dans la prochaine campagne. Rennes: Oudière. 4 fr.
STEINBRECHT, O. *Die Bankunst d. deutschen Ritterordens in Preussen.* II. Preussen zur Zeit der Landmeister. 1890-1899. Berlin: Springer. 50 M.

HISTORY.

CHUQUET, A. *Les Guerres de la Révolution.* I. La première invasion prussienne. II. Valmy. III. La Retraite de Brunswick. Paris: Cerf. 10 fr. 50 c.
CONQUÊTE de la Syrie et de la Palestine par Salah ed-din. Publié par le comte Carlo de Landberg. Vol. I. Texte arabe. Leiden: Brill. 15 M.
PERRY, L. *Histoire d'une grande dame au XVIII^e Siècle: la comtesse Hélène Potocka.* Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
PÉRIODE des campagnes de Turenne, 1644-1675. Paris: Muquardt. 5 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

ELLENBERGER, W. *Grundriss der vergleichenden Histologie der Haus- und Wildtiere.* Berlin: Parey. 7 M.
FRITSCH, K. v. *Allgemeine Geologie.* Stuttgart: Engelhorn. 14 M.
GOLDSCHMIDT, V. *Über kristallographische Demonstrationen.* 3 M. Index der Kristallformen der Mineralien. 2. Bd. 1.-3. Hft. u. 3. Bd. 1. Hft. 12 M. 80 Pf. Über Projection u. graphische Krystallberechnung. 6 M. Berlin: Springer.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

BISHOP COLENSO.

East Anstey Rectory: March 17, 1898.

As the reviewer of Sir G. Cox's *Life of Colenso* in the ACADEMY, I hope you will allow me space for a brief reply to Dr. Littledale's letter in your issue to-day.

I have not seen the hymn book to which Dr. Littledale refers; but Bishop Colenso's opinions on the propriety of addressing hymns and prayers directly to Christ, instead of through Christ to God, are fully set forth in the second volume of Sir G. Cox's work, pp. 100-104. It was pointed out at the time that the bishop's opinion was only novel as being a reversion to early Christian usage.

I may, however, remark that Dr. Littledale's estimate of the Christianity of any book, prayer or hymns, by its express mention of the name of Christ would lead to curious results. There have been good people who have objected to the continuance of the Book of Esther in the Canon because it contains no mention of the name of God, but the objection has never been

regarded as valid. Dr. Littledale would hardly deny that there may be, and unhappily are, hymns and prayers surcharged with the mention of names of Christ, but destitute of the minutest shred of His spirit and teaching; and, on the other hand, a hymn may contain no express mention of Christ, and yet may be thoroughly interpenetrated with the genuine essence of Christianity. A rigid application of Dr. Littledale's literalism might conceivably have the effect of eliminating from our sources of Christian teaching such accredited formulas as the Sermon on the Mount or the Lord's Prayer, each of which contains no express "mention of the name of Christ."

JOHN OWEN.

London: March 20, 1898.

Please correct an error in my letter in the ACADEMY of last week. For "the late Martin B. Sharp, editor of the *Guardian*," read "Martin B. Sharp, late editor of the *Guardian*."

Mr. Sharp is, I am glad to say, still in the land of the living, and remembers the hymnal I described.

R. F. LITTEDALE.

THE BLACK BOOK OF CARMARTHEN.

University College, Cardiff: March 12, 1898.

All who are interested in the old literature of Wales will feel deeply grateful to Prof. Rhys and Mr. Gwenogvryn Evans for the beautiful facsimile of this, the oldest of Welsh MSS., which has just been issued to the subscribers. In the valuable "Palaeographical Note" prefixed to the facsimile, Mr. Evans says: "It would be very interesting to trace the history of the Black Book of Carmarthen from the time it was written down to the year 1859, when it found a welcome and a home at Peniarth." It may, perhaps, be worth while to point out that the MS. itself supplies one bit of evidence relative to its own history. On folio 3a, just below the text, appears the name יִסְכָּר גְּרִיפִּיד, which, doubtless means, in homely Welsh orthography, "Jasper Gruffydd." It is probably safe to assume that this is the signature of the Rev. Jasper Griffith, who was at one time owner of Hengwrt MSS. 4 and 5 (see *Archæologia Cambrensis*, July 1869, p. 210), and 172 (1b. October, 1869, p. 366). According to the late Mr. Wynne (i.e. Jasper Griffith "was made Warden of Ruthin, February 9, 1599, being chaplain to Rd. Bancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury, and died in 1606." It seems then that the Black Book of Carmarthen was at one time in the hands of Jasper Griffith; and, charitably assuming that the reverend gentleman would not write his own name, even in Hebrew characters, in a book belonging to another we may conclude that it was his property. Hengwrt MSS. 4 and 5, above mentioned, are parts of the well-known "Llyvyr gwyn Rhydderch" (the White Book of Roderick). In MS. 172, there is a short note in Jasper Griffith's own handwriting, in which he mentions the "White Book as being in his possession. I hope that Mr. Evans will soon have an opportunity of examining the writing and ascertaining whether any of the notes in the Black Book are from the same hand.

THOMAS POWELL.

THE ROUTE FROM SYRIA TO EGYPT.

Weston-super-Mare: March 12, 1898.

Prof. Sayce's account of Farama (ACADEMY, No. 824), with Prof. Robertson Smith's comments (ACADEMY, No. 823), bring to my mind conjectures which I have long entertained. With regard to Farama, may it not well be the Pairma, a fortified position of Merenptah, mentioned in Pap. Anastasi III. (Chabas, XIX. Dyn. 107)? This seems the more likely as Mukaddasi gives

the name of Pelusium as al-Firmâ. In connexion with this I have supposed that the Aduma, to which the Shasu belonged who were admitted through the line of forts (Anast. VI.), was not Edom (as generally understood) but the Adima of the story of Saneha, where that hero found himself on his escape from the Egyptian frontier wall (Maspero, *Mémoires d'Arch. Égypt.* iii., 74; Les prem. lignes, &c., 21). I have thought that the פִּרְמָא of Exodus was the same name, and this opinion is expressed by M. Naville (*Pithom*, 24). Moreover, it seems to me that this very name survives as el-Adâm, which Mr. Greville Chester found applied to "a portion of the Gebel" between Tel Habûa and Tel-el-Hir, some twenty miles east (a little north) of Tel Defneh. It is worthy of notice that the territory of the Shasu began on the east side of the frontier-fortress of Zar or Zal, and the great name of Khar or Khal extended as far also.

A year and a half ago I mentioned my speculations to Mr. Griffith at the British Museum, and I heartily join with Prof. Sayce in the wish that Farama may be well-examined.

Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch writes: "The place where the site of the ancient Pelusium must be sought the Arabs call *Farama*, according to Champollion and Brugsch = Coptic *Feromi* or *Peromi*, old Egyptian *Perema* (*Wo lag das Paradies?* 313). See also Dümichen (*Geschichte*, &c., in Oncken's series, p. 264).

I think the old Egyptian local name "Romen" must be identical with the Româneh which Mr. Greville Chester says he found to be a district of the desert of considerable extent (Pal. Exp. F. *Quarterly*, 1880, 147). HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS.

THE "FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW" ON LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY.

Eton College: March 19, 1888.

Will you allow me a reply to Mr. Sidney Lee's criticism on my article upon Lord Herbert of Cherbury in the *Fortnightly Review*? Mr. Lee has claims to be considered a specialist in the subject, as he has, I understand from several allusions in his letter, written an introduction to an edition of Lord Herbert's autobiography.

My article was written in 1885, before Mr. Lee's book appeared. It was meant as an inoffensive literary study of the man. I did not profess to consult family records or original documents. I merely wrote from such sources as were then available. The article was originally a long one, and had to be much curtailed and compressed. Three years after it was accepted by the editor I received the proofs, and I candidly confess that I did nothing more than revise them in the ordinary way. I should of course have procured Mr. Lee's book, and compared it with my conclusions; but I regret to say that the fame of Mr. Lee's book had not reached me. Consequently I used the old chronology throughout—the chronology of the original edition of Herbert's autobiography, and the *Biographia Britannica*. It appears that Mr. Lee has changed all that; and I am very glad to hear it, for it was apparently much in need of revision. But I must protest against the spirit which seems to have dictated these criticisms. I cannot help feeling that Mr. Lee considers the subject a monopoly of his own; that his objections are more to display his erudition than to correct my statements; and that, perhaps, the real grievance he has against me is that I have not consulted his book. He does not credit me with having adopted a consistent system of chronology. He merely detaches my dates where they disagree with his own, and advances his arguments against the correctness of my

version; and I candidly admit that he appears in one or two cases to be right.

But if this were all, I could pardon it. I would even welcome it. But when, among his tabulated "errors," he introduces no less than two cases where I have merely been quoting Lord Herbert (whose orthography was fantastic), and scolds at me for not correcting them; when three cases again are merely matters of literary criticism, where one man's opinion is as good as another's; when in three other cases he finds fault with me for not supplying more information, and calls these mistakes, when it was merely a question of space allowed; when he makes three gross and gratuitous errors among his own statements; and when, lastly, in one case, he deliberately puts into my mouth a statement which I never made at all—then, indeed I am bound to protest.

The first objection he makes is that I have called Herbert a K.C.B. That title is now the received terminology for a Knight of the Bath. Mr. Lee disingenuously contrives to give the impression that Herbert was not a Knight of the Bath at all, in order to strengthen the appearance of my inaccuracy. It is true that the order was enlarged in 1815, and the style altered from K.B. to K.C.B. But if Mr. Lee follows out the principle of retaining the ancient terminology, he ought to call his hero Lord Casbery and not Cherbury, the name being so spelt even in the register of his burial; but he adopts Cherbury because it is the modern equivalent for the old name. I adopt K.C.B. for the same reason.

The first of the tabulated objections is that I have called Herbert "practically unknown"; and in order to prove the contrary Mr. Lee tells us that not only is there a modern French book of the subject, but that there is an analysis of one of Herbert's works in Hamilton's notes on Reid, and that Mr. Ohurton Collins has reprinted his poems. This is fame indeed! But the key to the paragraph lies in the fact that "an autobiography was edited with notes, &c., in 1886." Mr. Lee does not say here that this is his own work; but such is the case, and it is here, as elsewhere, obvious that this has been the sting.

2. Lord Herbert's descent from Pepin.—I follow here the authorised publication of the Herbert Pedigree (I think by the Camden Society). Mr. Lee seems to be unaware of the existence of this book; at any rate, he does not refer to it, for fear of weakening his case. It is, however, well-known to students. Whether or no the descent is genuine, neither Mr. Lee nor anyone else knows; but it is the only one we have. It was certainly believed by his contemporaries.

3. Date of birth.—I follow here the older authorities, p. xxii. of the Prefatory Memoir of the edition of 1824.

4. "His mother was a Shropshire heiress." Even Mr. Lee does not attempt to deny this. He is disappointed that I did not say more about her. My article was about Lord Herbert, not about his mother. Mr. Lee might as well blame me for not inserting an exhaustive account of George Herbert, his brother.

5. A mistake which I do not justify. It should have been "six brothers, of whom four were gentleman adventurers of the sword." Mr. Lee attempts to reduce six to two; but the expression is applicable to four.

6. Mr. Lee tells me that "Telesius" should be "Telesius" that he was not an astrological writer, and that this is very gross blundering. Lord Herbert calls him "Telesius" himself, and I was quoting Lord Herbert. Mr. Lee apparently here wishes to correct Lord Herbert's own statement—which is the only thing I concerned myself with—and to make me insert

a Life and Works of Telesius, in addition to the memoir of Lord Herbert's mother. As to Telesius not being an astrological writer, does Mr. Lee know of the *Varit de rebus naturalibus libelli* by that author?

7. "The divinity of the Schoolmen." No Schoolman, says Mr. Lee, is mentioned. True, but they are implied throughout. It is not necessary to pass outside even the limits of my own article to show how much Lord Herbert owed to them, and how much time he had devoted to them. Such criticisms as this are not only trivial, they are disingenuous.

8. Mr. Lee complains that I use the word "threatens" to write a certain treatise when I should have said "proposes." True, I do. It was a misguided attempt at humour. I meant to imply that the proposal would not be a welcome one. With melancholy earnestness Mr. Lee says "threatens." Oh! he does nothing of the kind; he merely says he will. As to the spelling of "Galateus," it is characteristic of the want of humour for which the criticism is so remarkable that Mr. Lee cannot let me alone even here. Half the amusement of Lord Herbert's proposal is the ludicrous farrago of inaccurate dogmatism in which he indulges. Does Mr. Lee really expect me to insert a note to say that I am aware that these names are not strictly accurate in orthography, or that the works with which they are credited are not precisely what is described? What with notes and excursions my article would have been a volume.

9. Juliers. I wrote S. Julien. I am sorry to say, on referring to my MS., I find that it stands there correctly. I omitted to alter it in the revise. My only excuse is the length of time which elapsed since the original composition of the article. I call Sir E. Cecil one of the English generals. It should have been "commander-in-chief." It should have been nothing of the kind. He was merely commander of the small English detachment of 4,000 men who were assisting the Low Country Army. Commander-in-chief would have been a most misleading term.

10. Mr. Lee finds fault with me for speaking of the Duke of Buckingham at a certain date as plain "George Villiers," stating that I call him by this name in 1617, when he was Viscount Villiers. That he was Viscount Villiers in 1617 I do not for a moment deny; but the unprejudiced reader will hardly be prepared for the real fact—that I make no such statement at all. I say that on Herbert's return from his travels he became Villiers's friend; but, if Mr. Lee had had the courtesy to state the fact which cannot have escaped him, he would have seen that I was merely using the older chronology, such as it was in 1885 before the appearance of the monumental work to which he so frequently and feelingly alludes. I put the embassy to France in 1619. The *Biographia Britannica* puts it even so early as 1616. Thus, when Lord Herbert returned, in 1615, according to my chronology, Villiers was still George Villiers.

More than this. Mr. Lee not only puts into my mouth a statement which I did not not make; but, in taking 1617 as the date of Herbert's return from foreign parts, he makes a gross error. In the volume called the Old Herbert Papers, there is a letter from Francis Newport, written to Herbert at the Hague in January 16, 1615. There is another written to him in England, addressing him as Ambassador in May of that year. Therefore he must have returned, and, further, have made Villiers's acquaintance in the interval. Now, as Villiers was only knighted on April 23 of the same year, I think I am right in saying that when Herbert returned he was plain George Villiers. In fact, not only has Mr. Lee deliberately misquoted my words, but he has

made a series of blunders himself in chronology.

11. Mr. Lee finds fault with me for saying that, after a certain date, the "notices of his life are rather scanty." And he quotes "the Powysland Club collections, the Calendars of State Papers, the Parliamentary Journals." But, what do these record, except the fact that his public life had practically come to an end? He then speaks of the "helpless theorising" with which I try to account for his disappearance from public life. Mr. Lee does not take into account the fact that I have said that possibly his political disappointments may have been the cause. That he can pass over, because it would invalidate his criticism; and, again, he alludes to the "latest edition of the autobiography" (his own), which here as elsewhere it is criminal to be unacquainted with.

12. "Anthony Master" should be "Thomas Master." It should be. If anyone will look on p. xxxii. of the memoir to which I have already alluded, he will see the not unnatural reason of my mistake.

13. I bracket two books "Religio Laici"—and "Religio Gentilium"—as forming one book. "They were published separately." Yes, I never for an instant denied it. Any reader could see that I did not profess to give an exhaustive account of his works. In fact, I say "chief writings," and the books are merely bracketed for convenience. Mr. Lee would have seen that too, if he had not been bent on fault-finding. Further, in his zeal for alteration, Mr. Lee must needs give his version of the title of the work, in order to make it appear that I have not even quoted it rightly. He had better have left it alone. The title is "De Religione Gentilium, errorumque apud eos causis," and is not "De Errorum Causis," as Mr. Lee states. That is a different treatise altogether, published seven years before. These are merely questions of references; and Mr. Lee should have been certain of his own ground before proceeding to lay down the law.

14. This is a literary criticism on Lord Herbert's Poems in which I indulge, and with which Mr. Lee disagrees. That is the only sense in which it is an error; and I think that most unprejudiced critics will agree with me.

15. Another literary criticism on the life of Henry VIII., with which Mr. Lee disagrees. The fact is, he has adopted Lord Herbert; and to judge from the acrimonious tone of his defence of his writings, it would almost seem as if he were responsible for them himself.

16. I give a slight *résumé* of Lord Herbert's philosophy; and Mr. Lee is at me because it is not more exhaustive. An analysis of the *De Veritate* would be as much out of place in a magazine article as it is in place in a philosophical treatise. What with Lord Herbert's mother, and the life of Telesius, and an analysis of the *De Veritate*, my article would have been a volume. But I may mention, for Mr. Lee's satisfaction, that in my original MS. the *De Veritate* was analysed, but excluded to bring the article into reasonable limits.

17. Mr. Lee tells me that calling the Deists "a body of uncertain origin" implies that I think them to be an organised sect. The language may be misleading, but it is the language of the French writer Viret, who, in order to assign the school a definite place in philosophy, treats them, as he necessarily must, as an organic whole.

Now for an instance of Mr. Lee's own erudition. He says: "Lord Herbert was not known to his contemporaries as 'the chief patron of Deism,' &c. I believe Leland, in 1754, first gave him the title of Deist." As a matter of fact, he is totally wrong in both statements. The words are Dr. Halyburton's—a Scotch Professor of Theology, who was born some

years before the death of Lord Herbert—and it is by him that the title of Deist is applied. Surely a man of Mr. Lee's professions should not, in correcting a fellow-student, proceed from such misstatements.

18. Mr. Lee endeavours to make your readers believe that I have invented the title of a book which has no existence. "Leland" should of course be "Leslie." Mr. Lee must know this. It was obvious that I was analysing Leslie, not Leland. I admit the error, but not its gravity.

The rest of this criticism is idle. I say that a certain controversy was rancorous. Mr. Lee says it was not, and quotes three authors (spelling the name of one incorrectly) who are not rancorous. But it is merely a question of citing others. If he has gone as deeply as he professes into the question, the names of Leslie and Shelton, not to speak of Hill or Balguy, would occur to him; but if he were to mention Leslie it would spoil one of the best of his paragraphs, in which he deals with my mistake, and so he suppresses it.

Mr. Lee is a specialist, as I have said before; and I do not dispute his claim to superior knowledge in the matter of Lord Herbert. But of the pretentious list of eighteen grave errors with which he credits me I do not plead guilty to more than four: one of those is a typographical error (careless on my part, I admit), one is the substitution of the name Anthony for Thomas, another the name Leland for Leslie, and, lastly, I have given the number of Lord Herbert's brothers wrongly.

We differ on several questions. Perhaps if I had had the advantage of seeing Mr. Lee's book I should have agreed with him; but he ought to be the first to excuse that, instead of dwelling upon it at every point. At the date at which I wrote, with the object for which I wrote—to give a general picture of an interesting man—the opportunities for consulting private papers and family records did not fall in my way.

ARTHUR BENSON.

THE CANARY ISLANDS.

London: March 21, 1888.

You cannot wish, and I am sure I do not, to prolong a discussion upon the accuracy of my book on the Canary Islands. Permit me only to say that your reviewer is, in my opinion, relying too much upon the authority of certain native writers. I will take but one example. He refers twice to Don Agustin Millares. I have had the pleasure and advantage of Don Agustin's acquaintance, and I have his writings by me here. In many matters he is a great authority; but where I have disagreed with him I have done so deliberately, in consequence of my own observation and study. Neither Don Agustin nor Don Gregorio Chily Naranjo, for instance, has, as they told me themselves, ever been through all the islands.

OLIVIA M. STONE.

M. CLÉDAT'S EDITION OF THE "CHANSON DE ROLAND."

London: March 19, 1888.

The writer of the notice of M. Clédat's version of the *Chanson de Roland* (ACADEMY, March 17) expresses his regret that M. Clédat did not devote his time to the production of an annotated edition of the chanson, instead of to the version under review. May I point out that M. Clédat has already published an *édition classique* of the poem (Garnier Frères, 1886). It is, however, an unsatisfactory one, for two reasons: firstly, in accordance with the theory that the *Chanson de Roland* is of French not Norman origin, he has taken upon himself to "reform" the text—"Notre réforme la plus apparente a été de franciser le manuscrit

d'Oxford," he says in his preface; secondly, in his glossary, he has given no references to the text—an unpardonable omission, especially in an *édition classique*.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

AI POINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, March 26, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Alloys," III., by Prof. W. Chandler Roberts-Austen.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "A Naturalist's Explorations in the Solomon Islands," by Mr. C. M. Woodford.

TUESDAY, March 27, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Panama Canal," by Mr. J. Stephen Jeans.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "Economy-Trials of a Non-condensing Steam-Engine—Simple, Compound, and Triple," by Mr. P. N. Willans.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "The Akkas," by Sir Richard F. Burton.

WEDNESDAY, March 28, 8 p.m. Chemical: Anniversary Meeting; President's Address; Election of Officers.

8 p.m. Geological: "Some Eroded Agate Pebbles from the Soufian," and "The Probable Mode of Transport of the Fragments of Granite and other Rocks which are found embedded in the Carboniferous Limestone of the Neighbourhood of Dublin," by Mr. Valentine Ball; "The Upper Eocene, comprising the Barton and Upper Bagshot Formations," by Mr. J. Starkie Gardner and Mr. H. Keeping.

SCIENCE:

SOME BOOKS ON BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS.

South African Butterflies: a Monograph of the Extra-Tropical Species. By Roland Trimen, assisted by James Henry Bowker. Vol. I. Nymphalidae, 355 pages and six coloured plates. Vol. II. Erycinidae and Lycaenidae, 242 pages and three coloured plates. (Trübner.)

Rhopalocera Malaya: a Description of the Butterflies of the Malay Peninsula. By W. L. Distant. Quarto, 498 pages and forty-six coloured plates. 1882-1886. (West, Newman, & Co.)

A Catalogue of the Moths of India. Compiled by E. C. Cotes, first Assistant in the Indian Museum, Calcutta, and Col. Swinhoe. Part 2. Bombyces. Octavo, 214 pages. (Calcutta.)

Who, when a child, has not run after a butterfly and tried to catch it, either with his cap or a little gauze net? and who does not recollect, with delight, after a long dreary winter, the sight of the first pretty orange-tipped butterfly fluttering in the sunshine, along an adjacent hedge-row? No wonder that this inborn delight survives in many persons their childish years, and is developed into the study of insects in general, or of those of the order of Lepidoptera, so named from the coating of scales with which the wings of butterflies and moths are thickly covered. Of this we have evidence in the authors of the three works above mentioned. Twenty-five years ago Mr. Roland Trimen, the indefatigable curator of the South African Museum at Cape Town, published a work on the butterflies of South Africa; and he has now brought out the first two volumes of a new and much enlarged edition of the same work, which will be completed by a third volume to contain about 142 species, bringing the total of known South African forms up to about 380 (being nearly 200 more species than were included in the former work). Of butterflies from all the regions of the globe nearly 10,000 species have been catalogued, while in the British Islands we possess only about sixty kinds.

Mr. Trimen commences his new work with an extremely well-written introduction of nearly fifty pages, in which the general characters of insects, and especially of the Lepidoptera, are laid down with great clearness. The Rhopalocera, or knob-horned species (as the butterflies have been distinctively called), are then described in the general peculiarities of their structure in the perfect state, their caterpillars or larvae, and chrysalids or pupae; their classification, geographical distribution, the differences presented by the sexes; their haunts and habits, modes of flight, carriage of wings when in flight or at rest, migrations, protective resemblances and mimicry (as for want of a fitter word, the resemblance, more or less complete, between two different species has been termed), and local distribution of the 380 South African butterflies. Of these, 118 species belong to the family Nymphalidae (4 to the sub-family Danainae, 29 Satyrinae, 24 Acraeinae, and 61 Nymphalinae). Of the Erycinidae there is only one species of *Libythea*, of the Lycaenidae there are 116 species, of the Papilionidae 84 species (69 species of Pierinae and 15 species of Papilioninae), and of the Hesperidae there are 61 species. The descriptions of these species are very carefully worked out in their different states, and the entire work is one of the most satisfactory faunas which has yet appeared on entomology. We are, however, sorry to perceive that the systematic arrangement of the different families proposed by the German Lepidopterists, and adopted by Mr. Bates (commencing with those butterflies which have the forelegs rudimental, especially in the males), has been adopted in preference to that previously generally followed, commencing with the noble Equites, as Linnaeus termed the giant Papiliones; no scientific advantage having been obtained by the substitution of the German plan over the Latreillian arrangement.

With reference to the curious relations which have been termed mimicry (of which many instances have been long since recorded, especially in the writings of Swainson and others), Mr. Trimen gives the following as the summary of his own discoveries:

"Having been able to show (1) that the Danainae and Acraeinae in Africa, like their allies elsewhere, are provided with offensive odours and secretions; (2) that the butterflies mimicking them invariably occur in the same districts, and in six cases (South African) in the very same localities; (3) that in eight cases the mimickers are known to be very much scarcer than the species which they copy [which seems to us to be a proof that the mimicking process had not been very beneficial]; (4) that in five cases where the Danais or Acraea presents local forms or merely slight varieties, even these are mimicked by individuals of the imitating species; (5) that in three cases where the sexes of the insect mimicked differed strikingly from each other, the sexes of the mimickers present corresponding differences; and (6) that in four cases observed in life by [the author], it was next to impossible to distinguish the mimicker from the species which it mimicked. It must be remembered that these extraordinary likenesses are not those of general colouring and pattern alone, but include outline and form, and extend to minute reproduction of prominent markings, however small; and that the deception is often further ensured by following closely the kind of flight and mode of resting proper to the species copied" (p. 37).

The nine coloured plates exhibit the excellent progress made in the art of chromolithography, and are from the press of Messrs. West, Newman & Co.

In the second of the works mentioned at the head of this article, *Rhopalocera Malayana*—a description of the butterflies of the Malayan Peninsula—Mr. Distant, well qualified by his residence in those antipodean regions, has produced a beautifully illustrated work, unexceptionable in its typography, and with forty-six sumptuously coloured plates and numerous woodcuts scattered through the text, representing unfigured species, with occasional structural details of the genera. The general classification adopted is that in which the Papilionidae are displaced from the head of the Rhopalocera and brought into close connexion with the Hesperidae; and 503 species are described—including a number of new species—the descriptions being preceded by a short introduction, in which the difficulties arising from the want of a generalised view of the faunas of different parts of India is alluded to, and an example given in which several species of the genus *Euploea* are relegated as local varieties to *E. Diocletianus*—namely, *Eupl. Rhadamanthus* from Continental India; *Eupl. Diocletianus* from Tenasserim, Malay Peninsula, Cochin China, and Sumatra; *Euploea Alcides* from Java; and *Eupl. Lowi* from Borneo. The adoption of such a system as is here proposed will cause a great revolution in the local catalogues of the insects of all countries.

The second part of the catalogue of the moths of India has just been issued by the trustees of the Indian Museum at Calcutta, containing the great division of the Bombyces, of which the list consists of 1535 species, among which are some of the most gigantic of known insects. (The previous first part of the catalogue recently issued comprised 188 species of Sphingidae.) The catalogue has been carefully worked up with the synonyms added from the memoirs of Messrs. Butler, Moore, Walker, Felder, Kellicott, &c.; and the species in the Calcutta Museum are indicated by initials, as in Walker's British Museum catalogues.

We have also received the *Journal* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal issued on September 1, 1887, which is occupied with a "List of the Lepidopterous insects collected in Tavoy and in Siam during 1884-5 by the Indian Museum collector, under C. E. Pitman. Part II. Rhopalocera, by H. J. Elwes and Lionel de Nicville." One hundred and sixty-seven species are described or indicated. In the introductory remarks the authors speak of the difficulty of determining many of the Indian species, in consequence of the want of proper discrimination between local forms or varieties and distinct species, the rage for raising the former to the rank of the latter having induced the proposal to add greatly to the list of real species.

I. O. WESTWOOD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

INDIAN INSCRIPTIONS.

Göttingen: March 17, 1888.

Some readers of the ACADEMY will be glad to learn that Dr. Burgess has re-discovered that "huge inscription," existing "in some

part of the state of Gwalior," which was first discovered by Sir A. Cunningham, and mentioned by Dr. F. E. Hall, in 1862, in the *Journal* of the Bengal Asiatic Society (vol. xxi., p. 6), but had since then been lost sight of. According to Mr. Fleet, *Indian Antiquary* (vol. xv., p. 108), the inscription had to be looked for at, or in the neighbourhood of, Sironj; and it has actually been found at Siron (or Siyadóni, as it is called in the inscription itself), in the Lalitpur district of the North-Western Provinces, about nine miles north-west of Lalitpur and thirteen miles north-east of Chandéri.

The inscription consists of forty-six lines, with about 160 syllables in each line; and excepting the first two, and portions of the last three or four lines, it appears to be well preserved. With the exception of ll. 39-46, it is in prose. It records a large number of donations to various deities, and its chief value will probably be considered to consist in its furnishing the date Samvat 964=907 A.D. for the paramabhāṭāraka mahārājādhirāja paramēśvara Mahēndrapālādēva, who meditated on the feet of the p.u.p. Bhōjadēva; and the date Samvat 1005=948 A.D. for the Dēvapala who meditated on the feet of the p.m.p. Kshitipālādēva. Besides these four paramount sovereigns, it mentions the mahārājādhirājas Dhūrjāta and Nishkalanka of Siyadóni, and the mahāsāmantādhīpati Undabhata, who is mentioned in a Tērāhi inscription with a date, the calculation of which enables us to assign the dates given in this inscription with certainty to the Vikrama era. In recording that a prince of Mahōdayā, which is compared with the city of the immortals, gave to certain Brāhmins the town of Rāyakka, the inscription appears to show that the paramount sovereigns Bhōjadēva, &c., spoken of, were kings of Kanyakubja.

The whole inscription will soon be made generally accessible by Dr. Burgess.

F. KIELHORN.

SEECK'S "QUELLEN DER ODYSSEE."

March 18, 1888.

The new number of the *American Journal of Philology* (viii. 4) contains an article by a Mr. B. Perrin, who is good enough to allude to my notice in the ACADEMY of Seeck's *Quellen der Odyssee* (July 2, 1887). I dismissed the book, he says, with contempt and the usual mercenary fling of the English—"Who pays?" Now I have no great objection to being called "mercenary," when the epithet comes from the "land of the almighty dollar"; but I cannot help thinking that Homeric students will be very sorry to read Mr. Perrin's paper. We in England have been wont to regard the *American Journal of Philology* as devoted to sound and sober classical studies. Our confidence is likely to be shaken if its pages are opened to unknown writers who uphold the wildest of German theories. Herr Seeck's arguments are hardly better than those by which the Abbé Harduin in the last century tried to disprove the genuineness of Vergil's *Aeneid* and Horace's *Odes*. The study of Homer is in some danger of falling into the same condition as that of Roman Britain. The solid facts are being buried under mountains of enormous and extravagant speculation. It is only fair to add that Dr. Weir Smyth's review of Jebb's *Iliad*, in the same number of the *Journal*, is a scholarly piece of work, and stands in marked contrast to Mr. Perrin's composition.

THE REVIEWER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

M. ERNEST FAVERO, who is at present finishing a history of Australian exploration, is about to undertake a new journey, accompanied by a surveyor, who will be paid by two

colonial geographical societies. M. Favenc, who defrays his own expenses, will start from Western Australia into the interior, along a track never before followed, and then turn southward to the sea.

THE Geologists' Association have made arrangements for an excursion to Southampton on Easter Monday and Tuesday, in conjunction with the Hampshire Field Club. The special object on both days will be to examine the fine cliff sections of fossiliferous Haddon, Barton, and Bracklesham beds from Hordwell westward, now made accessible by the opening of the new railway to Bournemouth. The director of the excursion will be Mr. W. Whitaker, assisted by Mr. J. Starkie Gardner. Some members of the association intend also to visit the neighbourhood of Newbury on the previous Friday and Saturday.

DR. ROBERT BROWN has prepared an account, based upon the most recent researches and discoveries, of the origin of the Eskimo, which will be published in an early number of the *Archæological Review*.

MM. FRÉMY AND VERNEUIL have recently submitted to the French Academy of Sciences some remarkable specimens of artificial ruby, which they have succeeded in producing by improvements on their earlier methods of synthesis. By the action of fluoride of barium on alumina containing traces of bichromate of potassium, they have obtained fine crystals, lining cavities in a friable white matrix from which they are easily separated. The crystals appear to be identical, both chemically and physically, with the natural ruby. They consist solely of alumina coloured with a little chromium. They present a beautiful colour, and are hard enough to scratch topaz. M. Des Cloizeaux has found that in crystalline form and optical properties they agree with the native mineral.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

DR. HUGO SCHUCHARDT, Professor of the Romance languages at Gratz, has made his debut in Basque with a pamphlet of thirty-eight pages, entitled *Romano-basquies*, (1) P, dealing with Basque words beginning with that letter, and derived from the Romance. The work is thoroughly done, and gives additional proof of how much the Modern Basque vocabulary is a borrowed one.

THE recently issued number of *Y Cymmrodor* is not only thicker but better than usual. Besides an elaborate paper by Dr. Nettlau on the Welsh verb, Mr. Phillimore has edited the *Annales Cambriae* and Old Welsh genealogies from Harleian MS. 3859. It has all the appearance of being an excellent piece of work, and it disposes of a considerable number of errors. What its value to Welsh philologists may be we do not know, but historians will be very thankful for it. Prof. Lloyd's article on the Old Welsh name-system is also very instructive. It is clear that the Oxford School is rapidly routing the charlatanism which has so long been in possession of the field of Welsh history and philology. The present editor of *Y Cymmrodor* is Dr. Isambard Owen.

THE last number of Bursian's *Jahresbericht* contains reports on Aristotle (by Susemihl), Pindar, the post-Aristotelian Philosophy, Quintilian, Propertius, and Roman antiquities. The English students of Propertius receive a full notice, and should consult it. From the rest one sentence of Susemihl's is worth quoting: "Die Abhandlung von Tyrrell ist ein erfreuliches Zeichen dafür dass es auch in England Männer gibt, welche die Art wie mit der Aristot. Politik umgeht, mit Freimuth und gesunden Menschenverstand zu beurtheilen sich durch die ausseror-

dentliche Auctorität dieses Mannes in seinen und ihrem Vaterlande nicht abhalten lassen."

A *Dictionary of the Targumim, the Talmud Babli and Yerushalmi, and the Midrashic Literature*. Compiled by M. Jastrow, Ph.D. Part II. (Trübner.) It may be enough to refer to our former notice of this lexicon—a valuable and laborious, though somewhat unequal work, which aims at supplying a real want, and has been compiled by a scholar of wide learning and immense industry. The good points of the work are sufficiently prominent, and the defects are really such as to amuse rather than to irritate. Christian students certainly will be in no danger of being carried away by the new "wind of doctrine" which pervades many of the etymologies presented here. They will not easily be persuaded that *אור* means "the Light of God" (comp. Ps. cxviii. 27), or that *אור* (so printed, and given as a word of separate affinities) = *אור* from *אור*, or that *אור* means the "bubbling (egg)," or that *אור* is contracted from *אור*, or even that *אור* is from *אור*. Would it not be better, however, to economise space by reserving such heresies for the columns of some critical periodical, that the learned author might see how they strike fellow-workers at least equally competent with himself?

Corrigenda.—In Mr. Whitley Stokes's letter, entitled "Rawlinson B. 512 and the Tripartite Life of S. Patrick," in the ACADEMY of last week, p. 192, col. 2, l. 21, for "nones" read "none"; l. 29, for "puts" read "pass."

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CYMMRODORION.—(Wednesday, March 7.)

DR. ISAMBARD OWEN in the chair.—Prof. T. F. Tout, of St. David's College, Lampeter, read a paper on the "Welsh Counties." He said that the oldest of the exclusively Welsh counties of today are due to Norman conquests in South and East Wales. Among the lordships established by Norman adventurers in Wales were Gower, Brecknock, Montgomery, Bromfield, and Chirk. The smaller ones were modelled after the manor, but two of the larger ones—the lordships of Pembroke and Glamorgan—which had *jura regalia*, grew to be the earliest counties in Wales. As to Pembroke, Gilbert of Clare, father of Richard Strongbow, the invader of Ireland, was made its first earl in 1138, and his earldom became the county palatine of Pembroke. It was considerably smaller than the ancient Dimetia, as Lamphey, Kemmes, and the district round St. David's were not included in it. Somewhat earlier, Robert Fitzhamon had conquered large districts in Glamorgan; and his daughter was married to one of the natural sons of Henry I.—Robert, Earl of Gloucester—in which family the lordship remained till 1217, when it passed over to the house of Clare. The rest of South and East Wales remained under Lords Marches, while the lords of Gwynedd reigned in North Wales. Before the final conquest of Wales by Edward I., shires were growing up in South Wales, e.g. in 1280 the king granted the "counties of Carmarthen and Cardigan" to Bogo de Knoville to be governed by him. By the Statutum Gwallae of 1283, the counties of Carnarvon, Merioneth, and Anglesey, were established in North Wales, subject to the justices of Snowdon, sitting at Carnarvon; but each county possessed local officers of its own (sheriffs, coroners). The continuity of association has been preserved in these counties, as the old organic divisions into cantreds and commotes were used as the basis of the settlement; and the boundaries have practically remained the same ever since. The provisions of 1280 as to South Wales were confirmed and extended. Carmarthen was made the capital of West Wales, which included the counties of Carmarthen and Cardigan. There was a separate sheriff for each county,

that of Cardigan being styled Sheriff of Cardigan or "Lampadar." Prof. Tout said that "Lampadar," though generally taken for Lampeter, really stood for Llanbadarn, and meant, not the village of that name, but the town of Aberystwith, which is situate in the parish of Llanbadarn. The jurisdiction of the Sheriff of Carmarthen was limited, as the ecclesiastical liberty of Abergwill, the lordships of Llandovery, Abermarlais, and others were not included in it. Cardiganshire had more organic unity than any other county in Wales. It represented the ancient kingdom of Ceredigion, and its men had always acted together in resisting foreign invasions. Flint was also established as a separate county by Edward I. When the conqueror gave to his nephew, Hugh Lupus, the Earl of Chester, included with it was as much of Wales as could be recovered from the Welsh. Hence, in old records, it is stated that "the county of Flint appertaineth to the Sword of Chester." The Sheriff of Flint was, therefore, made subject to the Sheriff of Chester, and its records were also kept in the latter city. Thus, all Wales excepting the lands of the Marchers was divided into shires. But there was no unity in Wales. There were nearly 130 Lords Marchers independent of royal jurisdiction. The union of Wales with England under Henry VIII. completed the shire system in Wales. The Lords Marchers were reduced to be lords of manors. The palatine character of Pembroke and Glamorgan was abolished. Several Marcher Lordships were grouped together to form the counties of Brecon and Radnor with Courts of Exchequer and Chancery at Brecon. Denbigh and Montgomery were similarly formed in the north, with courts at Denbigh. Many of the Marcher Lordships on the border were absorbed into the adjacent English counties, and this fixed the boundary between England and Wales. The remaining lordships were made into the county of Monmouth, but the shires were under the jurisdiction of Westminster. Besides these, there are two counties of cities or boroughs in Wales, Haverfordwest and Carmarthen. Prof. Tout further spoke of the antiquity of the ecclesiastical divisions in Wales, which often indicate early political and racial distinctions.—In the discussion that followed, Lord Powis referred to the independent jurisdiction exercised by the Welsh courts as late as the present century; but the loss of the more ancient records of these courts as well as of the franchise of the Marcher Lordships renders difficult the reconstruction of the history of the Welsh judicature.

FINE ART.

COLLECTORS of PICTURES, CHINA, &c., can insure against fire in the best offices at reduced rates and upon a special system which provides a guarantee (which an ordinary policy does not) of full payment in the event of claims, by applying to the FINE ART INSURERS PROTECTION SOCIETY, 43, Botoolph-lane, Eastcheap, E.C.

MR. FULLEYLOVE'S "OXFORD."

A SERIES of drawings, which form a picturesque record of Oxford, are now on view at the Fine Art Society's. They are the work of Mr. John Fulleylove, whose depicting of architecture and of stately gardens has become familiar of late years even to a public outside the pretty wide circle of the Royal Institute. Many of them, as will be imagined, are in water-colour. But many are in pencil; and the pencil work is, in its own way, quite as remarkable as that which is in colour, as we shall point out with a little more detail before we have done. But first a word or two on the works in which the artist has employed the more popular medium. We think the water-colour drawings are more unequal than were those of Petraroh's country. Perhaps this is because Oxford, though a very good subject for Mr. Fulleylove, is not so entirely his own as is that land of stately grace in Southern France. Perhaps, too, with certain of the drawings he may have been somewhat hurried; or, by the introduction of the not exactly stately figure of the University "man" into his design, he may have made a concession more welcome to academic than to

artistic folk. At all events, the inequality is somewhat noticeable. The exhibition contains some things not very strong or very *rusci* for Mr. Fulleylove, and, with these, some of the best things he has ever done. The peculiar excellence is, perhaps, chiefly to be sought in some of the largest and some of the smallest drawings. Thus, there is a large drawing of the quadrangle of Brazenose—black-grey stone with the grass plot in the centre and the now removed statue—which is entirely admirable. This work is largely conceived and so executed that a unity of impression is preserved. Other drawings of middle size may be mentioned as even more brilliant studies of what we should call still life—the still life of ancient stone, ancient woodwork, richly coloured “table-case,” or shadowed window. Thus No. 13, “St. John’s College, with Archbishop Laud’s Library,” and No. 77—a particular bit of the Bodleian, with a show-case supported on a chest of drawers, most wonderfully painted for glory and delicacy of colour in a common thing—come to be singled out. And, to find perfection, or something very much like it, in the quite tiny drawings, one has hardly to go beyond No. 23—which shows the nave and choir of the cathedral—and No. 70a, which shows Magdalen and its famous bridge—the texture of the bridge idealised to marble; the whole affair a dream of silver in the sharp yet placid morning light. Mr. Fulleylove is an artist of individual vision; yet he has had the wisdom to study carefully “the masters.” He would never have painted this Christ Church and this Magdalen quite as he has if he had not known Turner’s vignettes—the illustrations to Rogers’s *Poems*, and the like. He would never have painted “Ifley Mill” (75) quite as he has if he had not been a student of Dewint. His work is not imitative, but he has assimilated much.

To turn to the pencil drawings. Pencil has generally been accounted a very unpopular medium; but Prout and Mr. Fulleylove have in different generations, and thus far in different measures, done something to give it acceptance when it is employed to render architecture. Mr. Fulleylove may not yet have acquired that extraordinary economy in the selection of line which is one of the charms of pencil work at its best—which is quite the charm of a certain “Calais” which we remember by Prout—but which even Prout by no means always displayed. But his pencil-touch is singularly varied—now bold, now delicate. He gives emphasis and accent by it. It is never monotonous and uninteresting. It has vitality in it. And what is done in the matter of architecture is done with a fund of knowledge in the background—knowledge never obtruded but always possessed. One is glad to know that these drawings are capable of almost exact reproduction by the skilled lithographic printing of Mr. Way, and that the Fine Art Society has seen its way—the pun is quite atrocious—to promise us a volume so reproduced. F. W.

LETTER FROM EGYPT.

Cairo: March 9, 1888.

I have just seen Dr. Robertson Smith’s letter in the ACADEMY of February 25, supplementing from the abundant stores of his Oriental knowledge the account I had given of my recent journey from Gaza to Kantara. As he seems to have overlooked my chief reason for identifying Khan Yûnas with Jenyso, I am tempted to add a few more words on the subject. Before doing so, however, I must point out that my letter was necessarily written without the aid of any books, except Murray’s *Handbook*, from which comes the statement that Pelusium is the “Pheromi of the Copts.” The writer of

the statement was, I suppose, Sir Gardner Wilkinson, in which case it would be worth while to hunt up the authority for it. I observe, by the way, that Parthey considers the identification of Peremoun with Farama or Pelusium open to question.

As I had no access to books, I spelt the proper names as I heard them actually pronounced by the natives. *Rapha* was called by them *Rapha*, illustrating Spitta Bey’s note on the interchange of *en* and *ha* in Egyptian Arabic. The forms *Qes* and *Qatiye* or *Qatyeh* represent the pronunciation of a Beduin who acted as my guide at Farama. My camel-drivers called the two places *Ges* and *Gatyeh*. I am not certain about the pronunciation of *Româneh*, but it seemed to me to contain only one *m*.

Now let me turn to the question of Jenyso. The oasis in the midst of which Khan Yûnas stands is the only large one between Gaza and El-Arish, and I must doubt whether it has been otherwise since the beginning of the Christian era. The “desert” between these two cities is not the kind of desert to which oriental travellers are accustomed. It consists of a long series of sand-hills, covered, for the most part, with scrub, which depends for its growth on the rain and the sea-mists. Trees can grow only where there are springs of water, and this is the case in a very few places. One of these places is *Raphia*, another is *Khan Yûnas*. But whereas there is a plentiful supply of water at *Khan Yûnas*, *Raphia* possesses only a single miserable well. At *Raphia*, moreover, there is no *tel*. The remains of the old town extend over a very small area, and, I should judge, are nowhere more than a couple of feet in depth. *Khan Yûnas*, on the other hand, is the only place I passed between Gaza and El-Arish which is built on a *tel*, and the *tel* is of much the same height as those of Gaza and El-Arish. Its antiquity may be gathered from the fact that the beautiful mosque of Barquq stands on the present summit of the mound, showing that no accumulation of soil has taken place there during the last 500 years. I passed no other spot where the site of a city comparable with *Kadylis* or *Gaza* could conceivably be placed; unless, indeed, we are to suppose that a whole *tel* has been swallowed up by the sand. But in that case, what was the city represented by the *tel* upon which *Khan Yûnas* stands?

I think I forgot to mention that my Beduin guide informed me that at a place called *Qasr Awêt*, two and half hours to the south-east of *Qatiye*, the Beduin discovered some five years ago chambers built of stone and buried under the ground, similar to those recently found at El-Arish.

Dr. Robertson Smith does not allude to *Hemdiye*. Is it *Gerrha*?

Bir el-Abd is “hardly an easy afternoon’s journey” from *Qatyeh*, as it took us rather more than six hours to accomplish it. Half an hour from *Qatyeh* are some palms and a well, formerly known as *Bir Ogba*, but now called *Bir Bassûn*. I was told that *Mazâr* was seven hours from *Bir el-Abd*; but I cannot say whether this is correct, as my own route lay along the edge of the sea.

M. Bouriant has been kind enough to let me copy one of the cuneiform tablets from *Tal el-Amarna*, which is in his possession. Those belonging to the Boulak Museum are locked up in the director’s house; and, like several other objects of interest, are inaccessible both to the employees of the museum and to foreign scholars who visit Cairo during the winter, while M. Grébaut is up the river. The tablet is written in a neo-Babylonian form of cuneiform script, though some of the characters are peculiar; and it belongs to the period extending from the age of *Assur-bani-pal* to that of *Darius*. It contains despatches relating to the planting of

trees, the laying of foundation-stones and other matters apparently in the land of Nu . . . and the city of *Zumurimba*, and is addressed by an official to the king, whom he calls, in Egyptian fashion, “my Sun-god.”

M. Grébaut, I hear, is still engaged in clearing the site of the temple of Luxor, where he has found an inscription belonging to a soldier of the time of Constantine.

A. H. SAYCE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE HYKSOS.

Weston-super-Mare: March 10, 1888.

In Canon Taylor’s letter in this day’s ACADEMY he speaks of the Mongolic type of the portrait-statues which are generally supposed to be those of the Hyksos. In my *Studies on the Times of Abraham* (Bagster, 1878), I have given the heads of all those statues except one found in the Fyûm, and have discussed their characteristics.

It was Mariette who first pointed out the strong resemblance of this statuary to the present people of the Delta lake-country (*Rev. Arch.*, 1861), and he considered that the Kheta were the leaders of the Hyksos invasion. Lenormant first (I think) wrote of the Turanian element in these figures in 1867 (*Les Prem. Civilis.* i. 208):—“A race which is not even purely Semitic, and must be pretty strongly mixed with the Turanian elements which science reveals to-day as having borne so large a part in the population of Chaldaea and Babylonia”; and later, to the same effect (“*Frammento di Statua*,” &c., *Bollettino della Commissione Arch. Comunale di Roma*, 1877, p. 13); and again in 1882 (*Hist. Anc.* 3^{me} ed., ii. 145, 153); and at the end of his life in 1883 he repeats the same opinion, and discriminates strongly between these faces and those of the Kheta race (*Les Orig. de l’Hist.* t. ii., part ii., pp. 279, 314). The resemblance of the *Giadubar* statues of Assyria to the attributes of Attila was noticed by me (*Times of Abraham*, 174), and I quoted from Herbert the statement that Attila claimed descent from Nimrod.

Prof. Flower remarked that the sphinx of Sâu

“has certain Mongolian characters, specially in the breadth and prominence of the cheek-bones, so much as to suggest that the invasion and occupation of Egypt by the so-called ‘Shepherds’ was one of the numerous instances in which some of the nomadic Tartar hordes of Central and Northern Asia have poured forth from their native lands, and overrun and occupied for a longer or shorter period the countries lying to the west and south of them. If this view can be maintained,” he said, “the Hyksos invasion would have been only one of the series of which the conquests of Attila, Tchingis Khan, and Timur, and the more permanent settlement of the Finns, the Magyars, and the Turks in Europe, are well-known examples” (*Journal of Anthropol. Institution*, vol. xvi. 377)."

In quoting these words at Manchester (Brit. Assoc. Sect. H., Sept. 2, 1887) I added the comment:

“But I think it likely that only the leaders of a vast motley alliance in this case were of the race so characterised, and the matter lies deep.”

Lepsius considered that these Hyksos lords (of the statues) were “Hamitic,” of the Pûn race by the Red Sea. This does not seem to me so likely; but it is supported by Maspero (*Hist. Anc.* 4^{me} ed. 162), who thinks that the sphinxes of Sâu were only surcharged with the title of Apophis, and belonged to earlier lords of Lower Egypt.

These rough notes may be useful. In a hasty letter I cannot go into detail, but I hope to deal with the matter in a paper on Mr.

Flinders Petrie's casts which I am preparing for the Anthropological Institute. Lenormant said that his friend Dr. Hamy had in hand a work in which he would treat this and kindred questions. I cannot find out whether this work has yet appeared.

HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. J. H. MIDDLETON, the Slade professor of fine art at Cambridge, has been elected to a fellowship—an ordinary, not a professorial, fellowship—at King's College.

MISS EDITH MARTINEAU, and Messrs. Walter Crane, Arthur Melville, and A. E. Emslie have been elected Associates of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours.

THE exhibitions to open next week include the Society of Lady Artists (who are careful to describe themselves as "professional") at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; and what is called "a summer exhibition of high-class paintings" at the Continental Gallery, in New Bond Street.

WE may also mention that Mr. G. A. Rogers has now on view, at the Woodcarving Studio in Maddox Street, a bust in Pentelic marble, recently discovered at Athens. It is a female head, with a crown showing the Acropolis and its temples; and it doubtless represents the city of Athens, though we believe that no other similar arrangement is known.

ON Monday and Tuesday of next week Messrs. Sotheby will sell a valuable collection of coins and medallions—chiefly Roman, Byzantine, and Greek—consigned direct from Italy and Constantinople.

THE valuable stained glass windows in the cloisters of Lord Sudeley's house at Tollington have been recently studied by Mr. W. B. Strugnell, of Cheltenham, from whom we may expect a descriptive catalogue historical, heraldic, and artistic. The windows number fifteen, of three lights each; the glass extends from close of the fifteenth to the end of the seventeenth century. One escutcheon bears, in addition to the motto of the garter, the "castles" of a first creation of a dignity—that of the Dukedom of Gloucester conferred on Richard III.

THE STAGE.

THE COMEDY AT THE VAUDEVILLE AND "THE BLOT ON THE 'SCUTCHEON'."

IN presenting an adaptation of *Joseph Andrews* at the Vaudeville, Mr. Buchanan takes occasion to refer to the success of his version of *Tom Jones*, and to say that that proved how unnecessary it is, in dramatising the great masters, "to preserve the coarseness of their period as well as the humanity of their genius." The sentence is neatly turned, and it expresses one side of the truth. Mr. Buchanan, when he deals with Fielding, does preserve, I think, "the humanity of his genius." That inspires Mr. Buchanan to write acceptable and genial, if sometimes ill-constructed, plays; but Mr. Buchanan does not in the strict sense "dramatise" Fielding at all. Nor could Fielding, in the strict sense, be dramatised without the retention of a great deal of what Mr. Buchanan condemns as coarseness. The fact is, Fielding was a very penetrating student of human nature. Fielding actually wrote what Thackeray declared no modern novelist would dare to write—the history

of the average young man. Hence a certain element of coarseness, a certain plainness of speech, which, in the treatment of the novelist by Mr. Buchanan, must be at once got rid of. If Mr. Buchanan's pieces pose as substantially accurate stage versions of rollicking and powerful eighteenth-century fiction, I hold them to pose unwarrantably. But if they assert themselves only as engaging "variations" on a theme which a great master has supplied—and especially as variations suitable to the day, and suitable to the requirements of Mr. Thorne and an always competent company—I accept them cheerfully, as such. Nay, notwithstanding here and there a common repartee and inappropriate retort, I think them, on the whole, very dexterous and agreeable playwright's work, inasmuch as they do bring upon the stage effectively nearly all of Fielding's characters that can properly be brought there. The last of them affords opportunity for a thorough stage realisation, not of the book indeed, but of Parson Adams, of his wife, and of the young woman in whom he shows so legitimate an interest. Joseph Andrews himself is not quite so adequately presented by the dramatist, because he is deprived of at least one important motive for action. He is not tempted as his sister Pamela was. And Lady Booby, as Mr. Buchanan conceives her, is unnatural and inconsequent. Had it occurred to her to propose marriage to Joseph, it would not have occurred to her, on his refusal, to charge him with violence. That could only have been the act of the Lady Booby whom Fielding, and not Mr. Buchanan, imagined—a Lady Booby gross and ungoverned: a Potiphar's wife.

One makes these qualifications—these reservations—in one's approval; but, that being done, it is easy to express, likewise, the pleasure and interest which the piece affords. I do not inquire further, too closely, into the ingredients of the dish. The dish is palatable, and looks well at table, or, to put it in other words, the play sustains its interest; the evening is occupied pleasantly; scenery and stage arrangement of these old-world characters are alike excellent; and the acting, which is never seriously amiss, is, as regards certain players, quite without fault. Every kind of physical advantage has been bestowed on Mr. Conway. He can be hearty with grace; he is sympathetic and chivalrous. Yet he is not a perfect, though he is, no doubt, a fascinating Joseph Andrews. He wants *naïveté*. He is honest and brave; but he is not absolutely simple. Now, the Lady Booby who, in Mr. Buchanan's rendering of the story, "importunes" Joseph "with love in honourable fashion," and makes many tenders of her affection towards him—and afterwards gives proof of her innate vulgarity and inconceivable spite—is represented skilfully, and with discretion, by Miss Vane, who is seen far better in the part of one who deems herself fascinating than she was some weeks ago in the part of one who is really found to be so. The method of Miss Eliza Johnstone—who comes for the nonce from Toole's Theatre—is wont to be pungent. She plays well as that maid of Lady Booby who was the true ancestress of Mrs. Malaprop. Miss Homfrees—large and matronly, domestic and smiling, dressed neat and clean in quiet browns and sober tea-

greens—realises, in appearance at least, Mrs. Adams to the life. Miss Kate Rorke is Fanny. This young artist was so successful as Sophia, and so admirable in "Heart of Hearts," that much has come to be expected of her. She is deservedly a playgoer's favourite. Fanny, however, does not give her quite such opportunities as were found in the other two plays. As it is, Miss Rorke makes Fanny impulsive and ingenuous, natural and charming, though she cannot make her very varied. The cleverest thing in her performance is the inexplicable flavour of rusticity with which, from beginning to end, she contrives to endow it. Hers is undoubtedly a dramatic temperament. Mr. William Rignold is almost needlessly sententious as Sir George Wilson—of whom Joseph Andrews is the long-lost son; but Mr. Rignold, whatever his mannerisms, must, at all events, have the credit of suggesting a man with a sorrow. Mr. Royce Carleton would have played Gipsy Jim more powerfully than the present performer of the part; but the part, after all, is a small one. Mr. Scott Buist does well as Squire Booby; and Mr. Cyril Maude most excellently well as the graceless Lord Fellamer, who, at the instigation of Lady Booby, carries off the screaming fair. Mr. Frederick Thorne gives us a good bit of character-acting as Llewellyn-ap-Griffith. His make-up is excellent; his face very curiously Welsh. I have kept Mr. Thomas Thorne's Parson Adams to the last, because it is distinctly the most finished performance in the play. Few of the parts played by a manager who has never been unduly ambitious have allowed him to be so very varied; few have been filled by him with such significant and telling, yet always delicate, details. And, unlike more than one actor of acquired position, Mr. Thorne scarcely ever introduces a detail that may not belong to the picture. Thus, in his performances, the effect remains broad and true, though the touches by which it is obtained are many and intricate. Throughout the play we have the sense of the very presence of Fielding's good parson; a picture of Adams, placid of countenance, benign of gesture, with his long white bands and his rusty cassock—a man so human that he was wont indeed to be "filled with ale," and was now and then ecstatic in condition at the sight of a game pie—but so domestic that he preferred his ale at home, "however sour," "to any vintage of Falerno."

The Browning Society's performance of the "Blot on the 'Scutcheon,'" at the Olympic, one afternoon last week, was a *succès d'estime*: nothing more. I have, of course, no sympathy with those purely mechanical playwrights, those judges simply managerial in their notions, who, because Mr. Browning, forty years ago, had not the stage dexterity of a Sardou, contrive to be insensible to the interest of close thought, original character, touching sentiment, and the rhythm of splendid verse. Are these so abundant upon a stage, fed not exclusively but for the most part, by commissioned writers of "text" and "libretto"—by third-rate authors far less individual and intellectual than their critics—that we can afford to disregard them in favour of the first dramatist who knows precisely how long a speech the gallery will stand with contentment, and at what point the after-dinner

occupants of the stalls must be saved from positive boredom? The "Blot on the 'Scutcheon'" is a great example of true dramatic literature, as distinguished from theatrical writing; and if half "the profession" was not eager to see it last week, that is only because it is but a minority of the profession who have any sense of the presence or absence of the literary quality in that which they recite. Many prominent actors and actresses entertain much more than a feeling of indulgence—they entertain a feeling of gratitude for the *banal* and the turgid. The "poet" for them is often only the person who can best embody commonplace thought in fluent and flowery rhyme. *Que voulez-vous?* Between these and a poet like Mr. Browning a gulf is fixed. Divorce—a separate maintenance—must inevitably be pronounced. But actors understand the stage taste of the time; and so, while one says this roundly, one quite admits that the plays of Mr. Browning are not adapted with perfection to the pit of to-day. Hence the *succès d'estime*. Yet a cast more brilliant—actors of more assured experience—would have obtained a finer and even a more popular result than was obtained last week at the Olympic, where, taking appearance and accomplishment both into account, the women were so much better than the men—though the men worked earnestly and deserve, surely, no hard words. Miss Alma Murray's entire performance showed a mental grasp of the character of Mildred and of the situations she traverses that was remarkable, and, I may add, peculiar. And what she conceived she could express. Miss Alexes Leighton—though a little wanting perhaps in inventiveness, in readiness of resource, in the long speech pronounced over the prostrate form of Mildred—was a Guendolen exceedingly spirited and pleasant: mistress of many an effective pose and telling gesture. And she was dressed admirably. Earnestness was the best characteristic of the men, or, it, may be, an intelligence in excess of their technical means; for I am sure that Messrs. Fulton, Rodney, Foss, and Webster put the best work at their command into the business before them. Nay, in a piece as bristling with difficulties as it is rich in great occasions, they did many things well.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE first concert of the seventy-sixth season of the Philharmonic Society took place last Thursday week at St. James's Hall. A Suite for small orchestra by the old French master, Rameau, proved to be a selection of dance movements from that composer's opera, "Castor et Pollux," produced at Paris in 1737. The name of Suite does not appear quite appropriate to this selection, for with every movement there is a change of key. In the Suite proper the uniformity of key was—with few exceptions—observed. But even the first and last movements of the Rameau-Gevaert Suite are not the same: the first is in G minor, the last in A. The music is very quaint and pleasing. Mme. Schumann played Chopin's Concerto in F minor. Liszt was right when he said that the Polish composer's Concertos "are beautiful, indeed, but we may discern in them more effort than inspiration." The larghetto of the F minor is a lovely conception, but in

the first and last movements the moments of effort are more numerous than those of inspiration. But, on this occasion, it was not so much the work as the interpreter that claimed attention. To hear it from one who had known Chopin, who had been one of the first to introduce his music to the public, was an uncommon treat. Chopin has been dead nearly forty years, and there are very few pianists now before the public who both knew and heard him. Whatever Mme. Schumann attempts she does well. She plays Schumann *à la* Schumann and Chopin *à la* Chopin. For elegance of phrasing, charm of tone, the performance could scarcely be surpassed; but the difficulties evidently taxed the lady's strength. Still it was a brilliant victory, and the applause at the close was most enthusiastic. Mme. Schumann afterwards kindly accompanied Miss Liza Lehmann in two songs by Schumann—"Der Nussbaum" and "Frühlingsnacht." Afterwards came Dr. Stanford's Overture to the "Oedipus Rex." This piece is only in its right place when given as an introduction to the play. It indicates—as Gluck said an overture ought to do—the subject and character of the piece about to follow. However, one could appreciate its purely musical merits, and the effective scoring. It was well given, under the composer's direction. The second part of the programme included Schumann's D minor Symphony, and the Tannhäuser Overture. The excellent band was, excepting in the "Oedipus," under the intelligent guidance of Mr. F. H. Cowen.

Last Monday's Popular Concert could not have been better planned nor better carried out. It commenced with the F minor Quartet, "the most thoroughly" Beethovenian "of Beethoven's works," as Mendelssohn once said; and it was interpreted by Mme. Norman-Néruda, and Messrs. Ries, Straus, and Piatti. Mme. Schumann played a small portion of Schumann's "Humoreske"—the Novellette in F, and for an encore—the "Schlummerlied" from Schumann's Op. 124. She was in splendid form. She afterwards joined Mme. Néruda and Signor Piatti in Brahms's Trio in C minor—a work first heard in London last season at Herr Kwast's recital. It was given later on by Mr. C. Hallé. Mme. Schumann had evidently made up her mind to do full justice to the work of a composer on whom fell the mantle of Robert Schumann. Not only was her technique irreproachable, but she played with unwonted vigour and fervour. Of the Trio itself we have already spoken. It grows in interest, though we cannot yet make up our mind as to the Finale, which appears laboured. The programme ended with Mendelssohn's fragments from an unfinished Quartet. Mdlle. Janson was very successful as vocalist.

Mr. C. Wade gave the last concert of his series on Tuesday evening at Prince's Hall. Of the concert-giver's rendering of songs by Dvorák and Gounod, it is unnecessary to speak. Miss M. Hall was the lady vocalist. The Cologne Conservatoire String Quartet party appeared for the second time, and played Beethoven's Quartet in E minor. Of the cellist, Herr Hegyesi, we wrote favourably last season. He proved an excellent solo player. The leader, Herr Gustav Hollaender, is intelligent, and plays with *entrain*; but he is rough, and his intonation leaves much to be desired. Herr Schönberger gave two solos by Tchaikowsky. His soft touch is delightful; but, when he seeks to emulate Rubenstein, the effect is not pleasant.

Otto Hegner, a child of eleven, gave a pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall on Thursday afternoon. He commenced studying music at the age of five, and for several years he has been under the guidance of the pianist and composer, Hans Huber, of Bâle. Hitherto his

teacher has objected to foreign tours; and in spite—nay, in consequence—of the child's wonderful talent, we doubt whether he should not have been kept quiet yet longer. That, however, concerns the boy's future welfare; for the moment we have to speak of his present performances. His technique is extraordinary, and he has a highly sensitive touch. In fact, he is specially gifted; and, though only a child, plays like a master. He is of an excitable nature, and it is not astonishing that he should sometimes over-mark or hurry. He cannot yet strike the octave. His reading of Beethoven's Sonata in B flat (Op. 22) was a surprise. He managed to display his individuality in a striking manner. In pieces by Bach, Rubenstein, and Raff, he won loud applause. Hoffmann was wonderful enough, but this boy—after allowing for his advantage in age—is more so. This is the result partly of a finer musical temperament, and also, probably, of more solid training. He will give a second recital next week.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE last of the present series of Novello's oratorio concerts is announced for Wednesday next, March 28, at St. James's Hall, when Gounod's "Redemption" will be performed. The soloists will be Mme. Antoinette Trebelli, Mme. Patey, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Plunket Greene, and Mr. Santley. Dr. Mackenzie will conduct.

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for APRIL contains an Article on ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, by HENRY JAMES, with a Portrait; "FROM DAN to BEERSHEBA," by EDWARD L. WILSON, with many Illustrations; "SHALL FORTUNES be LIMITED by LAW?" "The AMERICAN INVENTORS of the TELEGRAPH," by F. L. POPE, with Diagrams, &c.; &c., &c. Price 1s. 4d.

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LITERATURE.

"Story of the Nations" Series—*The Goths*, from the Earliest Times to the End of the Gothic Dominion in Spain. By Henry Bradley. (Fisher Unwin.)

MR. BRADLEY'S history of the Goths is a contribution of especial fitness to the "Story of the Nations." While some of the other volumes in this series necessarily deal with states, the story told in this volume is emphatically that of a nation. In many respects the story is a sad one—a romance that "does not end happily." When we look at the qualities of the tribes which bore the generic name of Goths, at the capacity for civilisation which they displayed before any of the other Teutonic races, and at the share which they actually took on overthrowing the Roman Empire and founding new states out of its ruins, it is impossible not to feel that they deserved to stamp their name in broad and bold characters on the new Europe which they did so much to create. Yet, while the Frank, the Burgundian, and the Lombard—all of them the inferiors of the Goth in intellectual endowments, and some of them his inferiors in warlike prowess—have linked their names for ever with some of the fairest portions of the continent, Gothland only describes a remote province in Sweden, which has but a legendary connexion with the Goths of history. Gothic architecture and Gothic destructiveness are the only topics which bring their name before the mind of an ordinary reader, who, as soon as he penetrates a little below the surface, discovers that the glory of the first and the disgrace of the second are almost equally undeserved by the countrymen of Alaric and Theodoric.

Mr. Bradley, in the volume before us, tells the story of this noble Teutonic race from the earliest times to the fatal day of Guadalete, when the Visigothic monarchy of Spain tottered and fell at the first blow from the sword of Islam. It is a wide field, both in space and time, to traverse in one small volume; but the author has accomplished his task successfully—leaving, so far as we can see, no important fact unrecorded—and more than fulfilling the promise made by his very modest preface. The style is clear and simple, and he must be a very fastidious reader who does not find that the interest of the subject carries him through from King Berig to King Roderic. The illustrations, when they are drawn from existing archaeological treasures—such as the torque of Buzeu (p. 17), the Codex Argenteus (p. 60), and the diptychs at Monza (pp. 104 and 109)—are a valuable addition to the student's knowledge. We cannot think, however, that the imaginary pictures—"In the Forest,"

"On the Marab," and so forth—will greatly assist the reader's fancy, or are quite worthy of the text.

To come to points of detail: we are glad to see that in his account of the runes Mr. Bradley mentions with favour Dr. Isaac Taylor's suggestion that these letters represent the Thracian alphabet of the sixth century B.C., communicated to the Teutonic tribes along the Vistula and the Niemen, and modified by them in the succeeding centuries. Though this theory is as yet far from being definitely established, it certainly seems worthy of careful consideration; and we think that the trade in amber and furs which was doubtless carried on between the Euxine and the Baltic is a sufficient cause for the intercourse between Greeks and Goths which is postulated by it.

We are not quite sure that Mr. Bradley is right in stating definitely (p. 50) that "the Visigoths were divided into three tribes or petty kingdoms, which were ruled by 'judges' named Athanaric, Frithigern, and Alavivus." We certainly meet with all these three men as Visigothic *judices*; but there is nothing, we think, to show that there may not have been many other *judices* besides them. The whole subject of these judge-leaders of the Visigothic people still remains obscure, after all the labour that Dahn, Köpke, and others have bestowed upon it; and it is hardly likely that with such materials as we have—a few sentences in Ammianus, a martyrology, a chapter of Jordanes, who was himself hurriedly transcribing a half-understood book of Cassiodorus—we shall ever get a precise picture of the early Visigothic polity. We observe that Mr. Bradley accepts Dahn's statement that Athanaric "had inherited his power from his father, Rothestes." This may very likely be true, but the statement rests on a somewhat uncertain identification of Athanaric with the Ἀθάριδος of the "Acta S. Sabae." The two names are clearly different, and it is not quite certain that they are meant for the same person.

From the Visigothic "judges" we pass on to the Roman emperor whose dealings with them proved so disastrous to the empire. Mr. Bradley says: "Unfortunately Valens, though a brave soldier and a well-meaning man, had little decision of character or knowledge of men." This seems to us to be too favourable a character of Valens. Ammianus, in summing up his virtues and vices, says, it is true, that he was "severus militaris et civilis disciplinae corrector," but, on the other hand, "subagrestis ingenii, nec bellicis nec liberalibus studiis eruditus," "cessator et piger." This is hardly the description of a brave soldier; and, though Ammianus certainly gives Valens high praise for his financial administration of the empire, the dark picture which he draws of his avarice, suspicion, and cruelty does not correspond with our idea of a well-meaning man.

The defeat and death of Valens are well and concisely told; and the following paragraph is an excellent summary of Theodosius's policy towards the Goths, so far as we are able to collect it from the fragmentary narrative of Zosimus:

"The sovereignty of Theodosius was now acknowledged by the whole Gothic nation, excepting only the Ostrogoths north of the

Danube-mouths and the Black Sea, who still continued under the Hunnish yoke. The emperor understood the character of his new subjects well enough to perceive that gratitude and honour were the ties which could best secure their faithfulness, and his conduct towards them was marked by kindness and confidence. The Visigoths were provided with lands in Thrace and the Ostrogoths in Asia Minor [?]; and large gifts of corn and cattle were made to them. They were allowed to govern themselves by their ancient laws. Their warriors were embodied into a separate army, under the name of allies [Foederati—not quite equivalent to Socii], receiving handsome pay and honoured with many special privileges, and many of the Gothic nobles were promoted to high office in the state and in the imperial household. These measures had their intended effect. Although, no doubt, there were movements of discontent here and there, yet, as long as Theodosius lived, the great body of the Goths seem to have regarded their benefactor with feelings of passionate loyalty. In his war against the Western usurpers—Maximus and Eugenius—the Gothic warriors rendered invaluable service."

The story of Alaric is told with great, perhaps almost too great compression, though we do not see that any important particulars are omitted. We doubt whether we have any authority for saying definitely that he died "at the age of only thirty-five years." This would put his birth in 375, and would make him only nineteen at the battle of the Frigidus, when he was already holding an important command in the army of Theodosius.

In the chapter entitled "How the Western Empire came to an End" Mr. Bradley makes a serious attempt to remove a very ancient landmark. He writes:

"It was in the year 476 that Orestes was put to death. For four years longer Odovacar seems to have kept up the pretence of being the servant and protector of the boy-emperor. But in the year 480, Augustulus was made formally to resign his throne, and to add his signature to a memorial which the Senate addressed to the Eastern Emperor Zeno, saying that they had determined to abolish the useless dignity of Emperor of the West, and asking him to proclaim himself sovereign of the whole Roman world. Of course, they added the request that Zeno would entrust the government of the western provinces to that excellent statesman and soldier Odovacar, and confer on him the rank of Patrician."

The further fortunes of the embassy are told, and it is added:

"But, although Zeno might refuse to acknowledge the action of the Senate, it was none the less the fact that the abdication of Romulus was the end of the Western Empire. The year 480 is a memorable date in history, and the name of 'Romulus Augustulus' a memorable name, though the poor boy-emperor himself never did anything to make it so."

Now, while fully agreeing that the embassy of 480 marked an important change in the attitude of Odovacar towards the empire, we can hardly admit that 480 rather than 476 should be chosen as the date of what we call the downfall of the Western Empire, or that Odovacar kept up for four years the pretence of being the servant of Romulus. Doubtless, 476 seemed a less memorable year to those who lived through it than it has done to the makers of our historical compendiums. Still even contemporaries assigned to it a more

important place than any which they gave to 480. What says Count Marcellinus, who, as a Byzantine official, was likely to know the view taken of these events at the Eastern court?

"Indict XIV. Basilisco et Armato Coss. [=476] . . . Odoacer rex Gothorum Roman obtinuit. Orestem Odoacer illico trucidavit. Augustulum filium Orestis Odoacer in Lucullano Campaniae castello exilii poena damnavit. *Hesperium Romanæ gentis imperium . . . cum hoc Augustulo perit*, anno decessorum regni Imperatorum DXXII, Gothorum dehinc regibus Romam tenentibus."

Cassiodorus, the secretary of the man who dethroned Odovacar, has this entry for the same year—the consulship of Basiliscus and Armatus:

"His Coss. ab Odoacre Orestes et frater ejus Paulus extincti sunt, *nomenque regis Odoacer assumpsit*, cum tamen nec purpura nec regalibus uteretur insignibus."

The continuer of Prosper (Codex Havniensis) has, under the same year:

"Odoachar ab exercitu suo rex levatur x Kal. Sept."

We think it is unnecessary to multiply proofs of the fact (till now, we believe, universally admitted) that Odovacar did not, even for four years, pretend to rule, as Ricimer had done, as chief minister of the emperor; but that he took in 476 the title of king (king of what or of whom is another and a difficult matter), thrusting Augustulus at once from the throne and stripping him of the purple, though he did not clothe himself with that imperial garment.

We have indicated some statements in which we do not altogether agree with Mr. Bradley, but they are very few in comparison with the extent of his work. His narrative, on the whole, seems to us to be as accurate as it is undoubtedly clear, strong, and simple; and it will give to the reader an excellent idea of the varied fortunes of the two great branches of the Gothic nation.

THOS. HODGKIN.

Heartsease and Rue. By James Russell Lowell. (Macmillan.)

MORE than forty years ago Margaret Fuller pronounced judgment on American literature generally in the second volume of her *Papers on Literature and Art*. She had something to say about writers who were comparatively young then, but who are looked up to by the present generation as sages and literary law-givers. Among the poets of that day whose names are not yet forgotten she admired Bryant, but regarded Longfellow as "artificial and imitative." However, she admitted he had "elegance, a love of the beautiful and a fancy for what is large and manly, if not a full sympathy with it." Moreover, she was of opinion that his verse breathed "at times much sweetness," and "if not allowed to supersede what is better, may promote a taste for good poetry. Though imitative he is not mechanical." She then proceeded:

"We cannot say as much for Lowell, who, we must declare it, though to the grief of some friends, and the disgust of more, is absolutely wanting in the true spirit and tone of poetry. His interest in the moral questions of the day has supplied the want of vitality in himself;

his great facility at versification has enabled him to fill the ear with a copious stream of pleasant sound. But his verse is stereotyped; his thought sounds no depth, and posterity will not remember him."

In many respects Margaret Fuller was a noble woman, but she was not a great critic. Her own feelings, often prejudices, swayed her judgment too much for that. Always self-assertive, she was doubly so when, as in this case, she wielded the editorial "we." All her geese were swans, and all swans that were not hers were geese. Mr. Lowell was not one of her swans; and, consequently, she was blind to his merits, and greatly exaggerated his defects. In truth, however, if he was not a poet of the first rank, there was already before the public work of his that deserved something better than such sweeping condemnation; and, though he was a young man then (for he is not an old man yet), she shut out all his possibilities of amendment and improvement in her final pronouncement "posterity will not remember him."

However, Margaret Fuller notwithstanding, since that time Mr. Lowell has held his own in the estimation of the world for forty years and more. What will be thought of him at the end of another forty years is not a subject to dogmatise upon; but it seems unlikely he will be forgotten even then. Since Margaret Fuller spoke—and in justice to her as well as to him, this should be noted—he has done some of his best work, including the famous *Fable for Critics*, in which he more than paid her back for her sharply expressed opinion of him:

"Miranda meanwhile had succeeded in driving Up into a corner, in spite of their striving, A small flock of terrified victims, and there, With an I-turn-the-crank-of-the-Universe air, And a tone which, at least to my fancy, appears Not so much to be entering and boxing your ears, As unfolding a tale (of herself, I surmise), For 'tis dotted as thick as a peacock's with I's."

And much else to similar effect. *The Biglow Papers*, which appeared about the same time as the *Fable for Critics*, have, perhaps, done more than any of his other works to make his reputation. They will not be the chief means of maintaining it; but misspelling and vulgar dialect do much to gain a hearing, and have secured temporary popularity for works whose merit is infinitely below the solid merit of Hosea Biglow's work—for "Artemus Ward's" trivialities and "Josh Billings's" Tupperisms, for example.

Mr. Lowell's new book shows that, up to the present time, there has been no falling off in power. Some of the pieces printed in it are, indeed, dated a number of years back, having, in accordance with the author's old-established habit, been "laid on the shelf." This is the case with the "Epistle to George William Curtis," the first part of which is dated 1874; but the "Postscript" of 1887 is as good as the earlier portion. The finishing verse is especially fine, fully justifying Margaret Fuller's admission that Mr. Lowell has "great facility at versification," and as fully vindicating him against her assertion that "his thought sounds no depth." Here it is:

"Home am I come; not as I hoped might be, To the old haunts, too full of ghosts for me, But to the olden dreams that time endears, And the loved books that younger grow with years;

To country rambles, timing with my tread Some happier verse that carols in my head, Yet all with sense of something vainly mist, Of something lost, but when I never wist. How empty seems to me the populous street, One figure gone I daily loved to meet,— The clear, sweet singer with the crown of snow Not whiter than the thoughts that housed below!

And, ah, what absence feel I at my side, Like Dante when he missed his laurelled guide, What sense of diminution in the air Once so inspiring, Emerson not there! But life is sweet though all that makes it sweet Lessen like sound of friend's departing feet, And Death is beautiful as feet of friend Coming with welcome at our journey's end; For me fate gave, whatever she else denied, A nature sloping to the southern side; I thank her for it, though when clouds arise Such natures double-darken gloomy skies. I muse upon the margin of the sea Our common pathway to the new To Be, Watching the sails, that lessen more and more, Of good and beautiful embarked before; With bits of wreck I patch the boat shall bear Me to that unexhausted Otherwhere, Whose friendly peopled shore I sometimes see, By soft mirage uplifted, beckon me, Nor sadly hear, as lower sinks the sun, My moorings to the past snap one by one."

Mr. Lowell arranges the poems in his present volume under the five headings of friendship, sentiment, fancy, humour and satire, and epigrams. Speaking generally, I should say he proves himself strongest in the first and fourth sections. He never seems to me very strong in "sentiment," but when intellect as well as heart is involved his poems are often admirable. He is a finer, if not a greater, humourist than Dr. Holmes; and he has the added merit that, if not a more facile versifier, assuredly he is more truly a poet. Holmes may, indeed, be, as Lowell in his address to him on his seventy-fifth birthday says, a "master alike in speech and song of fame's great antiseptic style"; but the reader of Lowell's verses feels the strength of the personality behind them and that they are—whatever their literary quality—the true expression (if I may say so) of a manly man.

Of the humorous pieces, the longest is "Fitz Adam's Story" the greater part of which, we are told, was written "many years ago," as portion of a larger work to be made up of tales in verse—a project never fulfilled. "It gives me a sad pleasure," says Mr. Lowell in a note, "to remember that I was encouraged in this project by my friend, the late Arthur Hugh Clough." The excellence of "Fitz Adam's Story" lies more in the telling than in the story itself. There are excellent passages in it, in Mr. Lowell's best humorous style; as, for example:

"All tourists know Shebagog County: there The summer idlers take their yearly stare, Drees to see Nature in a well-bred way, As 'twere Italian opera or play. Encore the sunrise (if they're out of bed), And pat the Mighty Mother on the head: These have I seen—all things are good to see— And wondered much at their complacency. This world's great show, that took in getting-up Millions of years, they finish ere they sup; Sights that God gleams through with soul-tingling force They glance approvingly as things of course, Say, 'That's a grand rock,' 'This a pretty fall,' Not thinking, 'Are we worthy?' What if all The scornful landscape should turn round and say, 'This is a fool and that a popinjay.'"

The description of the old-fashioned best

parlour at the inn, given later on, is quite as good; and excellent phrases, thickly scattered up and down, enliven the whole piece. "The Protest" is in a different vein of humour (by the way, I notice it has somehow got into the section of "Sentiment") and has the merit of brevity, which enables me to give it in full:

"I could not bear to see those eyes
On all with wasteful largesse shine,
And that delight of welcome rise
Like sunshine strained through amber wine;
But that a glow from deeper skies,
From conscious fountains more divine,
Is (is it?) mine.
"Be beautiful to all mankind,
As Nature fashioned thee to be;
'Twould anger me did all not find
The sweet perfection that's in thee:
Yet keep one charm of charms behind—
Nay, thou'rt so rich, keep two or three
For (is it?) me!"

Enough has now been said and quoted to show that Mr. Lowell did well to give the world a new volume of poems. If we are destined still to wait for his long-promised biography of Hawthorne, we may be grateful that we have this pretty book to help to pass the time.

WALTER LEWIN.

Decisive Battles since Waterloo. By Thomas Knox. (Putnam's Sons.)

THE title of this work has been plainly taken from that of one of the most interesting of historical studies. The late Sir Edward Creasy's account, however, of the great contests which have affected the fortunes of nations and empires from the earliest times differs widely from Mr. Knox's *résumé* of the "decisive battles" which have been fought "since Waterloo." The one was a military narrative in the true sense. It consisted in the main of military details; and it abounded in military criticism of real value. The volume before us is rather a history in which the actual events of war are not always placed in sufficient prominence. It is deficient in information of a technical kind; and the author seems to avoid the expression of judgments upon the nature and the results of the great operations described by him, and on the qualities of the commanders engaged in them. He has also omitted to review or to notice the immense change wrought in the mechanism of war by the scientific discoveries of the age, and the extraordinary development of the armed force of Europe caused by the conscription and the Prussian system. In short, his work ought to have had more of a professional and a special character. It is, nevertheless, extremely interesting; and it will be valuable to the general reader, and even, in some degree, to the student of war. It is a careful, accurate, and impartial account of the most important battles of the world since the fall of Napoleon in 1815. Its descriptions are good, if not brilliant; and the style of the narrative is easy and lucid.

The battles described in this volume are comprised in three historical periods, and their characteristics are in accord with them. Exhausted Europe settled down to heal the ravages of war after the great day of Waterloo, and its states were, for the most part, at peace with each other during nearly forty years. Yet the temple of Janus was not wholly

closed even as regards the estate of Christendom. There were civil wars in Poland, in Spain, in Italy, not to speak of the risings of 1848; and the siege of Antwerp, well-told in this book, marked the severance of Belgium from the Dutch monarchy. The energies, however, of the Great Powers of Europe were chiefly engaged from 1815 to 1854 in operations against barbarian races, and especially against the realms of Islam; and the Cross rose over the waning Crescent. France overran and annexed Algeria; a Russian army, under the command of Diebitsch, crossed the Balkans, approached the shores of the Bosphorus, and almost gazed on the towers of Byzantium; and, at Navarino, the Ottoman fleets were destroyed by the English, the French, and the Russians, and the independence of Greece was won. Many years afterwards we had to contend for empire along the banks of the Sulej; and a whole series of battles, crowned happily by the triumph of Gujrat, made England mistress of the great land of the Punjab. Mr. Knox has described these contests very well; but English readers will learn, perhaps, more from his account of two conflicts in the New World with which they are probably less familiar. The battle of Ayacucho, fought in 1824, sealed the fate of the rule of the Spanish monarchy over its dependencies in South America; and Mr. Knox has given us an excellent sketch of the Mexican campaign of 1847, remarkable for the conquest of Texas, of New Mexico, and of California—vast tracts in which the freedom and energy of the Anglo-Saxon has replaced the indolence and despotism of the Spanish race, and has developed marvels of industry and wealth.

The long peace of Europe came to an end in 1854 with the Crimean War. That war, undertaken to defend the Turk against Russia by two Christian powers, has shocked the sympathies of the present day; but Inkerman remains an enduring monument of the energy and heroism of the British soldier. Mr. Knox has fully described the capture of the Malakoff and the fall of Sebastopol; but in this, and in other instances, he has not tried to give us a view of the war as a whole. Cawnpore and Lucknow, also, are names in which England may still feel pride. Never, perhaps, was the dogged stubbornness of the race—the qualities that won Albuera and Waterloo—more grandly illustrated than in the Indian Mutiny. It is unnecessary to dwell on the operations in China from 1853 to 1860; but the campaign of Italy in 1859 brings us to the second period we have referred to—that of wars in which the dominant force was "nationality" and the hopes of races. Magenta and Solferino were glorious days, for they promoted the cause of freedom and right; but they were not remarkable as mere battles. No military skill was shown on either side; and a great general would have turned the scale of fortune in favour of either belligerent. Mr. Knox has given us an excellent account of the great and decisive fight of Sadowa; but, apart from the issues involved in the contest, the main interest in the war of 1866 consists in the fact that it first showed to Europe the daring and power of the great Dane, Von Moltke. Yet the strategy of the Prussian chief was hazardous; and had Napoleon been in the place of Benedek, Von Moltke would have

been made to pay dear for his attempt to unite the divided masses of the Prussian armies within striking distance of a concentrated foe in the north of Bohemia. Sadowa led to the union of Germany; and this necessarily caused a rupture with France, the great fomentor of German divisions, from the days of Henry IV. to those of Napoleon. Mr. Knox has described with much accuracy the great battles of Gravelotte and Sedan; and his account of these is strictly impartial, and not falsified by the glare of success, which has bewildered not a few narrators. He ought, however, to have told us something about the operations of the whole campaign; and these detached scenes of the mighty drama will not satisfy a true student of war. The great Civil War of the American States was not a war of nationality in a strict sense, but it was a desperate contest for national unity; and, taken altogether, it perhaps transcends in importance all the wars of this era. Mr. Knox has described extremely well the siege and the slow fall of Vicksburg; he has devoted special care to the great day of Gettysburg, the turning-point in the tide of the strife; and he has done justice to the perseverance of Grant, and to the last efforts of Lee, after the fall of Richmond. But here, again, he has not attempted to give us a general idea of the war; and, apart from the tremendous consequences which followed the triumph of the cause of the North, the military student will always turn an attentive eye to what is omitted from this work—the admirable illustrations of the art of war displayed by Lee and Stonewall Jackson, beyond comparison the best examples of the method of operating against divided enemies which have been witnessed since the days of Napoleon.

Wars of nationality have not been frequent since the close of the great struggle of 1870-1. An exception may be, perhaps, made in the case of the invasion of Turkey in 1877; but if this was in part a Pan Slavist movement, it was also largely due to dynastic ambition. Mr. Knox's account of the siege of Plevna, and of the desperate strife round the famous lines, is very interesting and well summed up; but he has not brought out one great feature of the war—that, if we except Skobelev, Gourko, and Osman, the chiefs in both camps showed few great qualities. The battles fought during the third period do not require particular notice. The arms of England have not shone brightly in it, though we do not forget Roberts in Afghanistan, and Wolseley's movements before Tel-el-Kebir; but one of the most instructive of these passages of war is the conflict between the ironclad ships of the Chilean and Peruvian navies. At this moment it seems not improbable that aspirations and passions of race may again bring on an European conflict. The Continent is a huge armed camp; and the attitude of the great Continental Powers is one of scarcely concealed distrust and suspicion.

As we look back at the long series of wars during these three periods, history will say, we think, that they have furthered, taken altogether, the cause of progress. France, indeed, mourns for Alsace and Lorraine; and it is impossible not to feel regret for the military eclipse of that Bellona whose tricolor, within living memory, was dominant

from Madrid to Moscow. But if "principles have been rained in blood," the wars of these years have set Greece free; have emancipated Belgium from a galling yoke; have made Italy and Germany united nations; have saved India from barbarian anarchy; have shaken the evil rule of the Turk; have in South America broken the bonds of Spain; above all, have maintained the integrity of the Great Republic of the Far West, and have prevented a dismemberment which would have been fatal to the best interests of civilisation and mankind.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

A Holiday on the Road: an Artist's Wanderings in Kent, Sussex, and Surrey. By J. J. Hissey. (Bentley.)

ALL sensible persons know that England proper cannot be seen from either rail or high road. In the lanes behind the Queen's highway lie moss-grown farms and manor-houses, gray abbeys, mouldering castles, new and—often in Sussex and Surrey—illimitable prospects, simple yet undreamt of revelations of beauty which Linnell and Birket Foster loved to imitate. The delight of living among these far overbalances, for the lover of the country, the hurried social life and manifold conveniences of cities. When these remains of old England are intelligently studied in the light of archaeology and history, a district or county is amply sufficient for a lifetime. Until recent years this conviction was silently cherished by dwellers in the country. They did not care to avow their quiet happiness before a generation of tourists and eager sight-seers—much on the selfish principle that an angler who has lit upon a good trout-stream does not betray its locality to his fellows. After Mr. Ruskin had taught the true meaning of nature, art, and beauty, it all at once flashed upon the intellect of the country that the most charming and varied instances of all three were to be found in their own land. An army of pilgrims now sets out every summer to discover England. Mr. Hissey is a well-known pioneer in this exploration. For three or four years we have read his summer rambles with pleasure, and hugged our own happiness the closer to our bosom. He has seen much that we have visited, and has seen it well. We claim a closer acquaintanceship—nay, a tie dearer than that of friendship. Old loves linger for us among the heather and hawthorns in many an out-of-the-way nook of the country. They dwell in ivy-mantled granges where blush roses peep in at them through the windows; by many a Scotch loch and birch-hung Yorkshire stream they wait with an eye "to mark our coming and look brighter when we come." But an æsthetic Mormonism is abhorrent to us. We have settled quietly down with the one well-tried spouse of youth and romance, and only recall every now and then furtive memories of wayward fancy and sentiment. Where this paradise is matters not. Mr. Hissey can only find it by even more careful search than he displays in his recent jaunts. For the true beauty of England still sleeps behind the thick hedges and deep meads. The prince who is to claim her does not drive his carriage and pair. He goes afoot, and is all the more

welcome because he has tramped many dusty ways, climbed many a hill, and forded fern-haunted streams innumerable before he reaches the enchanted garden. Dropping allegory, however, to take a driving tour through England is good, but to tramp it on foot is better.

Last summer Mr. Hissey's holiday led him to Tonbridge by Caterham and Croydon; thence over the Weald heights through Mayfield and Alfriston to Pevensey, Hurstmonceaux, Hythe and Ramsgate; and so by Lenham and Sevenoaks home. No more characteristic route could have been chosen. High uncultivated down and fertile valleys, dotted with old manor houses and picturesque farms here and there, lead to rivers crossed by bridges starred with lichens, and command fine views of the low country, which fades again into the translucent blue of mingled sea and sky. Mr. Hissey drove through this unrivalled loveliness of nature, softened and made fairer by man, during the month of June. Striking as the scenery would be at any time of the year, the fresh greens and vaporous atmosphere of early summer cast over it the glow of enchantment. Small wonder were it that the commonest hedge-row and most ordinary thatched cottage delighted him. Like a sensible man he had made up his mind to be pleased, and the reality transcended expectation. Naturally Penshurst, sacred as it ever will be to the memory of Sir Philip Sidney, charmed him. The downs by Beachey Head, too, are well described. Some of the keen air and flying savours of salt and wildflowers there to be found seem to breathe in his pages. Indeed, nature always inspires him more than art. He catches the tone of a landscape better than the gray desolation of a ruin. Could a Surrey common be painted in clearer colours?

"Wind-swept and sunny, here the landscape opened out, affording us a sense of space and freedom. These rough grassy expanses that so specially abound in this portion of England—gay with golden gorse or flowering broom, purple with heather now and again, the home of waving bracken, with their stunted thorns, countless plants, flowers, and weeds (all beautiful, to even the despised weeds), forming as they do a wild harmony of greys and golds, of reds and russet greens, contrast delightfully with the enclosed cultivated fields around and hedge-bound lanes. A bit of primeval England in the midst of highly-cultivated ground."

Above all other districts, however, says Mr. Hissey, through which he has travelled—that is, through some thousands of miles in England, "I cannot call to mind any fourteen miles of country more full of changeable beauty than those pleasant never-to-be-forgotten ones between historic Mayfield and sleepy little Hailsham."

The author's style is smooth, and, if anything, too monotonous for a book of travel. It might occasionally have been more rough and vigorous, to match the Surrey hills, and now abrupt and broken, to suit the sharp turns of the lanes beyond. It is, in truth, too superfine for common, every-day English life and scenery. We long for fewer altitudes, and a little familiar writing. He does, in truth, chat with innkeepers and ostlers, and occasionally with country folk on the way; but he has little sense of humour, and seems always trying to be impressive. Such

places as Ightham Moat and Bodiam Castle are fatal snares, and at once demand fine writing and somewhat trite sentiment. We willingly drive along the rose-strewn lanes with Mr. Hissey. He has a good eye for the country, and talks naturally as we are whirled along. When evening comes and brings rest at some old-fashioned inn, he is an equally pleasant companion as he points out its timber gables, its oak partitions, the antiquity and artistic excellence of the iron frame which supports the sign, made most probably of Sussex iron generations ago. But it is time to tremble when the ramble over the fields succeeds, with the castle or manor house to be visited as twilight deepens its mystery. Then he thinks the occasion demands a poetical description, a word-painting in solemn tones, a few reflections evoked by the gloom and decay around. And then, sooth to stay, we silently slip away and leave him to his ecstasies.

It would be unfair, however, not to state that this is a book of excellent intention. It aims at showing something of the beauty and the delight to be found in our own land, and such a book demands ever a cordial welcome. And it forms a pleasing memento for any lover of the three home counties which the author drove through. There is a good deal of varied information to be picked up here and there in its pages. Mr. Hissey's drawings and tailpieces are at times admirable. We may particularise the view of Beachey Head, "on the South Downs," and the sketch of Bodiam Castle. Most persons have seen something of the country which Mr. Hissey has described; and they may compare with advantage this skilled traveller's views on it with their own memories, refresh the outlines which time has rubbed off from remembrance, and indulge, perhaps, in that charming prevision of a holiday next summer which is oftentimes more pleasant than the reality. If so, the debt may be gratefully acknowledged, and Mr. Hissey, we fancy, would wish for no better remuneration. It is not given to everyone to be first himself charmed with common life, and then to succeed, by writing of and sketching it, also in charming a large circle of readers. It is worth while, though, to point out to him that as Admiral Blake was not born until some ten years after the Spanish Armada approached our shores, he could scarcely have said he had plenty of time in which to finish his game of bowls as well as to conquer the Spaniards. Of course, Mr. Hissey is thinking of Sir Francis Drake. M. G. WATKINS.

A Menology of England and Wales; or, Brief Memorials of the Ancient British and English Saints, arranged according to the Calendar; together with the Martyrs of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, compiled by Order of the Archbishop and the Bishops of the Province of Westminster. By Richard Stanton, Priest of the Oratory. (Burns & Oates.)

It has long been a surprise to us that a book of this kind has not been provided for the use of students. To Catholic and Protestant alike a handbook telling the main facts in the lives of those who have been honoured in this

country as saints and martyrs seems almost a necessity. To those who live at a distance from the great libraries, all enquiries have been almost impossible as to the career of the less known Englishmen who were venerated as holy before the change in religion; and, as a consequence, it has not been uncommon for writers on topography and other local matters to fall into errors which would be grotesque did we not know the extreme difficulty of finding the right clue in such a tangled wilderness. For the future, those who blunder will not have the same excuse. The biographies in Mr. Stanton's volume are all short—some of them, indeed, far too much compressed; but references are carefully given to authorities where a fuller account may be found, except in those instances where the loss of record evidence has deprived us of everything except a mere name in a calendar or the dedication of a church.

Mr. Stanton's volume contains more than we hoped for, or than the title-page promises. Besides those who have received public honours he has added a few names of persons "eminent in the history of the church for their holy lives and services in the cause of religion." This was a wise step. Popular devotion has never been limited by the church's formal decrees; and there have been many venerated, with good reason, as holy persons who have never been the subject of canonisation. Alcuin, Grosseteste and John Daldery are cases in point. Of this last there was a silver shrine in Lincoln Minster, which was of course destroyed at the Reformation.

The addition of short biographies of those who suffered for their religion under our Tudor and Stuart sovereigns is an advantage. Till quite recently there were reasons why this could not have been done. Now nothing stands in the way, except the fact that concerning some of them little at present is known. This is no insuperable difficulty, however. Much has been printed bearing on the lives of these martyrs which was not till recently known to be in existence; and as time goes on and family papers see the light, we may hope that more will be discovered. The sufferers sprung from every rank of life. Of those who came of noble or gentle blood we may trust that their relatives were not so careless as to let them pass away without some record.

The Welsh and Cornish saints must have exercised the patience of Mr. Stanton not a little. They are very numerous, and of many of them nothing but a mere name survives. Their biographies, if ever committed to writing, perished in the storms of the sixteenth century. Those whose feast days were known find a place in the body of the work; the others, who are now mere names only, are given in an appendix. There is another appendix, containing a list of those Englishmen who have been reputed saints—received some kind of popular canonisation, as it has been inaccurately called—who have not been deemed worthy of a place in the body of the work. This catalogue will be most useful to readers of mediæval history. It contains some striking names, among others Remigius, the founder of the see of Lincoln; Richard Scrope, the murdered Archbishop of York, who had a shrine in the minster; and Thomas

of Lancaster, who was beheaded at Pontefract, and whose burial-place on St. Thomas's hill near that borough seems to have been a place of pilgrimage. His prayer-beads were preserved at Durham; and on the orphrey of a chasuble discovered in Warrington Church there is an embroidered figure of this son of the great house of Plantagenet with a halo round his head and palm branch—symbols of martyrdom—behind him.

Mary of Scotland appears as a martyr under February 8. We fear that this may cause controversy. Holding the exact contrary to what Mr. Froude has affirmed so vehemently concerning her, we cannot but express extreme pleasure in finding her name where we hold that it has a right to be; but the character of Mary is a subject on which men still differ with passionate fervour, and we should not be surprised if those who cling to the foul traditions so cruelly fabricated and so pertinaciously handed on from age to age should condemn the book because it contains a name they have been taught, or taught themselves, to execrate.

It was until recent days the custom of most of those who took upon themselves to write concerning the saints of the Middle Ages to leave out the records of their reputed miracles. This was a foolish practice, whatever our belief may be on the subject. The wonders that were told were believed at the time by all, and we give a distorted and colourless picture if we suppress one great section of evidence. Mr. Stanton has dealt with the subject with much discretion. He is careful to tell his readers that "when any miracle or vision or event beyond the common laws of nature is recorded, it rests only on ordinary historical evidence." It was necessary to say this, for there are yet simple folk among us who believe that to a Catholic every tale in the *Magnum Speculum* or the *Golden Legend* is as much a matter of faith as are the several clauses in the Apostles' Creed.

Mr. Stanton has executed his work with much care and thoroughness. We think further research will enable him to add a few more obscure names to the list of reputed saints (appendix ii.)—James Berkeley, Bishop of Exeter (1327), for instance, we are told by the historian of the house, "for the holyness of his life, was reputed a saint"—but it is a very full catalogue already. To those who are working on mediæval history, the book will be most useful. Every student should have by him an interleaved copy in which to jot down notes and additions; for it is obvious that this Menology will become a standard book of reference, and it is important that future editions should be made as nearly perfect as may be.

EDWARD PEACOCK.

NEW NOVELS.

Loyalty George. By Mrs. Parr. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Bernard and Marcia. By Elizabeth Glaister. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Philip Alwyns. By J. Knox Sherrard. In 2 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

They Took. By Mary H. Pickersgill-Cunliffe. (The London Literary Society.)

Queen Money. By the Author of "The Story of Margaret Kent." (Boston: Ticknor; London: Trübner.)

The Dusanter. By Frank R. Stockton. (Sampson Low.)

Lotus. By the Author of "A New Marguerite." (George Redway.)

In Anarchy's Net. By Edward John Baxter. (Smith & Botwright.)

Mrs. PARR belongs to that select class of novelists who never write unless they have something to say. She does not fling a book before the public every few months, and expect to find them, if not interested, at least tolerant and long-suffering. Consequently we do not remember a work by this lady, since her charming portrait of *Dorothy Fox*, which has not some claims to a more than ephemeral existence. In certain respects, *Loyalty George* will not compare in lightness and grace with its predecessors; but in the riper literary qualities, and in the power of dealing with human experience and human suffering, it is an advance upon them. It might well have taken for its motto the poet's refrain, "'Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." And yet the lesson is not one to be easily either learned or fully appreciated; because, if the nineteenth century believes in anything, it is in present sensuous enjoyment. *Loyalty George* is a girl with a history, sad in its origin, chequered in its course. She is the offspring of strong, but illegal, love, and blends in her own person the best of her paternal and maternal characteristics. She grows up with a beautiful, frank, and open nature, covering—yet not always concealing—a wealth of love beneath an unsophisticated and uneducated nature. Twice she saves the life of her lover, Roger Coode: once in his youth, when he is unable to appreciate the depth and strength of her affection; and, again, in his manhood, when she rescues him from the devouring sea. But, on the second occasion, she sacrifices her life for his own, after he had gone from her with distrust in her sublime faith and love, and believing her false. The closing scenes of the novel, depicting a storm at sea and the wreck of Coode and his master, are very powerful, and far beyond the capacity of most living writers of fiction. The scene of the whole story is fixed on the coast near Plymouth Haven, and the narrative is fresh and salt as with the brine of the ocean which it follows and graphically describes. In addition to the two chief characters, there are several fisher-folk who will touch the reader by the naturalness and pathos with which they are drawn; while Miss Anne, who is higher in the social scale, only differs from the angels in not having wings. Then there is Coode's old "Methodist" mother, who, when her son tells her that the devil has not got hold of her as he has of himself, sadly replies, "Oh! don't make no mistake there, Roger; the devil knows where I lives." The evangelising work of the Wesleys in Devonshire and Cornwall is described episodically in this clever and fascinating story.

From the sprightly observations on the average heroes and heroines of poetry and fiction with which *Bernard and Marcia* opens, we hoped to be treated to a clever and un-

conventional story. But we were doomed to disappointment. The novel is not above the level of the commonplace, and it is much too long for the actual material there is in it. The first volume drags, and is tedious; the second promises to be more lively, as it opens with the shooting of his stepmother by the hero; and the third is mainly devoted to the sorrows entailed upon Bernard Vallance by an unfortunate marriage. An accident happens to his wife (who is the victim of dipsomania) which sets him free, and ultimately he marries Marcia. The story is entitled one of "middle age," and it is not altogether destitute of good passages. Its moral seems to be conveyed in one of the early chapters of the last volume, where we are told that while youth is best for pleasure, for dreams, for beautiful new beginnings, and the like, "a maturer age is really the nobler period of existence, for then we can see more clearly and walk more wisely, while there is also a certain satisfaction in picking up our mistakes."

The plot in *Philip Alwyne* is not badly constructed; and the work generally, without being at all striking or distinctive in style, is fairly entertaining. The fickleness of early loves is once more demonstrated; but whereas as a general rule the delinquent is the male, it is in this case the female. Alwyne, the hero, remains true to the last—many people will think almost superhumanly so; and he dies in a halo of glory, giving up his own life for others under the hardest and most painful circumstances. After his departure for India his affianced, Muriel Arlington, is thrown into the society of one George Fergusson, and discovers that she has never really loved Philip. She is not a bad kind of girl, however, and will meet with some sympathy. There are several subsidiary characters, equally divided between the sheep and the goats, who act and scheme accordingly. One lady endeavours to become an author, but her first work—a crude and ill-digested story based on women's rights—gets rejected by as many publishers as Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*. We need scarcely say that this is the only point of resemblance between the two. Mr. Sherrard, if young, may yet do good work; but if he be of mature years, then we fear he will never be of mature powers.

From the literary point of view we cannot say anything for *They Twain*, nor is it noticeable from any other aspect. It is just such a story as the average woman of good impulses might write. Why the title-page should bear the designation of "They Twain" and the whole body of the work should be called "After the Honeymoon" does not appear. But neither is there any reason why Mrs. Pickersgill-Cunliffe should detach the "e" from the poet Rowe's name where it is wanted, and insert it in that of T. H. Bayly, where it is not wanted. The purpose of the narrative apparently is to show how the affections of a wife may ultimately become wholly concentrated upon her husband, even when it was not so during the honeymoon—and after. But as there is no talent perceptible in such books as this, and no overmastering purpose calling for their production, it seems a waste of time to write them.

We cannot make the same complaint of *Queen Money*, which is written in a style that

is now and again brilliant and full of *verve*. It is a smart picture of American life and people. The Yankees range lightly and quickly from the music of Wagner to gold-prospecting, and from the poetry of Théophile Gautier to that of the ball-room. Our author sketches her characters vividly, though some may take exception to her delineation of Colonel Carver, whose pet phrase is that "Talk is talk, but money buys the land." He has a little money which he should like

"to lay up in the Kingdom of Heaven, where stocks were not corrupted by shrinkage in values, and speculating thieves could not break through nor steal. But, then, he had never been able to get into direct communication with the Kingdom of Heaven, and he was unable to put the strictest confidence in those men who claimed to be Heaven's representatives, and held out missionary boxes and the like."

There is at least plenty of go in *Queen Money*; and the writer has her own views upon men and things.

Another clever American sketch of a different order is *The Dussantes*, by Mr. F. R. Stockton. There is an amusing vein of comedy running through it, as we might expect from its author, for Mr. Stockton is an adept in the creation of humorous situations. Here he places his characters in a perilous position—in fact, they are very nearly finding a snowy grave, if we may coin the expression; but they are rescued in a highly ingenious manner, which will afford the reader much amusement, from a great mountain snow-drift. The method each one must find out for himself. The character-drawing in this little story is crisp, life-like, and vigorous.

Lotus is a psychological romance. It is not destitute of ability or novel ideas. But when authors quote well-known passages from the poets, and build arguments upon them, why will they not learn to quote correctly? In this volume we read that Shakspeare says, there is "a Providence that shapes our *lives*, rough hew them as we will." He says nothing of the kind. A man may shape his *life*, but he knows little of his *end*; and this makes all the difference in the idea, both in Shakspeare and in this latest work which misquotes him.

Wonderful exceedingly is *In Anarchy's Net*. It is a story of Anarchist plottings, which come to grief as they ought to do; yet it is not these which are remarkable, but the author's style. On p. 1 we are assured that "Father Sol, having lifted an unclouded face above the horizon nearly an hour ago, now lavishes abroad his benign salutations like a glorious Nebuchadnezzar in dignified procession." When the reader has thoroughly mastered this and some other singular passages, he can go on to p. 42, where he will meet with a character who, during a fit of inactivity, gives a long whistle "sliding chromatically from E of the *in alt.* octave up to C sharp and down again." The book is full of curious things; but the most curious thing of all, as it seems to us, is how it came to be written and published. Many recent works of fiction have dealt with the Anarchist movement with real power and genius. This volume

is superfluous: it has no plot worthy of the name, and exhibits no talent whatever.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

RECENT THEOLOGY.

The Story of the Psalters: a History of the Metrical Versions of Great Britain and America, from 1549 to 1885. By Henry Alexander Glass. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) Mr. Glass has here exposed to view an interesting page in literature, as well as in ecclesiastical history. The chance acquisition of an old copy of "Tate and Brady" led him to enquire into its bibliography; and to this accident we are indebted for a volume that does credit to his research and is never likely to be superseded, though it might have been fuller in many points. He has confined himself to complete metrical versions of the whole of the Psalms, English and American, of which the total appears to be 123. This, of course, is the number of independent versions, not of editions. Of Sternhold, no less than 601 different editions are to be found in the library of the British Museum; of Tate and Brady, 303; of Rous (or the Scotch version), 98; of Watts, 97. Throughout the last century, Sternhold fairly held its own by the side of Tate and Brady; but since 1800 only twenty-one editions of the former has been issued, as compared with 159 of the latter. The very latest Sternhold was printed at Cambridge in 1828. Considering that no modern version has gained more than a *succès d'estime*, it is curious to find that the nineteenth century has already produced 70, or considerably more than half the total. Among the best known names are those of Joseph Cottle, James Montgomery, Bishop Mant, Henry F. Lyte, John Kable, Mr. Edgar A. Bowring, C. B. Cayley, Lord Massarene, Prof. Kennedy, the Marquis of Lorne, and Mr. Digby Seymour. Mr. Glass's method has been to quote the first verses of Psalms i. and xxiii. from each version, and to give some biographical notice of the versifier. It is in this latter respect alone that we should have liked more information. Reference to vol. i. of the *Register of the University of Oxford*, edited by the Rev. C. W. Boase for the Oxford Historical Society in 1884, would have enabled him to have made the following corrections: Robert Crowley, the author of the earliest version of all (1549) is here described (p. 63) as a fellow of Magdalene College; as a matter of fact, he took his degree from Magdalen, Oxford, in 1540. John Hopkins, the coadjutor of Sternhold, we are told (p. 18), "is supposed to have been a graduate at Oxford in 1544"; he did take his degree in 1545. So again, of William Whittingham, another coadjutor of Sternhold, "educated at Oxford about 1540" (p. 19); the date of his degree is 1545. These, no doubt, are small points, and only deserve notice because the book is, on the whole, so carefully done.

Lectures on the History of Preaching. By the late John Ker. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This work is fragmentary. It contains a portion only of the lectures on the history of preaching, delivered by Dr. Ker to the students of the Theological Hall of the United Presbyterian Church during the years 1876-1886. The first nine chapters give a hurried sketch of the general history of preaching from the days of the Apostles to the Reformation; the last twelve are devoted to a history of it in the German Lutheran and evangelical churches from the Reformation to the present day. There is no account of the great French preachers, and no mention of German Roman Catholics; but we are told in the preface that Dr. Ker in other lectures paid great attention to the orators of the former school—both Protestant and Catholic. The lectures were addressed to

students at the beginning of their course, and they are therefore elementary. They do not in any way attempt to form a manual of Christian oratory as a handbook for the historian. Preaching is considered far more in its theological and practical than in its rhetorical aspects. Everywhere Dr. Ker gives more consideration to matter than to form. His object evidently is to form sound evangelical divines rather than brilliant orators. His endeavour is to influence character rather than style, or at least to mould style by means of character. Hence arise both the merits and defects of this volume. We are impressed by the genuine and lofty earnestness of Dr. Ker, as we are impressed by the saintly character of Cardinal Newman, and the chastened moral sweetness of Dean Church, in every line they write; but there is little technical help to the formation of a true style. Rhetoric as an art is almost ignored. Its leading principles are not laid down, nor does our author seem to recognise them in his criticism of the preaching of others. Excellent as a practical training for Christian usefulness, and for forming preachers of evangelical piety and earnestness, fruitful as their influence may be in this direction on the ministry of the United Presbyterian Church, these lectures furnish little help towards a history of preaching considered as an exposition and criticism of different styles, or as an historical analysis of the arts of Christian oratory.

University and other Sermons. By the Right Rev. James Fraser, second Bishop of Manchester. Edited by J. W. Diggle. (Macmillan.)

Parochial and other Sermons. By the Right Rev. James Fraser. Edited by J. W. Diggle. (Macmillan.)

THESE two volumes are the outcome of a manly heart, of broad and kindly sympathies, and of simple and earnest purpose. The undergraduates at St. Mary's and the village folk of Uholderton must each have felt the stimulus of the moral energy of James Fraser. But from the intellectual standpoint, the sermons scarcely rise above mediocrity. There is an off-hand treatment of difficult problems that fails to satisfy the more thoughtful; there is a deficiency in even correctly grasping some of the modern difficulties that he attempts to deal with. But those that can remember the bishop will know that even a commonplace seemed to be invested with weight and significance when uttered by him.

Sermons. By the late W. Binnie. (Macmillan.) This is another memorial volume, and will, doubtless, be welcomed by Prof. Binnie's friends. But outside that circle we doubt whether these sermons are not destined speedily "to go over to the majority." They are thoughtful and kindly, but in no marked way distinguishable from scores of volumes of sermons that yearly issue from the press. The most elaborate of these discourses is one preached at the opening of the Reformed Presbyterian Synod, Edinburgh, on the first Christian Synod. The text, Acts xv., 22, 23, which speaks of "the apostles and elders and brethren," is cited and argued upon, with, apparently, entire oblivion of the fact that the best textual critics, e.g., Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, and Westcott and Hort, to whom, indeed, we may add the revisers of the Authorised Version, read "the apostles and the elders, brethren," i.e., "the apostles and our brethren the elders." The sermon, we observe, was preached as long ago as 1861; but those responsible for its issue in the volume before us should not have allowed it to appear with such a blot.

A Short History of the Council of Trent. By R. F. Littledale. (S.P.C.K.) Dr. Littledale

has undertaken a difficult task—to write a short history of the Council of Trent: a history which bears a different aspect from the standpoint of each European nation, and of each phase of Roman Catholicism, or of the Reformation doctrine, from which it is regarded. But what Dr. Littledale has done he has done well. To a great extent he has avoided taking a special standpoint, and has given us a kind of *précis*, a condensed *procès-verbal* of the history of the council, and of its sittings. The great use of the book will be, we think, as a companion and guide to the ordinary editions of the "Canones et Decreta." With the aid of this little work the student will readily see the date at which each canon or decree was passed, by whom it was propounded, what opposition it met with, and the number of fathers present at the voting. Many a reader will be surprised to learn by what small numbers some of the most momentous decisions were arrived at. Hence the real utility of the work. We are not so confident as is Dr. Littledale that the seminary education (given the fact of forced celibacy—and especially the fact that the bulk of the Roman Catholic clergy are drawn from a lower level than our own, though not the lowest) will prove a source of weakness to the Roman Catholic Church in her future struggles with society.

Words of Truth. By R. F. Littledale. (Kent.) This pamphlet consists of nine controversial essays, which have appeared in the *National Church*, in defence of the Church of England against the attacks of Roman Catholics. Dr. Littledale takes the ground of the old historical High Church school. Her appeal as to what constitutes catholicity is to antiquity. The papers are temperately written. There is a commendable absence of abuse of opponents, and of the mere *odium theologicum*. Dr. Littledale maintains, what we believe to be an historical fact, that transubstantiation is really not a theological doctrine at all, but a metaphysical explanation, which should stand or fall with the philosophy on which it is based. On page 26, the second quotation from St. Augustine is so much more forcible in the original Latin that we think it is a pity that it was not so given either in the text or in a note. The argument in number five—Why God permitted the Reformation?—is a very dangerous one. It may be asked in reply, Why were the churches of Athanasius, of Cyprian, and of Augustine, destroyed? A better apology seems to consist in the fact that parallel disorders, culpable in themselves, attended the meeting even of some of the Oecumenical Councils, and that the conduct of Roman Catholic sovereigns, even of Philip II., in temporals of the church was not very dissimilar to that of Henry VIII. In discussing the claims of St. Peter, no mention is made of the fact that there was no separate festival in his honour in the early Roman Church, but only in conjunction with St. Paul.

A Serious Call to a Devout and Holy Life. By W. Law. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) This forms volume ten of the cheap and excellent "Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature," now in course of publication by Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co. It is well worth a place in such a series. Law's work is distinguished from its many rivals by the reasonableness and the steady force of its argument. In style it belongs to a good period, and has the distinct Addisonian flavour of the age of Queen Anne and the first George. Its pages are lightened by sketches of typical characters, which picture for us a very different England to that of the present day. An England of thrift and leisure contrasted with an England of prodigality and of worry; a time when a woman could be in full fashion in London, or do untold good as a lady-bountiful in the country, on two hundred

pounds a year! Charity to the poor could still be spoken of as condescension without giving offence to the recipient. Law had never lived in the whirl of business, nor even felt the pressure of the cares of a large parish. His work supposes too much of leisured ease and modest competence. Hence many a detail would be difficult to carry out in the present day; but none the less are its strictures needed now. And the subdued and old-world flavour may give it an interest with some who turn away from the more purely emotional, almost sensational, books of devotion of the present day.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. BROWNING has to some considerable extent revised his earliest book, *Pauline*, for the new edition of his works. Without changing the form or thought of the poem, he has removed several blemishes of expression, and strengthened occasional phrases. He has not yielded to the urgent solicitation of some members of the Browning Society, that he should prefix an "Argument" to his chief poems, after the manner of Spenser and Milton.

SIR RICHARD BURTON's friends will be glad to hear that he has just returned in improved health to Trieste, after nearly three months spent *amid snow* at Abbazia, whither he had gone in search of a warmer climate. He hopes to arrive in England in the early summer, passing slowly through Switzerland on the way.

ON March 20 he wrote the last words of the translation of the sixth and concluding volume of his "Supplemental Nights." He is now writing a sort of biography of the work that has occupied him for so many years, in which will be given not only a collection of appreciative notices, but also a reply to his critics—somewhat similar to the "Reviewers Reviewed" appended by Lady Burton to his translation of Camoens. This will be printed as a concluding chapter to the sixth volume; and it will include the reviews of Lady Burton's "household edition" of *The Thousand Nights and one Night*, which is now complete.

SIR RICHARD has further resolved to set to work at once, with the help of his wife, upon a regular autobiography, which, however, will not see the light just yet.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. will publish next week a new book by Sir Richard Temple, descriptive of his tour in the Holy Land a few years ago. It is entitled *Palestine Illustrated*; and it will have 32 coloured plates, reproduced by chromo-lithography from the author's own drawings, together with four maps.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co. will publish immediately a new volume by Mr. J. J. Aubertin, entitled *A Fight with Distances*, being an account of his recent journey through the States, the Hawaiian Islands, Canada, British Columbia, Cuba, and the Bahamas.

MR. WALTER RYE has just completed a manual for genealogists and topographers, entitled *Records and Record Searching*, in which much new information is specially indexed. It is announced for early publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

A NEW standard illustrated Cookery Book, by Mrs. A. B. Marshall, is announced for publication. It will contain chapters on the art of dinner-giving, a vocabulary of cookery terms in English and French, a list of foods in season, &c., as well as a large number of original recipes in every department of the cuisine.

MR. JOHN MURRAY announces a cheap edition of the works of George Borrow, in five volumes. The first, *The Bible in Spain*, will

appear in April, and the rest will follow at intervals of a month.

A SECOND edition of the *Recollections of Lord Wriothesley Russell and Chenies* will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock.

We understand that a few large paper copies may still be obtained of the facsimile reproduction of Thomas Dingley's MS. account of the first Duke of Beaufort's progress through Wales in 1684, which was announced in the ACADEMY of last week.

THE following are the lecture arrangements at the Royal Institution after Easter: Dr. Charles Waldstein, three lectures on "Ruskin"; Mr. Walter Gardiner, three lectures on "The Plant in the War of Nature"; Mr. Sidney Colvin, three lectures on "Conventions and Conventionality in Art"; Prof. Dewar, six lectures on "The Chemical Arts"; Prof. T. G. Bonney, three lectures on "The Growth and Sculpture of the Alps"; Mr. Carl Armbruster, seven lectures on "The Later Works of Richard Wagner" (with vocal and instrumental illustrations); Prof. C. E. Turner, three lectures on "Count Tolstoi as Novelist and Thinker." The following are the probable arrangements for the Friday evening meetings after Easter: Prof. Flower, "The Pygmy Races of Men"; Sir William B. Grove, "Antagonism"; Mr. James Wimshurst, "Electrical Influence Machines"; Prof. J. K. Laughton, "The Invincible Armada: a Tercentenary Retrospect"; Mr. W. H. Barlow, "Building the New Tay Bridge"; Mr. Francis Galton, "Personal Identification and Description"; Prof. J. A. Ewing, "Earthquakes, and how to Measure them."

THE sixth working meeting of the west branch of the English Goethe Society took place last Saturday, March 24, at Mr. Rogers's residence, 30 Clanricarde Gardens, when Mr. Rogers read a paper on Goethe's "Westöstlichen Divan." The branch will not meet next month, but will resume their evenings in May.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

A SONG OF EASTER.

As a leaf in the waning autumn
This outward form decays;
It falls, and the earth receives it
In the dark December days.
And when, in the depth of winter,
The tree stands stripped and bare,
No life in its wasted branches—
Does it yield to a dead despair?
Not so—for the spring returneth,
And the skeleton-trunk is rife,
At the breath of the wind of Easter,
With the stir of awakened life.
And we—though we seem as dying,
Still yearn for a future bliss,
To awake to a life unfading
In a fairer world than this.

WALTER W. SKELT.

OBITUARY.

THOMAS WESTWOOD.

A MAN of considerable literary power and much amiability of character has recently died at Brussels, which had for many years been his adopted home. As a boy Thomas Westwood enjoyed the privilege of dipping into Charles Lamb's "ragged regiment" of books—"a regiment," he adds, "I was permitted to manoeuvre at will, though not much taller at the time than its tallest folio." Perched in an apple tree at Enfield, in Elia's garden, he made his first acquaintance with Walton's *Compleat Angler*—a book which he was destined to associate in later life with his own name and fame. Here, too, he naturally met all the poets and wits of the

time—Coleridge, Wilson, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Hunt, Hood, Barry Cornwall, and Landor; while the links of this shining poetical chain were continued to the day of his death by his intimacy with Mrs. Barrett Browning and the still living and graceful poetess, Miss May Probyn. Always a devourer of books, his first library largely consisted of quaint and curious books on fishing, which were more easily procured forty years ago than they are at present, owing to the prevailing rage for them. This fine collection of angling books he sold before leaving England; but it became the parent of a much larger and more varied library, for which he was celebrated on the Continent, owing to the great discrimination with which he had selected it. Works on natural history, and especially on English rural life, together with some of the rarest of angling works, formed its staple. Thus, in the latter feature only, it will bear comparison with the late Mr. Alfred Denison's famous angling library, inasmuch as it contained, to name but one feature, a copy of every known edition of Izaak Walton. These have recently been catalogued at more than a hundred, while the earlier editions are well-known *bonnes bouches* to bibliophiles.

Mr. Westwood's literary career may be said to have begun with putting together the modest list of angling works issued from the Field office in 1861. This was founded on Mr. Russell Smith's catalogue, which had described 264 books. Mr. Westwood extended it to 646. In 1883 appeared his much more perfect *Bibliotheca Piscatoria*, in which he was largely aided by the late Mr. T. Satchell. This book is an indispensable companion to the literary angler, and contains the description, often with very felicitous notes, of no less than 3158 editions and reprints of 2148 distinct works. Always a skilled and enthusiastic angler, Mr. Westwood had been early fascinated by the *mitis sapientia* of Izaak Walton; and in 1864 published his best prose work, *The Chronicle of the "Compleat Angler,"* a large paper copy of which, "with cordial greeting from his brother Piscator, the Author," now lies before me. At the first blush few subjects could seem less promising of which to make an interesting book than a record of the different editions of Walton. His admirer's genial nature and careful pen have resulted in a volume which, by its exact typographical details, will always satisfy the bibliographer; while the general reader is amused, touched, and delighted by turns at the play of humour, fancy, and poetry, which runs riot in these pages. *The Chronicle* is essentially a book for May and the brook-side; indeed, a trout stream might almost be said to ripple through its pages, while its leaves are resonant with the songs of spring. It was reprinted, with additions, in 1883, describing fully no less than ninety-seven editions of Walton; and is a book which, while Englishmen love country scenery, will never lose its charm. In 1883 Mr. Westwood contributed a genial introduction to Mr. Satchell's reprint of *The Secrets of Angling*, by J. D., the seventeenth-century poet of angling.

As a poet Mr. Westwood may claim a high place among minor bards. His *Foxglove Bells* (Brussels: Briard, 1856) is a collection of sonnets, most of them dedicated to his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. They were inspired (it can be no breach of confidence to say) by her influence, when we read:

"All loved thee—I, a dweller in the town,
Used to coarse faces, common souls, and worn
And fretted with inclement fortune's frown,
A weary man, love-famished and forlorn,
How could I choose but own thee sweetest, best,
And give my poor, sad heart up, like the rest?"

Many of these verses were reproduced, together with "The Quest of the Sangreall, and other Poems," in a volume printed by Russell Smith

in 1868. "The Quest" and half a dozen more idylls found their motive in the cycle of Arthurian romance, and in form and measure challenge the Laureate's "Idylls of the King." This is not the place to compare them; but the following passage may be quoted, as it shows the strong love of spring which always possessed Mr. Westwood, and is a fair sample of his song.

"The snowdrop pierced the snow; with balms of fire
The crocus lit the borders; spring o'erran
The earth, fleet-footed, till the whitethorn bush
Broke into milky blossom of the May.
Queen Guinevere, with absent eyes, and cheeks
Love-pallid, paced her pleasure to and fro,
And twisted posies of red gilly-flowers,
Pansies and purple-globed anemones,
Then tossed them from her in a storm of sighs."

In 1883 appeared a dozen sonnets on angling subjects, to be laid as a garland of song on Izaak Walton's tomb upon the two-hundredth anniversary of his death. These are marked with much strength and sweetness; indeed, his angling songs (one of which was published in the *Newcastle Fisher's Garland*), are exceptionally spirited. These, and a final collection of his poems, were published under the title *Gathered in the Gloaming* (Chiswick Press, 1885). Until almost the end Mr. Westwood wrote verses. About a year and a half ago he was prostrated by a paralytic seizure; but, till the last few months, he was able to amuse himself with his favourite books. His last letter to me broke off abruptly, and had to be finished by an amanuensis. About the beginning of this month his illness increased, and he passed away calmly at midnight on March 12.

Mr. Westwood was a busy man. Besides his books and his garden, he was for many years administrator of the Tournai-Jurbise and other railways, and from a boy had been a devoted lover of nature. He was buried at the cemetery of Boitsford on March 15, near which he had purchased a delightful villa, and where, with his devoted wife (who survives him), he was ever foremost in works of charity and kindness. A large number of villagers showed their respect for one who had dwelt among them for many years by their attendance at the funeral.

With the poet, prose writer, and book collector, who has just been laid to rest, many literary memories have perished. It may be hoped that he has left behind some recollections of a long and scholarly life. A large circle of friends will sincerely mourn his geniality, sympathy, and wide-reaching kindness. These, with a strong religious and contented disposition, formed the chief characteristics of Thomas Westwood. Dying as he did, just as the season which he so deeply loved was budding around him, a friend may be permitted to lay a few verses on his grave, the last which during his life were frequently exchanged.

"Tu decus omne tuis."

DELAY awhile here, Spring, and o'er him strew
White blooms to match your lover's purity;
Spring was his joy; he celebrated thee
With verse and fond conceit—thy comrade true,
Who now sleeps restful 'neath this sombre yew;
Come, Fancy, scatter primroses with me,
Mild Learning weep—come gentle Poesy,
Leave me no rather garlands mid the holy dew.
Life hurries; time slips past; distractions cling
Like burrs round earnest souls. But musing stand

A space; his honest worth, his kindness sing.
And write his epitaph in this strange land—
"Here scholar, poet, angler, hopeful lies;
Nature he loved; he waits for Paradise."

M. G. WATKINS.

MR. EDWARD REID VYVYAN, a nephew of Sir Richard Vyvyan, who took a leading part among Tory politicians at the time of the Reform Bill of 1832, died suddenly, on March

20, at 231, Elgin Avenue. His father, Edward Walter Vyvyan, is still alive in his eightieth year. His mother, from whom he inherited his second name of Reid, died about two years ago. Mr. Vyvyan was born at Dorset Place, Portman Square, on September 4, 1854, and was educated at Clifton and Cheltenham Colleges. After leaving school, he lived for some time in Paris, where he became a good French linguist and a master of its literature. In 1878, he edited a reprint of *Dover's Annalia Dubrensis*, to which he had been attracted by his love of the Cotswolds. To the pages of *Notes and Queries* he was a constant contributor, and the last of his notes—dated from Naples and describing a ludicrous advertisement in English which he saw in the *Via Toledo* of that city—appeared in the number issued four days after his death. His love of literature was unbounded, and he meditated the compilation of a history of English dramatic biography. Unlike most of his family, he was a Liberal in politics, and in 1880 he contested, but without success, the borough of Bridgnorth in that interest.

THE Rev. John Coker Egerton, rector of Burwash, in Sussex—a parish of lofty hills and picturesque woods, with a peasantry not yet reduced to the dull level of conventional men and women—died on March 20, aged fifty-eight. He was of Brasenose College, Oxford, taking his degree of B.A. in 1852; and, after holding several curacies, he was instituted to the rectory of Burwash, a living in his own gift, in 1867. He loved the people of the Weald on which he lived, and he described their characteristics in several papers in the *Leisure Hour* and the *Sussex Advertiser*. These were afterwards printed for a more extended public in a delightful volume of *Sussex Folk and Sussex Ways*: or, *Stray Studies in the Wealden Formations of Human Nature* (Trübner, 1884). It abounded in good stories of what he had seen and heard among the simple, but shrewd, parishioners to whom he ministered.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

SOME of our readers may be glad to know that Mr. Leslie Stephen's lecture on "Coleridge," recently delivered at the Royal Institution, is printed in full in the last number of the *Reflector*, which is published by Mr. James Stephen, at 27 Chancery Lane. We may also take this opportunity of remarking that our interesting weekly contemporary continues to pursue the even tenour of its way.

MM. BOUSSOD, VALADON & Co. are now issuing an English edition of their magnificent periodical, *Art and Letters*, with even the titles on the plates printed in English. The April number, which begins a second volume for the present year, is rendered exceptional by some sixteen extra pages, containing M^{me}. Sarah Bernhardt's play, "The Confession," which was obtained too late to be included in the table of contents. We confess—without any imputation on the translator—that we should prefer to read the original French. The number also contains a story of lust and crime in mediæval Italy by Vernon Lee; a canonnet by Mr. Oscar Wilde; a continuation of M. Francisque Sarcy's papers on the "Comédie Française," this time treating of M^{me}. Baretta and M^{lle}. Müller, with photographs; and an account of the Mirlitons Club, by M. Jollivet. The illustrations to this last article comprise some half dozen photogravures, after pictures by M^{me}. Gérôme, Detaille, Delort, &c., which were exhibited at the annual show of the club this spring. Altogether, this review has succeeded marvellously in maintaining its early promise, though it may not be welcome in all drawing-rooms. Our own special complaint is that the table of contents does not sufficiently identify the illustrations.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BARRAS, O. Le Folk-lore de l'île Maurice. Paris: Maisonneuve. 7 fr. 50 c.
 DORMOY, E. L'écarté: traité mathématique du jeu de l'écarté. Paris: Lashure. 8 fr.
 FABRE, l'abbé A. Les Ennemis de Chapelain. Paris: Thorin. 10 fr.
 FRANCO, Hector. Sac au dos à travers l'Espagne. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
 GÜTZ, W. Die Verkehrswege im Dienste d. Welt-handels. Stuttgart: Enke. 30 M.
 JANET, P. Les passions et les caractères dans la littérature du XVII^e Siècle. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50.
 LEMOINE, L. H. Frédéric-Lemaître: étude biographique et critique. Paris: Quantin. 15 fr.
 MARMIER, X. Contes populaires de différents pays. 2^e Série. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
 NAGEL, E. Aus Schubart's Leben u. Wirken. Stuttgart: Kohlhammer. 5 M.
 PUSCH, Aimé. Prudence: étude sur la poésie chrétienne au IV^e siècle. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
 ROPE, Ch. Rome et Berlin: Opérations sur les Côtes de la Méditerranée et de la Baltique au printemps de 1893. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 5 fr.
 STATISTIQUE agricole de la France: résultats généraux de l'enquête décennale de 1891. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 12 fr.
 VENTRO, Claude. Les peintres de la femme. Paris: Dentu. 30 fr.

HISTORY, ETC.

- ARBO's vite Corbiniani in der ursprünglichen Fassung. Hrg. v. S. Biezler. München: Franz. 1 M. 70 Pf.
 AUSE, H. Der Tempel der Vesta u. das Haus der Vestalinnen am Forum romanum. Leipzig: Freytag. 6 M.
 AUERBACH, B. La Diplomatie française et la Cour de Saxe (1648-1800). Paris: Hachette. 10 fr.
 BLATTEN, russisch-baltische. 4. Hft. Leipzig: Ducocker & Humblot. 1 M. 80 Pf.
 BOKEMEYER, H. Die Molukken. Geschichte u. quellenmäss. Darstellung der Eroberg. u. Verwaltung der ostind. Gewürzinseln durch die Niederländer. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 12 M.
 DANON, A. Toldoth Bene Abraham. Wien: Lippe. 8 M. 50 Pf.
 FRIEDMANN, A. Epistola responsi de tabulis nuptialibus vel dotis tabellis earumque conceptione aramata. Wien: Lippe. 8 M. 60 Pf.
 JAFFÉ, Ph. Regest. pontificum romanorum. Ed. 2. Leipzig: Veit. 94 M.
 KAYSER, R. Placidus v. Nonantule. De honore ecclesiae. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte d. Investiturstreite. Kiel: Töschke. 1 M.
 LÉONVAIN, Ch. Le Sénat romain depuis Dioclétien à Rome et à Constantinople. Paris: Thorin. 6 fr.
 LONGHON, Aug. Atlas historique de la France depuis César jusqu'à nos jours. 2^e Livr. Paris: Hachette. 11 fr. 50 c.
 MEBON, J. Histoire de l'Afrique septentrionale depuis les temps les plus reculés jusqu'à la conquête française (1890). Paris: Leroux. 18 fr.
 MONUMENTA Germaniae paedagogica. Hrg. v. K. Kehrbach. 6 Bd. Berlin: Hofmann. 15 M.
 NAPIESKY, J. G. L. Die Erbbücher der Stadt Riga. 1854-1879. Riga: Kymmel. 10 M.
 PRIETTER, A. König Friedrich v. Württemberg u. seine Zeit. Stuttgart: Kohlhammer. 6 M.
 SCHLELL, G. Dupont de Nemours et l'école physiocratique. Paris: Guillaumin. 7 fr. 50 c.
 SCHWARTZ, W. De vita et scriptis Juliani imperatoris. Bonn: Behrendt. 1 M. 30 Pf.
 SOMMERFELD, G. Die Romfahrt Kaiser Heinrichs VII. (1310-1313). 1. Th. Königsberg-L.-Pr.: Gräfe. 1 M. 20 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- ANDERAS, A. u. W. KÖNIG. Der Magnetstein vom Frankenstein an der Bergerstrasse. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Diesterweg. 4 M.
 BARRANDE, J. Echinodermes. Extraits du système silurien du centre de la Bohême. Vol. VII. Publié par A. Waagen. Leipzig: Gerhard. 3 M.
 BREDERMANN, G. Natur-Philosophie. Des Systems der Philosophie. 2. Thl. Leipzig: Freytag. 8 M. 50 Pf.
 BORNEMANN, F. Beiträge zur Kenntnis der Le-maniscen. Berlin: Friedländer. 3 M. 30 Pf.
 CHENON, E. Etude sur l'histoire des Alleux en France. Paris: Larose. 7 fr.
 ETTINGSHAUSEN, O. Frhr. v. u. F. STANDFEST. Üb. Myrica lignitum Ung. Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M. 30 Pf.
 HANDLIRSCH, A. Monographie der m. Nysson u. Bembex verwandten Grabwespen. II. Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M. 30 Pf.
 MAILLARD, G. Considérations sur les fossiles dérivés comme algues. Berlin: Friedländer. 9 M. 60 Pf.
 NALIPA, A. Die Anatomie der Pnytopen. Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M. 30 Pf.
 OBSERVATIONS de Poulikova. Publiées par O. Struve. Vol. 12. Leipzig: Voss. 40 M.
 STEINDACHNER, F. Ichthyologische Beiträge. Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 STÜDER, Th. Üb. den Steinern d. Gehirnsammes e. Sirenoide aus dem Muschelalandstein v. Würtenlos (Kt. Aargau). Berlin: Friedländer. 5 M. 60 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- BOUCHERIE, A. Le Roman de Galercin comte de Bretagne, par le trouvère Renaud. Paris: Maisonneuve. 12 fr.
 DE LA GRASSE, R. Etude de grammaire comparée. De la catégorie du Temps. Paris: Maisonneuve. 5 fr.

- GALLE, P. Die Personifikation (als poetisches Kunst-mittel u. ihre Verwendung) in der mittelhoch-deutschen Dichtung bis zum Beginn d. Verfalls. Leipzig: Gräfe. 2 M.
 GEYER, R. Das Kitab al-Wakid v. Al'Asma' L. Mit a. Paralleltexen v. Quirub. Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M. 30 Pf.
 GODEFRONT, F. Dictionnaire de l'ancienne langue française. T. V. Liste-Parsonne. Paris: Vieweg. 50 fr.
 LUREBERT, E. Prodomus in Pindari locum de Pelopis pueritia. Bonn: Cohen. 1 M.
 PASTNEK, F. Beiträge zur Lautlehre der slowakischen Sprache in Ungarn. Leipzig: Freytag. 2 M. 40 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BISHOP COLENSO'S HYMNAL.

London: March 23, 1888.

I have just found among my books this morning one of Bishop Colenso's Hymnals. I am not certain, at this distance of time, whether it is a duplicate of the one I gave Mr. Sharp more than twenty years ago, for two or three varying editions were published. This one is entitled *Psalms and Hymns for Use in the Cathedral Church of St. Peter's, Maritzburg*, and the imprint is "Piettermaritzburg: P. Davis & Sons, Longmarket-street, 1866." It contains 152 hymns—not classified or distributed under special heads, but a table at the end of the volume distinguishes some of them as "Hymns suited for Special Occasions."

It so far differs from my description given from memory that it contains four Trinitarian hymns, one of which is Heber's "Holy, Holy, Holy," and two of which end with Trinitarian doxologies. Three of these, with a fourth which is indecisive, are assigned, in the special table to Trinity Sunday; but, as I stated, the names "Jesus" and "Christ" never once appear in the book. There are only two references to Christ discoverable—one of them being the line, "Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son," in Ken's Evening Hymn, the other being one of the doxologies already mentioned. Three hymns in the table of special hymns are assigned to Christmas Day, four to Easter, and four to Whitsuntide. In none of them is there any reference, even of the most indirect character, to the events usually commemorated in hymns for those seasons; and, in fact, hymn 109, which is merely a metrical paraphrase of Psalm xcvi., is appointed for all three; 110, another of those for Easter, is Psalm xcvi.; 111, a third of the Easter pieces, is a paraphrase of Isaiah xlii., 10-12; and 84, the remaining one, is a cento from Psalm cxviii. No distinctively Christian idea is suggested in any of them. This hymn, 84, is also one of the four Whitsuntide pieces; and the two others are general hymns, not containing a word even indirectly referring to the occasion. There are no hymns for the communion; and altogether the book exhibits marked and wide departure from precedent, connoting equally wide departure from the usual Anglican standards.

RICHARD F. LITLEDAL.

Scrayingham Rectory: March 26, 1888.

I need add nothing to what Mr. Owen has said on the spirit of many hymns in the collection of *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, which are "surcharged with the mention of names of Christ, but destitute of the minutest shred of His spirit and teaching." This is a matter of which more will be heard hereafter. I wish now only to make a statement of facts.

In his letter, published in the *ACADEMY* for March 17, Dr. Littledale says that the Bishop of Natal "compiled a Hymnal for use in his diocese, from which he rigidly excluded every mention of the very name of Christ." The italics are mine.

I have before me a letter from the bishop, dated April 2, 1866, in which he speaks of an attack made upon him

"with reference to my new Hymn Book, which,

strange to say, I find does not contain the name Jesus or Christ from one end to the other. This was quite unintentional on my part, and has merely arisen from the fact of my having rejected hymn after hymn which contained prayers to Christ, which I do object to on scriptural and apostolical grounds, and others in which the name of Jesus is used familiarly and irreverently."

This is decisive as to the bishop's motives. There was, therefore, no purposed rigid exclusion of the name.

Dr. Littledale goes on to say of this hymn-book that

"It did not merely, like Unitarian Hymnals, omit Trinitarian Hymns, and hymns of worship to Christ, but there was absolutely no allusion to such a being as Christ throughout the volume."

Bishop Heber's hymn, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty," with its invocation of "God in Three Persons, Blessed Trinity," is, I suppose, a Trinitarian hymn. Bishop Ken's evening hymn contains, I suppose, in the lines:

"Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,"

a very clear "allusion to such a being as Christ."

Dr. Littledale adds that the hymn-book "was soon suppressed as impolitic." It was never suppressed. The original collection was put out again in 1868, with additions, containing first the hymns in the Book of Common Prayer, and then a series of forty-one hymns, of which twelve appear in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, including Nos. 24, 207, and 328.

GEORGE W. COX.

London: March 24, 1888.

The columns of the ACADEMY are not a suitable place for theological controversy, and I am not inclined to enter into a debate of the kind with Mr. Owen.

But I may fairly correct a grave error of historical fact, and another error of logical reasoning, in his letter of March 17, without following him into polemical matter. The former occurs in this sentence: "It was pointed out at the time that the bishop's opinion"—as to the propriety of addressing hymns and prayers directly to Christ—"was only novel as being a reversion to early Christian usage."

Without dwelling on the circumstance that the Hymnal in question, as I have since verified, does not merely omit hymns of worship or address to Christ, but excludes every mention of His Name, we have the most explicit and unimpeachable contradiction of Mr. Owen's assertion in the famous letter of Pliny the Younger to the Emperor Trajan (x. 97) on the customs of the Christians within the Pontic province, A.D. 103—a piece of testimony which most surely informs us of the usage within the first century of Christianity, as there is no hint discoverable anywhere of a change immediately afterwards. Now here is what Pliny says:

"Adfirmabant autem hanc fuisse summam vel culpae suae vel erroris, quod essent soliti stato die ante lucem convenire, carmenque Christo quasi Deo dicere secum invicem."

I do not know where to look for rebutting evidence prior to this as to "early Christian usage."

The error of reasoning is that Mr. Owen represents me as objecting to all hymns which do not contain the name of Christ as unfitted thereby for Christian use. Apart from such details as that I have not said or implied anything of the kind; that such a statement would oblige me to call for the rejection of the Psalter; and that I have myself compiled and published a Hymnal which contains numerous hymns of the sort. Mr. Owen has directly inverted the real issue, which is that the structure of Bishop Colenso's Hymnal suggests that the occurrence of Christ's name in a hymn unfits it for Christian

use; for no other plausible reason can be offered for its careful elision from his Hymnal, this being a new departure, and an innovation upon the settled usage of eighteen centuries of Christianity, dating at least from the time of the Apocalypse (chap. v. 12-14).

RICHARD F. LITTEDALE.

ARNAUT DANIEL AND THE "TERZA RIMA."

London: March 17, 1888.

In a discussion—in the essay upon the genesis and growth of the *Divina Commedia*—as to the reasons for Dante's choice of the *terza rima*, Dean Plumptre incidentally suggests (as he had done before elsewhere) that this form of verse was borrowed from the Provençal poet, Arnaut Daniel, "who had originated the yet more complicated and unmanageable *sestina*." That Arnaut did invent a particular form of *sestina*, of which he has left a specimen, appears to be unquestioned; but there seems no ground for supposing that he ever made use of the *terza rima*, even if it existed in his time.

It is improbable that Dante was acquainted with any poems of Arnaut Daniel other than the eighteen which have come down to us; for all of those from which he quotes in the *De Vulgari Eloquentia* are comprised in that number. As may be gathered from the subjoined analysis of the rime-system of these eighteen poems, there is no trace in them of the sustained *terza rima* used by Dante.

The poems are here numbered according to the order in which they are given by Sig. Canello in his *Edizione Critica* of Arnaut (Halle, 1883).

If the formula ABABCBCDCDED be taken to represent the *terza rima*, the rime-sequence of Arnaut's poems will appear as follows—the index being employed to denote the number of times the same rime occurs consecutively, and the comma to denote the division into stanzas: i. A¹, B³, C³, D³, E¹ (five single-rimed stanzas of nine lines each and envoi). ii. A³B³CD³C (six stanzas), CD³C (envoi). iii. ABAB³CBC (and so for seven stanzas, the sequence of rimes being the same in each stanza, but not the rimes themselves), BCBC (envoi). The rime-system in iv.-xvii. is one of which Arnaut was the originator. Its peculiar feature is that a certain number of lines in each stanza do not rime within the stanza, but find their rimes in the corresponding lines of the succeeding stanzas. This system is gradually developed in iv.-ix., until in x.-xvii. the rime within the stanza disappears altogether. In each poem of this series (iv.-xvii.) the individual rimes are repeated in the same sequence throughout the poem. iv. ABCDEF²E (six stanzas with same rimes and same sequence), EF²E (envoi). v. ABABCDE (six stanzas), CDE (envoi). vi. AB³ACDE (five stanzas). vii. ABCDEF²G²H² (six stanzas), G²H² (envoi). viii. ABCDE²FGH (six stanzas), FGH (envoi). ix. ABCDEFGHB²KCLMNOO (six stanzas), KCLMNOO (envoi). Of x.-xvii. it will suffice to give one model, e.g., x. ABCDEFG, ABCDEFG (and so for six stanzas), EFG (envoi). xviii. The remaining poem is the *sestina*, in which the rime-system is the same as in x.-xvii., while the sequence is varied according to a fixed law, the key to which is the repetition of the last rime of each stanza at the end of the first line of the succeeding stanza, thus: ABCDEF, FAEBDC, CFDAEB, ECBFAD, DEACFB, BDFECA, ECA (six stanzas and envoi).

It will be observed that of all these rime-schemes the only one which at all approaches the *terza rima* in structure is iii.; and in this the chief characteristic of the former, namely, its continuity, is entirely wanting. It is evident, therefore, that the origin of the *terza rima* must be looked for elsewhere than in the poems of Arnaut Daniel.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

P.S.—I may take this opportunity of correcting another error with regard to Arnaut Daniel,

to which Dean Plumptre has given currency. He says (vol. i., p. 328, note 116): "He (Arnaut) also wrote a romance of Lancelot of the Lake, which may have been that read by Paolo and Francesca." Though this opinion was at one time held by several distinguished Dante scholars—Witte and Blanc among the number, as well as by Diez—it has recently been conclusively shown by M. Gaston Paris, in *Romania* and elsewhere, that Arnaut did not write a Lancelot romance. Nor is there any need for the hypothesis that he did so, since the version of the romance alluded to by Dante was in the *lingua oil*, old French, as I pointed out more than two years ago in the ACADEMY, as well as in a paper on the subject printed in the Fifth Annual Report (1886) of the Cambridge (U.S.A.) Dante Society. T.

THE "FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW" ON LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY.

London: March 25, 1888.

Mr. Benson's reply justifies my former letter. The personalities in which he indulges, after the immemorial habit of pleaders in a bad cause, cannot confuse the issue. My contention was, and is, that the man who publishes in a leading review what he calls a "study" of any subject, while in ignorance of the work of avowedly competent predecessors, deserves the severest censure if he repeats gross errors which have been already removed and is guilty of new errors which a reasonable knowledge of the recognised authorities must have obviated. To dispute so self-evident a proposition is to abnegate all pretensions to scholarship. This Mr. Benson does. I showed that four books of recent date fully and accurately expounded Herbert's life and work, among them being Rémusat's exhaustive volume (1874), with which I should have coupled Lechler's *Geschichte des Englischen Deismus* (1841). Neglect of these standard works accounts for all Mr. Benson's misrepresentations, among which I still reckon his singular criticisms of Herbert as "an undeniably feeble" poet and "a nearly contemporary" historian of Henry VIII. That the article was written in 1885 is an unavailing plea, since all but one of the authorities were published earlier. Mr. Benson not only admits his fatal ignorance, but has the strange hardihood to speak with contempt of books that he has never seen.

Were I to consult my own inclination, I should have now done with a writer who so effectually demolishes himself; but, after the charges he has brought against me, it is only fair to your readers that I should briefly restate my case. Of the eighteen counts in the indictment, Mr. Benson pleads guilty to four. I stand by the other fourteen. Mr. Benson's main line of defence is the reasonable one that his article was not intended to be exhaustive. My argument was that the space filled by Mr. Benson gave every opportunity of producing a recognisable portrait of Herbert, but that it was woefully misused. To omit all account of the sole work on which Herbert's pretension to his admitted fame as a philosopher depends; to leave wholly out of the reckoning, when estimating Herbert's character, the critical part he played in the civil wars—the many omissions of this calibre, to whatever causes due, could not fail to reduce Mr. Benson's "general picture of an interesting man" to the level of an empty caricature. And the evil is aggravated by the fact that Mr. Benson found room for a statement of the ludicrous claim of the Herbert family to descent from Pepin, for a pointless excursus on "the uncertain origin" of the Deists, for some inaccurate remarks on the eighteenth-century Deistical controversy, and for an irrelevant description of Col. Hutchison's character,

In two cases Mr. Benson seeks to acquit himself by accusing me of gross blunders. He has supplied no more startling examples of his habitual inaccuracy. I showed with all possible clearness that Herbert's *De Religione Gentilium* "appeared in a volume by itself in 1663." I added that another work, *Religio Laici*, was not published with it, as I understood Mr. Benson to imply; but that the *Religio Laici* formed an appendix to Herbert's logical treatise, *De Causis Errorum* (first edition, 1645). This is perfectly accurate. The *De Causis Errorum* was not mentioned at all by Mr. Benson. I am now told, amid much sarcasm, that I have identified, owing to some similarities in their titles, the *De Religione Gentilium* with the *De Causis Errorum*! The latter Mr. Benson characteristically warns me is "a different treatise altogether, published seven [it should be eighteen] years before." But all this was the very point of my own observations. A second attempt to convict me of gross blundering, disingenuousness, and I know not what, is stranger still. I took it for granted that Mr. Benson had read Herbert's autobiography with care enough to know that Herbert went to the Low Countries in 1614, and, after an extensive tour, returned home in the winter of 1616-17. But, in crediting Mr. Benson with such obvious knowledge, I assumed too much. Mr. Benson detects "a gross error" in my statement that Herbert returned home in 1617, and had subsequently his first interview with Villiers. Mr. Benson insists that between January and May, 1615, Herbert was in England, and that in the latter month, after an introduction to Villiers, he left to become English ambassador in France. Such remarks make it difficult to treat Mr. Benson seriously. He can be refuted at every turn out of Herbert's own mouth. Herbert distinctly states that, while the Savoyard envoy, Scarnafissi, was employed in London in certain diplomatic negotiations, he (Herbert) was staying with the Prince of Orange in the Low Countries; that he was then bringing his foreign tour to a close; and that he came home (for the first time since 1614) after Scarnafissi's negotiations were well advanced in the course of a very stormy winter. The date of Scarnafissi's negotiations is the essential thing, and this is fixed with absolute certainty in the autumn and winter of 1616-17 (Gardiner's *Hist.*, iii. 49-52). The period of Herbert's return is thus ascertained beyond question. Herbert proceeds to tell us that after his return he was ill for nearly a year and a half; that, before his recovery was complete, he met Villiers, who secured the French embassy for him, and that, on the very day of Queen Anne's burial (i.e., May 13, 1619), he left for Paris to assume his office. External evidence render these dates indisputable. They are amply corroborated by Herbert's original instructions (dated May 7, 1619), and by the many letters printed in the Old Herbert Papers (of the Powysland Club)—that volume where Mr. Benson found one solitary misdated letter, which he deems capable of subverting an impregnable chronological fortress. The date of the letter which Mr. Benson quotes should run May 22, 1619, not 1615. The error is quite obvious.

Mr. Benson's powers as a controversialist may be further estimated by his allegation that I disapproved of his use of the harmless word "threaten" when he wrote that Herbert "threatened" a certain treatise. This is mere trifling. Mr. Benson said that Herbert threatened a treatise on a trivial topic. I objected that Herbert threatened a treatise on quite another, and a really important theme; and that, far beyond threatening, he completed the work which is now in print: a crucial fact which Mr. Benson unwarrantably (if he was aware of it) concealed from his readers.

Mr. Benson practically admits his misrepres-

entations of Herbert's educational system. He allows that the divinity of the Schoolmen is not recommended there, but insists that "it is implied throughout." It would be quite as rational to credit Bacon's *Novum Organon* with scholastic leanings. It appears that Mr. Benson used words implying that Herbert belonged to an organised body of persons called Deists, because such is "the language of the French writer Viret." Mr. Benson had already quoted this "Viret" in his essay; but what are "Viret's" antecedents? I have discovered that a theologian, the only person of the name of any eminence, flourished in France in the sixteenth century, but he had certainly no concern with seventeenth- or eighteenth-century Deism. I am, in fact, driven to the hypothesis that "Viret" is Mr. Benson's way of quoting Alexandre Vinet, the Swiss Protestant (1797-1847)—a not unknown religious writer who wrote about Deism, but whose works have no authority whatever beside those of Lechler and Rémusat.

Mr. Benson's recklessness outdoes itself when he seeks to vindicate his remarks on Herbert's critics. I denied that Herbert was known to his contemporaries as "the patron of Deism." Mr. Benson replies that Thomas Halyburton called him so, and that Halyburton was born in Herbert's lifetime. This is (in the language of Mr. Benson's friend, Leslie) "not only a precarious but a guilty plea." Halyburton was born, according to every authority, in December, 1674—twenty-six years after Herbert's death, and his criticism of Herbert (*Natural Religion Insufficient*) was first published in 1714—another forty years later. It is this criticism which Mr. Benson thrusts before his readers as the work of Herbert's contemporary. Halyburton, moreover, calls Herbert "the first inventor of this Catholic religion [i.e., Deism]—the first who lick'd Deism and brought it to something of a form," and the like—but never, so far as I have read him, "the patron of Deism."

Mr. Benson's blunders in chronology do more than reflect on his knowledge of the simple rules of arithmetic. He is clearly ignorant of the wide interval—not merely chronological, although that is important—which separates an isolated writer like Herbert, who published his chief philosophical treatise in 1624, from the definite school of Deists who sprang up with the Revolution, who owed the main development of their doctrine to Locke's philosophy, and whose relations with Herbert lie very much below the surface. Blount is certainly a sort of connecting link, but his position is not a mere extension of Herbert's, and he was more a disciple of Hobbes than of Herbert. It is futile on Mr. Benson's part to think to fuse Herbert and the recognised school of Deists into what it pleases him to call "an organic whole." Herbert's true affinity is with the Cambridge Platonists rather than with the rationalists of any eighteenth-century school. It was not with Herbert, it was with contemporary writers of a more advanced and clearly defined type that Leslie, Hill, and Balguy wrestled. Balguy, in his *Letter to a Deist* (1726), dealt only with Shaftesbury; Leslie, in his *Short and Easy Method with the Deists*, mainly with Blount and Toland. Locke, to whom Mr. Benson fails to give adequate prominence, established Herbert's chief fame when he discussed Herbert's metaphysical theory of innate ideas in his *Human Understanding*. Leland, in his *View of the Principal Deistical Writers* (1754), went somewhat out of his way to expound and contest Herbert's purely religious views in full detail. In this respect Leland stands almost alone. When a writer, dealing with Herbert and his critics, hopelessly confounds Leslie's *Short and Easy Method* with Leland's *View*, he rouses suspicions as to his

real acquaintance not only with either book, but with the whole course of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century free-thought.

It is in the interest both of scholars and of the general public that writers in the leading reviews should recognise their responsibilities. In Herbert's case there was no need to consult "private papers" and "family records" to arrive at a fair estimate of his life and work. Printed books supply all the information. When these fail, one's errors are excusable. A resolution on a writer's part to instruct himself before he affects to instruct others would enable him, if of ordinary intelligence and literary skill, to produce within the obvious limits of a review article an adequate and accurate "study of the life and work" of so interesting a figure as Lord Herbert of Cherbury.

SIDNEY L. LEE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, April 2, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.

THURSDAY, April 5, 8 p.m. Linnean.

8 p.m. Chemical: "Researches on the Constitution of Azo and Diazo Derivatives. III., Compounds of Naphthalene β -Series," by Prof. R. Meldola and Mr. F. J. East.

FRIDAY, April 6, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers' Students' Meeting, "Coke Making," by Mr. G. E. J. McMurtrie.

8 p.m. Philological: "The MSS. and Versions of Hampole's *Pricks of Conscience*," by Dr. P. Andrewe.

8 p.m. Geologists' Association: "The Influence of Geology on Early Settlements and Roads," by Mr. F. J. Bennett; "The Discovery of *Elephas primigenius* associated with Flint Implements at Southall," by Mr. J. Allen Brown.

SCIENCE.

Irish Texts mit Uebersetzungen und Wörterbuch. Herausgegeben von W. H. Stokes und E. Windisch. Zweite Serie, 2. Heft. (Leipzig.)

THE previous part of this series was noticed some time ago in the ACADEMY, and how many more parts there are to be I know not. The more the better; but I am particularly anxious to see the dictionary that is to follow them. The following are the contents of the present volume: 1. The history of Philip and Alexander of Macedon from the Speckled Book, with a German translation and excerpts from the Book of Ballymote, by Dr. Kuno Meyer. 2. The death of the sons of Uianech from the Glenn Maeán MS., with an English translation by Dr. Whitley Stokes. 3. Four short *Táins*, or cattle-spoils, forming stories preliminary to the Táin Bó Cúailnge, with a German translation by Prof. Windisch; the titles of the four stories referred to are: Táin Bó Dartada, Táin Bó Flidais, Táin Bó Regamain, Táin Bó Regamna. Nearly one half of the book is occupied by the text edited by Dr. Meyer. His introduction is well worth reading, and the text contains some valuable old forms of Irish. Moreover, the whole treatment of the Macedonian story by the author of the Irish version is very instructive, as throwing light on the state of classical knowledge in Ireland in his time, and the way he and his race looked at the world around them. Otherwise, it is most tiresome reading; and it is rather a pity that the editor did not know in time of the Ballymote version, which would seem to have better deserved publication in full than the one here printed.

After a careful introduction and bibliography, Dr. Stokes gives a version of the

well-known story of the death of the sons of Uisnech from the Glenn Masáin MS. This is the property of the Highland Society, now deposited in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh, and it is supposed to have been written in the fifteenth century. It differs in very important points from the two versions published by Prof. Windisch in his *Irische Texte*. For instance, it gives a widely different account of the slaughter of the sons of Uisnech, and it leaves out the curious references to the mysterious music of the three brothers. Among the various writers who have handled this story in English may be mentioned Macpherson, whose treatment of it in his *Fingal* (London, 1762), pp. 155-171, is characterised by Dr. Stokes as "a bombastic fabrication, in which the author mixes together incidents belonging to the two cycles of Conchobar and Find." The whole paragraph will interest the readers of the ACADEMY, so I venture to quote the rest of Dr. Stokes's words, as follows:

"He proves his ignorance of Gaelic by the following notes: 'Nathos [macphersonese for Náisi] signifies youthful: Ailíhos [macphersonese for Ainnle] exquisite beauty: Ardan, pride.' 'Dar-thula or Dart-huile [macphersonese for Deirdre] a woman with fine eyes.' 'Seláma' . . . 'The word in the original signifies either beautiful to behold, or a place with a pleasant or a wide prospect.' 'Lona a marshy plain.' 'Slis-seamha soft bosom.' He proves his ignorance of old Gaelic manners and customs by making the sons of Uisnech (macphersonese for Uisnech) fall by the arrows shot by 'Cairbar's' bowmen. On this O'Curry is worth quoting (*Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*, ii. 272): 'It is remarkable that in none of our more ancient historical or romantic tracts, is there any allusion whatever to bows and arrows.'"

The translation of the story into English is followed by brief but very instructive notes; but with regard to one of them I would venture to suggest a somewhat different view. I refer to l. 635: *A fir thochlas an fearáin*, which Dr. Stokes renders "O man, that diggest the tomb," in harmony with another reading *thochlas*; but the only emendation I should venture to suggest would be into *thoobhas* or *thoghbas*: the rendering would then be "O man, that buiddest the tomb." Then as to *thochlas*, Dr. Stokes refers this to a root "*gal*, Welsh *palu*, to dig," and adds that "*the Latin pála 'spade' is perhaps borrowed from one of the cognate Italian dialects in which *q* becomes *p*."* Unless, however, other instances of words of this origin are to be found in Irish, I should prefer to regard *thochlas* as derived in some way or other from the same root as *claidim* "I dig." The preterite passive of this verb was *ro clas* and Windisch gives the passive participle (in the plural) as *claisi* "defossi"; there was also a noun *class* "*Graben*," which is in Welsh *clas* "an enclosure," and is similarly related to the Welsh verb *claddu*, which in the Middle Ages meant "to dig up." The root of the Celtic words was possibly *solad* or *sorad*, to which may also, perhaps, be referred one or both of the words *scratch* and the German *kratzen* of the same meaning. Practically, there is no objection to either reading, as the Irish *fert* appears to have admitted of both digging and building; for one reads of *feris* with doors and *feris* without doors to them.

The short cattle-spoils are exceedingly interesting, especially that called after Regamain, who appears here as a sort of king or chief of the Fir Bolg. This story throws light on the surnames of some of Medb's sons, who indifferently bore the name *Maini* or *Maine*, which I have attempted in my Hibbert Lectures, just published, to connect with that of *Menyw*, son of Teirgwædd, Arthur's man of magic and illusion. It also mentions three daughters of Regamain, called *Dunanna* or *Donanda*, genitive *Dunann* or *Donand*, which give us the plural of the name of the dark divinity, from whom the Irish gods were known as the *Tuatha Dé Danann* or the tribes of the goddess Danu. I have for some time believed *Danu*, genitive *Danann*, to be the same name as that of the Welsh goddess *Dôn*; the form *Donann* or *Donand* was already known in Irish; but I further wanted one with *u*, which the text from the Yellow Book of Lecan, now published by Prof. Windisch, supplies. Elsewhere we read of Danu having one sister; but here we have three in all bearing that name. *Danu*, *Donu*, or *Dunu* is to be referred to the same origin as the dialectal English word, to *dwine*, "to fall into a swoon," Anglo-Saxon *dwīnan* "tabesce"; and it probably meant death—a supposition which is supported by Irish mythology, making Danu mother of the *tri déa dána*, or the three gods of Fate, whom Lug, the sun-god, slays, though *dána*, the genitive of *dán*, "gift, profession, also destiny," Welsh *daun*, "gift, talent," Latin *donum*, is not etymologically connected with the name *Danu*, *Donu*, or *Dunu*. For the stem implied by these last appears to have been *duen* or *dwan*, which has also yielded the Celtic languages their word for man, homo, *ánθρωπος*: these are Welsh *dyn*, Irish *duine*, plural *dóini*, with which one should compare in point of phonology the Irish *cois*, "quinque."

I only hope that other students of Irish may find the texts and notes now before me as interesting as I have. JOHN RHYS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

DR. GLAISHER will deliver an address in commemoration of the bicentenary of the publication of Newton's *Principia* in the antechapel of Trinity College, Cambridge, on Thursday, April 19, at 4.30 p.m.

MR. E. T. NEWTON, of the Geological Survey, has recently described a remarkable skull of a pterodactyle, or so-called "flying reptile," from the alum-shales in the Lias of Lofthouse, near Whitby. The specimen was obtained by the Rev. W. D. Purdon, of Wolverhampton, after whom it has been named. Skulls of pterodactyles are extremely rare, and the present specimen displays parts which were previously unknown. The skull has a close affinity to that of a typical lizard, its resemblance to the bird's skull being only superficial. But while the cranial characters are decidedly lacertilian, the brain, as shown by the cast which Mr. Newton has ingeniously taken, exhibits considerable divergence from the reptilian type, and presents characters approximating to those of birds, such especially as the American fossil *Hesperornis*. Yet it seems impossible to regard the pterodactyle as representing an intermediate link between reptiles and birds. The author concludes that the Pterosauria, or group to which the pterodactyle belongs, may be viewed as highly specialised reptiles, with modifications

in the direction of birds; and he holds that birds, pterosaurians, and lizards were probably all derived from a common ancestor possessing the general characters of all the three groups, yet with none of their specialisations.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, March 19.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. G. F. Stout read a paper on "The Scope and Method of Psychology." As sources of psychological data he enumerated and discussed (1) the products of mental process in their relatively incomplete phases of evolution, and (2) the study of mental process itself, by means of introspection and retrospection in oneself, and by observing the outward signs of it in others. The various psychological hypotheses were grouped by him under three heads: (1) The treatment of class concepts of mental phenomena as if they were real forces producing these phenomena; (2) the application of the theories of physiologists to the explanation of conscious processes; and (3) the assumption of unconscious or subconsciously factors, which operate according to the same laws as definitely discriminated presentation. Of these three modes of procedure he considered the third the most useful for psychological purposes.—The paper was followed by a discussion.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Wednesday, March 21.)

DR. W. KNIGHTON, V.P., in the chair.—A paper was submitted from the pen of Dr. Leitner, upon "The Legends, Stories, and Songs of a Fairyland in Central Asia." Owing, however, to the absence of Dr. Leitner, through sudden indisposition, and to the technical character of a considerable portion of the paper—dealing, as it did, with the origin and intricacies of a language almost unknown, except to a small knot of travellers or students—it is impossible to do more than give a few of the leading points. The principal aim of the author appeared to be to show that Hunza, the chief district referred to, was probably the birthplace of the Huns; and that their language, though possibly a peculiar development in the Turanian group, might still have unsuspected relationships with an Aryan prototype.—After some remarks from the chairman, a discussion ensued, in which Mr. J. W. Bone, Dr. Phené, the Rev. R. Gwynne, and Mr. E. Gilbert Highton, the secretary, took part.

BROWNING SOCIETY.—(Friday, March 23.)

DR. RICHARD GARNETT in the chair.—Dr. Furnivall read a paper by Mr. Kineton Parkes, on "Ferihtah's Fancies," which gave an account of the book, its prologue, twelve fancies, and epilogue. The poems in blank verse are sceptical; the lyrics reassuring; both together bring out the truths of faith, love, the value of humanity, God's purposes in pain, &c. The whole is a philosophical work, scientific in the sense of ethics. Its great question is, Why should things be? Its note is optimism; the answers to the question indicate a happy view of life. Many of its passages have the impress of the great master.—The chairman thanked Mr. Kineton Parkes in the name of the society for his sound and sensible analysis of "Ferihtah's Fancies." He (Dr. Garnett) wished to call the attention of members to the influence of Eastern poetry on our literature. Our contact with it is frequent. All read and enjoy the Arabian Nights; and yet, except in the case of Moore and Southey, the phase of Eastern life which we find in that book has but little entered into our literature. The wisdom, aphorisms, and parables of the East have influenced us more. Oddly enough, younger poets have been attracted by Oriental wisdom, while older ones have turned to Oriental gorgeousness. It was in his old age that Goethe wrote his *Eastern Divan*. Browning, however, had turned to the wisdom in his old age; and it is to be regretted that he did not take to it earlier, as *Ferihtah's Fancies* might then have been better marked by the characteristics of true aphoristic writing, which should be clear, pointed, direct, as was Leigh Hunt's "Abou Ben Adhem." Dr. Furnivall regretted that the paper spent so

much time in sketching the poem. He felt that there could never be so much interest for men and women in Browning's later didactic works, as there was in the earlier poems which dealt with men and women. As for the doctrine in *Perishah's Fancies* which holds that love cannot exist without pain, the distress of others, he believed that to be false philosophy.—Miss Whitehead believed pain to be needed on earth because of its curative effect, in heaven the necessity for it will be done away with. The curled dandies of Bond-street became heroes under the hardships of the Crimea. Some of us are always asking why pain is permitted, especially when it is seen in children and animals, and Mr. Browning's optimism gives us again and again the answer.—Mr. Revell admitted that if the society was rather overdosed with theology, it is because it is the supreme interest in life, and this justifies Browning in insisting upon theological subjects. He considered that many of the earlier poems showed Browning's interest in oriental life, and instanced such poems as "Rabbi Ben Ezra," "A Death in the Desert," "Saul," and others.—Dr. Berdoe considered the paper as too much occupied with a description of the poem. On the whole, *Perishah's Fancies* is a fairly easy poem for Browning. The discussion of why things are is very interesting to analytical minds. We grow more Eastern as we grow older; approximate gradually to the dervish style of thinking. He believed in the profitable uses of pain. Were it removed, we should be a set of brutes; as it is, those who feel it least inflict it oftenest. Mr. Gonner did not think Browning had grasped the question of pain and its purposes. John Stuart Mill asked—Why should pain be needed to evoke good? The question has to be solved rigidly, not evaded. Browning flings a veil of words over his answer; and all that is clear is just—things are right because they are. Mr. Kington Parkes had treated Browning as if he were a poetical Herbert Spencer. He (Mr. Gonner) objected to this continual treatment of literary subjects from a moral point of view. Browning is too rarely discussed as a literary artist.—Mr. Slater considered some criticism of the literary character of *Perishah's Fancies* desirable. He felt, however, very careful about accusing Browning of being wanting in meaning, as he could not but remember that the fault might lie in his own slowness of apprehension. He believed in the useful functions of pain. One of these was its education of the young. The child who burnt his fingers needed no further telling not to put his hand in the flame.—Mr. Kingsland asked why, if *Perishah's Fancies* contains so little of value to us, it reached a third edition in so short a time? Browning speaks in it as a theologian, as a man who believes in a personal God, and believes that we may have relations with Him.

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The Church Bells of Kent. By J. C. L. Stahlschmidt. (Elliot Stock.)

CAMPAOLOGISTS will soon come to consider themselves ill-used if a year passes without the publication of a volume upon their subject by Mr. Stahlschmidt. The *Surrey Bells and London Bell-founders* (1884) was succeeded last year by *The Church Bells of Hertfordshire*, and now our indefatigable author has turned his attention with like excellent result to the county of Kent.

The last volume is built up on the same lines as the other two, and consists of three parts: the first an account of the bells and their founders in order of date, the second on the local uses of bells, and the third a cata-

logue of the bells arranged under the names of the parishes and churches in which they hang. Surrey contains 1,030 church bells, Hertfordshire 712, Kent about 1,952. The chief antiquarian interest of course attaches to the most ancient bells. Of pre-Reformation bells Surrey contains 22, Hertfordshire 31, Kent 98. The corresponding numbers of Elizabethan bells are, for the three counties, 13, 21, and 38. The greater amount of material to be dealt with in the present volume is therefore apparent. Mr. Stahlschmidt informs us that counties farther away from London are, as might be expected, much richer in "ancients" (i.e., bells cast before 1600) than the home counties. This, he says,

"may be attributed to two causes: firstly, the excessive energy of the local founders of the seventeenth century; and, secondly, to the mania for peals for change-ringing which obtained during the early part of the eighteenth century."

These two causes have, without doubt, sent many a ring of three or four heavy "ancients" literally to pot, to provide a light set of six or eight bells for the local ringers. The oldest bells are usually marked by a very long waist, and a simple inscription with the letters widely spaced out so as to occupy the whole length of the inscription band. Inscriptions in Lombardic letters, if with stops between the words, are earlier than 1400. Black letter began to be used about 1390. Lombardic letters without stops were used again in the second quarter of the sixteenth century. Certain alphabets, however, were in use for centuries, and may be traced from hand to hand. Foundry stamps are rare with Lombardic bells, and only came into general use about the beginning of the fifteenth century. The two earliest bells in Kent are a quaint pair at Iwade, made probably early in the thirteenth century. They are abnormally long-waisted, with cylindrical crowns and plain sides. Other archaic bells are at Coldred, Lullingstone, Sutton by Dover, Snargate, and Stodmarsh.

In conclusion, it may be said generally that the book contains much interesting miscellaneous information, and is well printed and illustrated. Campanologists will of course at once add it to their libraries.

W. M. CONWAY.

MR. HAYNES WILLIAMS'S FRENCH INTERIORS.

THE Castle of Fontainebleau—rich in its exhibition of all styles of decorative art, from the time of the Renaissance to the time of Napoleon—has given to Mr. Haynes Williams enough material for a couple of years' work; and it is quite remarkable with what variety and success he has treated very dissimilar themes offering themselves to the painter, the one within a stone's throw of the other. Mr. Haynes Williams, in the series of pictures now at the Goupil Gallery, has avoided any attempt to deal with great events. Once, indeed, it is a personage no less illustrious than Napoleon himself who sits by the fire in an apartment the artist has portrayed; but, generally, it is some one more engaging, if less famous—some slim maid of honour, it may be, some brisk or gracious court lady—who brings into the splendid chambers the interest of human association, and reminds us that Mr. Williams can

paint not only marbles and rock crystal, tapestries and *or moulu*, candelabra and cabinet, but likewise the folds of a gown and the light on shining hair. To the part that humanity plays in the places he has depicted it was wise of the artist to set bounds. We did not want to study Fontainebleau—its charm and splendour—as a mere background. The true chronicler of the place could only be a painter alive to the sufficiently absorbing beauties of stately gallery or exquisite boudoir—recognising, no doubt, the interest that lay in that making of history which these rooms had witnessed; but recognising, too, that spots so endowed by art had a life of their own deserving of record—a life due only to engaging combinations of line and texture, and to illumination and to admirable hues. We have nothing whatever to say against the presence in this picture of a grave janitor, in that of a couple of romps, in that of a studious lady. But Mr. Haynes Williams's canvasses commend themselves more specially as possessions by reason of the courage with which he has attacked and overcome the difficulties which the record of Fontainebleau itself was bound to present. The artist has painted interior after interior with singular freedom and certainty. Now, as in the "Galerie Francois Premier" (No. 6), it is an immense and striking perspective; now, as in the so-called "Salle du Conseil" (No. 8), it is a room for intimate meetings, decked only with dainty furniture, and its rose and blue panels the work of Van Loo and Boucher; now it is a bedroom in which the great square bed, very low and richly covered, stands in a great space of floor, the walls all hung with the finest stuffs on which light can pass or shadows gather. It is impossible, of course, to speak in detail of the thirty-three pictures the painter exhibits any more than of the associations which they recall. But, besides those works which we have signalled already, there must be seen particularly the "Salle des Gardes" (No. 13), with its wonderful Henri Quatre chimney-piece; and the "Salle d'Attente" (No. 32), in which the artist has dealt with extraordinary technical skill with the pictorial difficulties of gold ornamentation. It is an admirable harmony in gold and grey. "Gone!" again (No. 16), is an almost exceptionally delicate study: a graceful person in a pale pink Empire dress sits on a long, peach-coloured sofa. The show is altogether so good that it will enhance and extend Mr. Haynes Williams's reputation as an artistic draughtsman of architecture and as a rich and subtle colourist.

F. W.

OBITUARY.

W. THOMPSON WATKIN.

MANY readers of the ACADEMY will share our regret at hearing of the death of Mr. W. Thompson Watkin, for it was in these columns that he was pleased to give to the public information of new discoveries of Roman antiquities in England, which rarely failed to reach him first. Archaeological societies will also miss the more ample reports that he used to make from time to time on the same subject.

Beginning as a self-taught local antiquary, Mr. Watkin raised himself, by force of undivided enthusiasm and conscientious accuracy, to take rank among trained scholars, and to become the trusted English correspondent of Prof. Hübnér. His two great works—*Roman Lancashire* (1883) and *Roman Cheshire* (1886)—will long keep his memory in honour as the most solid contributions made by an Englishman to the history of the Roman period in this island. And it should never be forgotten that these handsome volumes, with their numerous illustrations, maps, and plans, were produced by him at his own risk. We hope that he has

left materials, in a form sufficiently advanced to be seen through the press by a literary executor, upon some of the neighbouring counties of England and Wales, to which he is known to have devoted much time and labour. But however that may be, the loss which the scientific study of Roman Britain has suffered by his premature death can never be made up.

Mr. Watkin was, we believe, engaged in business in Liverpool. He died there, at his residence, 242, West Derby Road, on Friday, March 23, in the fifty-second year of his age.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

Mrs. TIRARD—who has just returned from Egypt, where she has had the opportunity of seeing the excavations in active progress—will give two courses of lectures to ladies on "Ancient Egypt," at the British Museum, beginning on April 13. Half the proceeds will, as usual, be given to the Egypt Exploration Fund, of which Mrs. Tirard is a local Hon. Secretary. A syllabus, &c., may be obtained, by letter only, from Miss C. Goldsmid, 3, Observatory Avenue, Kensington, W.

THE following have been elected members of the Royal Society of British Artists: Messrs. H. S. Tuke, S. Llewellyn, J. J. Shannon, H. M. Paget, J. Bromley, H. B. Hollingdale, V. P. Yglesias, L. Cowen, J. Smart, A. W. Strutt, and T. B. Kennington.

YET another Japanese exhibition was opened last week—at the Japanese Fine Art Association, in New Bond Street. It consists of some sixty paintings, including a few of the very earliest time; a small collection of "makimono" picture rolls; a few drawings by Hokusai and others, and artistic chromo-xylographs.

THE March number of the *Journal* of the Society for Preserving the Memorials of the Dead (Norwich: Cubitt) completes vol. i., and supplies a title-page and full index. It also gives five lithographed plates of sixteenth-century tombs. Among the contents are the presidential address delivered last year by the bishop-suffragan of Nottingham; a popular paper on "English Monuments—Mediæval, Jacobean, and Georgian," by Mr. J. Lewis André; and another on "Chronogrammatic Epitaphs in England," by Mr. James Hilton. There are also a number of minor papers and valuable notes. The secretary of this modest but useful society is Mr. William Vincent, Bellevue Rise, Norwich.

THE STAGE.

"SWEET LAVENDER."

PEOPLE who see little merit in Mr. Pinero's comedy as it is played to-night, and will be played for many nights at Terry's Theatre, are, for the nonce at least, hopelessly out of sympathy with the best and most natural taste of the playgoer. "Sweet Lavender" is not a faultless piece by any means. Its construction leaves something to desire. The interest, which in the first act is aroused in, and in a measure concentrated on, the love affair of Clem and of Lavender Rolt—the little human flower in the garden of the Temple—gets transferred, in the second act, to the love affair of Minnie Gilfillian and of Horace Bream—a delightful young lady and an admirable American—and, in the third act, the stage waits almost—certainly the public waits—while interest fails to be aroused, though it tries to be, in the long past intimacy

of Lavender's mother with Mr. Wedderburn, the banker. From the literary point of view—judged, that is, as one judges construction in pure literature—that is, of course, a grave mistake; but in a drama much may be forgiven to a device which provides opportunity for the display of some fresh excellence in acting; and when the tale, which has been begun so skilfully by Mr. Bernard Gould and Miss Rose Norreys, is taken up by Mr. Kerr and Miss Maude Millett, and, later, by Mr. Brandon Thomas and Miss Addison, one feels at all events that it is capable performers who are getting their chance. All this time, too, the character of Dick Phenyl—the shiftless, bibulous, kindly barrister, who has long ceased to expect a brief—is being developed. Mr. Edward Terry is embodying one of the wittiest and most thorough of Mr. Pinero's creations with the charm and quaintness which are the actor's own.

This, then, seems a case in which it is absurd to dwell too hardly on the fault of construction, which is nevertheless apparent. Mr. Pinero, even in his mistakes, shows the instinct of the theatre—reminds us that a long and practical connexion with the boards preceded his connexion with literature. But his new comedy abounds in proofs of how little he is to be classed with the merely practical playwright without literary talent—the gentleman who adapts himself to the scene-painter and scene-shifter, and caters for either stalls or gallery with an adroit imitation of what has been successful before. That is not Mr. Pinero's function. There is a remarkable play of humour and fancy about his dialogue. His characters are unconventional. They are studies from the life, just happily exalted—with "the ideal light," as Wendell Holmes says; that is, they are things of art. It is objected to some of them, however, in some quarters, that they are farcical. Dick Phenyl and the artist who interprets him are "exaggerated." What a *terre à terre* comment! Is any comedy—whether literary or of the stage—mere reproduction of the actual: mere photography? In the proper heightening of the thing the art of the theatre alone exists and appears. Its very spirit is misunderstood by—and must for ever elude—the faultfinder who wants in art only fact. The very business of art, and its one condition, is to depart from fact happily.

The whole of the action of "Sweet Lavender" passes in the rooms of the gentleman of whom it has been truly said that he is only "on the fringe of the story"—in the rooms of Dick Phenyl. That this is so, and that it appears natural, not at all forced, that it should be so, speaks volumes for the dexterity with which Mr. Pinero manipulates his material. It proves, too, how entirely superfluous is the attraction of scenery in a comedy in which the real attraction is the briskness of incident and the vivacity of character and dialogue. Would that one or two of our managers, eager to-day to clog literature with spectacle, anxious, as it seems, to be the rivals only of Mr. Augustus Harris, the magician of pantomime, would learn a lesson from what I am convinced will be the steady triumph of this piece!

The acting of the play does justice to the play's good qualities—displays its brightness,

throws into high relief its genial humanity. Rarely has a cast been better chosen. Not one part is badly played; and to Mr. Pinero's credit it must be added that only two parts can be throughout ungrateful. These are the parts of Minnie Gilfillian's aunt, and of Mr. Wedderburn the banker; yet these are dealt with not unskilfully by Miss Victor and Mr. Brandon Thomas. A smaller part than theirs—that of a cockney barber who is accustomed to call at the chambers "to go once over Mr. Hale's chin"—is, notwithstanding its sketchiness, a much better one; and Mr. Valentine does not fail to make the most of its capacity.

But I should have begun with the more important. Mr. Terry's Dick Phenyl—for all its presentation of laxity and weakness, for all that it shows us of *débrillé* and undone—has the charm of the actor's personality and the interest of a variety of method, which, after allowing for certain perfectly obvious mannerisms, is still very great. Mr. Terry has for years been wont to be amusing and welcome, but in no other part has he been quite so fertile in resource. His impersonation is singularly true: almost constantly funny, yet not wanting at the right moment in the happy suggestion of pathos. Though he is but on the fringe of the story, it is his opportunities that are the greatest and the most continuous, and he neglects none of them. Next to Mr. Terry's, I should say that the best part is Miss Maude Millett's, for in Minnie Gilfillian the author has conceived and the actress has interpreted that which is rare in English and unknown in French dramatic writing—an *ingénue* who has got some character. It is a question, indeed, whether Miss Maude Millett can go beyond what she is now playing—whether depth and range can belong to her. Personally I am uncivil enough to doubt if passion and dramatic intensity will come within the horizon of her art; but she plays with steady care and delicacy as well as with freshness, and enters certainly into, and exhibits with charm, every mood of the young heroine of gentle life. Miss Norreys's part—that of "Sweet Lavender" herself—begins very promisingly and then collapses. Hence she is at a distinct disadvantage with a public who know what she can do in comedy, but are not yet quite ready to receive her in parts of pathos. After the first act, in which nothing can be better—nothing, one may even say, more poetic—than her appearance and her bearing, Miss Norreys has scarcely an opportunity. Of the juvenile heroes, both are treated more fortunately. Mr. Bernard Gould as Clem is manly and affectionate: a loyal friend and a sufficiently tender lover. Mr. Kerr, as the American admirer of Minnie—pursuing her with cool pertinacity, under the firm and justified conviction that she is "worthy of our side," and may profitably grace New York—is as brisk and vigorous as he is effective and, at bottom, sympathetic. America may thank the actor—and may thank Mr. Pinero too—for the faultless moderation, the artistic veracity, of this sketch. Mr. Alfred Bishop's character-study of the good physician is very genial and pleasant. He makes up like the late Mr. Thackeray, and speaks genially, with the accent of Ireland.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

M. PETER TSCHAIKOWSKY, a Russian composer, who enjoys considerable fame in his own country, conducted two of his works at the second Philharmonic Concert last Thursday week. M. Tchaikowsky has written operas, symphonies, overtures, concertos, pianoforte pieces, and songs. His Pianoforte Concerto in B flat minor, performed by M. E. Dannreuther, at the Crystal Palace in 1876, and the "Romeo and Juliet" overture given there in the same year, attracted a considerable amount of attention; but, with the exception of a few minor pieces, M. Tchaikowsky's music is still unfamiliar in England. The production of two works, therefore, under the composer's direction, seemed an excellent opportunity for making further acquaintance with him. But his selections were both open to this objection—that they did not show him at his best. Granted that the first and last movements of the Serenade for stringed orchestra displayed ingenuity; that they were piquant in rhythm and bright in colour: still a commonplace Valse, and a tame Elegy (second and third movements) gave an unsatisfactory tone to the work. And, then again, why should a composer who has written at least four symphonies bring forward a Serenade? The title itself indicates a work of a light character, not one in which the writer is supposed to display his full strength. If we refuse to accept the Serenade as a strong specimen, still more is that the case with a second piece, "Tema con Variazione," from the third orchestral Suite: only a part of a whole, and, let us hope, not the best part. Of course, M. Tchaikowsky has counterpoint at his fingers' ends, and many of his effects are pleasing; but we failed to notice any marked originality. The closing variation showed what the composer could accomplish in the way of noise rather than music. M. Tchaikowsky is an excellent conductor, and met with a hearty reception. Herr Ondricek played Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto and an Ernst Fantasia, and was highly successful in both. Miss E. Rees was the vocalist. The programme commenced with a delightful symphony in G of Haydn's—an early work only lately published; and concluded with a Svendsen Rhapsody.

THE Popular Concerts have come to a close, and the two last (Saturday and Monday) proved the most brilliant of the season. At the former, the programme commenced with Schumann's characteristic Quartet in A (Op. 41, No. 3), led by Herr Joachim. Schumann's Romance in B major (Op. 28), two Lieder of Mendelssohn (Bk. 7, No. 1; Bk. 6, No. 4), and the Frühlingslied as encore, were Mdme. Schumann's contributions to the afternoon's enjoyment. Her tender tone and crisp touch gave to these trifles an inexpressible charm. The programme concluded with Beethoven's Trio in E flat (Op. 70, No. 2) by Mdme. Schumann, and Messrs. Joachim and Piatti. What more could one wish for? A great work, interpreted by three artists whom it would be difficult to match, impossible to surpass. On Monday evening Mdme. Schumann played Schumann's "Carneval," and for the first time for many years, the whole of it. One would like to have read the lady's thoughts while she was interpreting the wonderful tone-pictures which spoke to her of days long by; which recalled memories of home, memories of the illustrious dead, and of the struggles of Robert Schumann against the Philistines of fifty years ago. The performance was listened to with breathless attention, and Mdme. Schumann added one more to her series of triumphs. There is but one wish, which is that she will feel strong enough to pay us another visit next season. The

programme included Brahms' Sextet in B flat (Op. 18); a Bach Concerto for two violins interpreted by Mdme. Norman Néruda and Herr Joachim, and accompanied by Miss Fanny Davies; and three of the Brahms' Hungarian Dances rendered by Herr Joachim and Mdme. Janotha. Miss L. Lehmann was the vocalist. We omitted to state above that on Saturday Miss F. Davies also played three dances from the same set with Herr Joachim. Thus the names of the three lady pianists who have been so prominent during the season—Mdme. Schumann and her two pupils—were fittingly brought together in the programme of the closing concert. The same may be said of Mdme. Néruda and Herr Joachim.

The young ladies of Mrs. Trickett's Academy of Music gave a concert at Steinway Hall last Thursday week, a special feature of which was the good choral singing under the direction of Mr. H. F. Frost. The Academy appears to be prospering, for three scholarships are announced for competition at Whitsuntide next.

Miss E. Shinner gave a concert, by permission of the Hon. J. Balfour, at his residence on Friday, March 23. The Shinner Quartet played Schubert's A minor Quartet. Miss Shinner gave in her best manner Beethoven's Romance in G. Mdme. Janotha played Schumann's Carneval: some of the numbers exceedingly well, others with too much vigour. The concert concluded with Brahms' F minor Pianoforte Quintet. The room was crowded.

Otto Hegner gave a second recital at Prince's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. Bach's English Suite in G minor was a severe ordeal, through which he passed successfully. Some of his Chopin playing was exceedingly good, but what pleased us most was his refined and vivid reading of Mozart's variations in G on a Gluck theme. The programme concluded with Tausig's monstrous travesty of Weber's "Invitation." It is a pity the boy should be taught such a piece. The hall was crowded, and the enthusiasm great. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

OBITUARY.

It is with deep regret that we record the death of Mr. Walter Bache. He passed away last Monday, after only a few days' illness. He was the fourth son of the Rev. Samuel Bache, and was born in 1842. After studying with Mr. J. Stimpson, organist of Birmingham Town Hall, he went to Leipzig, and afterwards became a pupil of the late Abbé Liszt. He settled in London in 1865 as a teacher. His annual concerts have often been commented on in these columns; and, while we were never able fully to sympathise with the mission to which Mr. Bache devoted his life—viz., that of pressing on the public the works of Liszt, his master and friend, we were always ready to acknowledge his earnestness and to admire his patience. Liszt has some adherents amongst us, and among these Mr. Bache stood foremost. As a man he was generous and kind-hearted and obliging, and his loss will be mourned by all who knew him. We speak from personal experience; for we can recall many a kind action shown to ourselves—a good return indeed for the many hard words we have felt it our duty to write about some of Liszt's works on which he set high value.

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LITERATURE.

The City of Dream: an Epic Poem. By Robert Buchanan. (Chatto & Windus.)

THERE is no sounder critical canon than that which rules that any sustained literary production must be judged from the author's standpoint, despite the prevailing tendency to arraign every work at the bar of a strictly orthodox criticism, to be condemned or to be honourably discharged in strict accordance with the merit or demerit of its appeal to a rigid tribunal. More especially should this canon guide the reviewer when he has to deal with a poem of epical proportions, occupied with so abstruse a subject as the evolution of a typical human soul through all the phases of spiritual faith, belief, negation, and unformulated expectancy. Such an epic or epoch-poem it is that Mr. Robert Buchanan has written; and lest any should misapprehend his poetical principles, he has prefixed an "argument" and appended a prose note to "*The City of Dream*."

This poem in fourteen books is scarcely an epic as commonly understood, though the author has not hesitated to apply the term to "a poetical work which embodies, in a series of grandiose pictures, the intellectual spirit of the age in which it is written." It is Mr. Buchanan's aim to make "*The City of Dream*" an epic of modern Revolt and Reconciliation, as the Homeric epics are the epoch-poems of the heroic or pagan period, as the *De Rerum Natura* is the epic of Roman scepticism and decadence, as the "*Divine Comedy*" is the epic of Roman Catholicism, the "*Jerusalem Delivered*" of mediæval chivalry, and "*Paradise Lost*" of the so-called Protestant epoch. It is a daring enterprise to write an epic nowadays; for so urgent and multiform are the poetic strains from all sides that we are apt to be repelled by magnitude, just as the ordinary newspaper reader now prefers his political or social news paragraphically rather than in "leader" or essay form. There is no poetical failure so absolute as that of the early-defunct "epic" in a dozen or more books; nor is there any literary limbo so dire as that wherein obliviously abide "*The Pleasures of the Imagination*," "*The Course of Time*," and all their dreary kin. Yet when an epic is animated by an epical motive and by dignity and beauty of matter and manner it is its own justification. It then justly ranks as the royalist of poetic vehicles. That "*The City of Dream*" belongs to the scanty company of justifiable epics I am well inclined to believe; but in what degree, and with what chances of general acceptance, it were not easy to surmise. As an allegorical record of the heartburnings, doubts, and experiences of a human soul in its progress through all the possible phases of belief and unfaith, from the blind acceptance

of an orthodox creed to atheism, thence again to a baffled and half indifferent agnosticism, and finally to a "large" but vague hope—as such a record it must seem to many neither typical nor logically sequent. There are few who, once in the shepherdly of Evangelist, journey thence to the city of Christopolis; fewer still who, having sought and found refuge in that modern Babylon, pass again into its gloomier half (Presbyterianism, and kindred "isms"), and thereafter traverse the wastes of revolt, dally in the "Groves of Faun" and drink the Waters of Oblivion in the Vales of Vain Delight, go shudderingly through the Valley of Dead Gods, rest for awhile in Nature, climb the hills of mysticism wherefrom may be seen the "Spectre of the Inconceivable," enter and dwell in the City builded without God (Humanitarianism), seek death in Chaos and find it not, and finally gain the margin of the Celestial Ocean. On the other hand, the author might reasonably expect that none of his more thoughtful readers would take this chronicle to be the story of a single soul. As an abstract record of the spiritual vicissitudes of the unrestful, enquiring human soul it has genuine interest; but probably there will be some, at any rate, among Mr. Buchanan's admirers (among whom the present writer includes himself) who will agree with me in finding that, unlike most epics, "*The City of Dream*" cannot be satisfactorily read in parts. Its impressiveness is the result of ordered narrative and of culminating interest. Save, perhaps, in the two sections, entitled "*The Groves of Faun*" and "*The Amphitheatre*," the "Books" would greatly lose in effect if read out of order, or if but one or two were indiscriminately selected for perusal. The gain or loss here, however, is rather a matter of opinion than for dogmatic assertion. The prototype of "*The City of Dream*" is *The Pilgrim's Progress*, but there is one striking distinction. In Bunyan's poetic allegory everything is clearly defined: the contrasts are sharp, and there are no gradations, no illusions of mental mirage, and the conclusion is absolutely definite and decisive. In Mr. Buchanan's epic not only are the personifications occasionally very vague (as in the instances of "*Masterful*," "*Nightshade*," &c.), but the conclusion can leave little definite impression on anyone's mind save the somewhat illogical one that since God is indiscoverable in earth or heaven, in any human or natural temple, in the mysteries of nature or in the heart of man, he is probably to be found on the further shore of the Celestial Ocean of Death. One may cling to this hope, and even may, with Mr. Buchanan, find solace and certainty on the brink of this Celestial Ocean, and yet scarcely be consistently able to propound his vague hope as a serene and assured faith. I have been duly impressed by the frequent beauty of the story of the pilgrim Ishmael's God-quest—as every reader must be who has experienced in any degree and in whatever sequence the like spiritual phases—yet I cannot but feel that in the fine closing lines there is a mere playing with the wind so far as the apprehension of any definite conception is concerned:

"But those who sleep shall waken and behold,
Yonder across those wastes whereon they sail,
God and the radiant City of my Dream."

"And as I spake the ether at my feet
Broke, rippling amethystine. Far away
The mighty nebulous Ocean, where the spheres
Pass'd and re-pass'd like golden argosies,
Grew phosphorescent to its furthest depths:
Light answer'd light, star flash'd to star, and
space,
As far away as the remotest sun
Small as the facet of a diamond,
Sparkled; and from the ethereal Deep there rose
The breath of its own being and the stir
Of its own rapture. Then to that strange sound
Stillier than silence the pale Ship of Souls
Moved from the shore; I stood and watched it
steal
From pool to pool of light, from shade to shade,
Then melting into splendour fade away
Amid the haze of those caerulean seas."

Regarded in its literary aspect, "*The City of Dream*" seems to me a poem which, while full of fine lines and beautiful passages, is no advance upon the author's previous work. Personally, I find the "*Book of Orm*"—with all its incompleteness and faults of excessive mysticism—superior; and "*Balder the Beautiful*" has more of the white-heat glow of genuine poetry, while its purely lyrical portions are unmistakeably finer than the rhymed interludes in the blank verse of "*The City of Dream*." There seems to me also a certain want of balance, or lack of judgment, in the insertion of the retrospective book x., "*The Amphitheatre*"—an opinion which I retain in the face of Mr. Buchanan's appended note:

"The entire poem represents the thought and speculation of many years. How much has been attempted may be seen in such a section as that of '*The Amphitheatre*,' where an effort is made to adumbrate the entire spirit of Greek poetry and theology. No man can live entirely in the past; but a modern poet must at least have paused in it, and learned to love it, before he is competent to offer any interpretation, however faltering, of the problems of religion, literature, and life."

Nor does "*The Amphitheatre*" at all justify its inclusion by any supremacy of merit. It certainly is far from being the best of the fifteen books which make up the volume.

The foremost point of interest for the poetical critic is the literary expression of the work he happens to be reviewing; and, speaking generally, I feel constrained to say that Mr. Buchanan's style in this blank verse epic is disappointing. There is, moreover, very considerable need of revision, for there are too many passages which—like the prose^e note just quoted, with its three "entires" in close conjunction—betray signs of undue haste. For the form and style of the work he makes—he asserts—no apology.

"It illustrates once more the theory of poetical expression that has guided me throughout my career—the theory that the end and crown of Art is simplicity; and that words, where they only conceal thought, are the veriest weeds, to be cut remorselessly away."

In principle this is excellent, and I certainly would be the last to take objection to it; but precept and practice, like husbands and wives, occasionally fall out. In his effort to be simple Mr. Buchanan is too often bald; in his wish never to be ornate he not infrequently becomes prosaic. No ear keenly sensitive to rhythmic music could find delight in lines requiring such unexpected licence in accentuation as

"I, casting down my gaze upon the Book,
Read these things, and was little comforted."

or,
 "And whatever man is born on earth
 Is born unto the issues of that sin,
 Albeit each step he takes is predestined."

It is with pleasure, however, that I turn from these too frequent unsatisfactory lines and passages to others of genuine beauty. The whole of the "Groves of Faun" (a section that may easiest be defined as exemplifying the phase of belief in the Beautiful and the Beautiful only) is animated by poetic conception and rhythmic versification. Here are some picturesque lines descriptive of the Eros-guided pilgrim as he passes through the Vales of Vain Delight and floats adown the stream that leads to the mystical hills:

"And now I swam
 By jewell'd islands smother'd deep in flowers
 Glassily mirror'd in the golden river;
 And from the isles blue-plumaged warblers
 humm'd,
 Swinging to boughs of purple, yellow, and green,
 Their pendent nests of down; and on the banks,
 Dim-shaded by the umbrage and the flowers,
 Sat naked fauns who fluted to the swans
 On pipes of reeds, while in the purple shallows,
 Wading knee-deep, listen'd the golden cranes,
 And walking upon floating lotus-leaves
 The red jacana scream'd."

Ere long the twain come upon fallen Pan
 brooding by the margin of a river-lagoon:

"Thus gliding, suddenly we floated forth
 Upon a broad lagoon as red as blood,
 Stained with sunset; and no creature stirr'd
 Upon or round the water, but on high
 A vulture hover'd dwindled to a speck;
 And on the shallow marge one silent Shape
 Hung like a leafless tree, with hoary head
 Dejected o'er the crimson pool beneath;
 And no man would have wist that dark Shape
 lived;—
 Till suddenly into the great lagoon
 The shallow sail'd, and the white swans that
 drew it
 Were crimson'd, oaring on through crimson
 pools
 And casting purple shadows. Then behold!
 That crimson light on him who drave the bark
 Fell as the shafts of sunset round a star,
 Encircling, touching, but suffusing not
 The shining silvern marble of his limbs;
 And that dark Shape that brooded o'er the
 stream
 Stirr'd, lifting up a face miraculous
 As of some lonely godhead! Cold as stone,
 Formlessly fair as some upheaven rock
 Behung with weary weeds and mosses dark,
 That face was; and the flashing of that face
 Was as the breaking of a sad sea-wave,
 Desolate, silent, on some lonely shore!"

I would like to quote several of the more grandiose passages, particularly that where Ishmael finds his townsman Faith laying stark in death in the desolate Valley of Dead Gods; but this being now impracticable I will confine myself to one brief extract from book viii. ("The Outcast, Esau"):

"Beneath us lay
 A mighty Valley, darken'd everywhere
 With woods primeval, whose umbrageous tops,
 Roll'd with the great wind darkly, like a sea;
 And waves of shadow travell'd softly on
 Far as the eye could see across the boughs,
 And upward came a murmur deep and sweet,
 Such as he hears who stands on ocean sands
 On some divine, dark day of emerald calm.
 And when we rode into the greenness stretch'd
 Beneath us, and along the dappled shades
 Crept slowly on a carpet mossy and dark,
 It seem'd still as if with charmed lives
 We walk'd some wondrous bottom of the deep.
 For pallid flowers and mighty purple weeds,
 Such as bestrew the Ocean, round us grew,
 Soft stirring as with motions of the ooze;
 And far above the boughs did break like waves
 To foam of flowers and sunlight, with a sound
 Solemn, afar off, faint as in a dream!"

Of the numerous "songs" scattered throughout "The City of Dream" none seems to me likely to add to Mr. Buchanan's reputation as a master of lyrical measures. There are one or two whose absence would certainly not markedly detract from the charm of the poem as a whole. For myself, I like best the double lyric, in book xii., of the pilgrim and the little herdboy, with its questioning as to the cloud-girt City of God:

"'Tis a City of God's Light
 Most imperishably bright,
 And its gates are golden all;
 And at dawn and evenfall
 They grow ruby-bright and blest
 To the east and to the west."

"Here, among the hills it lies,
 Like a lamb with lustrous eyes
 Lying at the Shepherd's feet;
 And the breath of it is sweet,
 As it rises from the sward
 To the nostrils of the Lord!"

This simple strain is vaguely suggestive of the "colossal innocence" as well as of the subtle music of one of Blake's childhood-songs.

WILLIAM SHARP.

Napoleon and his Detractors.. By His Imperial Highness Prince Napoleon. Translated and Edited, with a Biographical Sketch, by Raphael Ledos de Beaufort. (W. H. Allen.)

ENGLISH readers of the articles lately written on Napoleon I. in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* by M. Taine should, as a counterpoise, read this reply by the emperor's nephew, Prince Napoleon. Neither work must be taken too seriously. Both will attract readers, but neither can effect the estimate that will in the long run be made of the emperor's character and policy. Prince Napoleon, after attacking certain of M. Taine's assertions, assails the trustworthiness of some of his favourite authorities—the *Memoirs of Prince Metternich*, of *Bourrienne*, of *Mdme. de Rémusat*, of the *Abbé de Pradt*, of *Miot de Melito*. He complains that M. Taine quotes all kinds of authorities as equally good, that he only finds in books what he looks for, that his references are confused and his quotations incorrectly made—that, in short, he has taken a brief against Napoleon, and that there is neither impartiality nor completeness in his method of proceeding. M. Taine even quotes the unpublished memoirs of an unknown writer:

"He borrows the worst and most disgraceful calumnies, such as make the emperor appear in the light of an assassin, and his ministers in that of his accomplices, from the unpublished memoirs of M.X.—a source of information easy to verify and criticise indeed! Who is this M.X? Talleyrand or Bourmont, Fouché or Peltier, Pasquier or Sarrazin, a pamphleteer in the pay of England, a minister who betrayed his country, or a general who deserted his flag? Where are these memoirs? Who detains them? In whose possession are they? Who fabricated them? We have a right to know. M. Taine is not justified in simply referring to any name—any M.X.—that chance may suggest to him."

This is severe, but it is not unfair. M. Taine should not appeal to unknown sources. Englishmen acquainted with the libellous character of our own literature after the restoration of Charles II. will sympathise

with the Prince when he is indignant that the unsubstantiated statements of every memoir writer who sought to curry favour with the Bourbons, or, at the best, was under the influence of a strong tide of reactionary sentiment, should, without further question, be accepted as good evidence against the character of his uncle; and it is no doubt true that even such comparatively respectable personages as Metternich, Bourrienne, and *Mdme. de Rémusat* are all, so to speak, witnesses for the prosecution. With regard to the *Abbé de Pradt*, the Prince tells us that he has in his possession the copy of the *Histoire de l'Ambassade de Pologne* read by Napoleon at St. Helena, and containing his autograph notes. Where the abbé makes Napoleon talk bombastically Napoleon writes on the margin "False," "False and absurd," "Never did a prince utter such nonsense"; and it must be admitted that under the circumstances the defeated emperor deserves as much credence as the vain and upstart abbé. Prince Napoleon has more difficulty when he seeks to call in question the trustworthiness of *Miot de Melito*. He writes as follows:

"That work is not the personal contribution of M. Miot. It was published in 1858, many years after his death, by his son-in-law, M. de Fleischmann, a German general most hostile to Napoleon. . . . The mere fact that these *Mémoires* are from the pen of a German officer, avowedly an adversary of Napoleon's memory, lessens their historical value."

It appears, however, that Prince Napoleon is quite ready to accept Miot's evidence (pp. 292-3) where it agrees with his own views, although the memoirs are, as he says, "from the pen of a German officer." From internal evidence there seems no reason for casting an imputation on the honesty of Gen. de Fleischmann, who expressly asserts in his preface that the memoirs were written by Miot from his own notes, and that they have been published in an ungarbled form. Their spirit, as Prince Napoleon himself admits, is not hostile to Napoleon; and as Miot was a painstaking, conscientious administrator who was in the habit of making notes, his testimony, when he relates what he himself heard or observed, is of more value than that of persons of more brilliant abilities, like *Mdme. de Rémusat*, writing from recollection merely. Prince Napoleon, who alludes to what Miot has to say regarding the negotiation which preceded the breach of the treaty of Amiens, is apparently not aware of the recent publication by Mr. Oscar Browning of the despatches of the English ambassador, Lord Whitworth. With this volume in his hand, he may, if he likes, test the accuracy of Miot's account, which will be found correct not merely in its main outline, but in such small details as the dates of days and the names of intermediary agents, and could hardly have been written long after the events without the aid of notes.

There is no matter on which Prince Napoleon can speak with more authority than on the publication of the *Correspondance de Napoleon I.*, of which he was the chief editor. M. Taine has accused him of only publishing 30,000 out of some 80,000 documents, 20,000 being put aside as repetitions, and 30,000 for the sake of propriety or for political reasons. The Prince replies by

calling on M. Taine to give his evidence for these figures. He admits that repetitions of orders and letters containing personal allusions were in some cases omitted for the sake of the feelings of the families concerned; others because the families in whose possession they were did not care to transmit them; but he denies that any document of historical interest was purposely left out. "I declare on my honour that no document casting any light on history has been omitted." It is certain that letters even of a private character which reveal the working of Napoleon's mind must have a historical interest, on the other hand such omissions may be for the present justifiable enough; and between the Prince and his accusers in this respect time and fuller knowledge must finally decide. One letter, addressed to Louis when King of Holland, which was kept back the Prince here publishes.

"Seeing," he says, "that I have been twitted with having deprived history of documents injurious to my family, I shall publish here the only letter that, in accordance with a feeling which everybody will appreciate, I did not deem it advisable to insert in the *Correspondance*, under the reign of the son of the ex-King of Holland. That letter is magnificent. It is both grand and touching."

These adjectives will, perhaps, seem to some of the Prince's readers a little out of place, but all will doubtless agree that the letter ought to be published. It is exceedingly characteristic of the writer, and no words can show more plainly the exalted point of view from which Napoleon regarded the kingdoms that he founded round France.

Prince Napoleon treats in a contemptuous spirit the emperor's detractors, as though they were hardly deserving of an answer; but he falls very far short of vindicating his uncle's character. He denies some of M. Taine's assertions, and shows that others rest on very weak evidence. Unfortunately it is equally possible to deny his own assertions, and even to point out peculiarities in his mode of reasoning. For instance, on p. 159, we find the following argument to show that Metternich was wrong in asserting that the army held in readiness at Boulogne was intended solely to act against Austria:

"The incorrectness and puerility of that assertion are self-evident; for in 1805, the presence of the army assembled at Boulogne aroused in England unmistakable fears. The debates in the English parliament at that time bear witness to the state of bewildered excitement attained by the public mind. . . . Pitt, then prime minister, declared that 'the enemy's progress could thus be retarded only for a few days, so as to avoid, perhaps, the destruction of that capital' [London]. The emperor was then watching with special eagerness the preparation of his great undertaking; and, far from thinking of Austria at that time, he pressed on his armaments so as to make it plain that his object was really England."

This is a fair specimen of the style of the book, and of the method of argumentation pursued in it. Prince Napoleon may be in the right; but whom is such reasoning meant to convince? It seems almost puerile to remark that, under the given circumstances, neither England nor her prime minister could judge fairly of Napoleon's purposes. Probably, however, Prince Napoleon very well

knows what he is about. Napoleon I. is throughout glorified as the upholder of democracy in France, as the conqueror on whom the hand of an Austrian Princess was by her father eagerly pressed, as the ruler who sought to maintain the peace of Europe, but whose policy was defeated and overthrown by the treacherous combinations of statesmen and princes whom he had sought by all means in his power to bind to himself by bonds of gratitude. M. Taine's articles and Prince Napoleon's defence will, no doubt, be widely read, and will in each case produce their effect on the class of readers for which each is meant—a fact which brings vividly before the mind how completely all that pertains to Napoleon I. must still, on the other side of the Channel, lie outside the range of purely historical controversy.

BERTHA M. GARDINER.

Life in Corea. By W. R. Carles. (Macmillan.)

In the second chapter of his charming book, *Chosön: the Land of the Morning Calm*, Mr. Percival Lowell, speaking of the long seclusion of Korea from the rest of the world, said:

"I ask you to go with me to a land whose life for ages has been a mystery—a land which from time unknown has kept aloof, apart, so that the very possibility of such seclusion is itself a mystery, and which only yesterday opened her gates. For cycles on cycles she has been in the world, but not of it. Her people have been born, have lived, have died, oblivious to all that was passing around them. They might have been denizens of another planet for aught they knew of the history of this. And the years glided into centuries, and the centuries grew to be numbered by tens, and still the veil remained as tightly drawn as at the beginning. It was but last year Korea stepped as a *débutante* into the society of the world."

This very isolation, so long continued, so marvellous in itself, and the suddenness with which the veil was lately withdrawn, combine to give a special interest to the Far Eastern peninsula—the "Forbidden Land," "The Hermit Nation"—and to all that is being written about it.

Mr. Carles is already favourably known to the public by his interesting paper, "Recent Journeys in Korea," read before the Royal Geographical Society on January 25, 1886, in which he gave an account of parts of the country never before visited by foreigners, and which was welcomed by geographers as a solid contribution to our knowledge of a hitherto unexplored land. It would, perhaps, have been well to have retained the name, "Recent Journeys in Korea," as that of the book, which is little more than an amplification of the lecture; for, although Mr. Carles lived altogether about eighteen months in the country, the "life" of the book only comprises the two journeys he undertook, each occupying forty-three days. And in this connexion it may also be pointed out that, while in the lecture the correct and accepted form, "Korea," was used, the author in his book has unfortunately relapsed into the antiquated and obsolete "Corea."

The author's first visit to the peninsula was made, in a private capacity, towards the end of 1883, when the late Sir Harry Parkes was negotiating the treaty that was

shortly afterwards signed between Great Britain and Korea. Under the auspices of Messrs. Jardine, Matheson, & Co. he accompanied Mr. Paterson, the head of their Shanghai house, and Mr. Morrison, the well-known engineer of the ill-fated Shanghai and Wusung railway, on a trip to the capital, Söul, and the mining country between that place and Gensan. His second visit was made in the following year as H.M. vice-consul in Korea. Starting from Söul on September 27, he travelled in a north-westerly direction by the ancient and interesting city of Ph्यों-yang to the mouth of the Am-nok river (the boundary between Manchuria and Korea). Thence he followed the course of the Am-nok for 180 miles to Wi-won; thence eastwards for 120 miles to Chang-jin; and thence in a southerly course to Gensan, and so back to Söul, having traversed a distance of over one thousand miles.

Travelling in Korea is of a very rough kind, and those who undertake it must be prepared to undergo a terrible amount of discomfort. All who have made personal acquaintance with the Oriental cockroach, and who know the misery caused by even one of these beasts raging about a room at night, can judge of what the author suffered at the extreme north of his journey:

"Cockroaches swarmed in my night's lodging. I turned them out of my portmanteau by the pint. My boots and everything that would hold one cockroach at ordinary places held a dozen here. Luckily the roof was low, and when they fell from the ceiling on to my bed their bodies had gathered no great momentum; otherwise I should have been bruised all over" (p. 250).

Bad roads, deep mud, and filthy quarters for the night await the weary traveller. Besides,

"There were many obstacles, also, to riding. The grooms had to be taught everything; shoeing was impossible until a farrier was brought over from Shanghai; sore backs were constant; and there was no possibility of getting saddlery altered or repaired. Except for riding to and from Söul, ponies, therefore, were of little use" (p. 94).

The natives do not use milk, for

"cows, though only employed on light work in the fields, such as carrying manure and the like, were not used for dairy purposes, as the Koreans have not learnt the art of milking" (p. 109).

Unpleasant as moving about in Korea still is, travellers were till lately subject to even greater annoyances. For,

"close to the same site there formerly stood the stone placed by the ex-regent's orders, bearing an inscription calling upon all Koreans to put to death any foreigners who landed on their shores" (p. 34).

Travellers are now received with kindness by the inhabitants and the officials. The latter in particular evince a strong desire for information as to the outside world:

"The magistrate had paid me a long visit soon after my arrival, and waited but a short time, after I returned his call the next morning, to come again. His desire for knowledge was perfectly insatiable. Whitaker's *Almanac* by that time was at my fingers' ends, and I could answer pretty accurately any questions as to statistics regarding the armies, trade, and population of any country on the face of the

globe; but at Kang-ge I felt the want of an enlarged edition. I began at last to feel some sympathy for the many officials whom I had pestered with questions during the whole time that I had seen them, and who, for want of a Korean Whitaker, had failed to take honours in their examination" (p. 240).

The author throughout his journey was possessed with two very strong desires: one being to catch a glimpse of some of the women; the other, to shoot a tiger. Unfortunately for him both species remain very closely concealed during the daytime, and only venture out after dusk to pay their visits. At Kang-ge, however, his first wish was most unexpectedly gratified:

"A striking novelty at Kang-ge consisted in the presence of women among the magistrate's retinue. When I returned his call, I found that he had comparatively few men in attendance upon him, and none of the boys who generally swarm about a Korean *yamén*; but half-a-dozen women with unveiled faces were among his retainers. To my great astonishment he asked my opinion of their beauty, and the girls seemed as anxious for my verdict as the magistrate himself. Fortunately, it was easy to speak favourably of their looks, for they were tall, well-shapen, held themselves well, and had oval faces unpitted by small-pox. Of Korean women they certainly were the best specimens I have seen" (pp. 241-2).

His second quest was a failure; and, on pp. 185, 186, an amusing description, too long unfortunately for quotation, is given of his attempt to get a tiger. The tiger figures on the Korean flag in the same way that the dragon does on the Chinese ensign; and, although both the Chinese and the Koreans are firmly convinced that these formidable creatures are quite plentiful in their several countries, the tiger in Korea seems to be nearly as difficult to meet with as the dragon is in China. Both the author (pp. 231, 232) and Ernest Oppert, in his *A Forbidden Land* (p. 168), state distinctly that there are no wolves in Korea. Whitaker, on the contrary, states emphatically that they abound; and Mr. Carles must be left to fight the question out with his favourite almanack. Authorities differ also very considerably as to the population of the country. Mr. Carles, in his lecture, gave it at eight millions. In his book (p. 116) he estimates it at ten millions. Mr. Lowell gives it, on a Japanese estimate, as twelve millions. The Rev. John Ross, in his *History of Korea*, p. 371, reckons it at from fourteen to fifteen millions; while Ernest Oppert, in *A Forbidden Land*, p. 23, says:

"According to reliable information, collected from persons in the country well able to judge, the total number of inhabitants of the peninsula and of all the islands under Korean rule may be computed at some 15,000,000 to 16,000,000 souls, and this estimate is rather below than above the mark."

For some mysterious reason, the author refuses to allow that Korea is a peninsula; and, in the following most obscurely worded passage, he utterly scounts the idea:

"The road runs nearly due south, across what forms the narrowest neck between sea and sea. As the distance is nearly 200 miles, the claim to the title of peninsula seems hardly well-founded; but as such Corea is almost always regarded, and will probably continue to be, despite my protest" (p. 280).

This, it may be noted, is in the book; for geographers were spared this shock to their feelings in the lecture.

It is a very striking thing to find so large and populous a country almost entirely without a religion. There is a small remnant of an unreformed and ancient phase of Buddhism to be met with in country places, as also some Taoism, some ancient nature worship, and some traces of fetichism; but of religion, as we understand it, there is none, and what little there once was has been dying out for ages. Mr. Lowell in his *Chosŏn*, p. 182, says:

"There is not a single religious building in the whole of Sŏul, nor is any priest ever allowed to set foot within the city's gates; and, what is true of Sŏul, is true of every walled city of the land."

And old Hendrik Hamel, writing so long ago as 1668 from the experience of a fifteen years' residence in Korea, says:

"As for religion, the Koreans have scarce any. The common people make odd grimaces before the idols, but pay them little respect; and the great ones honour them much less, because they think themselves to be something more than an idol. The nobles much frequent the monasteries, to divert themselves either with common women which they find there, or others they carry with them . . . ; but this is to be understood of the common monasteries, where the religious men love to drink hard."

Except for its abundant and fine timber, Korea seems to offer but little prospect to foreign trade; and what the governor of Phŏng-yang said to Mr. Carles about it is doubtless true: "Corea is a very poor country. There is no money in it, and no produce. We cannot afford to buy foreign things." M. BEAZELEY.

A Calendar of the Tavistock Parish Records. By R. N. Worth. (Privately Printed.)

THE documents in the parish chest at Tavistock have been used, to some slight extent, by local historians, but the public has hitherto been ignorant of the great antiquity and value of the collection. It appears from the preface to Mr. Worth's edition that for the last half-century these records have lain by neglected and forgotten, until they were brought under the notice of the vicar of Tavistock on the death of the churchwarden who had the keeping of them. The vicar of Tavistock, finding that the churchwardens' account began in 1345 and comprised what is believed to be "the oldest warden-roll in existence," brought the matter before the Duke of Bedford, to whose liberality is due the appearance of the present edition, comprising a full calendar and abstract of the documents here calendared.

The earliest record is a deed of 1287, conveying certain lands near the meadows of the abbot of Tavistock. This is followed by several other conveyances of nearly the same antiquity, which contain several valuable details as to the condition in the thirteenth century of the unincorporated "borough and village of Tavistock," and of the religious fraternities which owned considerable property in that neighbourhood. A release of the next century by Robert David, burgess of Tavistock, appears to have dealt with town property in the hands of a trustee, the deed being witnessed by the "portreeve,"

as others are witnessed by the "senior," and expressed to be made "by our common council and consent." A conveyance of 1325 is interesting as being made by Walter Callyng and three others named as brothers and wardens of St. Mary's light in the parish church "and all the other brethren and sisters of the said fraternity." The persons named as conveying were trustees or "parish feoffees" of the lands which formed the endowment of one or more of the numerous lamps which were kept burning in the Church of St. Eustachius. One of the leases by these trustees affords an example of the plaited rush-rings imbedded in the wax, which were tokens of the delivery of possession. Other examples of this practice have been observed at Barnstaple and Ipswich; in some cases the same object was attained by sewing a straw to the paper or parchment. One of the leases is noteworthy for a covenant to keep up the "hags, grips, and cats," or, in a more modern English, the "hedges, ditches, and gates"; another document keeps up a phrase now disused in this country in a description of the "Maudelen Parkes" belonging to the Leper Hospital. These town-parks were, in 1535, leased by the "bretheryn and susteren" of the lazar-house, for the term of 1000 years, to Mr. Fytz and the eight men chosen by the parish to be managers of the property of the church and parish. These trustees from time to time granted out the property on leases for lives on payment of a fine, or "incombe," and yearly rent. In the year 1700 the trustees, then called the Masters and Governors of Tavistock, made a lease of this kind of a house and garden with lands containing about fourteen acres, called Church Park. Among the documents which were in the chest in 1827, but which have now disappeared, we may notice a muster-roll for the Stannary of Tavistock, of which an account was given by Mr. Kempe in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1830, and a petition apparently presented to the Duke of Bedford about the year 1677 from "your portreeve and the masters of your towne and borough of Tavistocke."

The churchwardens' accounts are imperfect; but Mr. Worth points out that they comprise no less than eight rolls earlier than the churchwardens' roll of 1425 which commences the records of St. Petrock at Exeter, "hitherto regarded as the earliest preserved." These early accounts of the Wardens of the Lights commence with items as to rents received, followed by detailed entries as to buying wax, making the great candles, "link-money and wax-money," and tallow for the mortuary-lights on tombs. There are many curious entries as to the rush-strewing on the Feast of St. John, and the binding of the missals or "mass-books," a wedding-veil provided for the use of the parish, and "flagons of ale for the exsequies of the benefactors of the Church." The accounts for the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are very complete, and contain much curious information as to the subjects of "briefs" and charitable collections, the rewards for killing of wild cats and other "farments" and for whipping the dogs out of church; and many interesting details as to the various feasts, rejoicings, and beer-drinkings for which appropriate occasions were so frequently found by our ancestors.

C. ELTON.

"Great Writers."—*Life of Robert Burns*. By John Stuart Blackie. (Walter Scott.)

THIS is not so much a new biography of Burns as, in its author's own words, an attempt

"to make a judicious selection from existing materials, and to pronounce an equitable judgment on a remarkable man, the complex character of whose genius and life demands a calm consideration equally remote from patriotic idolatry on the one hand, and pharasaic severity on the other."

Emeritus Professor Blackie should be thanked for this frank confession, which adds to, rather than takes from, the value of his book. It may be considered as morally, if not absolutely, certain that, after the work of the late Mr. Scott Douglas, there is nothing fresh to reveal about Burns—no undiscovered poetical flirtation to misconstrue, no extra glass of a convivial evening to magnify into a bottle. Burns—man and poet, moralist and peasant-aristocrat, lover and prophet—should now be considered as a subject not for the biographer, but only for the popular lecturer or essayist; or, rather, he should be regarded as a kind of strong drink, to be taken, refrained from, or mixed, according to the constitution and condition of one's peptics. Perhaps it is safest to take him "neat," in medicinal doses, of the strength prescribed by modern American doctors. Most of his countrymen take him diluted with the cold water of good sense. For other folks there is Burns and Carlyle—Scotch Seceder toddy, perhaps the best beverage that has yet been brewed, and always leaving the drop of pity in the eye when quaffed; or Mr. R. L. Stevenson and Burns—maraschino, trying, but not quite successfully, to combine with Glenlivet, or Shairp and Burns—good tea "laced" with good spirits, a wholesome mixture, which, when taken, leads one to think what a pity it was that poor Robert did not marry Mary Campbell, settle down as a Carrick farmer, and die at seventy-five of a cold caught when hurrying into Edinburgh to attend the General Assembly as the lay representative of his kirk session. And here is Burns and Blackie—not Blackie and Burns—spirits, thoroughly rectified and mixed with ginger-beer, a trifle frothy, perhaps, but not so frothy as might have been expected.

In other words, while there is no Carlylian profundity, no Stevensonian sparkle, in Mr. Blackie's estimate of Burns, it is sound, sane, and marvellously free from those eccentricities of its author's which have so often in the past made even an admirer inclined to pounce upon his mind, and do to it what Pancks did to his employer's head. Unless I am mistaken, Mr. Blackie does not once in this volume speak of the poet as "Rab," "Rob," "Rabbie," "Robbie," or even "Bobbie." If his judgment of Burns, both as a poet and as a man, is not distinguished by originality, it is catholic and well balanced. He is not content to make out Burns to be simply a song-writer, a masculine Scotch Sappho—there is a great deal of commonsense, by the way, in what Mr. Blackie says of the erotic element in poetry, although he takes far too many sentences to say it in—but he does ample justice to the Aristophanic and Wordsworthian elements in the author of "The Jolly Beggars" and "The Daisie." Then, while Mr. Blackie extenuates nothing

in regard to Burns's life and conduct, he insists that, from first to last, the poet showed no baseness. Not only does he not indulge in the hissing, groaning, cat-calling of pharisaic or thin-blooded critics of Burns, he seldom falls into the minor but scarcely less irritating mistake of lecturing. I say "seldom," because sometimes Mr. Blackie seems to regret that Burns "went too far"; and towards the end of his book appears to incline to the opinion of the late Dr. Guthrie that, if Burns had come under the influence of some warm-hearted evangelical clergyman, he might not have "gone too far." The regret is vain; the opinion is based on a misconception of Burns's character. Had he not "gone too far," had he not been "a bit of a blackguard"—in head, not in heart—he would not have been the power for good that he is to-day, for otherwise he could not have sounded the depths of human nature. Nor could anyone have tamed Burns, or taught him prudent, cautious self-control, but his own familiar, *moi-même*; and that consummation so devoutly wished by himself was prevented by the accident which brought his life to a close before the battle of the spirit was over.

It was hardly possible for so careful and loving a student of Burns as Mr. Blackie has been all his life to make many mistakes as to matters of fact, in writing of his favourite's life or works; and he has made few worth mentioning. In treating of the Armour episodes, however, he might have given greater prominence to the fact (for he is evidently not ignorant of it) that Jean had a second lover, which Mr. Robert Chambers mentions, and which Mr. R. L. Stevenson has made more of than any other writer on Burns. Then, in dealing with Clarinda's letters to Sylvander, Mr. Blackie somehow ignores the suspicion, reasonable enough in itself, that Mrs. Maclehoose, in spite of what her latest admirer terms rather curiously her "virtuous habits," contemplated marriage with Burns in the event of her obtaining divorce from her worthless husband. There is Scotch piety and principle and prudence, in her letters, no doubt; but is there not also a little French coquettishness, if not sweet reluctant amorous delay, quite compatible with all three, and quite justifiable under the circumstances? Mr. Blackie appears painfully, if not comically, conscious of English ignorance on the subject of Scotch life, otherwise he would hardly have been at the pains (p. 40) to describe an ordinary parish minister as, "in the language of St. Paul (Titus i. 5-7), the presbyter or bishop of the church at Mauchline." It is to be regretted therefore, that he has not devoted a little more space to dispelling a popular delusion, which even so fair-minded and able an English critic as Mr. John Morley—who would probably object to Goethe being characterised offhand as "sensual, selfish, and at heart a major-domo"—has given his authority to, when, in his essay on Carlyle, he describes Burns as "drunken, and unchaste, and thriftless." The third of these epithets cannot be justified, unless, indeed, thrift is identified with parsimony. Burns was thriftless as Carlyle was thriftless, who lent his brothers hundreds of pounds, and yet had to be temporarily indebted to Jeffrey.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

A History of the English Church. Third period, from the Accession of the House of Hanover to the Present Time. By G. G. Perry. (John Murray.)

READERS of this concluding volume of Canon Perry's history will find in it the same good qualities with which they are familiar in its predecessors, and will pronounce it, as a summary of the ecclesiastical history of England during the last two centuries, the best work on the subject. Clearness, accuracy, and impartiality characterise it throughout; and, although the author by no means conceals his own preferences, he does justice, on the whole, to those whose views are different from his own. The only omission of importance that we can detect is that so little notice is taken of the rise and influence of the Broad Church school of thought during the present century. The name of Archbishop Whately occurs only in a passing allusion, those of S. T. Coleridge and F. D. Maurice do not appear at all. Hence, the student who comes upon the account of *Essays and Reviews* and upon that of Bishop Colenso will ask how such opinions could have appeared full blown, as they do in the pages appropriated to them; for the explanation here given—that they were a mere reaction after the excitement caused by the teaching and subsequent secession of Dr. Newman—is surely very inadequate.

Dean Stanley remarks somewhere that councils and conferences are the pitched battles of ecclesiastical history. Of these there are none in this volume, unless we except the two Pan-Anglican conferences, in which there was little fighting. But the eristic instinct of mankind is amply gratified by what we may call brilliant single combats in the many "cases" and trials on doctrine and ritual questions here recorded. These are narrated with clearness and sufficient fulness; and, as all schools of thought were attacked in turn, the reader will have plenty to interest him wherever his sympathies may lie.

The first of these described at length is the Gorham case. Apart from its doctrinal interest, this was important from the monstrous assumption of Bishop Philpotts to have power to refuse institution to any clergyman otherwise legally qualified whose opinions did not agree with his own. The rights of every lay patron, and those of every clergyman who expected preferment except from his own bishop, were attacked; and here we must take exception to what we think a false impression given by the narrative. One would suppose from Canon Perry's account that the whole Church was on the side of the Bishop of Exeter, as when he says, describing the composition of the court, "the only hope of Churchmen was in the Bishop of London"; for "Churchmen" here read "High Churchmen." Those who remember those times must recollect that a very large number of the clergy, and probably the great majority of the devout laity of the period, wished success to Mr. Gorham; and that, while Bishop Blomfield was regarded as rather a trimmer, no prelate of the day was more respected or more popular than Archbishop Sumner, otherwise there would be no meaning in the Bishop of Exeter's taunt in his letter to the archbishop that, in the opinion of many persons, the judgment was corruptly influenced by the

fear "that if a true judgment [*i.e.*, one on his side] were given, a large number of clergymen would be driven to resign their benefices and to leave the Church." We cannot now tell how far this was the case, nor, of course, if so, will anyone defend the judges. Bishop Philpotts himself, we may be sure, would have faced this or any other danger in what he regarded as the cause of truth. But it was a time when people were familiar with the idea of secession. The great disruption of the Church of Scotland was fresh in men's minds; and, however wrong the bishop may have been in his conclusion, yet, if his premise were right, the Church of England was saved from a great danger. If so, he must have regarded his own side as less sternly conscientious than that of his opponents; for, when the decision was given against him, the great body of his party contented themselves with meetings and protests, though two or three not undistinguished persons left the Church.

Canon Perry is no admirer of the judicial committee of the Privy Council; and we have the familiar complaints about laymen sitting in judgment on ecclesiastical matters, as though the possession of orders conferred the purely intellectual power of comparing documents, and of seeing whether an opinion expressed in sermon or pamphlet could be harmonised with a statement in a given formula. It is added, as an additional grievance, that the judges need not even be lay members of the Church—a complaint which involves the peculiarly clerical assumption that no man can be expected to act fairly towards a religious body to which he does not himself belong. Thus, in the Williams and Wilson trial, we read:

"Their lordships ruled that, the proceedings being penal, a verbal contradiction between the impugned statements and the articles and formularies must be established; that the spirit, scope, and objects of the essays went for nothing."

This Canon Perry calls "a transparent absurdity." It was a happy absurdity for the clergy.

It is curious to look back twenty-seven years to the story of *Essays and Reviews*, and see the storm aroused by opinions that are now held without offence by so many Churchmen, lay and clerical, and, if report speak true, in some orthodox dissenting circles. Never, perhaps, did a book of poorer ability and less originality make such a noise in the world. It fell all but still-born from the press; and it would have excited no more attention than an ordinary volume of parochial sermons, had not Bishop Wilberforce taken it up in one of those fits of injudicious fussiness to which he was liable. Then came debates in Convocation and a "synodical condemnation." Many people, we remember, hoped that the troublesome volume would have been "publicly burned" in the good old fashion, but the public was not gratified by this spectacle. However, Mr. Mudie, it is said, ordered 10,000 copies, *Essays and Reviews* was for a season a household word, and smart young gentlemen caused much affliction to their orthodox elders by free quotation of the least judicious passages of Dr. Rowland Williams.

Then came the turn of High Church, when Mr. Bennett had to answer for his writings on

the Eucharist; and we may ask how he would have fared before a bench of Sumners and Musgraves, with possibly the calm wisdom of Lord Shaftesbury as lay assessor. Such a court would, we may be sure, not have confined itself to a dry comparison of passage with passage, giving every doubt in the defendant's favour. It would have gone very freely into questions of "spirit, scope and object"; but he, too, had the benefit of the legal principle now firmly established, and got off with a rather contemptuous admonition from the bench.

But if we wish to see how purely clerical bodies would have settled these questions, we have only to turn to the proceedings at Oxford in the cases of Hampden, Tract XC., and Dr. Pusey. Here the judges were all ecclesiastics. And were ever bills of attainder, in the worst times of English history, rushed through Parliament with more heat, haste, and partiality, than these censures? "It will be observed," says Canon Perry, "that in all the judgments given by the Judicial Committee in matters of doctrine the decision has been uniformly on the side of liberty." He does not add "*Deo gratias*." Let us do it for him.

There is an interesting chapter on the disestablishment of the Irish Church, in which our author shows his impartiality; for he does not pass over in silence, or attempt to excuse, the tergiversations of his favourite, Bishop Wilberforce. He gives us two extracts from that prelate's correspondence which deserve preservation. Writing of the statesman who led the movement, the bishop says:

"I am afraid Gladstone has been drawn into it from the unconscious influence of his restlessness at being out of office. I have no doubt that his hatred to the *low* tone of the Irish branch has had a great deal to do with it."

But a few months later he writes:

"You have in Gladstone a man of the highest and noblest principle, who has shown unmistakably that he is ready to sacrifice every personal aim for what he has set before himself as a high object."

The account of the efforts of the half-ruined Church towards reorganisation is very interesting; and it is worth noting that, while in England the laity were in danger from the fanaticism of the clergy, in Ireland the clergy were in danger from the fanaticism of the laity. Had men like Master Brooke and Lord James Butler had their way the Irish Church would have almost sunk into another sect of Presbyterianism. In both cases the wisdom and moderation of the bishops were mainly the source of safety, showing, as indeed does the whole history from the Revolution down, the advantage of having the chief rulers of the Church appointed by the civil power, and so raised above the heats and prejudices of popular and elective bodies.

From these topics, however, Churchmen will turn with pleasure to the record of progress and improvement in the Church both at home and abroad. The growth of missionary effort, the revival of Convocation, and the reforms effected by the Ecclesiastical and Cathedral Commissions, show a Church alive to her mission and lay powers willing to help her. These last have hardly had justice done them here or elsewhere; and yet, if we were asked

what man and what work has been most beneficial to the Church in this century, we should be inclined to answer Bishop Blomfield and the Ecclesiastical Commission, though these are not so picturesque as Bishop Wilberforce and the Oxford movement.

As the Reform Bill of 1832—so fiercely opposed and grudgingly conceded—saved the constitution from contempt and ruin, so the reforms wrought by these commissions saved the Church from the same. They were kindred movements, and somewhat prosaic ones; but never was there a more critical time for the Church than when Lord Grey gave the bishops the famous advice to "put their house in order"; never can she be too thankful that she found the men and the means to take it.

H. SARGENT.

SOME BOOKS ON EDUCATION.

Addresses. By Edward Thring. (T. Fisher Unwin.) This little book, Miss Thring tells us, was sent to the press by her father before his fatal illness, and the task of editing has been finished by her. It contains seven addresses, delivered at short intervals—simple, earnest, outspoken, and not without an honest consciousness of good work done. Edward Thring was always the same good fighter; and even those who never knew the man in the flesh will feel, as they read these spoken words of his, that whether he was working in a Cambridge lecture-room, or in the National Schools at Gloucester, or with his Sixth at Uppingham, it was work that he was doing, and with his whole heart. The most interesting of the addresses here collected is, perhaps, the first, which is partly autobiographical, and contains a statement of Thring's pedagogic faith, and demand for liberty. His address on education, delivered at St. Albans, is a discourse on the text that "The perfectly educated will be Jack-of-all-trades and master of one." To the teachers of Minnesota he says:

"First break down the knowledge-idol. Smash up the idolatry of knowledge. Frankly and fairly admit that the majority of mankind cannot get much knowledge; and that any attempt to make them get it is a manufacture of stupidity, a downward education."

"A Workman's Hints on Teaching Work" is most characteristic of the author's manly humour and boylike directness. It is further remarkable for an admirable demonstration of the value of "the much maligned subject of Latin verse, the most useful literary tool that ever was invented, but nothing more than a tool." In his address to the Teachers' Guild, he fearlessly asserts and proves "that intellect-worship and the banner of knowledge set up in a kingdom mean death to true progress, death to the welfare of the vast majority, if unchecked." One might make an excellent list of pedagogic aphorisms out of this little book. "What everybody knows nobody thinks about." "It is hard to escape something of the pig if cooped in a sty." "Knowledge-hunting is one thing, and the seeing eye and active mind another." "Think in shape, get out of ghostland." As for the speech delivered at the High School for Girls at Leamington, it is worthy of a place by the side of *Sesame and Lilies*, which may have inspired it.

Practical Education. By Charles G. Leland. (Whittaker.) It would be hard to find anything in Mr. Leland's book to praise, and we have struggled through it and cast about with the best intentions. It is distinguished as little by accuracy and clearness as it is by modesty. In the very preface the author makes ducks and drakes of the common words "fact," "factor,"

"faculty," which he may possibly regard as synonymous. Before he has been many pages embarked, he notes, after mentioning the "thousands of letters which I have received," that "the first article ever published on my school in Philadelphia was in the *New York Herald*, in a leading editorial of a column. For this purpose the editor had sent a reporter expressly to examine the classes." There are very few pages indeed in which Mr. Leland does not pay himself similarly handsome compliments. For one piece of information we confess ourselves in his debt. We have frequently heard of "lines of beauty"; and we have often wondered who of gods or men could explain what they were. We gather from Mr. Leland that they are forms "approximating to an S." The following is a not unfavourable specimen of Mr. Leland's ordinary style, illustrating very well his mental attitude to boot:

"When a boy or girl from ten to fourteen years of age can look at all the arts which I have here described in operation without any sense of wonder, and feel perfectly confident that he or she can execute any of them at once, is not that child in a more advanced industrial condition than if its skill did not extend beyond sawing and fitting boards, or filing iron in a small way?"

Yes, Heaven help it! To this follows an attack on the principal of a rival technical school "who politely informed the public in print that the brass plaques, &c., executed in my school, were all *trash*." Why does Mr. Leland write "Copt" for the more usual "Copt"? Why does he put in inverted commas "the dim and remote future"? And what is an *atelier*? His book professes to treat of "the development of memory, the increasing quickness of perception, and training the constructive faculty." He states his task fairly—the propounding of a system whereby *all* children can be trained from infancy to industry; but his task is yet undone.

Education et Instruction. By Oct. Gréard. (Hachette.) The writer of the essays contained in these four volumes has certainly done well to gather together the thoughtful work of twenty years which he has devoted to the study of the "educational problem," as it is called. Much of the various discussions has, to be sure, an interest chiefly historical; but M. Gréard rightly holds that a trustworthy solution of our current difficulties is only to be attained after a proper understanding of the processes through which we have effected reforms of permanent value, or blundered into serious errors. Although he naturally writes with an especial eye to and acquaintance with the progress of education in France, he is usually well informed in regard to the course pursued in other countries; and it is no serious disparagement of his work to say that he has occasionally made characteristically French mistakes in important passages dealing with England. The four volumes deal successively with primary, secondary, and higher education—method first, and then programmes. It is only too true that in the discussion of programmes it has mostly been forgotten that the end of teaching is education; and it is perfectly certain that the permanent value of teaching varies inversely with the money-making results immediately attainable. The volume dealing with primary instruction begins, of course, with infant-teaching as carried on in the "Salle d'asile" or "école maternelle." Of this section by far the most instructive part is that dealing with the causes of the unsatisfactory results of early efforts and imperfect comprehension of the Froebelian method, which may very easily—and indeed sometimes does—turn infant schools into technical training schools for babies. And here it may be worth while to note that M. Gréard forsees what has often struck us as the peculiar danger of "technical" schools proper. In dealing with "écoles

d'apprentissage," he suggests that we may well fear lest the interests of the patrons result in injury to the apprentices. Without due caution, our own technical schools may conceivably become mere workshops, and bad ones too. We remember a certain well-known and active member of a Northern school board, an artisan of forty years' experience himself, commenting rather strongly on the condition of a grinding-wheel in a Paris technical school, "with three or four professors about." After a careful review of what has been done in this matter in France and elsewhere, M. Gréard is of opinion that his countrymen have nothing to learn from foreigners, seeing that it is in France that the enterprises fittest to prepare a solution of the question have been conceived. And certainly it is hard not to agree with him when one reads the account of what has been done, for instance, at Havre. We English people, who are about to venture on what is certain to be a very costly experiment in the way of technical education, may get what comfort we can from the assurance of M. Fichet—a great authority—that a technical school like that of Havre, where the highest attendance has been 115, may be established for £800, and kept in material for a hundred and fifty pupils on £120 a year. This first part of M. Gréard's work may be profitably consulted by all who are likely to have any part in the establishment of the technical schools for which the English government is now making provision. In his long examination of the subject of secondary education our author does not make out that France has much to boast of in comparison with other countries. The question of "programmes" is the first to be discussed. It is a noteworthy fact in the natural history of officialism in education that while "la question de la surcharge," and "die Ueberbürdungsfrage" have caused pother enough elsewhere, it is only in England, where an official code rules in elementary schools alone, that serious complaints have been confined to elementary teaching. M. Gréard gives a history of successive plans of study and development of programmes in France from the sixteenth century to our own day, and states the general educational problem from the five points of view severally represented by Messrs. Spence, de Laprade, M. Arnold, Herzen and the Swiss school, and Bain. For his own suggested solutions we must refer readers to his admirable book. It is likely enough that they will be attempted in their entirety where the philosophers are kings, or the kings are philosophers. Meantime, Mr. Matthew Arnold figures oddly as "un pédagogue anglais considérable"; and it is odd to read of the sylvan surroundings of the colleges of Oxford, St. Paul's, &c. And "reformatory schools" is only excusable by the aid of "Parcels Post," and that, being official, does not count for grammar. The volume dealing with higher education, though not without some general interest, is chiefly a technical examination of the conditions and results of the *baccalauréat*. We feel bound to add that Appendix xiv. is a delightful account of a visit paid officially to Edinburgh in 1885 by M. Gréard and other representative Frenchmen.

Cyclopaedia of Education. Parts I. & II. (Swan Sonnenschein.) It is impossible not to compare this specimen of what is to be our English cyclopaedia of education with the splendid dictionary of pedagogy and primary instruction recently published in France under the editorship of M. Buisson. M. Buisson's really monumental work is a "dictionary," and Mr. Fletcher's a "cyclopaedia." M. Buisson's contains about ten thousand closely-printed pages; Mr. Fletcher's will, if the design be carried out, boast fully six hundred pages, each containing about half the matter contained in

a page of the French dictionary. Putting corresponding articles side by side, the books bear no sort of comparison. There are several honoured names on the list of contributors to the cyclopaedia; but they have certainly not been allowed much latitude, or else they are to contribute to later numbers only. The short notes on psychology and physics are as good as space permit, but of other articles little should be said. Their general characteristic is extreme weakness, and we cannot conceive to whom they are likely to be of much service. It is curious in the article on biology to find Huxley and Martin's *Practical Biology* and Dr. Aveling's *General Biology* noted side by side, the latter "specially adapted for the South Kensington examination"; and one cannot easily find for what reason the writer mentions Huxley's *Anatomy of Invertebrated Animals*, but says nothing of his *Anatomy of Vertebrated Animals*. The article on chemistry is equally weak. What can be the conceivable use of the following "article"?

"Bullying as a school term may be taken as the opposite of 'fagging' in many respects, only that 'fagging,' or the acting as a drudge for another, is recognised as a normal part of school life, whereas bullying is strictly repressed. It is the brutal tyranny of elder boys over the juniors."

In fact, we cannot congratulate Mr. Fletcher. A cyclopaedia should be a cyclopaedia. We should call as much of his work as we have seen fragments of an "unclassified" book.

The Realistic Teaching of Geography. By William Jolly. (Blackie.) This little book (pp. vi. 56), by one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, is an important contribution to one of the pressing educational questions of the day. Most of the papers and lectures which have hitherto appeared on the subject have either merely bewailed the prevalence of bad methods, or at most indicated in a general way how geographical teaching ought to be done. Mr. Jolly is, on the other hand, altogether practical, detailed, and definite; and for young teachers his peckful of clear, methodically arranged hints and directions is worth bushels of talk at large. Not that we are prepared to agree with him on all points—realism, like every other "ism," can be made a hobby of and ridden hard; and the light of etymology may be a will-o'-the-wisp, and dangerous accordingly. But we confidently affirm that anyone who wishes to teach geography well will have some difficulty in finding, on the whole, a safer, abler, or more experienced guide.

Schools, School-books, and Schoolmasters. By W. Carew Hazlitt. (Jarvis.) In this small volume the author has brought together a considerable amount of gossiping information—as a bibliographer of his erudition and experience could hardly fail to do. But while the book is not without interest, it is not of great importance as "a contribution to the history of educational development in Great Britain." Occasionally the statements are wanting in that precise accuracy supposed to be the first virtue of a bibliographer. Thus, on p. 177, we are told that "Bright was nearly a century before the more celebrated Rich, who flourished about the Restoration of the Stuarts." The fact is that Bright's *Character* was printed in 1588 and Rich's *Character* in 1646. The final chapter, on "The Origin and Spirit of Phonography," shows that Mr. Hazlitt still clings to some old notions which are now generally discarded by competent philologists.

Educational List and Directory. (Sampson Low.) We wish this publication all success, and willingly testify to its clearness and "get up"; but, in the only instance in which we have been able to test its accuracy, we find it sadly wanting. In the large town to which we are alluding, the Directory registers one

public elementary school (out of about eighty) under the head "Colleges and Schools." Why? No doubt, as time goes on, the means of acquiring information will be made more satisfactory.

We have also received the second annual issue of *The Schoolmaster's Calendar* (Bell)—a modest little volume, which is sufficiently recommended by its sub-title as a "handbook of examinations and open scholarships."

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish shortly a volume of the Prose Remains of Arthur Hugh Clough, edited by his widow, with a selection from his letters and a memoir.

THE next volume in the series of "Twelve English Statesmen" will be *Cardinal Wolsey*, by Prof. Mandell Creighton.

MESSRS. LONGMANS announce a volume of essays on social questions, by the Rev. S. A. Barnett and Mrs. Barnett, to be entitled *Practicable Socialism*.

THE fourth volume of the Comte de Paris's *History of the Civil War in America* will be published by Messrs. Porter & Coates, of Philadelphia, towards the end of this month.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL will publish in a few days, a volume of essays by Mr. W. L. Courtney, of New College, Oxford, entitled *Studies, New and Old*.

MESSRS. VIZETELLY & Co. have made arrangements for issuing a series of translations of some of the French illustrated books that were fashionable in the latter part of the last century. The volumes will have reproductions of the original copperplate engravings from designs by Eisen, Marillier, Cochin, Le Barbier, &c. The first to appear will contain *The Kisses and The Month of May*, by Claude Joseph Dorat, musketeer of the king, with forty-seven illustrations.

MR. DAVID NUTT will issue in the course of the spring *Five Fairy Tales*, by Mr. Oscar Wilde, with three full-page illustrations by Mr. Walter Crane, and vignettes and tail-pieces by Mr. Jacob Hood. There will be a limited large-paper issue in addition to the ordinary one. Also, *Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail*, with especial reference to its alleged Celtic origin, by Mr. Alfred Nutt. This volume, which will also be issued by the Folklore Society to its members, will comprise detailed summaries of all the leading forms of the legend, an attempt to fix their date and relation one to the other, a comparison of the oldest forms with Celtic tradition, and a discussion of the moral and spiritual ideas embodied in the romances. Mr. Henley's poems are almost ready for delivery, as are also the new volumes of the "Bibliothèque de Carabas."

AMONG the forthcoming publications of the Clarendon Press are: *A New English Dictionary*, edited by Dr. J. A. H. Murray, part iv. (BBA—CAT); *A Catalogue of English Fossils*, part i., "Palaeozoic," by Robert Etheridge; *A Catalogue of the Mohammedan Coins in the Bodleian Library*, with facsimiles, by Stanley Lane-Poole; *The Morphology of Knowledge*, by B. Bosanquet, in 2 vols.; *Selections from Polybius*, by J. L. Strachan-Davidson; *A History of English Sounds*, by Dr. Henry Sweet; *A Concise Dictionary of Middle English*, by the Rev. A. L. Mayhew and Prof. Skeat; *Sounds and Inflections in Greek and Latin*, by J. E. King and C. Cookson; *An Essay on the History of the Process by which the Aristotelian Writings arrived at their Present Form*, by the late Richard Shute; *Clarendon's History of the Rebellion*, edited by the Rev. W. D. Macray, in 6 vols.; *A Class-Book of Chemistry*, by W. W. Fisher;

The Minor Poems of Chaucer, edited by Prof. Skeat; a reprint of Hume's *Treatise of Human Nature*; Johnson's *Life of Milton*, edited by O. H. Firth; *An Old High-German Primer*, by Dr. Joseph Wright; Xenophon, *Oxyrhynchus*, book i., edited by the Rev. Dr. C. Bigg; *Hellenica*, books i. and ii., edited by G. E. Underhill; and *Anabasis*, book iii., edited by J. Marshall.

THE English works of Raja Rammohun Roy, dealing principally with the Hindu religion and its relation to Christianity, have just been printed at Calcutta, and will shortly be issued in this country by Messrs. Williams & Norgate.

MR. AARON WATSON has nearly ready an historical romance, under the title of *Through Lust of Gold*.

MR. WILLIAM ANDREWS, of Hull, author of "Modern Yorkshire Poets," is preparing for early publication a work entitled *North-Country Poets*, consisting of biographies and poems of natives or residents of the six northern counties.

DR. REGINALD SHARPE has in type over four hundred pages of his *Calendar of the five thousand earliest wills in the Hustings Roll of the City of London at the Guildhall*. Three thousand of these wills will be included in part i. of Dr. Sharpe's *Calendar*, which will probably be ready by August. At present, all the wills calendared are in Latin, and many contain interesting illustrations of city customs and localities. It is much to the credit of the Guildhall Library Committee and the Common Council that they have authorised the preparation and printing of this *Calendar* of their early wills. We only wish we could persuade them to print the most valuable *Calendars* of their journals, letters, books, and repositories which their deceased librarian, Mr. Alohin, made for them, and which Dr. Furnivall assures us contain a most remarkable picture of city life in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The whole of these MSS. materials were classified by Mr. Alohin under headings; and the mere reading of entries like Pastimes, Misdemeanors, Hospitals, Prisons, &c., is a treat to anyone with an antiquarian turn. Were Mr. Alohin's *Calendars* but printed and made accessible to the public, a great boon would be conferred on all students of history and social life. A Manuscript Department, as at the British Museum, ought to be added to the present Printed-Book Department of the Guildhall Library; the eight or ten volumes of Dr. Sharpe's *Catalogue of the Hustings Deeds* also need to be put in type; other *Calendars* of the whole city records should be made; and justice at last done to the wealth of material that the city owns for the history of itself and England. The task is well worthy of any chairman of the Library Committee or Lord Mayor desirous of coupling his name with those of the great patrons of history and literature.

TOMO IV., Volume I., of Menéndez y Pelayo's *Historia de las Ideas Estéticas en España* has just appeared. It consists of an introduction of over 500 pages, giving a historical sketch of the development of aesthetics during the nineteenth century. (1) In Germany. The theories of Kant, Schiller, Goethe, the Schlegels, Fichte, Hegel, and minor writers down to Wagner are analysed and discussed. If like space be given to other nations, this introduction alone will form a work of no inconsiderable size and importance.

NUMBER 3 of the scholarly "Bibliographical Notices," which Mr. Willard Fiske is issuing privately from the Le Monnier Press, at Florence, deals with Petrarch's Latin Treatise, *De Remediis Utriusque Fortunae*. The total number of copies here catalogued is ninety-four, of which by far the majority are in Mr. Fiske's

own unrivalled collection. They are thus classified: (1) The Latin text—in the collected works, in independent editions, and in incomplete editions; (2) translations, in no less than nine European languages. Of the translations, it is curious to note that the earliest appeared in Bohemian (1501); and that Mr. Fiske was fortunate enough to acquire "for an insignificant price" the only known copy of the only Dutch version (1606). We are glad to find that, in his opinion, the English rendering of Thomas Twyne (1579) "compares most favourably with the versions in other tongues"; and that the typography of Richard Watkins is "in every way excellent." It is odd, however, that so skilled a bibliographer should apparently be puzzled by the device on the title-page, which he describes as including a pelican, the letter R, and the "motto Jugge (P)." A pelican was the trade mark of Richard Jugge, the well-known printer to Queen Elizabeth, who died in 1577. Regarding the unique Spanish translation in the British Museum, dated 1505, Mr. Fiske inclines to the opinion that the date may be a printer's error for 1510, as the two editions differ in no other particular. It is impossible to praise too highly the painstaking accuracy with which Mr. Fiske has accomplished his labour of love.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

COMFORT OF DANTE.

Down where the unconquered river still flows on,
One strong free thing within a prison's heart,
I drew me with my sacred grief apart
That it might look that spacious joy upon;
And as I mused, lo! Dante walked with me,
And his face spoke of the high peace of pain,
Till all my grief glowed in me throbbingly,
As in some lily's heart might glow the rain.
So like a star I listened, till mine eye
Caught that lone land across the waterway
Wherein my lady breathed—now breathing is;
"O! Dante," then I said, "she more than I
Should know thy comfort, go to her I pray!"
"Nay!" answered he, "for she hath Beatrice!"

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE principal articles in the *Revista Contemporánea* for February are:—"The Pontifical Jubilee and the Government of Italy," by Sanchez de Toca. The writer maintains the necessity of an independent domain for the Pope, and the impossibility of his accepting the guarantees of Italy. In "Ginés Pérez de Hita," Señor Acero attempts to prove that he was a native of Mula, born in 1548, a twelve-month only after Cervantes. R. de Rivas, discussing "The Jury and Agriculture in Spain," considers that it would greatly add to the insecurity of the country districts, as no jury would dare to convict a criminal of their own neighbourhood. The "Letters from Paris," of Garcia-Ramon, are a lively denunciation of current pessimism from the standpoint of a disciple of Montaigne. Cristobal Botella continues his chapters on "Socialism," and Catalina Garcia his "Brihuega and its Fuero."

IN the *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia for February, Dr. R. Beer gives a detailed account of the palimpsest of the *Lex Romana Visigothorum* lately discovered by him at Leon. He considers it to be one of the six originals made at Toulouse by Anianus in 506, and consequently superior to all other known MSS. In "The Supposed Birth of a Supposed Queen," V. de la Fuente clears up a minor mystery, attested by a document in the Archives and a monument in the Church of Ledesma, concerning a Queen Juana, and a son born to her in 1302. Manuel Danvila has

a careful historical report on the property of the order of Calatrava, and the tenure by which it was held, in order to guide the government in the settlement of still outstanding claims. Padre Fita prints three inedited Bulls of Alexander III., in one of which (March 23, 1176), "pardon of all sins, on repentance," is promised to all who fight against the *Massamutos*, a tribe of the Almohades who had just invaded Spain. Mention is made of the superb work of the brothers Siret—*Les Premiers Ages du Metal dans le Sud-est de l'Espagne*—and of a cheaper edition to be published at Barcelona.

TOMO V., No. 5, of the *Revista de Ciencias Históricas* opens with Cap. VII. of the defence of Gerona in 1809, by F. Manuel Cundaro. Then follow some interesting Catalan documents of the thirteenth century, by J. Coroleu. F. Fernandez y Gonzalez gives short biographies of three Spanish-Arabic poets of the ninth century, two of whom sing of war, the third of love. Conde de la Viñaza continues his additions to the Dictionary of Cean Bermudez, exhausting the letter D. The rest of the number is occupied with the prospectus of MM. Siret's work (mentioned above), with an article on the antiquity of money, chiefly taken from Mr. Gardner, with reviews, and with the usual bibliographical notices of articles on Spanish archaeology, both in home and foreign reviews. A useful feature is the *compte-rendu* of the sittings of the Real Academia de la Historia. This is not given in the *Boletín* of the Academy.

A SCHOOL FRIEND OF FANNY BRAWNE.

[We have been permitted to publish the following reminiscence of Fanny Brawne, so intimately associated with the last days of Keats, by a lady who died only in the present year. It has been placed at our disposal by Mr. Robinson Ellis, the son of the lady in question.]

My mother, Miss Caroline Robinson, was a pupil of Mme. Zielsky's in (to the best of her belief) 1817-18. There she was an intimate friend of Miss F. Brawne, who was invited more than once to stay with Miss Robinson's family, first at Chingford in Essex, afterwards at Havering atte Bower. The two friends occasionally wrote to each other after they had left Mme. Zielsky's. Miss Brawne was very fond of reading, but at that time knew no foreign language but French. She was a Liberal in politics, and my mother could remember a letter (but on this point she could not trust her memory) in which her friend ridiculed one of the royal dukes, perhaps on the occasion of the coronation of George IV. At Chingford she and Miss Robinson once scandalised the family by not going to church, both being found reading in an adjoining field. Miss Robinson, on a subsequent visit to Mme. Zielsky's, accompanied her (Mme. Zielsky) to Mrs. Brawne's house at Hampstead, and in the evening was introduced to the poet Keats and Mr. Dilke.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- ERNOUF, Baron. Compositeurs célèbres. Paris: Didier. 4 fr.
GIMERY, P. L'année littéraire (1887). Paris: Charpentier. 8 fr. 50 c.
GRUYER, O. v. Beat Ludwig v. Muralt (1665-1749). Frankfurt: Huber. 2 M. 40 Pf.
HUGO, Victor. Œuvres inédites: Choses vues. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
JANMART DE BROUILLANT, L. Histoire de Pierre du Marteau, imprimeur à Cologne (17^e et 18^e siècles). Paris: Quantin. 25 fr.
PAPONOT, F. Achèvement du Canal de Panama: étude technique et financière. Paris: Baudry. 10 fr.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- BOMFARD, R. Le Pape et le droit des gens. Paris: Rousseau. 4 fr.
CARRÉ DE MALBERG, R. Histoire de l'exception en droit romain et dans l'ancienne procédure française. Paris: Rousseau. 7 fr.
LE TAC, le Père Sixte. Histoire chronologique de la Nouvelle-France ou Canada, depuis sa découverte jusqu'en l'an 1832, p.p. Eug. Réveillaud. Paris: Maisonneuve. 30 fr.
MARCK, J. F. Die politisch-kirchliche Wirksamkeit d. Erzbischofs Agobard v. Lyon. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
RICHTER, A. Der Reichstag zu Nürnberg 1524. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 30 Pf.
UNTERSUCHUNGEN, historische. 10. Hft. Karl v. Anjou als Graf der Provence (1345-1385). Von R. Sternfeld. Berlin: Gaertner. 9 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- NADAILLAC, le Marquis de. Mœurs et monuments des peuples préhistoriques. Paris: Masson. 7 fr. 50 c.
PLESSNER, P. Die Lehre von den Leidenschaften bei Descartes. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 30 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- CASSEL, P. Mischle Sindbad, Secundus-Syntipas. Edirt, emendirt u. erklärt. Einleitung u. Deutg. d. Buches der Sieben weisen Meister. Berlin: Schaeffer. 10 M.
GRIMM, J. u. W. Deutsches Wörterbuch. 7. Bd. 11. Lfg. Bearb. v. M. Lexer. Leipzig: Hirzel. 3 M.
HEIKEL, I. A. De præparationibus evangelicæ Eusebii ecclasiæ ratione. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 2 M. 40 Pf.
ROLL, O. Ü. den Einfluss der Volksetymologie auf die Entwicklung der neufranzösischen Schriftsprache. Kiel: Lipsius. 1 M.
SARRAZIN, G. Beowulf-Studien. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte altgerman. Sage u. Dichtg. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 5 M.
SCHULTZ, O. Die provenzalischen Dichterinnen. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 30 Pf.
VOLLMER, W. Einfluss der lateinischen geistlichen Literatur auf einige kleinere Schöpfungen der englischen Übergangsperiode. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
WESPEY, P. Der Graf Trezzan, sein Leben u. seine Bearbeitg. der französ. Ritterromane d. Mittelalters. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TWO MORE SOURCES OF CHAUCER'S WORKS.

Oxford: March 28, 1883.

To the sources to which Chaucer is known to have been indebted we may add two more, which I do not remember to have seen noticed. These are *Les Remonstrances ou La Complainte de Nature à l'Alchimiste Errant* and *Le Testament de Jehan de Meung*. Both are by Jean de Meun, author of a part of the *Roman de la Rose*, and are included in M. Méon's edition of that poem. The former is one of the sources of the Canon's Yeoman's Tale, and contains numerous hints on alchemy. For example, we have the lines:

"Miel te vaudroit faire autre office
Que tant dissoudre et distiller
Tes drogues pour les congeler
Par alambics et descensoires,
Cueurbitas, distillatoires," &c.; ll. 36-40.

Compare Cant. Tales, Group G, 792-4. The resemblances are slight, but, I think, they are sufficient to prove the point. The most interesting passage is the following, which refers to gold:

"C'est le fin et bon et potable,
L'umide radical notable;
C'est souveraine médecine,
Comme Salomon le decline," &c., ll. 979-982.

Here follows a reference to Ecclesiasticus, cap. 38, then some talk about doctors, and a little further on:

"Ne tant louable médecine
Qui guarist toute maladie . . .
C'est médecine cordiale"; ll. 1012, 1013, 1029.

This explains how the Doctor of Phisik knew that gold "in phisike is a cordial." The reference to Eccles. xxxviii. is to the fourth verse: "The Lord hath created medicines out of the earth; and he that is wise will not abhor them"; which is an excellent reason for "not abhorring" gold, and the Doctor seems to have laid it to heart.

Le Testament, at any rate, gives us a hint as to the striking rime of *cloistre* with *oistre* in the description of the Monk. The author describes "les bon Religieux" after this sort (l. 1165):

"Ne se font mie trop par les rues congnoistre,
Qui les voldra trover, si les quiere en leur cloistre;
En riens, fors en bien faire, ne se veulent acroistre,
Car ne prisent le monde la montance d'une oistre."

WALTER W. SKERT.

THE CODEX AMIATINUS.

Jever (Oldenburg) Germany: March 26, 1888.

The discussion on the Codex Amiatinus in the ACADEMY seemed to be closed by the ingenious letter of Prof. Hort, in the number for June 11, 1887. Prof. Hort examined the investigations of Prof. Browne into the origin of the preliminary matter of the MS.; and, though restricting Prof. Browne's results in some points, and modifying them in others, he yet accepted them on the whole. It seemed firmly established that the first quaternion of the MS. had a different origin from the rest, and that it had been taken out of the very Bible of Cassiodorus which Ceolfred brought from Rome to Jarrow. To have a sample of the original writing and painting of Cassiodorus's scribes and painters would, of course, be of no common interest to all students of art and palaeography. I myself was all the more glad of Prof. Browne's discovery, because it confirmed certain ideas of my own. And who is not pleased to be shown that he was in the right?

I am sorry to say that I am going to reopen the discussion, in order to prove that Prof. Browne's otherwise very valuable paper, so far as it concerns the question of the origin of the first eight leaves of the Codex Amiatinus, points in a false direction, and that the step we seemed to have advanced has simply to be retraced. I had an opportunity a short time ago of examining the MS. anew, and I am now thoroughly convinced that Prof. Browne was misled in his appreciation of the first quaternion. It will be difficult for me to give the reader, who cannot have the MS. before him, the same conviction; but still I hope to raise some objections, which may be taken into consideration without seeing the MS. itself, and through them to find credit for those which can only be accepted on faith.

I shall not follow Prof. Browne on the ground on which he pleaded his cause. His interesting remarks upon the difference in the drawing and colour of the pictures of Ezra and the temple, and of that representing Christ on his throne in heaven, surrounded by the evangelists and their symbols, are certainly worth discussion. Still, I can by no means see the necessity of the conclusion he draws from this difference. Neither shall I make any use of another argument, which I know will soon be developed with far higher authority and profounder judgment by that great Roman scholar whose never failing perspicacity and learning discovered at once the birthplace of our famous MS. This concerns the difference between Bede's description of the temple and the picture in the Codex Amiatinus. Bede says that, according to the picture of Cassiodorus in his Pandect, the temple was surrounded with a triple porticus, while in the Codex Amiatinus only a single row of columns is drawn on each side. With good reason Prof. Hort deduces, from the way Bede talks about the picture, that he had seen it himself. This Prof. Browne is inclined to doubt, because Cassiodorus, in his commentary on the Psalter, where he mentions his picture, and to which Bede is also referring, says nothing about the triple porticus. But this can only serve to corroborate Prof. Hort's opinion. It is of no avail to say that Cassiodorus might

well have had a picture of the temple as well as of the tabernacle, for it is evident that both Cassiodorus and Beda are speaking of one picture, and that the one attached to the great Bible, which had come to Jarrow, and was, therefore, close at hand for Beda and his disciples. Now, as Cassiodorus refers to his picture without giving any details of it, Beda can speak only from having seen it.

But I will leave this, and attack another point of vital importance for Prof. Browne's hypothesis.

Of all the folios of the first quaternion, as Prof. Browne very rightly remarks, every two and two form one sheet, except ff. 4 and 7. These two are now united by a guard. They have either been separated from each other, or they never belonged to the same piece.

On the front of f. 4 is written the preface of Cassiodorus to his great Old-Latin Bible, on the back the contents of Codex Amiatinus. There can be not the slightest doubt that the handwriting on both sides is absolutely the same, nor has this been questioned by Prof. Browne. The writing on f. 7 is the same as on f. 6 and f. 8. F. 6 belongs to the sheet of which the second half contains the picture of Ezra. The contents of the Amiatinus could surely not come in before the MS. itself existed. Therefore, if f. 7 and f. 4 once formed one sheet, it is pretty certain that, except the picture of the temple, none of the first eight leaves can ever have formed part of Cassiodorus's Bible.

I shall try to show that they have only very lately been separated; but I say at once that I cannot prove it with mathematical demonstration. But, where certainty fails us, we have to follow probabilities; and we shall acquiesce the more willingly the less is left to be said on the contrary side.

Prof. Hort has touched the very point I am now aiming at. However, he thinks it impossible to determine when the two leaves (4 and 7) were mounted on a guard. I believe it can be affirmed with certainty that the present guard is modern, although the two leaves may have been united in a similar way before.

The binding of the Codex Amiatinus has been at least twice renewed, for the last time not many years ago. We know how the leaves were arranged before this, their old numbers being still written on them. Though this arrangement was not the original one, still it is necessary to pay attention to it.

PRESENT ARRANGEMENT.	PREVIOUS ARRANGEMENT.
—1 v. Donation ver- ses.	—I. v. Donation ver- ses.
{ 2 v. Temple, left side.	—II. v. Temple, left side.
{ 3 r. Temple, right side.	—III. r. Prologus.
—4 r. Prologus.	v. Contents of Amiatinus.
v. Contents of Amiatinus.	—IV. r. Picture of Ezra.
—5 r. Picture of Ezra.	—V. r. Hieronymic list.
—6 r. Hieronymic list.	—VI. r. Old-Latin list.
—7 r. Old-Latin list.	—VII. r. Temple, right side.
—8 r. Augustinian list.	—VIII. r. Augustinian list.

The previous arrangement was clearly made without an understanding of the meaning of the picture on ff. ii. and vii. Still, from a technical point of view, if I may say so, it was properly done. No regard was paid to the contents, but the sheets lying within each other form a quaternion in a natural way. To all appearance none of them were cut asunder. The modern binder apparently followed the opposite method. He was aware, or he had been made aware, that f. ii. and f. vii. belonged together. He therefore felt obliged to reunite them. Had he considered the nature of a quaternion, he would have seen at once that they must have

been originally the inmost part of it. Instead, he left f. ii. in its place and bethought himself how he might place f. vii. next to it. Supposing ff. iv. and v. had always been in the middle, ff. iii. and vi. would have come in wrongly. By a slight cut between ff. iii. and iv., which would separate ff. iii. and vi. from each other, he might remove these intruders. Then ff. iv. and v. would easily come off, and f. vii. might be carried back to f. ii. By making f. vii. the third, any natural rearrangement of the quaternion became impossible. Even without regard to ff. 4 and 7, a guard would have been necessary to hold the loose sheet ff. 2, 3. The present guard can therefore not be older than the present binding. It appears on the back of ff. 2 and 7, holding together ff. 2, 3, 4 and 7. So the binder made a sort of ternion out of the quaternion, leaving the sewing between ff. 5 and 6, as being the middle of the whole.

This I suppose to have been the process of the binding. I met the binder himself in the Laurentiana. The honest man recognised his work instantly; but nobody will wonder that in the course of years he had forgotten in what condition he had found ff. iii. and vi., and also why he arranged the preliminary matter as he did, and not otherwise.

But even if my supposition be unfounded, the fact remains nevertheless highly probable that ff. 4 and 7 (formerly iii. and vi.) are of one piece. First, the parchment of one leaf is in no respect unlike that of the other, except in the colour. F. 7 seems a trifle smaller, but this is only because a portion of it is attached to the guard. Secondly, there is no apparent reason, as Prof. Hort very well remarks, why Ceolfrid should have discarded the old leaf and replaced it with a new one (f. 4.) We should have to suppose that the old leaf had got damaged. This might have happened if, as Prof. Hort suggests, it had been originally the first. But it remains to be seen whether this is likely.

Prof. Browne very justly remarks that f. 8 must originally have followed f. 6, the pigment of the verses at the top of f. 8 having come off on the back of f. 6. This cannot have happened in consequence either of the previous or of the present binding; therefore, as there is no proof of yet another binding, it must have come from the first. If f. 8 followed f. 6, f. 5 must have followed f. 1. It may be added that the colour of the frame of the picture on f. 4 has left traces on the back of f. 1. But there is no external evidence for the place of f. 4 and f. 7. They may have been either the first and last, or the third and sixth. Still, I think we can ascertain something about their place from internal marks.

Above the list of the holy books on f. 6 there is the picture of the lamb, above that of f. 8 that of the dove, from which one line runs to the books of the Old Testament, another to those of the New, indicating the source from which the Scriptures sprang. At the top of the third list is to be seen a human bust in gold with a beardless face. The drawing is not very clear nor very well preserved, so that there is a difference of opinion whether the figure be male or female. Bandini thought it likely to be either the picture of Pope Gregory, under the supposition that to him the Codex Amiatinus had been offered, or that of Servandus, whom he supposed to have presented it to the pope. Garrucci, making light of Bandini's reasoning, declares it to be a female head representing the Church (*Arte Cristiana*, iii., t. 126). I myself, following the steps of Bandini, thought it represented Cassiodorus as the author of the great Bible to which the list belongs. I mentioned my opinion to the learned and amiable prefetto of the Laurentiana, but he very rightly pointed out the analogy of the

other lists. I do not quite clearly remember whether he explained it to me in the same way as Garrucci, or as the representation of God; but I am now sure that the rude drawing is the latter. We should then have to arrange the lists according to their headings, and the Old-Latin list would lead the others—the same arrangement as that proposed by Prof. Browne.

A strong point was argued against it by Prof. Hort. F. 7 bears circles on its back, with a sort of argument of the five books of Moses. They would, indeed, stand best immediately before the Pentateuch. But their being on f. 7 v. can be explained in some way or other; and, at all events, I think the reasons I put forward in favour of the other order stronger. If the reader should be of a different opinion, I have another argument, which has still more weight with me.

If we put f. 6 at the end of the quaternion, it follows (supposing that we have originals before us) that Cassiodorus left the second leaf blank on both sides, because f. 8 would become f. 7, and consequently f. 1 the second. What could have induced him to adopt this odd arrangement? Why did he not write the prologue on the second leaf and leave the first blank as a cover for the whole? If all these pages have been copied, I ask why the donation, which ought to stand in front of the book, should have been almost hidden on the back of the second leaf behind the prologue? So in either case it seems equally probable to me that f. 1 (i.) and f. 8 (viii.) have never changed their place. Then, in the second binding, f. ii. and f. vii. would have changed places with f. iv. and f. v., while f. iii. and f. vi. kept theirs.

This being so, nothing but a forced and unfounded reasoning could adduce any argument to prove that f. iv. is a substitute for another leaf, and this circumstance deprives all other leaves of their pretended authenticity.

I think it fit to add a few further words to justify the original arrangement. The picture of Ezra stands properly first. We are introduced into a library; the open bookcase shows us the "bibliotheca"—that is, the series of the holy books lying on the shelves. Each volume bears its title on the back, still legible in the main, though partly faded away. Bandini deciphered them not altogether well. I can give them somewhat more correctly. They run as follows: OCT LIB—REG LIB—HEST LIB—PSAL LIB—SAL . . .—PROP . . .—EVANGEL IIII.—EPIST AP XXI.—ACT AP APOCA. These titles, with one exception, which is probably due to the fault of the painter, correspond to the nine MSS. which Cassiodorus had written for his library. Of *Instit. divin. litter. praeft.* and c. i.-ix.:

"C. I. Primus scripturarum divinarum codex est Octateuchus. C. II. In secundo Regum codices. C. III. Ex omni igitur Prophetarum codice tertio. C. IV. Sequitur Psalterium codex quartus. C. V. Quintus codex est Salomonis. C. VI. Sequitur Hagiographorum codex sextus. C. VII. Septimus igitur codex scripturas divinae . . . quattuor Evangelistarum superna luce resplendet. C. VIII. Octavus codex Canonicas Epistolas continet Apostolorum. C. IX. Nonus igitur codex Actus Apostolorum et Apocalypsin noscitur continere."

Above the picture the following verses are written:

"Odicibus sacris hostili clade perustis
Ezra deo fervens hoc reparavit opus."

which occur also in one of the poems of Alcuin (*vide Dümmler, Poetae Latini mediæ ævi*, T. i., 292 Carmen lxix., v. 201). These verses are rather carelessly put too far to the left, and seem to have been added later. But to all appearance they come from the MS. of Cassiodorus, and express the meaning of the picture. Cassiodorus, however, appears to identify himself with Ezra, who is represented sitting before the bookcase and occupied in

adding new books to those already finished, having by him all that was needed in the Middle Ages for writing and adorning books.

Thus introduced into the workshop of Cassiodorus, in the "scriptorium" of Vivarium, we naturally come next to the prologue of the present book—I mean the great Old-Latin Bible.

Then follows the picture of the temple. Why was it inserted in this particular place? What has it to do with these preliminary matters referring to the Scripture in general? We shall learn this by reading Beda's description of the temple. The temple has not only a literal, but also a figurative sense (*vide* Beda, *De templo*, c. i.: "Domus dei quam aedificavit rex Salomon in Hierusalem in figuram facta est sanctae universalis ecclesiae"; and *De tabernaculo*, ii. 1: "Tabernaculum praesentis aedificium ecclesiae . . . templum futurae requiem designat"). Now Cassiodorus, in his prologue, tells his disciples not to be puzzled by the various divisions of the Scripture, because all of them conduce to the construction of the celestial Church: "Nam licet haec calculo disparia videantur, doctrina tamen patrum ad instructionem caelestis ecclesiae concorditer perducunt." So the last words of the prologue are immediately taken up by the picture of the temple understood to represent the church built on the Scripture, the books of which are exhibited hereafter in three lists as the revelation of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

This must have been the arrangement of the original as well as of the copy. That the leaves preserved are only the copy, I hope that I have made probable. If a doubt still remains, I will now bring forward those arguments, which have the advantage of being more conclusive, but which need verification by examining the manuscript itself.

The lists do not seem to have been written by the same hands that were employed in writing the text of the Codex Amiatinus. But in vain would one strive to recognise a difference of more than a century in the style of the two handwritings. The writing of the lists is less stiff and regular, the letters vary in size, the *e* has the minuscule form, others are occasionally more freely dealt with; but it is to be borne in mind that in its peculiarities it agrees remarkably with the corrections and marginal notes of the text.

Finally, there is no difference in the quality of the parchment of the first eight leaves and those of the rest of the manuscript. The parchment of the Codex Amiatinus is, so far as we know, different from that usually employed—and especially in Italy—in the sixth century. It is by no means so coarse and rough as that of many Irish manuscripts of the eighth century, but well polished and accurately pointed and ruled. However, it is rather too stout and strong for the time of Cassiodorus.

Prof. Browne's inference from the difference in the manner of the picture of Ezra and that of Christ would only stand if the latter had been copied from Cassiodorus. Now there is every reason to believe that its pattern was not Cassiodorian.

It cannot be too strongly urged that, except the preliminary matter, the Codex Amiatinus is wholly independent of Cassiodorus. So long as one thought that the Codex Amiatinus was written by successors of Cassiodorus, one might have doubted whether its text had not been influenced by that of those manuscripts which seems nearest related to the Vulgate—the Hieronymic as the Bishop of Salisbury suggested (ACADEMY 1887, p. 112). But there is no longer room for any such supposition. We know that only one of the three Bibles of Cassiodorus came to Jarrow, and just that one which must have differed the most from the Codex Amiatinus. It had the Old

Testament according to the LXX, while the Amiatinus contains the version from the Hebrew. It had another order and number of books.* Not only was Peter put before James, but also neither the epistle of Jude nor the second of Peter and the second and third of John were admitted into it.

But Ceolfrid wanted the revision of Jerome and he was fully aware of the difference. At the bottom of the page that contains the contents of the Codex Amiatinus these verses are written, which have been differently interpreted in the ACADEMY:

Hieronyme interpres variis doctissimo linguis
Te Bethlehem celebrat te totus personat orbis,
Te quoque nostra tuis promittit bibliotheca libris,
Qua nova cum prius conditis donaria gazis.

Mr. Rule, who out of a wrong interpretation of an unmistakable† text constructed a fantastic list of books of Ceolfrid, to which Mr. White very justly objected, is nevertheless right, I think, in his comment on these verses (ACADEMY 1887, p. 131). I came by chance upon the verses by which Ceolfrid apparently has been inspired—Prosper, "Carmen de Ingratis," i., v. 55; Migne, *Patrologia Lat.*, li., col. 98:

Tunc etiam Bethles praecleari nominis hospes
Hebraeo simul et Græco Latineque venustus,
Eloquio, morum exemplum mundiue magister,
Hieronymus libris valde excellentibus hostem
Dissecuit . . .

"Te tuis libris nostra bibliotheca promittit" is, to be sure, not a very happy expression; but it can scarcely mean anything else but "libros tuos nostra bibliotheca promittit"—"our library will henceforth contain also the books of Jerome." Jerome's books in this place are, of course, the books of the Holy Scripture as translated and revised by Jerome. "Quoque" gives us to understand that the library contained already another translation of the Bible. This is more fully explained in the last verse. "Condere" is the very word for putting books into a library (*cf.* Cassiodorus, *Inst. div. litt.*, c.v.; Migne, lxx., col. 1116 B—"Hic tantos auctores, tantos libros in memoriae suae bibliotheca condiderat"); and "gazae" and "donaria" are common expressions for books in the language of the Fathers. The library of Jarrow is like the treasure of the householder, which contains things old and new (Matt. xiii. 52)—a place often referred to in a similar connexion.

It must be concluded from these verses that the Codex Amiatinus was not originally written in order to be presented to the pope, but that it had belonged for some time to one of the two monasteries, and only afterwards was destined to be carried to Rome. Accordingly, the donation verses have been added later, and the MS. itself must have been executed rather in the beginning than at the end of Abbot Ceolfrid's career. This conclusion perfectly agrees with Beda's statement, which is somewhat clearer and more correct than the narrative of his anonymous predecessor.

P. CORSEN.

* It must be mentioned that there is a startling contradiction between the list of contents of the Codex Amiatinus and the heading of the list. The list contains only sixty-seven books, while the heading speaks of seventy-one. One arrives at the number of the heading only by doubling Samuel, Malachias, Paralipomena, and Ezras; but with all these books the scribe was at a loss whether to divide them in two or not (*Vide Biblia Lat. Veteris Testam.*, ed. Heyne et Tischendorf, pp. 292, 325, 362, 369, 429, 476).

† I say unmistakable, though I have my doubts whether *geminavit* be right. It is no fit opposite to *cepit*. Has anybody read *minare*, "push," so common in later Latin, in a more general sense of "carrying on"?

DANISH PLACE-NAMES AROUND LONDON.

London: March 27, 1888.

Mr. Stevenson styles my batches of identities between English and Danish place-names "fallacious parallels." But is not this begging the whole question? His detailed statement of what he considers was the derivation of the names of certain Danish places may or may not be correct, and I will frankly admit that I am not qualified to follow him into that field of philology wherein so few men tread the same road. My theory is (1) that most of the Danish place-names in England were reproductions of names of the villages (never mind what such names meant) whence the settlers came, and (2) that some, at all events, of them were introduced here *before* the Roman invasion. This, I contend, is shown by the Roman termination being sometimes grafted on the Danish root-word. As to (1), Mr. Stevenson admits I may be right "in a few cases"; but I venture to think, as in my *History of Norfolk* (pp. 4-6) I give a list of seventy-eight places in that county alone identical, or partly so, with the names of existent Danish villages, that the *onus* is at present rather with him than with me.

As to his criticism, he is hard to please. In one place he says in effect that it is ridiculous "to believe that the original Danish names and their English reproductions have preserved their original likeness to one another undisturbed by the natural or linguistic changes of 2000 years," while in another he falls foul with me for identifying "Tjørneholme" with "Turnham." If it is wrong for me to identify our Norfolk Barmer, Horning, and Horstead with Danish places of identically the same spelling, because the spelling is identical, why should I be debarred from the *idem sonans* argument of certain place-names not spelt the same?

All I contend is that it is more likely that Danes coming over here to settle did just what our own people do now—call their settlements after the places whence they came, than invent new names for localities out of their own heads. While, as to his argument that the place-names of Denmark and England are not likely to agree in spelling or pronunciation after 2000 years, all I can say is that, if he will go to the quay at Yarmouth when a Danish ship is unloading, it will puzzle him to tell the modern Dane on the deck from the modern Yarmouth beachman by looks only; and, if personal appearance has stood the test, surely pronunciation may have done the same. If Mr. Stevenson, before he talks about "sweeping historical deductions drawn by local historians," had taken a tithe of the trouble I have done to make a collection of the surnames of my county, and to compare them with the surnames in the Icelandic Landnambok, he would not have been so astonished as he seems to be at my statement that "the bulk of such of our Norfolk names as we can trace to have been borne at an early date are Danish."

I know, and am content to accept, the fate of anyone who ventures a very prosaic explanation of some of the marvellous puzzles in which philologists delight; and I know how delightful it is to wander away into the realms of fancy, and to say positively that such a word means such a thing in such a language, and, therefore, it cannot mean anything else in any other. Mr. Stevenson's argument is weak when he says that the "house" in "Limehouse" is a corruption of "oast," and that neither "house" nor "oast" could have yielded a modern Danish "ose." This is a dogmatic assertion pure and simple, without a fragment of argument. For Mr. Stevenson to seriously quote the Domesday spelling of a locality as a correction of the present name will only provoke a smile among those who know how the Norman scribes

mangled our place-names. He should remember how they put down "Nicol" for Lincoln.

WALTER RYE.

"AUCASSIN AND NICOLETTE."

Glasgow: April 2, 1888.

Referring to my letter in the ACADEMY for February 11 (p. 98) I find I was right in my conjecture that the tale of "Aucassin and Nicolette" had been done into English even before the first edition of Way's metrical renderings of some of Le Grand's versions of *Fabliaux* was published (1796). It occurs in the first of the three books which I mentioned (p. 99)—namely, "*Tales of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries*," from the French of M. Le Grand (London, 1786), which was reprinted by Messrs. Reeves & Turner, in 1873, under the editorship of Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, who has changed the title (not very happily, as I think) to "*The Feudal Period illustrated by a Series of Tales, Romantic and Humorous*," from which no one could guess that it is a collection of *fabliaux*.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

M'MURDO'S "HISTORY OF PORTUGAL."

Public Library, Boston, U.S.: March 14, 1888.

I beg to call your attention to a literary curiosity. This library has lately acquired what is called "*The History of Portugal, from the Commencement of the Monarchy to the reign of Alfonso III.*" (compiled from Portuguese histories). By Edward M'Murdo." For cataloguing purposes we investigated the sources, and found that the work in question was a literal translation of Herculano's *Historia de Portugal*. The make-up of the English version, the chapter divisions, &c., is in exact imitation of Herculano. The latter died in 1877 leaving his work unfinished, so that if the English editor wishes to carry the history down to later times, he will be compelled to seek some other authority, to whom it is hoped he will give the credit not awarded to Herculano.

A. P. C. GRIFFIN.

[The book has been published in this country by Messrs. Sampson Low, with the same title-page. The preface states that it is a translation of "*records available at Lisbon*," made by Miss Mariana Monteiro, "to whom all the credit of the present volume is due." The name of Herculano is nowhere mentioned.—Ed. ACADEMY.]

MOLTKE, "THE GREAT DANE."

London: April 2, 1888.

Misstatements are immortal, especially if originally started with malice aforethought—as Napoleon I. said, who was himself an expert in the matter. Years ago, Moltke, "the Dane," was thus set afloat. Ever since he has gone on swimmingly as such in France and in this country, in spite of refutations made a hundred times.

It is to be regretted that in last week's ACADEMY, in a review by Mr. William O'Connor Morris, the same mistake should by inadvertence have been again committed. Moltke is not "the great Dane." He is the son of German parents, his father having been, like himself, a German officer. He was born at Parchim, in Mecklenburg, where the Moltkes have been settled for hundreds of years. At Parchim, therefore, his monument stands. As a boy he passed a few years at Copenhagen. All the rest of his life has been spent in the German army. It was he who drew up the plan of the campaign for the Schleswig-Holstein war of 1863-64. Other Moltkes, I may add, took the German side upon that question long ago.

KARL BLIND.

BRADLEY'S "HISTORY OF THE GOTHs."

Benwell Lane, Newcastle-on-Tyne: April 4, 1888.

Allow me to withdraw the mark of interrogation appended by me to the following sentence in my quotation from Mr. Bradley's *History of the Goths* (ACADEMY, March 31):

"The Visigoths were provided with lands in Thrace and the Ostrogoths in Asia Minor [?]."

As a student of Claudian I ought not to have forgotten the passage in that author's invective "In Eutropium" (ii. 153-155), where Mars sends Bellona to stir up the Ostrogoths of Phrygia against the empire:

"Ostrogothis colitur mistique Gruthungis
Phryx ager. Hos parvas poterunt impellere
causae

In scelus: ad mores facilis natura revertit."

THOS. HODGKIN.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, April 9, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Milk Supply and Butter and Cheese Making," I., by Mr. R. Bannister.

5 p.m. Victoria Institute: "Investigations in the Science of Language and Ethnography," by Dr. Leitner; "The Glacial Period on the East Coast of Canada," by Prof. Hoxeiman.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Heraclitus and his Philosophy," by Dr. Clair J. Greco.

TUESDAY, April 10, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Russia," I., by Dr. C. Waldstein.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Monthly Ballot for New Members; "Compressed Oil-Gas and its Applications," by Mr. A. Ayres.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "South Africa," by Sir Donald Currie.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "Some small highly-specialised Forms of Stone Implements, found in Asia, North Africa, and Europe," by Mr. J. Allen Brown; "The Early Ages of Metal in South-East Spain," by M.M. Henri and Louis Siret.

WEDNESDAY, April 11, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Recent Legislation concerning the Pollution of Air and Water," by Mr. Alfred Fletcher.

8 p.m. Geological: "The Lower Beds of the Upper Cretaceous Series in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire," by Mr. W. Hill; "The Cae Gwynn Cave, North Wales," by Dr. Henry Hicks, with an Appendix by Mr. C. E. De Rance.

8 p.m. Microscopical: "Faold's Test Plates," by Dr. R. H. Ward.

8 p.m. Shelley Society: "Julian and Maddalo," by Mr. H. S. Salt.

8 p.m. Gymnastical: "Welsh Folk-Medicine in the Middle Ages," by Mr. E. Sydney Hartland.

THURSDAY, April 12, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Chemical Arts," I., by Prof. Dewar.

4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "Some Churches in South Gothland," by the Rev. Sir Talbot H. B. Baker; "Mural Paintings in Churches," by Mr. J. L. André.

8 p.m. Mathematical: "Symmetric Functions," by Mr. R. Lachlan; Second Paper on "Simplexism," by Mr. J. C. Sharp; "Law of Attraction which might include both Gravitation and Cohesion," by Mr. G. S. Carr.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "Central Station Lighting—Transformers v. Accumulators," by Mr. R. S. Crompton.

8 p.m. Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts: Musical Lecture, by Mr. E. F. Jacques.

FRIDAY, April 13, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Experiences of Twenty Years in conducting Agricultural Inquiries in Southern India," by Mr. W. R. Robinson.

8 p.m. New Shakespeare: "The Earls of Southampton and Pembroke and Shakespeare's Helpers and Friends," by Mr. H. Brown.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Pygmy Races of Men," by Prof. Flower.

SATURDAY, April 14, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Later Works of Wagner," with Vocal and Instrumental Illustrations, I., by Mr. C. Armbruster.

8 p.m. Physical: "The Measurement of the E.M.F. of Dynamos," by Prof. W. E. Ayrton and Prof. J. Perry; "The Variation of the Coefficients of Induction," by Mr. W. E. Sumner; "Some Experiments on Soap Bubbles," by Mr. C. V. Boys; "Electromotive Forces by Contact," by Mr. C. V. Burton.

8.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

The Story of the Creation: a Plain Account of Evolution. By Edward Clodd. (Longmans.)

MR. CLODD has undertaken a task of no ordinary difficulty in attempting to give a clear exposition of the doctrine of evolution as now understood within the compass of a small

octavo volume. The difficulty has been greatly—and at first sight one might feel disposed to add, needlessly—increased by not confining himself to the strictly Darwinian or biological section of the subject, but boldly embracing the whole field of inorganic, organic, and social evolution. Nevertheless, the result shows that too much has not been attempted, for calm judgment will allow that he has executed his task with marked success.

That he has shown wisdom in dealing with the new philosophy in its widest sense there can be little doubt. When Darwin broke down fixity of species—that secular barrier to all intellectual advancement—he, so to say, opened the floodgates of the fertilising waters that can never be closed again. It was soon felt, at first instinctively, then consciously, that with fixity of species must also go fixity both of the material and of the moral order. Then a great fear arose in many minds—otherwise fully disposed to receive the truth—that all landmarks were being uprooted, and that these teachings must end in universal chaos. They looked back, and saw nothing but crass materialism lurking in a theory which, without the intervention of an *ens supremum*, evolved organic out of inorganic stuff by the play of natural laws alone. They looked forward, and saw nothing but black pessimism in a system which proclaimed the essentially evanescent character of religious and ethical standards, which held that creeds had a beginning and must have an end, that everything is the inevitable outcome of predisposing causes, that all must change or perish. To far-seeing leaders of thought it thus became evident that biological evolution could not stand alone, or rather, that it would never be heartily accepted by the "respectable middle classes" until the dangers supposed to be inherent to it were shown to be phantoms. When men refused to discuss the question of organic development on its merits, and argued against it on moral grounds, it became necessary to supplement essays on physiological and palaeontological subjects with disquisitions on the properties of formless matter, on codes of ethics and social institutions. Hence Mr. Clodd naturally felt that "a plain account of evolution," if restricted to the animal and vegetable kingdoms, could serve no intelligible purpose; and that a work on the subject appealing to a popular audience must necessarily deal also with the material and moral aspects of the question.

By strict adherence to a simple and methodic arrangement of the subject matter, combined with a studied sobriety of language, he has contrived to treat in orderly succession a great variety of topics, ranging over the whole ground from the assumed primeval condition of matter to the highest phases of mental evolution. These multifarious contents are disposed under two broad divisions, which may be briefly described as the facts and their explanation. There is little direct controversy or polemical discussion, whereby much valuable space is saved, and all sense of aggressiveness avoided. This, in fact, has been rendered unnecessary by the very arrangement itself, which, in the second part, quietly substitutes the evolutionary for the orthodox explanation of the facts as set forth in the first part and as generally accepted by both sides. A logical position is thus taken,

by which the issues are narrowed down to the acceptance of the explanation given, or its rejection for the creative theory, there being confessedly no alternative.

One instance may be given of how the plan works. At p. 54 (first part), the successive forms are shown of the equidae, whose geological record is now all but complete, thanks to the discoveries of Cope and Marsh in the North American fossiliferous beds. Here we see the Eohippus with four toes and an atrophied fifth, followed in due order by the four-toed Orohippus of the Lower Eocene, and this by the three-toed Anchitherium of the Upper Eocene and the Hipparion of the Miocene, still with three toes, but two of them already useless, leading directly to the Pliocene and existing one-toed horse and its congeners. Thus the oldest type, no bigger than a fox, coincides with the oldest rocks, the intermediate with later, the modern with the more recent and present formations. These are the *facts*, the obvious *explanation* of which, on Darwinian principles, is given at p. 196 (second part). The creationist has thus the option of accepting this explanation or selecting some one link in the series as the created form or starting-point. If he selects Eohippus, the earliest, he can account for the living one-hoofed animal only by some such gradual modifications as, in fact, are here set forth, and thus becomes a sound evolutionist despite himself. If he selects the present horse or any middle link, then their ancestry remain *in nubibus*, for creation cannot work backwards. And if, lastly, he falls back on a succession of creations, he becomes, with Cuvier, an unorthodox theologian, for the Mosaic cosmogony knows only of one creation, not of a series repeated at intervals during the millions of years represented by the stratified rocks 3,000 feet thick, ranging from the Lower Eocene to the Pliocene formations. But the orthodox creationist will himself probably allow that between an unsound theologian and a sound Darwinian there can be little to choose from the dogmatic standpoint, though much from that of common-sense. All this is not stated *ipsisimis verbis*, but it will be read between the lines by the thoughtful student of these highly suggestive pages.

Probably with most people the greatest difficulty in the way of a frank acceptance of the new doctrines is their supposed irreligious, or, at all events, immoral, tendency. Hence, it is satisfactory to find the ethical and social sides of the subject treated, no doubt very briefly, but, one feels almost inclined to say, with consummate ability. Some points are discussed in quite admirable language, and this section should have the effect of convincing the unprejudiced reader that "Excelsior" is the watchword of evolution, if possible, even more decidedly in the psychological than in the purely physiological order. Huxley's statement that the gap between civilised and savage man is greater than that between the savage and the man-like apes, need not be taken *au pied de la lettre*; and our author certainly exaggerates in asserting that races such as the Fuegians are much nearer to the ape than to the European (p. 185), for our missionaries have of late years had some success in evangelising or, at least, educating the Kahgans—that is, the very

lowest branch of these islanders. But he does not exaggerate when he argues, in a general way, that past and present social, political, and religious institutions reveal, on the whole, such a decided upward tendency that a pessimistic evolutionist should be regarded as an anomaly. Pessimism may justly be the standpoint of those Calvinistic predestinarians who, in cold blood, condemn nine-tenths of mankind to everlasting fire and brimstone. But the philosopher who holds that the doctrine of after-punishment is blasphemy, and that a moral system based not on fear but on a highly developed sense of duty is the goal of the coming generations, must necessarily be an optimist.

"Morals," Mr. Clodd eloquently writes, "are relative, not absolute; there is no fixed standard of right and wrong by which the actions of all men throughout all time are measured. The moral code advances with the progress of the race; conscience is a growth; that which society in rude stages of culture approves, it condemns at later and more refined stages. . . . Among many savage peoples it is worse to marry a girl within the tribe than to murder one of another tribe. . . . What dead weight of care do morals, thus regarded, lift from the heart of man! What new energy is given to his efforts! Thought becomes fixed on the evolution of goodness instead of on the origin of evil; time is set free from useless speculation for profitable action; evils once deemed inherent in the nature of things, and therefore irremovable, are accounted for and shown to be within our power to extirpate" (p. 220).

And again:

"Especially is science a preacher of righteousness in making clear the indissoluble unity between all life—past, present, and to come. We are only on the threshold of knowledge as to the vast significance of the doctrine of heredity, but we know enough to deepen our sense of debt to the past and of duty to the future. We are what our forefathers made us, plus the action of circumstances on ourselves; and, in like manner, our children inherit the good and evil, both of body and mind, that is in us. Upon us, therefore, rests the duty of the cultivation of the best and of the suppression of the worst, so that the future of the race suffer not at our hands" (p. 223).

This is worth a whole volume of Hegelian subjectivities. It knocks the ground from under the feet of all the metaphysical rhapsodists, and shows how problems connected with the existence of free will, good and evil, and sociology in general must henceforth be studied, like biological growth itself, not from the *a priori* standpoint of *das Ich*, but from that of observation, *domina scientiarum omnium et finis totius speculationis*, as old Friar Bacon clearly saw six hundred years ago.

And now the pruning knife, which, indeed, might here be well dispensed with, but that the book is likely to run through many editions, and be widely consulted by readers to whom larger works are inaccessible, but who yet seek an accurate presentment of the grandest generalisation of modern science. Much stress is laid on a distinction drawn between two forms of power—*force* and *energy*—apparently corresponding respectively to the somewhat old-fashioned expressions *centripetal* and *centrifugal* force. But the distinction will scarcely commend itself to such physicists, for instance, as Saint-Venant

and Tait, who, on different grounds, seem disposed to suppress the term *force* altogether. Anyhow the argument does not appear to be much furthered by the discussion of these somewhat metaphysical points, about which, perhaps, the best thing said is that "perchance these three—matter, force, and energy—are one" (p. 231). On consideration the author may possibly see his way to abandon the whole of this doctrine, and simply take his stand on the safer ground that all change is due to motion, as already finely expressed by Lucretius:

"Sic ipsa in rebus item jam materialia
Intervalla, vias, connexus, pondera, plagas
Concursus, motus, ordo, positura, figurae
Cum permutantur, mutari res quoque debent."
(II. 1020.)

At p. 145 Mr. Clodd writes: "It is agreed that there was an 'azoic' or lifeless period in the history of the earth—therefore that life had a beginning." This is stated too dogmatically, and certainly would not be admitted by Caporali, for instance, whose voice has, for the last three or four years, been "crying in the wilderness," or at least in *La Nuova Scienza*, enforcing the doctrine with singular vigour and learning that life is eternal, that is, inherent in matter from the atom upwards. The theory is pregnant with stupendous consequences; and, although it may not be accepted right off, it has already found so many adherents that it is no longer correct to say all are "agreed" on a beginning of life.

Several smaller details seem to need revision or modification, such as the statements that charcoal and the diamond are both pure (equally pure?) carbon (p. 83); that water was originally condensed on the crust of the earth, "probably at the temperature of a dull red heat" (p. 146); that hares and rabbits have interbred in France (p. 204); that there are tribes of such imperfect speech "that they cannot understand each other in the dark" (p. 215); that the earth "is probably solid throughout" (p. 26); that the earliest known mammal was probably marsupial, Marsh having discovered placentals quite as old (p. 44); that plant life (algae) has existed on the earth for "millions of centuries" (p. 78); that the age of plants may be calculated by their concentric rings of growth (p. 83); that the common ringed snake may become a viper in confinement (p. 166); that the remains of a saurian have been found in North America computed to have been "more than one hundred feet in length, and above thirty feet in height" (p. 45). Is this Cope's *Atlantosaurus*, and, if so, what is the authority for these dimensions?

The book is beautifully printed, furnished with an index, a profusion of excellent illustrations, and some useful tables, showing the sequence of geological epochs and life-forms. But the table of human races (p. 132) needs considerable revision. A. H. KEANE.

CURRENT SCIENTIFIC LITERATURE.

Living Lights; a Popular Account of Phosphorescent Animals and Vegetables. By C. F. Holder. (Sampson Low.) It cannot be said that Mr. Holder throws much light on his subject. Phosphorescence, he tells us, is probably electrical; and there are in many cases of animal luminosity obvious reasons for the endowment. In some cases it tempts creatures

closer to their devourer, as in many deep-sea fishes; or it may guide winged insects to wingless mates, as the common glowworm. Such a *a priori* reasoning, however, is not very trustworthy. Just as the reader hopes to find more definite information, Mr. Holder says "It must be evident that a practical application of the general features of phosphorescence would be extremely valuable"; and, after hinting at possible writing fluids and paints in the future, devotes the rest of the chapter to an account of Balmain's and other luminous paints. As he only professes to popularise phosphorescence, causes of all kinds may be left out of sight; and we must be thankful that the enumeration of phosphorescent creatures and substances here is carefully performed, that it is illustrated by some very striking pictures, and that it may well be used to show a pupil something of the marvels of nature. Each department of the animated world is passed under review. Many of the protozoa, medusae, molluscs, radiata, and tuniculata furnish examples of phosphorescence. An excellent account of the pyrosoma, whose radiance so often cheers the sailor on the Atlantic, is given. The fishes which live at great depths, such as the Stomiatidae, Stomias-boae, and Chauliodi, are treated with much care. Thence Mr. Holden advances to luminous birds, monkeys, and human beings, and so to flowers and figures, which at certain times glow with a flickering light, though it possesses no heat. It is a curious survey, and may prompt enquirers to investigate whether the luminosity in all these cases is due to electricity, or to various causes, or whether it proceeds from a more subtle power as yet wholly unknown. The author tells us that this year the French Academy of Science offers a prize of three thousand francs for the best essay upon animal phosphorescence. A bibliography here given of books on phosphorescence, which we have tested with success, is an important help for the student. *Living Lights* is printed in good type and on stout paper, and is just the book to give as a present to any young naturalist of an enquiring turn of mind.

Tenants of an Old Farm; Leaves from the Note-Book of a Naturalist. By H. C. McCook. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Dr. McCook is well known as a careful student of American ants and spiders, and this work was originally published in Philadelphia for Americans. He now comes before an English audience to give them the latest results of scientific research on these insects, and on moths, crickets, and such like creatures, which are naturally found in a New England homestead. Gracefully has Sir J. Lubbock, the great English patron of ants, brought his friend before us in the introduction which he has contributed to this book, while an abundance of natural history drawings in it is diversified by some clever comical illustrations of insects, the work of Mr. D. Beard. We cannot but deplore the unwise counsels which led Dr. McCook to throw his researches into a colloquial form, and bring in the native humour of the servants and "hands" on the farm among scientific accounts of the insects of which he treats. He hesitated long before seasoning his facts with fiction, and Sir J. Lubbock appears to deprecate it, in spite of the wide popularity which the work has attained on the other side of the Atlantic. The comic element distracts the reader, while the introduction of amusing woodcuts bestowing human traits upon spiders and caterpillars tends to confuse him. We pay a just tribute of praise to these comic cuts, but they are sadly incongruous where they are. Amusing too as is much of the conversation of the "helps," it is out of place in a scientific book. The stories which the author tells of the humble creatures which are so dear to him are of great interest.

His whole account of the familiar "katydid" is exhaustive and admirable. The economy of the clothes-moths pests on this side of the Atlantic as well as on the other is also related excellently. Some of the Americanisms might have been excised with advantage. We do not ordinarily speak of "exodes," and "scalpage"; or use "wastage" for "waste," and "snare" for "a spider's web." Here and there the thoughts as well as the style are affected, while the village schoolmistress is a great deal more philosophical than her English counterpart. But the book does ample justice to the insects of common life, and will teach many, it may be hoped, to use their eyes and brains to advantage on the common sights and sounds of country life in England.

THE PUBLICATION OF TIBETAN LITERATURE.

We quote from the annual address to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, delivered by the President, Mr. E. T. Atkinson, on February 1, the following account of the progress made in the publication of Tibetan literature, under the auspices of the society:—

"Last year, I stated that steps had been taken to furnish aids to those who might be disposed to undertake the study of Tibetan; and I now have the very great pleasure of placing on the table the first fasciculus of the first Tibetan manuscript printed in India, due to the energy and industry of our member, Bābu Pratāpa Chandra Ghoshā. I trust that it may be the pioneer of a long series of Tibetan issues from our *Bibliotheca*, opening up a new field of great philological and literary interest which has too long been left neglected. The fasciculus before you contains the commencement of the '*Shea-rab-kyi-pha-rol. tu-phyin-pa*' (by contraction '*She-phyin*' and pronounced '*Shor-ahhin*'), which is itself a translation made in the ninth century, into Tibetan, from the Sanskrit of the Buddhist work entitled *Prajñā-pāramitā*, forming, according to Osoma de Kőrös, the second division of the sacred books of Tibet. There are, however, twenty-one different works under this head, and the principal one amongst them is the *Shor-ahhin* of 100,000 *s'lokas*. The first five of the series of twenty-one works above mentioned are abridgements of more or less authority of the *Shor-ahhin* itself, the second being the 20,000 *s'lokas* abridgement, the third that of 18,000 *s'lokas*, the fourth that of 10,000, and the fifth that of 8,000, the Sanskrit text of which under the name *Akṣatāhaarikā Prajñāpāramitā* is now being brought out for us in the *Bibliotheca* by Dr. Rājendralāla Mitra. This last is taken from Nepālese manuscripts, and three fasciculi appeared in 1897. It is also the first work of its character printed in India, nor has any edition or translation of it ever been made or attempted, to the best of my knowledge, in any European country. The society has undertaken the publication of the 100,000 *s'lokas* text; and, as already stated, since there is only the one text available, the efforts of the editor will be devoted to faithfully reproducing the text as it stands, leaving it to others hereafter with better materials to make such corrections as will doubtless be found necessary, for there are evident traces of mistakes made by the copyist. It may be possible also to omit many of the tedious repetitions with which the manuscript abounds.

"The entire work is in prose, and forms twelve volumes, comprising 303 divisions (*dam-po*), each containing 300 *s'lokas* or rather their equivalent in prose, and occupying each about twenty-one leaves of the manuscript. In preparing the work for the press, Bābu P. C. Ghoshā has separated the several words by spacing them out, and has also arranged the sentences in paragraphs for more easy reference, and, only so far, has not followed the manuscript which gives neither divisions nor paragraphs. The numbering of the pages of the manuscript is also reproduced in the body of the text now printed. The *Shor-ahhin* is devoted to Buddhist philosophy, theoretical and practical, and, as stated by Osoma de Kőrös, contains the psychological, logical, and metaphysical terminology of the Buddhist faith, without entering into or reconciling conflicting

views on any particular subject. There are 108 subjects or *dharmas*, regarding which, if any predicate be added to them, affirmative or negative judgments may be formed. All these contain the substance of the teachings of the great teacher himself delivered on the Grīdhraakūṭa Hill at Rājagriha in Magadha. To the student of the earlier systems of philosophy and religion in India the *Shor-ahhin* should be of much interest, for a Buddhist philosophical work is very uncommon in India, and most of the information that we possess on the subject is at second-hand and comes through those who hated the very name of Buddhism.

"In continuation of the same project, our Associate Member, Bābu Sarat Chandra Dās, is bringing out for the society a hitherto unpublished work by the poet Kāshemendra, entitled *Avadāna Kalpalatā*, of which we have the complete Sanskrit with an interlinear Tibetan version in a manuscript recently acquired from Tibet. It is intended to publish the Sanskrit and Tibetan texts in parallel columns, and the first fasciculus is in the press. The manuscript is in verse and was translated into Tibetan by Lochchhava Shōnton Dorje and the Indian pandit Lakshmīkara at the *dhāra* of Gedron Shīdē in Mañyul under the orders of Ponchhen Shākya Sempa, ruler of Tibet in A.D. 1279. The blocks from which the print used was taken were engraved by the direction of the Dalai Lama Nāgwañ Losaṅ in A.D. 1645. The work consists of 108 *pāṭalas*, of which 107 were written by Kāshemendra and one by his son Somendra. The copies hitherto procured and now deposited in our library and that of the Cambridge University are imperfect, containing only the second part of the work, and a fragment of the first, so that the publication of this Sanskrit and Tibetan version of the entire poem will restore to India a portion of a valuable Buddhist work that has been lost to it for some eight hundred years. Kāshemendra is said to have been the court poet of Ananta, Rāja of Kashmir, and undertook the work at the instance of his Buddhist friend Nakka. It is a veritable store-house of the legends as to Buddha's life and acts according to the Mahāyāna School of Northern Buddhism, and is written in a simple, elegant style, quite free from the turgid verbosity and tedious repetition usually characteristic of Buddhist Sanskrit works. The arrangement of the original and Tibetan version in parallel columns should give an impetus to the study of classical Tibetan and afford an accurate basis for further research.

"In my address, last year, it was brought to your notice that Bābu Sarat Chandra Dās was also engaged upon a vocabulary of Tibetan Buddhist terms. Since then he has procured several manuscript dictionaries in Sanskrit-Tibetan and Tibetan-Sanskrit; and it is now intended to enlarge the scope of the proposed work and give a Tibetan-Sanskrit-English dictionary, with an appendix containing the Sanskrit-English portion with a reference to the Tibetan equivalent. This work, when completed, should serve as a key to the great collections of manuscripts in St. Petersburg, Paris, and London, which written, as they are, in classical Tibetan require more aid to understand them than is afforded by the dictionaries of Osoma de Kőrös and Jäschke. It is not unreasonable to expect from the works now in progress under your auspices a flood of light on the history of northern Buddhism, regarding which our knowledge at present is so mixed with conjecture. Learned Indian Buddhist pandits travelled to Tibet and communicated to the Lochchhavas there the received interpretation of the phrases and terms used, which were subsequently embodied in the dictionaries prepared in Tibet and found in the *Betan-kyur*, so that we, perhaps, could not reasonably expect a more authoritative interpretation than that afforded by these manuscripts. It should be a subject of congratulation to this society that, as it was the first in the field in bringing to the notice of European scholars the Sanskrit literature of India, it is again the first to open up this new source of knowledge, clearing away yet another cloud from the mists overhanging the history of the dark middle ages of India."

SCIENCE NOTES.

MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS announce an English translation by Mr. W. Rae Macdonald, of Napier's *Mirifici Logarithmorum Canonis Constructio* (1619). This is not the treatise in which the discovery of logarithms was first announced; that is generally known as the *Descriptio* (1614), and was translated into English at the time. But it contains the account of the manner in which the canon is constructed, and it possesses the additional interest of being the earliest book in which the decimal point is systematically employed. The present translation will be in the same format as the original, with facsimiles of the title page, &c.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) will contain "The Old Babylonian Characters and their Chinese Derivates," by Prof. T. de Lacouperie; "The Nethinim," by Mr. Joseph Jacobs. A future number will contain: "The Real Chronology and True History of the Babylonian Dynasties," by Prof. J. Oppert; "A Contract of Apprenticeship from Sippara," by Prof. F. Révillout; "Ethnological Photographs from Egypt," by Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie.

DR. FRANZ BEYER'S *Lauteytem des Neuf-
französischen*, noticed last year in the ACADEMY, has been quickly followed by his *Französische Phonetik für Lehrer und Studierende* (Cöthen), with which he completes his labours in the difficult field of French phonetics. The former work was almost exclusively analytical; the present is mainly synthetical, and therefore somewhat more interesting to the general reader. But both are alike indispensable to a thorough study of the subject, of which Dr. Beyer here shows himself to be a consummate master. The value of the "Phonetik," both for scientific and practical purposes, can scarcely be overrated. It is certainly not the first attempt to elucidate the many obscure problems connected with the French phonetic system, having been preceded by the tentative studies of such writers as Passy, Horne, Trautmann, and Viator. But it may justly claim to be the first comprehensive treatise on French pronunciation in the concrete sense. The sections dealing with such matters as articulation, quantity, stress, tone, assimilation, and timbre, will be found peculiarly interesting and instructive. The clear and clean character of French vocalisation is well contrasted with our slovenly English habit of slurring over the vowels in unaccented or untuned syllables.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, March 13.) F. GALTON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. G. Bertin read a paper on "The Races of the Babylonian Empire," illustrated by many diagrams. He gave first a description of the various types represented on the monuments of Babylonia and Assyria. In Babylonia there are four principal types: (1) the old Akkadian, (2) the Babylonian proper, (3) that represented by the portrait of Marduknadinakhe, and (4) a low one. In Assyria, also, by the side of the well-known Ninevite type, this same low one is found. In Syria four or five types are represented: (1) the so-called Jewish, (2) the Hittite, (3) the Phœnician, and (4) various specimens of lower races, some even showing negroid features. In Elam the greater part of the population was composed of the race of the lowest type, but Akkadian and Babylonian influences are also found. After noticing what is said in the classical authors and in the Bible about these populations, Mr. Bertin remarked that the history of Western Asia, recovered by Assyriological studies, gives us the origin of the various types,

and shows how they sprung out of four or five primitive races: (1) the Akkadian or Guric; (2) the Sinitic, represented by the ancient Arabs; (3) the Nairic, represented by the Armenians; and (4) a low race, which he calls "the ground race." Their mixture can easily be traced historically, and the formation of the new types explained. The most curious results of this investigation are the Armenian origin of the chief features of the so-called Jewish type, and the fact clearly demonstrated that the Semitic family is purely philological and not ethnical. The Ninevites and the Babylonians, who spoke the same language, exhibit two distinct ethnical types, having even little likeness.

ROYAL ASIATIC.—(Monday, March 19.)

COL. YULE in the chair.—Mr. E. Delmar Morgan read a paper on "The Customs of the Ossetes and the Light they throw on the Evolution of Law." The Ossetes are a people of Aryan race, inhabiting the central Caucasus, including the Darfel Pass, Mount Kazbek, with its glacier, and the defiles of the Terek and its tributaries. The Ossetes number more than one million souls, and are therefore the most numerous and geographically the most important of the tribes of the Caucasus. They are a fair people, with blue eyes and light hair, and of medium height. They are addicted to brigandage, but respect the laws of hospitality. Recent investigations have proved their Iranian origin. They are, in fact, identical with the Alani of mediæval travellers, the Asai or Yassi of Russian chronicles; and they were in ancient times distributed over the plains north of the Caucasus, between the Volga and the sea of Azof. The main fact of their history that has come down to us is their conversion to Christianity by St. Neiva, the apostle to the Georgians in the fourth century. But this only refers to the Ossetes south of the main range; those north of the Caucasus did not become Christians till several centuries later. The Northern Ossetes, known as Digorians and Taghaurians, came under the influence of their powerful neighbour Kabarda, from whom they received feudalism, and eventually the faith of Islam. When Russia annexed their territory in the early years of the present century, village communities had almost ceased to exist, and the peasantry were under complete subjection to the landowners. Russia took every measure in her power to destroy the influence of the privileged class, dividing the country into magistracies, and instituting local courts and officials with powers of summary jurisdiction. By these measures blood reprisals and other barbarous customs were stopped and a great improvement was effected. The Ossetes settlements, called Kan, are founded on the agnatic tie, and comprise about 40 members in each. The domestic arrangements and customs of the people were then described, with special reference to their commemorative ceremonies in honour of departed relations.

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THE ART COLLECTIONS IN THE
GOETHE HOUSE AT WEIMAR.

II.

(Continued from the ACADEMY of January 14.)

WE find our opinions confirmed when we inspect the objects of art in the adjoining room. Not only do we see here the collection of Majolica completed by another series, but also that the glass case in the centre of this room contains bronze figures worthy of notice. On the one hand, we have a continuation of the select collection before mentioned in the Saal—statuettes of Greek and Roman gods and heroes, which are conspicuous for their fineness of form and the beauty of the old ware. Even pieces of larger dimensions are not wanting, either representations on a small scale of celebrated antiques or copies of the Renaissance period. We perceive the Medici

Venus beside the so-called "Accroupie," and an antique flying Victory beside a miniature Moses of Michel Angelo. A small Japanese Buddha of good workmanship surprises us among rough Roman images and amulets, and shows that even Oriental art was valued by Goethe as forming a supplement to universal art.

The objects placed in the glass cases at the side are of special interest. They are personal souvenirs of the poet: miniature paintings, silhouettes, album leaves; his own sketches and those of artist friends—among these a pen-and-ink sketch by Tischbein, which gives us Goethe *en negligé* in his Roman studio, trying in vain to arrange his drawing table, a pillow in his way, and bending forward he loses his slipper. The scene is by no means artistic, but it is depicted with much humour in a few strokes. This sketch gives us a sample of the rich collection of authentic drawings which will shortly appear in a new and complete edition of the *Italian Journey*.

As it is not my intention to encroach upon the rights of the editor of the Goethe Archives, the following notes are therefore given only as a general survey. The new illustrations will, in the first place, be composed principally of the artistic attempts which Goethe made during his Italian sojourn—studies from nature and art—to which he refers at different times. Secondly, there will be figure and landscape drawings, designed by Tischbein and Kniep, which likewise owe their origin to the instigation of the poet. The portfolios in which Goethe collected these souvenirs of his Italian journey, dedicated to him by artists, are not yet accessible to the public. One of the reasons is that their condition is such that the continual touching of fragile sketches, pasted on bad paper, would soon destroy them; another is because these manifold subjects are soon to be published with an authentic explanation. To me, to whom the favour was shown of seeing these portfolios, it remains only to remark that this sample of Tischbein gives a perfect idea of what the other remaining Italian sketches are; while the Kniep landscapes do not in any way differ in technique from the famous pictures to be found in the Decken Zimmer. These are, properly speaking, not paintings, but large coloured drawings, in which the local tone takes a subordinate part. On the whole, a disappointment would be experienced by those who expect from this collection of sketches an artistic impression, or a contribution to the history of German art in the latter part of the last century. The companions who assisted Goethe in his artistic performances were of a very simple nature; and it is touching, on the one hand, to observe the affection with which he clings to these Roman friends, as, on the other, it seems unnatural that he, who possessed such deep knowledge of art, should give so high praise to landscapes such as those of Kniep. These portfolios do not, therefore, really belong to the art collection; yet it is evident that the personal value attached to these sketches is great. In the above-mentioned hastily designed sketch of Tischbein we make an accurate acquaintance with Goethe's room in Rome. Here, with a few strokes, the antiques are brought before us: the Juno Ludovici, a Venus bust, the so often mentioned cast of a foot which the poet tried to draw—and all these objects in a true artist's home, placed on a board resting on a pile of books, Winckelmann's works, &c.—the Roman lamp, beside it a vase on a little table, and the well-known Gatto, who paid, as it is said, such devotion to the Jupiter bust of Otricoli. In short, we gain an insight, through this and other similar sketches in Tischbein's portfolio, into Goethe's Roman life. The personal interest increases, while the aesthetic

expectations are seldom fulfilled. But how often may these insignificant strokes of the pen have been the germ of some of Goethe's thoughts worked out at a later period, and the source of inspirations which flowed from the stimulating power of this artistic circle? With regard to Goethe's own sketches, we are likewise unable to form here a complete idea, although, on the whole, a sufficient impression is given. Numbers of them are scattered over the walls of the above-mentioned room. We must, of course, make a difference between the extempores which passing objects offered and the premeditated artistic compositions—between the immature sketches of youth and those of later years. If Goethe, for instance, attaches value to his portrait sketches, which immortalise the personal remembrance of his beloved ones and of his friends, he does not, for all that, consider them works of art. Or, is this intimated, perhaps, by the pencil drawings with the likeness of his sister Cornelia, and the water-colour with the head of Wieland? The point of view, of course, changes, when we consider the numerous landscapes done at different periods of his life. During his student days, while under the tuition of the painter Oeser, he showed a preference for this branch of drawing. The so-called Garden Room in Goethe's House has been lately enriched with two etchings by the young Goethe, the technique of which shows, so far as the representation of nature is concerned, a close resemblance to the affected style of his master. Then follow drawings done by the poet during his first years at Weimar. In the glass case we see one of these sketches representing the Castle of Dornburg, near Jena, which was intended for Frau von Stein. Although the landscape is somewhat clumsy, it is characterised by a simplicity and clearness in the working out which shows how much truer a comprehension of nature the poet had now attained. Two epochs are noteworthy as having influenced Goethe in his art: the one when he was in Italy and made the water-colour drawings and the view of Rome which hang in the Decken Zimmer; the other, when, tired of studies in the theory of colour, he returned to the subject in connexion with nature, and designed the series of water-colour landscapes which are to be seen here collected into one volume. At Rome he was doubting whether he might not, after all, be a born painter rather than a poet. More than thirty years later, when he put together his book of sketches at Weimar, he acknowledged with resignation that he "treated drawing as other people do the smoking of tobacco." But was Goethe right in this low estimate of his artistic powers? With regard to his Roman studies, most certainly not. The drawings in the Decken Zimmer, with a view of the banks of the Tiber opposite to the Ripa Grande, a glimpse of Rome with the Vatican and the back of St. Peter's, not only do not fall short of the works of the artists who were his advisers, but even exceed them in delicacy of feeling. Of course, we here refer only to the pen-and-ink sketches, which were painted over, and the light and shade slightly indicated; for another hand, as Goethe himself confesses, often put the finishing touches, as may be seen unmistakably in a remarkably good view of the Capitol. Nevertheless, one feels when looking upon these works that they are from the hand of one who had as thorough a knowledge of the practical side of the painter's art as any of his own circle, and that he completely abandoned himself to realistic impressions—a quality of which his later sketch-book in the year 1810 cannot boast. There we not only find that the colours are often symbolical, but also that the landscape is drawn from memory—nay, even sometimes from descriptions. What we prin-

cipally lay stress on is that artistic criticism is not the standard by which these sketches should be judged. Goethe was impelled to his artistic activity by inward necessity, just as his occupation with natural history induced him to write his well-known treatises on zoological and botanical subjects. And, as we admit that his knowledge in the history of art was not superficial, but according to the systematic choice of his collections very special and far beyond his time, so his drawings and paintings are closely connected with his theoretical acquaintance with art. They are also the source from which spring preferences for particular epochs and works of art. Goethe is here stimulated by the circumstances surrounding him; for they are Roman views which his sketches show us—Rome and the classical sculptures there, as well as the Raphael frescoes, which remained for him the standard for all his subsequent criticism on art. In order to better understand the antique, he gave himself the trouble to make careful drawings from casts. He ordered, on the other hand, copies from the old masters, and especially Raphael; and even, at one time, while expressing his opinion on this subject, got into controversy with the representatives of modern art. That, at least, is the impression we receive when, returning to the entrance of the museum, we turn to the left of the so-called Saal and enter the Juno Room. Omitting the interesting drawings and engravings from the German school, it is mostly Roman remembrances that decorate the chief room in Goethe's House—the cast of the "Juno Ludovisi" near the window, a good copy of the so-called "Aldobrandini Marriage" which hangs over the sofa on the left side of the room; water-colours by his artist friend, H. Meyer, with scenes from Raphael's Loggia ("Joseph before Pharaoh" and "Lot's Banishment"), at the entrance of the room. Who would not be reminded, while looking at the first antique painting of Goethe's dissertation on Polygnotus and the Philostratic paintings, of his practical endeavours as director of the Weimar drawing school to make the style and works of the antique the foundation for modern art. After this, Meyer's questionable copies from Raphael's pictures are grievously disappointing; but they were sufficient for Goethe as personal souvenirs, and this characteristic of the great connoisseur and collector is still more marked when we come to look at the objects of art in the Urbino Room. This, as well as the Decken Room, had already been chosen in Goethe's time to hold his art collections. Here stood, and still stands, his cabinet, which contains his engravings. Here hangs the big portrait of a Duke of Urbino (by a later Italian "Manierist," who seems to have learned something of the Venetian school). Here are small oil paintings, none of them remarkable, but interesting from their classification, consisting of specimens of Giotto, Correggio, Domenichino, Baroccio, Guercino, the old German school, and some of Dietrich, Hackert, Klenze, and the inevitable Tischbein.

The collection of plaster casts shows Goethe's preference for the antique in the strongest light. When, in 1819, it was proposed to raise a statue to Blücher, Schadow (the Berlin sculptor to whom the commission was given) consented, out of complaisance to Goethe, to represent the field marshal in classical costume, as is shown here in a precious little wax model. A glance at the Rauch statue of Blücher at Berlin proves how much more reasonable this sculptor was in representing him in the garb of his time, and how false Goethe's conception appears, in which the historical Blücher is shown as Hercules, a lion skin on his shoulders and his cavalry sword in his hand. It was against Schadow's wish that he adopted Goethe's

views, and there arose later on a controversy between his narrow opinions and the free views of modern artists. Yet it is interesting to see the question decided by Goethe's expressed wishes with regard to his own portrait, as exemplified by the many designs for a monument made before his death. In Rauch's design of 1824, we see Goethe wrapt in a toga, leaning against an altar; again in the same costume, sitting in an antique chair, but without a tunic, so that the classical cloak leaves the upper part of the body uncovered. A monument of the poet, designed by Bettina von Arnim, is very similar, except that a certain air of inspiration takes the place of classical calm. Then we find a model of Rauch's in the year 1828, which brings before us the historical Goethe in a frock coat, the authentic costume of later years. Thus, the poet seems to have come to the conclusion, that a living man (to use his own phrase) lives on in our memory as he appeared to us last; in other words, that the statues which please us most ought to be those which are the truest to nature.

I must refrain from describing the rich number of paintings and busts in the Goethe House, which show us the poet at different periods of his life by different artists—a valuable series of original works, beginning with Melchior's handsome medallion portrait of the young Goethe (1775), and ending with the miniature of the aged Goethe on the Sebbers cup (1826). The collection of casts in the so-called Bust Room can only be shortly summed up. Enough that here we find it confirmed that Goethe understood how to keep pace with the progress of art; and that his interest for Greek originals increased, in contrast to his early admiration for creations of Graeco-Roman art. We see the beautiful frieze from the Lysikrates monument at Athens, the "Apotheosis of Homer," and the beautiful real Greek Ilioneus in the middle of the room. Moreover, his opinions with regard to contemporary art become freer. By the side of the ideal works (Achilleus and Penthesilea) by the Berlin sculptor Tieck (1826), we are astonished to see the strictly realistic portrait medallions of the Frenchman David d'Angers; and the same surprise awaits us when we enter the so-called Garden-Room. Here hang on the narrow side of the walls casts of the reliefs from the pedestal of Blücher's monument at Berlin, worked out in direct opposition to Goethe's conception. This proves more than anything how Goethe by degrees took part in the development of higher views of art, always rising to the furthest point attainable, and maintaining himself there. The very fact of his change of views and his ready acceptance of new ideas in art prove, what we said before, that Goethe was the first modern art historian.

L. VON SCHEFFLER.

BABYLONIAN TABLETS FROM UPPER EGYPT.

Brindley: March 30, 1893.

THANKS to the kindness of M. Bouriant, director of the French Archaeological School at Cairo, I can now give further details concerning the Babylonian tablets which, as I mentioned in a previous letter, have been found in large quantities at or near Tel-el-Amarna, in Upper Egypt. Before I left Cairo, M. Bouriant placed in my hands more than a dozen which belonged to himself, those purchased for the Boulak Museum having been locked up by the director, M. Grébaud, in his private house, and so rendered inaccessible to scholars. Most of the tablets contain copies of despatches sent to the Babylonian king by his officers in Upper Egypt; and as one of them

speaks of "the conquest of Amasis" (*kasad Amasi*), while another seems to mention the name of Apries, the king in question must have been Nebuchadnezzar. The conquest of Egypt by Nebuchadnezzar, so long doubted, is now therefore become a fact of history. One of the tablets is addressed to "the king of Egypt," the name of Egypt being written *Miteri*, as in the annals of Nebuchadnezzar, and not *Muteri*, as in the inscriptions of Assyria. In others the Babylonian monarch is called "the Sun-god," like the native Pharaohs of Egypt. Mention is also made of "the country of Nuqu," or Necho.

The most curious of the tablets I have copied is a large one of which M. Bouriant possesses two fragments. It contains an inventory of the government property of which the Babylonian satrap had charge. The objects of stone alone amounted to 6840, and included two colossi and a "kukupu," the name of which is *namgar*. Now that Babylonian tablets of clay have been discovered, there seems no reason why papyri inscribed with cuneiform writing should not also be found.

The ill-advised action of M. Grébaut, however, in enforcing the strict letter of the Turkish law of antiquities against the *fellahin* has placed a serious obstacle in the way of any such discovery becoming known for the purposes of science. From the nature of things, it is the *fellahin* to whom the discovery of antiquities in Egypt is in the first instance generally due, and the preservation of *antikas* depends upon the belief of the *fellahin* that they can be turned into money. When, on the contrary, the *fellah* finds that the antiquities he has discovered are taken from him by a government official, without compensation, and that he himself is liable to fine and imprisonment, he will naturally conceal the fact of the discovery, and either destroy altogether what he has found, or break it up into small fragments, which can be sold easily to the uninitiated tourist.

The bar placed upon the free sale of antiquities by the *fellahin* is almost as injurious as the prohibition to discover them. Numberless relics of priceless value to science have been lost irretrievably because the *fellahin* did not know that they had a marketable value. Only the other day I came across a *sebak*-digger at Memphis who had in his hand a fragment of a demotic papyrus. His surprise was great when I offered him half a piastre for the fragment; and he immediately brought me another fragment containing cursive Greek, regretting that in his ignorance he had already destroyed many others like it. Henceforward he and his fellow-workers will preserve the papyri they find in the mounds of Memphis, where it is evident an ancient library has been lighted upon. The first duty of the Boulak Museum is to protect the existing monuments of Upper Egypt, which I am told have already suffered considerably since Prof. Maspero's departure, rather than attempt the impossible task of preventing the *fellahin* from discovering and the tourist from purchasing the archaeological treasures that lie beneath the soil.

A. H. SAYCE.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

MR. F. LLEWELLYN GRIFFITH, acting for the Egypt Exploration Fund, has recently visited the rock-cut tombs of Siût (Lycopolis), in Upper Egypt, and has made a series of careful transcripts of all the extant inscriptions, not only correcting all which have been previously published, but copying many hitherto unrecorded. Mr. Griffith has determined the date of the great tomb known as Stabl-Antar, having found that it was excavated in the reign of Useresen I., XIIth dynasty. He has also discovered that the upper ranges of tombs in the same cliff belong to the hitherto unrepresented dynasties of Heracleopolis (the IXth and Xth

dynasties of Manetho). These are important facts acquired for science. The inscriptions will probably be published by the Egypt Exploration Fund.

M. Naville, accompanied, as last year, by Count d'Hulst, recommenced the excavations of the great Temple of Bubastis on February 25, and was joined the same day by Mr. N. Llewellyn Griffith, who arrived from Siût. During the six weeks which have elapsed since that date, the work has made rapid progress. Some two-thirds, or more, of the temple area are now laid bare, and the discoveries of inscriptions, statues, and bas-relief sculptures are of the highest historical interest. That Bubastis was a Hyksos capital is what no Egyptologist or historian could have anticipated; but the recent discovery of two black granite statues of the unique Hyksos type, the lower part of a seated statue of a Hyksos king with the hitherto unknown name of Ra-Ian, or Ian-Ra, and a fine architrave carved with the cartouches of Apepi, establishes this important fact beyond reach of doubt. Scarcely less important are two statues of a scribe of the time of Amenhotep III., and a fragmentary inscription with the cartouche of Aten-Ra, the chosen god of the heretic Pharaoh Khuenaten, which show the XVIIIth Dynasty, and even the great Aten heresy, to be at last represented in the Delta. Other finds supply fresh links in the history of the temple, beginning as far back as the VIth Dynasty, with the discovery of another fragment of Pepi, and ending with a fine Greek inscription of the period of Ptolemy Epiphanes. A statue of Apries, the Hophra of the Bible, and parts of statues of Ramesses VI. and Nectanebo I. have also come to light, besides innumerable statues, and parts of statues, of Ramesses II. To the Hypostyle Hall of Ramesses II., and the Festival Hall of Osorkon II., are now added the remains of a hall of Osorkon I. The western end of the temple, containing the sanctuary, is at present in process of excavation. We are promised a detailed report of these discoveries from the pen of M. Naville next week.

OBITUARY.

THE REV. C. W. KING.

On Sunday evening last, the Rev. C. W. King, Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, died, after a very brief illness, in London, of a bronchial cold. With him has passed away almost the last of the links which connect the present generation with the days of Hare and Thirlwall. Mr. King was an example of the saying that literary men owe their genius to their mothers. His father was a plain plodding man, well known to some men of business in Cambridge as a shipping agent in the iron trade at Newport (Monmouthshire). From childhood the son showed the energy and taste in collecting which led him later in life to form perhaps the most notable private cabinet of antique gems in Great Britain. He entered Trinity College in October, 1836, as a Sizar. The Tripos Lists of 1840 have his name as sixth in the first class of the Classical Tripos, and twenty-seventh Junior Optime. Elected a Fellow in 1842, Mr. King soon began those studies of ancient art which, encouraged by successive winters spent in Rome and Etruria, led him to publish, in 1860, his first work, entitled *Antique Gems, their Origin, Uses, and Value*; this was followed, in 1864, by *The Gnostics and their Remains* (second edition, 1887); in 1866 by the *Handbook of Engraved Gems* (second edition, 1885). The next year saw him produce the *Natural History of Precious Stones, and of the Precious Metals*, and the *Natural History of Gems*. In 1869 he brought out a charming

edition of Horace, illustrated entirely from antique gems in his own and other collections. The descriptive notes are a perfect model of graceful learning. The text for this edition was carefully revised by the late H. A. J. Munro. The year 1872 saw the publication of what he considered his *magnum opus*, *Antique Gems and Rings*, in two volumes, upon the preparation of which he had concentrated a wealth of lore and observation. His sight had long shown signs of weakness, and now began to fail him for all but the nearest objects. Of these he retained to the last a microscopic power of discernment. His sensitive nature, though keenly susceptible of all the highest pleasures of friendship, shrank from anything approaching to official show and publicity. Always free and generous in communicating from his stores of curious lore, he never delivered a lecture within or outside of his university. But as a typical scholar, a genial coenobite of the olden style, his memory will long be treasured by a few loving hearts both here and in the Greater Britain.

THE FORTHCOMING EXHIBITIONS.

SIR JAMES LINTON'S works for the summer exhibitions are three in number, and are all single figures. The largest—a life-size portrait, presumably, though in the character of Miss Wardour in *The Antiquary*—is an oil picture, and it goes to the New Gallery. The water-colour drawings, which, of course, will be exhibited at the Royal Institute, are, firstly, a standing figure, three-quarters length, of a comely brunette, arrayed superbly in satin and pearls, and announcing herself as Lady Peveril, in *Peveril of the Peak*; and, secondly, a blonde, in rich brocade and old gold colour, who comes from no romance, but is doubtless fair enough to be the occasion of one. This is "Sacharissa," a young lady of the days of George II.; her raiment, of the Pompadour type.

WE are sorry to learn that neither Mr. Onslow Ford nor Mr. Alfred Gilbert—two of the most brilliant and solid of the younger associates of the Academy—will be able to send any important ideal work this year. But Mr. Hamo Thornycroft has finished a "Medea," elaborately conceived and wrought with untiring patience of study. Mr. Roscoe Mullins's appreciation of the grace of our first years finds vent in the production of a sweet little group of naked children, called "Pail o' Water"—two little damsels of seven or eight holding between them, and about to dip, a dimpling infant of two. Mr. Samuel Fry carries out in marble, with many alterations—including the addition of a measure of drapery—a conception of "Hero," which, though it has never been publicly exhibited, some of us have beheld in the statuette in plaster. The new "Hero" is life-sized; the right arm is further raised; increased energy is bestowed upon the torso. Altogether, it is by far the strongest work which Mr. Fry has yet accomplished.

THE loves and the hatreds of Centaurs form the subjects of two small pictures recently completed by Mr. Arthur Lemon. In one, two lovers rush into each other's arms; in the other, a Centaur is rearing and falling back, struck with an arrow from an enemy just seen against the evening sky. Both are full of imagination. More in his accustomed manner is a romantic landscape, with horses drinking.

MR. FRANK DILLON will send to the Academy an afterglow scene at Assouan, on a creek of the Nile. The effect of light is at once powerful and delicate. His water-colour drawings for the Institute comprise a sunny view of Madeira, and some pretty corners in Cairo.

MR. SARGENT has sent over from America, where he is still busily engaged, two portraits of American ladies, both painted with great skill. The most agreeable and the finer work of the two is of an old lady, dressed in black, with a white lace cape half hiding a delicate yellow rose in its folds. Her face, which is exquisitely drawn, is full of refined character.

MR. F. D. MILLET's picture of "The Lovelatter" shows us a room handsomely furnished as in the days of our grandfathers, with an old gentleman absorbed in his paper after breakfast, while his pretty daughter waits for a favourable moment to convey certain intelligence, the nature of which is indicated by her attitude and the letter in her hand. The picture will be popular for its sentiment, and admired for its skill in execution. The sideboard, with its plate, is a picture in itself, and the damask tablecloth is a marvel.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. W. MARTIN CONWAY has resigned the Roscoe Professorship of Art at University College, Liverpool. Intending applicants for the chair must send in testimonials before the end of this month.

MESSRS. HENRY GRAVES & Co. will have on view next week, at their gallery in Pall Mall, a series of water-colour drawings of views in Egypt by Lady Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson), together with most of her famous military pictures, which have been lent by the several owners.

THE other exhibitions to open next week include that of the New English Art Club at the Dudley Gallery; and a collection of foreign pictures at Mr. Koekkoek's, in Piccadilly, of which the special attraction is three of M. Munkacsy's latest pictures.

MR. JOHN E. PRICE has in hand the compilation of a complete index of Roman remains in London. When finished, he will, from the information contained therein, reconstruct, so far as possible, the plan of the Roman city, which, together with the results of his researches, will be published in the *Archaeological Review*.

MESSRS. W. A. MANSELL & Co., of Oxford Street, have published an English translation of Dr. Rudolf Menge's *Introduction to Ancient Art*, together with thirty-four sheets of woodcuts. The letterpress and the illustrations must be taken together; for the author has attempted little more than a running commentary, while the pictures are only described by their original German titles. But, despite this drawback, the work is one of great educational utility. Within a small compass, and at a low price, it gives a general survey of the whole history of architecture and sculpture in ancient times, beginning with Egypt and Babylonia, not omitting such minor matters as vases and coins. Dr. Menge has been careful to include the results of the German excavations at Olympia and Pergamos. The woodcuts are roughly drawn, but adequate for their purpose.

CONCERNING the late Mr. W. Thompson Watkin, whose death was recorded in the ACADEMY of last week, a correspondent mentions, as an example of Mr. Watkin's wide and untiring research, that he possessed "many cwts. of MS. extracts on Britanno-Roman subjects, relating to the whole kingdom." It is to be hoped that these will pass to some one capable of utilising them in a manner worthy of their collector.

MUSIO.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Addresses and Lectures. By G. A. Macfarren. (Longmans.) This volume contains the annual addresses delivered to the students of the Royal Academy of Music from 1878 to 1887, and three papers read at the Musical Association—one on the Lyrical Drama and two on Handel and Bach. To the students Sir George gave much excellent advice. He was not satisfied with mere progress in music, but always impressed on them the necessity of mental culture and gentle manners. In the address for the year 1882, the Principal skillfully reviews in very brief compass the history of music from the earliest times down to Mendelssohn and Schumann. In 1883 reference is, of course, made to Wagner. Sir George could admire neither the dramatic construction, nor the form, nor the orchestration of the music-dramas of the Bayreuth master; and he spoke his mind in plain and honest language. In style he is clear, and in many ways he shows solid acquaintance with literature, the sciences, and other arts besides that of music. The Musical Association papers are instructive and interesting. This book, with its maxims, its admonitions, and its honest criticisms, may be recommended both to teachers and scholars.

The Prima Donna. By H. Sutherland Edwards. (Remington.) The prima donna has always been an object of interest to the public. Such charm does she exercise over ears and hearts that every detail connected with her life is eagerly sought after. Mr. Sutherland Edwards, the well-known *littérateur*, has met this demand by giving the history and surroundings of many a famous queen of song who flourished from the seventeenth to the nineteenth century. There are, among others, the famous names of Cuzzolin and Faustina, who gave Handel so much trouble; Sontag and Malibran, who achieved triumphs early in this century; and coming down to later times, we have Jenny Lind, Patti, Nilsson, Albani, &c. It is difficult and, indeed, unnecessary to give quotations from pages so full of interesting and amusing matter. The book will be found light and pleasant reading, and, as we have said, the class of readers to whom it appeals is a large one.

The Philosophy of Music. By W. Pole. (Trübner.) This is the second edition of a remarkably interesting work which appeared nearly ten years ago. Its striking merits were then fully acknowledged, so that we need only call attention to its second appearance. There is an important note in the appendix. Mr. Pole, following the authority of Burney, Fétis, and Westphal, had in his description of the later Greek modes described them as mere transpositions of one of the ancient octave-forms. Mr. J. F. Rowbotham's *History of Music* has, however, convinced him that the later modes were of varied character, and really retained all the original octave-forms.

François Liszt. Translated from the French of Janka Wohl. By B. Peyton Ward. (Ward & Downey.) This interesting book contains the recollections of one of Liszt's fellow-countrywomen, who knew him since she was ten years of age. He was the hero of her childish dreams. He often talked to her of his life and of its romantic episodes, knowing well that she intended to commit everything to writing. We have, then, the conversations of Liszt recorded, though not always the actual words used by him. Once, indeed, Liszt's own words are attributed to someone else. "It has been happily said of his *Messes* that 'they are prayers rather than compositions,'" says our author. But that is the expression used by Liszt in a

letter to Wagner in reference to his "Gran" Mass. Liszt talked about his pupils—the famous Russian countess, who published *The Memoirs of a Cossack*, Sophie Menter, the one-armed Zichy, Tausig, and others. A whole chapter is devoted to the *liaison* with the Countess d'Agoult; and no one understood the woman better, nor could anyone, we imagine, have described her in more life-like language. In another chapter we read about another woman, who, like the Countess d'Agoult, devoted herself to literature, but whose name became far more famous—this was Miss Evans (George Eliot), who with Mr. Lewes visited Liszt at Weimar. Liszt describes her; by quotations from her letters and diaries she also describes Liszt. The two French writers, George Sand and Alfred de Musset, are also presented to our notice. Of course, Liszt had something to say of Wagner, though not much. It was a subject of conversation which he appeared to avoid. This one sentence which we quote will show what he thought of his friend and of his art-work. "His genius triumphed, so to speak, in spite of him; for nobody put so many spokes in his wheels as Richard Wagner." Liszt's marked preference for anything Russian comes out strongly in the book. "From there," he said, "will come innovations in every branch of science, of the fine arts, and of literature."

George Frederick Handel. By J. Cuthbert Hadden (W. H. Allen.) This is the first of a series of biographies of the great composers. A small book, on a great subject, and issued at a very moderate price. Of course, one does not expect to find anything original in such a work. The only question is—Is it reliable? The author seems to have been most careful in his facts and dates; and he has given a clear account of Handel's life and principal works. He is perfectly justified in making the most of his hero, but goes, perhaps, a little beyond the mark in saying that "Handel is still the greatest as he is the favourite composer." In the catalogue of works at the end of the book, some of minor importance are omitted; to have given all would have been more useful, and occupied very little more space.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE Handel Festival is announced for the last week of June next, at the Crystal Palace. The Great Rehearsal is fixed for the previous Saturday, June 22; the Messiah for Monday, June 25, and "Israel" for Friday, June 29. On the Wednesday, June 27, there will, as usual, be a selection from Handel's works. The overtures to "Samson" and "Semele" will be given for the first time. Also choruses from "Belshazzar," "Alexander Balus," and an aria for baritone from "Ottone," recently found by Dr. A. H. Mann among the treasures of the Fitzwilliam Museum, at Cambridge. The principal vocalists engaged are Mesdames Albani, Nordica, Valleria, Patey, Trebelli, and Messrs. Lloyd, Santley, and Barton McGuckin. The chorus and orchestra of 4,000 will be under the direction of Mr. A. Manns.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

TO THE ACADEMY.

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LITERATURE.

Correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor. Edited by Edward Dowden. (Longmans.)

EDITORS of correspondence are often persons to be pitied; but Prof. Dowden is a person to be congratulated, for the labour of love performed in the compilation of this pleasant volume has been unattended by any of the difficulties which generally harass the soul of the man to whom such a task is entrusted, or by whom it is rashly undertaken. There have probably been few eminent men of our century whose entire correspondence might have been published with less risk to their own reputation, or to the equanimity of their friends, than that of Sir Henry Taylor. In any large and miscellaneous collection of letters there must, however, be a good deal of matter which is either too private or too trivial to be presented to the public eye; and in 1884 Sir Henry himself reduced the labours of his editor to a minimum by going through the mass of his correspondence, selecting those letters which he considered worthy of preservation, and cancelling passages which for any reason seemed unsuitable for publication. Prof. Dowden's task has, therefore, been to pass the already sifted matter through a still finer sieve which should separate, not the suitable from the unsuitable, but the more interesting from the less interesting; and it is obvious that the second sifting must have been more laborious than the first. Of course, it is not likely that any critic of this volume can know the nature of the material that the editor has set aside—he can only know what has been retained; but even this knowledge is sufficient to enable him to appraise Prof. Dowden's labours with confidence and without presumption. Whatever may be the quality of the letters withheld from us, it is exceedingly improbable that they can be of greater value and interest than those here published; and if it can be said—as I think it can—that this large volume of over four hundred pages contains no single letter which an ordinary reader would willingly miss, such saying is a verdict of emphatic praise.

The title of the book is to be taken literally; its contents consisting not merely of letters written by Sir Henry Taylor to his friends, but by his friends to him. It was, the editor tells us, Sir Henry Taylor's own opinion—one of the many opinions which he shared with the majority of sensible people—that

“a letter-writer is seen best in a correspondence, not in a succession of letters written by himself alone. He appears surrounded, as he was in life, by a group of friends. The force of his character and the play of his mind are felt indirectly, as well as directly; and, if his correspondents be eminent persons, or persons worth

knowing for their own sakes, a double service is rendered by the publication.”

Did a view so obviously sound stand in need of practical illustration, such illustration would be sufficiently provided by the present volume. The letters of such correspondents as Wordsworth, Sir James Stephen, James Spedding, Miss Fenwick, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Aubrey de Vere—to mention only a few names out of many—are not only interesting in themselves, they confer a reflex interest on the letters which they elicited, or to which they were replies, one friend illuminating this or that facet of Taylor's mind which another failed to reach.

Considered as letters simply, some of these outside contributions are among the best things in the volume. Sir Henry Taylor was undoubtedly what Prof. Dowden calls him, “a connoisseur in the fine art of letter-writing”; but, on the evidence provided by this correspondence, I should incline to say that in mastery of the art he was excelled by one or two of his friends. There is no letter of his quite equal in beauty to that of Mr. Aubrey de Vere (p. 280), or in bright, realisable descriptiveness to any one of the three letters from Mrs.—now Lady—Pollock, the first of which is to be found on p. 273. Mr. Aubrey de Vere's letter is too long to give entire, and would be spoiled by mutilation; but I cannot resist the temptation to quote Lady Pollock's charming description of the experiment by which Prof. Tyndall illustrated his lecture on “sounding and sensitive flames.”

“These flames—delicate, bright, tender, feminine in aspect, and I may say in behaviour—seem endowed with human characteristics. Some poet has said somewhere of women, ‘Their spirits are to ours as flame to fire.’ The gentleman who said it should have witnessed the palpitations, the exaltations, and the depressions; the exquisite sensibilities, the visible pulsations, the flutterings and faintings of the spirits which Tyndall invoked on Friday night. The most tender of them responded to his lightest breath at last; was sensitive to every soft sound he uttered; lifted up its head to listen; dipped and rose and turned to look at him; and, like the affectionate lady in the Scotch song, found music in the very creaking of his boots, and throbbed in time to their strides. It was very pretty to see the demeanour of the creature while he repeated to it one of Spenser's most melodious stanzas; how it seemed to listen and love, picking out the sounds specially pleasing to its instincts, and bowing to their beauty. It addressed itself to motion as about to speak but would not speak; it only reflected with a gentle movement what it heard, as you sometimes see poetry which you recite given back to you by the shifting expression of a sensitive countenance. You are familiar with such indications as these in a soft feminine audience; but can you imagine talking with such effect to a flame out of a gas-pipe?”

Sir Henry Taylor's own letters are inevitably the centre of interest; and in attempting to appraise them there is one respect in which a critic who had not the privilege of knowing their writer is at a disadvantage. He cannot decide how far they are characteristic, to what extent they represent the nature behind them. In the case of some letters no reader feels any doubt upon this matter. Sharp angles of character, strong lights and shadows of temperament are reflected in every

sentence, and there can be no mistake as to the essential character of the reflection; but here there is no such decisiveness of line, no such depth of chiaroscuro. The impression I derive from Sir Henry's part in this correspondence is of a man of lofty character, large endowment, and eminently genial disposition, who was wanting in passion and impulse, and who, therefore, though both admirable and likeable, had never in store any of those happy surprises which make a personality really interesting. We know that the gods approve the depth and not the tumult of the soul; but though the wisest men are on the side of the gods in looking askance upon tumultuous emotion, they nevertheless feel an inspiring enjoyment in contemplating the indications of emotion fervid enough to become tumultuous were it not held in by bit and bridle. There are no such indications in these letters. Sir Henry Taylor's mind seems to have been eminently well balanced; and its equipoise is most naturally explained not by the hypothesis of the mutual action and counteraction of this strong force and that strong force, but of a natural good behaviour on the part of all his forces—an entire absence of any tendency to aggression or usurpation. He lacked eagerness—lacked it even in that region where we should most certainly expect to find it, for in a letter to Southey he confesses that he has never been an eager reader. After lamenting the smallness of his knowledge, or what he conceived to be its smallness, he writes (p. 8):

“It is not that I have not applied myself to reading—at times I have read laboriously. Often, when nothing has been over agreeable to me, reading has been as agreeable as anything else; but I have wanted that curiosity and lively interest in the pursuit which makes reading turn to account. And the feeling of *Cui bono?* (feeling, I call it, for it is temperament that suggests the question, though reason cannot well answer it) has mingled itself much with my existence almost as far back as I can remember.”

In the same letter—a most careful and interesting piece of self-portraiture—Sir Henry Taylor goes on to speak of the formation of opinion, and to contrast Southey's eager vivacity of mental action with his own hesitating inertness.

“From some observation of the habitual action of your mind and its laws and customs, I can easily imagine how your opinions were first formed—the eager and rapid grasp with which every system congenial to a happy nature was caught, the fond and firm belief with which it was held; how all knowledge was devoured and digested, and how the busy absorbents opened their mouths upon the chyme, taking up all that would nourish and support the system, rejecting all that would undermine it. Looking back to the formation of opinions in myself as far as such an operation can be said to have taken place, I perceive from the first a watchful distrust of every good feeling which arose in my own or appeared in other minds, a captious scrutiny of any notions which presented themselves in a confident shape. I see sentiments, ideas, and opinions float and fluctuate; subjects of doubt and speculation, and of reasoning and counter-reasoning, which showed them in all lights and consigned them back to darkness.”

If, however, such a nature misses seizing the fine elusive veracities attained by quick insight, it is all the more likely to take a firm grasp of those solid, practical veracities.

which yield themselves up to slow, serious, questioning thought; and, if these letters are not the letters of a seer, many of them are unmistakably the letters of a sage. It is inevitable that the lighter passages in a book like this should lend themselves more readily to quotation than those dealing with serious themes; and I must content myself with a mere mention of such letters as those on the intellectual limitations induced by lack of religious belief and feeling (p. 30), on the expression of contempt in controversy (p. 42), on the true test of poetical effects (p. 159), and on the real nature of the obligation to be truthful in the expression of opinions (p. 367). I do not single out these as the most important passages, but simply as those which have been found specially suggestive by one reader; for, if a book of this kind be at all worthy, much of its worth lies in the fact that almost every page is just the page which somebody will think the most interesting and valuable of all.

The correspondence contains, perhaps, fewer references than might have been expected to the many distinguished contemporaries with whom Sir Henry Taylor was brought into contact; and, if Sir Henry ever indulged in ill-natured criticisms—which seems improbable—he has evidently been careful not to give them a chance of permanence. The only really severe things to be found here are the references to De Quincey and Jeffrey; and probably their tone is largely to be accounted for by Sir Henry's loyalty to Wordsworth. Referring to Wilson's description of De Quincey as "a gentle, courteous creature," he remarks with quite unusual bitterness, "I suppose he is one of those gentle creatures who don't care what they do to you behind your back." The sketch of Lord Jeffrey looks at first sight more calmly judicial; but the judicial deliverance which it most closely resembles is a strong summing-up against the prisoner at the bar.

"The Lord Rector [of the University of Edinburgh] was worth seeing in order to understand by what small springs mankind may be moved from time to time. There came from him, with a sort of dribbling fluency, the very mincemeat of small talk, with just such a seasoning of cleverness as might serve to give it an air of pretension. Nevertheless, I believe, the little man has his merits. I believe him to be good natured and, in his shallow way, kind hearted. I have always considered that such things as he has done in literature are much more likely to be the result of vanity and ambition than of malice, and I dare say he thought it a fine thing to be a clever man of the world, and care for nothing but making effect. But when one looks at the clever little worldling, and remembers that for twenty years he was enabled to 'keep the sunshine from the cottage door' of a man of genius, one cannot but wonder how so small a man should cast so large a shadow" (p. 68).

Carlyle had the merit—for, of course, from the Taylorian point of view it was a merit—of being very different from Jeffrey; but he evidently failed to win Sir Henry's admiration, though we have the admission that "Carlyle talks more bright and forcible nonsense than man ever did before"—a not valueless contribution to the conversation of a world where nonsense is apt to be lacking in either brightness or force, if insufficient to

constitute a claim to be considered a guide and teacher. With some of the sentences in the letter from which I have just quoted (p. 184) many will find themselves in very hearty agreement.

"His [Carlyle's] opinions are the most groundless and senseless opinions that it is possible to utter; or rather they are not opinions, for he will utter the most opposite and contradictory and incompatible opinions in the most dogmatic language in the course of half an hour. The real truth is that they are not opinions but 'shams.' And, I think, it is the great desire to have opinions and the incapacity to form them which keeps his mind in a constant struggle and gives it over to every kind of extravagance. It is wonderful that a man of no opinions should exercise such an influence in the world as he appears to do; but I suppose it is an influence of concussion and subversion rather than any other. This is not the sort of influence which the world seems to want at present."

Whatever the point at which a reviewer of this volume brings his comments and quotations to a close, he must feel that he has not half reaped the harvest of noteworthy material, and when all the reapers and binders of sheaves have done their work the gleaners will find the field far from empty. Items of interest occur on almost every page. Those of us, for example, who are only in early middle age, and who were not given to critical reading in the year 1852, will learn—not with surprise, perhaps, but certainly with bewilderment—that the laureate's magnificent "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington" was greeted with a unanimous howl of depreciation from the literary tasters of the day. It is also interesting to learn that the line of Sir Henry Taylor's which is most often quoted—indeed, the only line of his which has become a stock quotation, "The world knows nothing of its greatest men"—states a proposition which, instead of being the writer's own opinion, was always regarded by him as "very questionable." Then, too, one would like to quote some of Sir Henry's strokes of pleasant humour, and to say more about the letters of his friends, especially those of James Spedding, who has been described to me by a voice of authority as "one of the greatest and most lovable men of the century." But regrets of this kind are needless, for within the next three months the book will probably have been read by the great majority of those who read this article, and its readers will have had the pleasure of finding out all the good things for themselves.

I may make a note of an error, the discovery of which I owe to a quick-sighted friend. The letter (p. 253), addressed to Mr. Sidney Herbert, relating to the opening of Mazzini's letters at the Post Office by order of Sir James Graham, must be post-dated some twenty years. In 1865 (the date given) both Herbert and Graham were dead. This curious slip of Sir Henry Taylor's pen seems, however, to stand alone. There are certainly no equally obvious errors; and the book, as a whole, appears to be no less accurate than interesting.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

Poems. By Stopford A. Brooke. (Macmillan.)

THESE are hard times for the poet. There are so many pretenders to his office that the public, once credulous, and perhaps too eager to discover merit among the newcomers, is now disposed to give them scant hearing.

Mr. Stopford Brooke is hardly a newcomer; but, if he were one, this book would conciliate the most exacting critic. It is modest and unpretending, but its matter is of the genuine sort. Poetic feeling, the sense of music, of beauty, of colour—all these qualities, with the far more important one of imaginative thought, we already knew Mr. Stopford Brooke to possess. But evidence of their combination in poetic work was scanty until this volume supplied it in full measure; for though modest in appearance, its scope is as wide as the human affections. They, with very few exceptions, form the subject of these sixty or seventy poems. Sometimes it is love crowned with happiness, as in the series called "Six Days" with which the book opens, every day witnessing the gift of a lover's song and the sweeter renewal of a maiden's love. Sometimes it is love sanctifying affliction and making hardships endurable, as in "The Sempstress" and "The Crofter's Wife." And sometimes it is love forlorn of earthly hope, and living upon the memory of happiness that comes no more. Mr. Stopford Brooke depicts every phase of the ruling passion of the heart with skill inspired by an intensely human sympathy. And with the same force, also, does he portray the other passions dependent on that of love—jealousy, hatred, revenge. Perhaps the finest poem in the volume—"The Lioness"—is one in which all these are brought into play. It is a story told at the point of death by the wife of the keeper of a wild-beast show, who herself performed as the lion-tamer. Pierre, her husband, was a devoted creature; but a desperate woman who envied her his love, failing to come between them, became her fate in almost a worse sense:

"Oh, sir, my joy was fateful; on the day
Our show was opened, she, my enemy,
Came fluttering in with smiles, and sat her down
In the first row, and stared; and when I saw
Her eager, cold, and curious light blue eyes
Fixed on my lions, then on me, as if
I were another animal, and not
A woman like herself, a shudder ran
O'er me like wind across the mountain grass—
I lost my head a moment, and fell back,
Staggering, with wavering sight, against the
cage,
And Pierre, as white as dust with terror, cried
'Beware'—for missing now my steady look,
The lioness drew inward on her haunch
Her mighty shoulders, and her eyes, half-shut,
Blazed; but I gathered up my heart, and strode
Straight to the beast, and beat her down, and set
My foot upon her throat, and all the folk
Cheered, and the woman, leaning forward,
smiled,
And clapped her hands together, as the snake
Clatters his rattles ere he strikes for death."

The woman continued to visit the show, and she set herself to inflame the temper of the lioness, the only beast in the den that gave the poor tamer any difficulty:

"The great beast abhorred her, and one day,
Trembling with rage, launched like a thunder-
bolt
Her body at the woman who had pushed
An arm within the bars, and had not Pierre

Seized her, and whirled her from her place, her flesh

Had been ripped down from shoulder to the wrist. I thought that this would fright her, but she said—

'Afraid! No, no. I love all dangerous beasts, But most of all the mighty cats, for they Have power at the back of subtlety. Their step is velvet, like the night, until, As sudden as the lightning stabs the dark, Their claws flash forth and hatred drinks its fill; So would I wait, so spring—if I were wronged'— And then she ceased, but o'er her face there ran So black a wind of passion, that I quailed, Seeing her heart—but while it came it went, And all the woman smiled as smooth as steel."

The lioness was daily maddened by the intruder's arts, and the danger to the poor tamer became ever greater.

"I felt like some wild creature in a net That waits the hunter's knife."

Pierre, in fear for his wife, begged the woman to come no more.

"I am afraid," he said, "the lioness Is devil-stung; revenge and hatred watch Within her, like two murderers in a wood; One slip, one error, and my wife is slain."

The woman's answer was as devilish as the sting with which she had wrought on the beast:

"Why that," she laughed, "is hers to guard against;

Her fame is more, the more enraged the brute."

Bidden now by Pierre to "go and return no more"—

"At that the woman Paled to the lips, and then a flame ran up From throat to brow, and in her eyes I thought Wrath lay outstretched, and like the lioness In act to spring. 'Insolent!' so she said, 'I will see your face no more, but are we part, You shall receive my legacy; I'll leave My anger in the heart of that huge cat.'"

She had already done this, but she did it now more effectually, the exhibition of her own passion and of the resentment which she stirred in the lioness being described in a remarkably graphic passage. Then:

"But as she went the lioness stood still, And watched her, growling low, with eyes Full of gray hate, and then she snarled at me So fiercely, that I read her thoughts, and knew She held me guilty of the woman's work; And I—I could not help it—cried aloud, 'I have not done you wrong,' at which the beast Laughed loud, or seemed to laugh, for now my head

Swam, and my heart was sick, and in my brain A harp-string seemed to snap, and shameful fear Came on me like a sea and drowned my will."

The tragic ending was inevitable, but the tragedy was not quite that which the fiendish witcheries of the woman had been employed to bring about. The poor wife's life was saved by the sacrifice of her husband's:

"And I am waiting for the heavenly call To meet my husband; patiently I wait, For I have seen him often in the night Stretch forth his arms to me, and call my name Out of a wondrous light."

Mr. Stopford Brooke is as happy in lighter touches, and especially in descriptions of natural scenery, as in these more powerful descriptions of human feeling and experience. Here are a few pictures taken almost at random:

"Rough boulders lay Couched on the daisied grass in sun and shade, Like cattle resting in the noon, and seemed To listen to the tidings that the brook Told of the hill-tops where its springs were green."

"And midst the tangled roots the hyacinths Stood with the white starflowers, hand in hand; While nestling everywhere, sweet violets, The simplest hearted people of the woods, Stole their dim odours through the grateful air."

"Close to the hall, from a great eminence, Over a milky sea the sun descend, Ruddy as David's hair, and ovalled large Behind a fortress wall of cloud engrailed With battlement and tower. The evening Heaven Was stiller than the Ocean, and faint clouds, Like long-forgotten thoughts tinged with the rose Of sudden recollection, slept therein, Islands, untouched by storm, in azure seas— And shed on us the perfect peace that passeth All understanding, and the beauty held In everlasting purity and love."

The duty of a critic in reviewing a book like this is a very simple one. It is his business not to stand between the author and the reader, but to introduce one to the other. So far as possible he is bound to let the author speak for himself. For that reason I venture to add to the extracts I have given one of the shorter poems complete:

"THE QUIET STREAM."

"Seven miles I drove to find a stream That leaped its rocks among; But I found only one that made A little lulling song."

"O'er pebbly shallows soft it ran, And in its quiet breast, The fresh-born beechen leaves of May Were mirrored and at rest."

"Among its little island stones The water birds were gay, And all the trees along the banks Bent down to see it play."

"And I remembered her whose life, So many years ago, Beside my restless heart was wont In quietude to flow."

"Her voice was even, and her soul Reflected love, and where She moved in grace, the hearts of all Bent down to look at her."

"O happy hour in which I thought Of one so sweet and wise; And blessed be the stream that made Her memory arise."

That, I think, is as lovely a bit of verse as Wordsworth could have written.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

History of the Jews. By the Rev. H. C. Adams. (Religious Tract Society.)

HISTORY must needs be written by partisans; but no history can afford so little to be unpartisan as Jewish history, for its practical issues are still deciding themselves, and its interest has never broken continuity to our own day. We must then regard all ordinary histories of the Jews as partisan statements of a case still unsettled. A short time ago the ACADEMY noticed a post-biblical history of the Jews from their own standpoint, the author being an English Jewess. Whatever fault one might find with her references, her work is valuable as setting forth intelligibly a complex matter which most English people know very little about, but on which they may reasonably be supposed to be curious. We have now a no less satisfactory book written from another point of view—that of orthodox Anglican Christianity, setting forth the same history with uniform temperateness and generosity, but at greater length and

with more detail. Mr. Adams comes to his task equipped with a great knowledge of modern authorities, he displays the grace and ease of an accomplished writer, and he is properly impressed with the importance of the practical issues of his narrative.

One who has read the little book compiled by Lady Magnus and the larger record of Mr. Adams will notice a marked difference of tone in one point only—a very significant one, though entirely appropriate and magnanimous in each case. Lady Magnus, whose book was published under the bequest of a pious Jew, is chiefly concerned with the strength and confident hope of what she takes to be Judaism; Mr. Adams, whose book is published by the Religious Tract Society, dwells chiefly on the cruelty and reproach of Jewish persecution and the spirit in which amends should be made. It is something to the credit of human nature, after all, that Lady Magnus seems to know very much less about the persecutions than Mr. Adams does.

His account, although he expressly tells us it is a "popular history," is solid and substantial enough. There is only one complaint to make about it, though that, to be sure, is one to which all histories of the Jews are liable—it is undoubtedly, in parts, monotonous. About three-fourths of such histories are accounts of persecutions and sufferings. Full half of these deal with onslaughts provoked by false charges trumped up for the occasion. In most of such cases the real culprit is discovered, and the innocent sufferers are not only not indemnified, but they are practically told to go and sin no more. Until we get the whole case stated frankly and dispassionately, as it is by Mr. Adams, no one can rightly understand how irredeemably barbarous has been the treatment of Jews at the hands of their Christian brethren—their patient forbearance, their dignity, their forgiving spirit, their love of their adopted countries, their sense of gratitude for the favours of simple humanity. We have received warnings from quarters which might have been better informed not to "patiently accept the oft-repeated slander that the Jew is what the Christians have made him." It certainly is a slander—on the Jew. He should have had all humanity crushed out of him if he really had been what the natural effect of Christian persecution should have made him. We may think what we like of his social exclusiveness, and my vote, I own, goes with Mr. Goldwin Smith; but his debt to mediæval Christianity is just whatever is due to those whose nerveless cruelty supplies material for the exercise of heroic virtue—no more.

It is not Roman Catholicism, as such, which is so largely responsible. The un-Christian spirit of the Middle Ages made religion the tool of the greed and envy which are confined to no particular race or creed. Indeed, at Rome itself the Jews were generally treated with wise kindness, though, to be sure, their patrons were not always the holiest of Holy Fathers. They had generally little to complain of outside the necessity of listening to conversionist sermons, and (worse) submitting to "collections." To the Reformation spirit they owed much; to some of the greatest Reformers exceeding little. Frank du Jon and Voss were exceptions; in Calvin's eyes to treat them with favour was

to offend God; by Luther they were grossly abused and blackly slandered. Yet they were the chief witnesses against what the Protestant Reformers condemned as Roman unreason. What Christian, for instance, had suffered as the Jews had suffered over the very doctrines of the Corporal Presence, which had acquired such picturesque verisimilitude from the stories of the wafer, stabbed by an impious Jew, bleeding?

Mr. Adams's history carries us from A.D. 7 to our own day. It is true that he imparts no new discoveries—except for those who think the Jew-baiters of all times are much to be pitied for their sufferings at the hands of the cruel Jews; but his text, at least, contains no reference to untrustworthy authorities without proper cautions, while writers so prejudiced as the narrators of Polycarp's martyrdom are properly allowed to whisper only in footnotes. The particular note, however, which I have in my mind contains a statement of authority for the charge brought against the Jews of taking part in persecuting Christians of "the new superstition." As soon as the distinction between Judaism and Christianity became understood it was rightly recognised that Christianity was the more serious enemy; for the kingdom of God was, certainly, to most of the early Christians who thought it was at hand something by no means compatible with existing political arrangements. And there is nothing in the preceding history of the turbulent Jews which makes it at all unlikely that they were perfectly ready to help Polycarp and his fellows out of the way as notorious blasphemers; indeed, they were bound to do it. The Arian dispute, again, was certainly of no great practical moment to them (though they took the side natural to them), but they were beyond doubt always ready to help the schismatics to sack orthodox churches. The Gothic empire, of course, treated them with almost uniform brutality.

Mr. Adams gives its proper place to the appeal of Manasseh ben Israel; but he might, I think, have noted on p. 276 Mr. S. L. Lee's account of Dr. Lopez, the physician who suffered death in 1594 on the charge of attempting to poison the queen. It shows, at least, that the presence of Jews in England was connived at before the days of Cromwell.

It is not easy to find blameworthiness in Mr. Adams's book; but one could wish that there were more dates, especially at the page-heads, and a full chronology. He is usually very temperate, as I have said, and modest in his comments; but he lacks the necessary authority for applying to Spinoza the saying of St. Paul—"Without faith it is impossible to please God." It is better, as he himself adds, to say, "Cum talis sis, utinam noster esses." There are very few famous names in the later history of the Jews which do not find a place in Mr. Adams's book and index; and five valuable appendices deal with statistics of Jewish population, the Talmuds, the Targums, Massora, Cabala, Sepher Yetzira, the book of Yehar, and the monstrous blood-accusation. The author lays both Jews and Gentiles under a great obligation: he has written what should become a "standard" popular book.

P. A. BARNETT.

Malabar. By William Logan. In 2 vols. (Madras: R. Hill.)

THIS is decidedly one of the most attractive of the series of district manuals issued by the Madras Government. Partly from its position, and partly from the variety of its products, as well as from its close association with European history, the Malabar coast has special interest above most other districts; and its various aspects are here excellently treated. The author had qualified himself by a previous task of importance—a collection of treaties, engagements, and other papers relating to British affairs in Malabar; and the experience has borne good fruit, especially in the historical chapters of this manual, although he modestly disclaims credit for this portion, casually and regretfully mentioning, by way of comparison, that the late Dr. Burnell had for years been collecting in his library every work bearing on the Portuguese period alone, and with this view had been picking up volumes in almost every European tongue.

In his preface Mr. Logan claims attention for what he calls the central point of interest in an account of Malabar—the position occupied for many centuries by the Nayar caste in the civil and military organisation of the province, a position so beneficial, unique, and lasting, that but for foreign intervention it might have endured for centuries to come. Until the British occupied Malabar, the Nayars, who are at present about 320,000 strong, were the militia of the country and the leaders of the people. Originally, they seem to have been organised into "six-hundreds," each group of six hundred having assigned to it the protection of all the people in a *nād*, or county, the *nād* being in turn split up into village republics called *taras*, a Dravidian word applied to a street. The assembly of the *nād*, or county, was a representative body of immense power which, when necessity existed, set at nought the authority of the raja, and punished his ministers when they did "unwarrantable acts." These are the very words used by the Company's representative at Calicut when describing certain civil commotions in 1746:

"These Nayars," he wrote, "being heads of the Calicut people, resemble the parliament, and do not obey the king's dictates in all things, but chastise his ministers when they do unwarrantable acts."

Besides being protectors, the Nayars were also supervisors or overseers of the *nād*, and collected the government land revenue. Sir Hector Munro, M. Mahé de la Bourdonnais, and others speak highly of their fighting qualities; but nowadays their martial character is dying out, and comparatively few of them even engage in hunting. With a large increase in their numbers and comparative poverty for a large body of them, the race is fast degenerating.

The Malabar collector's charge lies scattered over four degrees of latitude and more than four degrees of longitude, with an aggregate area of upwards of six thousand square miles, and a climatic condition varying from the bright, frosty nights experienced amid the mountain peaks of the Ghats, 8000 feet in height, to the radiant lagoons, the perpetual

summer, and coral reefs of the Laccadive islands. The numerous rivers and the curious backwaters of Malabar had much to do with the development of the country in the early days of foreign intervention, for these afforded the cheapest and almost the only means of communication when wheeled traffic and pack-bullock traffic were unknown; and, accordingly, it is found that the foreigners (Portuguese, Dutch, French, English, &c.) settled most thickly close to, or on, the rivers, and selected sites for their factories so as to command as much as possible these arteries of traffic.

Malabar may be said to be always hot, sometimes hotter, but never very hot, the temperature being peculiarly uniform on the whole. But few people, except habitual residents, would be prepared to know how regularly the rains may be expected.

"It once happened to the present writer to be asked one day in the month of February or beginning of March as to the likelihood of rain coming on soon, and the reply given on the spur of the moment was that, on March 22, at 2 p.m., the first shower would fall. As a matter of fact, the shower did come on that day and at that hour, within ten minutes or so. This was not altogether a haphazard guess, for March 22 is the vernal equinox, and 2 p.m. in the day is precisely the hour at which most frequently the daily battle between sea-breeze and land-wind begins. In some seasons, though not in all, the first distant rumble of thunder along the line of Ghats betokens that 2 p.m. has just struck, or is about to strike."

A very remarkable and well-known feature of the Malabar coast consists in the mud banks at Calicut, Alleppey, and elsewhere, which enable ships to load and discharge cargo in calm water on the open coast all through the south-west monsoon. The characteristic of the banks is that an unctuous mud rises from the bottom of the sea, becomes dispersed in the water, and effectually stills the surf. The ultimate cause of this curious feature has never yet been set at rest; but the recent researches of Dr. King, of the Geological Survey, have conclusively proved that a sensible amount of oil exists in the mud, and that this may, in part at least, account for the quiescence of the sea. The oil, he thinks, is derived, to some extent, from the decomposition of organisms in the mud, but principally from the distillation of oil in subjacent ligniferous deposits, belonging presumably to Warkilli strata. The mud, however, is not implicitly to be relied on as a breakwater, for in 1793 the East India Company's vessel, *Morning Star*, was induced to lie under its protection, but very heavy weather being experienced the sea broke through the bank and the ship was wrecked.

The fauna and flora of Malabar are described by Mr. R. Morgan in a special chapter in this book, and excellently has this gentleman done his task. He takes the reader on a trip inland from Calicut, on the sea-coast, to the frontier of Mysore—the first part of the journey being by boat along the backwater. The surrounding vegetation, animal life, and the general scene are colloquially and yet most graphically pictured. After landing, the author and reader are supposed to mount on horseback and penetrate into the forest.

"Two elephants are passed going to their day's work with awful sores on their jaws, the

result of making them drag huge logs of timber with their teeth. To an elephant the loss of his teeth is a far more serious matter than to a human being with a dentist to repair to. The poor beast cannot chew his food nor digest it; he loses condition and dies. His pig-headed owner will not listen to reason when you suggest that he might use harness, and adopt a more rational method of having his timber dragged. His only reply is that it is the custom of the country and that his father did it."

In ascending the Ghat range the following passage gives some idea of the scene:

"The booming note of the black langur (*Presbytis jubatus*) now resounds through the forest; and presently we see him, his wives and children, bounding from branch to branch as they approach to have a nearer look at us. He is a truculent-looking old fellow, this patriarch; and, as he balances himself on a branch and barks angrily at us, we cannot help noticing his enormously long and sharp canines, with which he can rip up a dog as with a razor. We again cross the stream, and here the gigantic size of the trees strikes us with wonder. But be careful what you are about, for overhead is the terrible *Laportea crenulata*, or devil's nettle; the petioles of the leaves are hispid with poisonous hairs, the sting of which, once felt, will not be forgotten by you in a hurry; and yet another vegetable abomination, in the shape of *Mucuna pruriens*, or cowhage, a creeper, the pods of which are covered with a velvety armament of stinging hairs."

We are sorely tempted to quote more passages from this most enlivening and picturesque chapter, but must perforce leave the reader to peruse it line by line, for it will amply repay attention. The concluding episode of an evening fishing adventure, culminating in the capture of a sixty-four pound mahsir, is quite exciting.

Calicut, one of the largest ports in the presidency, besides being a commercial place of importance in ancient days, was the spot where the notorious pirate, Captain Kidd, commenced his career of crime. He began by pretending to keep in check the buccaneers who had their rendezvous in Madagascar; but he soon threw off the mask, robbed right and left, and eventually put himself at the head of five ships armed with 180 guns. After a short but brilliant career he returned to St. Mary's Island, off Madagascar, and partitioned his gains among his crew, and thence sailed for the West Indies. He was, however, arrested in America by one of the noblemen (Lord Bellamont) who had helped to fit him out on his first legitimate enterprise, was tried, condemned, and hanged in chains at Tilbury on May 23, 1701.

An account of the country would be incomplete without some description of the cultivators. The Hindu Malayali's austere habits of caste purity made him in former days flee from the pollution of towns and villages; and even now he loves to settle on the margin of a fertile valley or ravine, with the bright green fields of rice in front of his door. From the bank of the level paddy flat a stair or a ladder leads up to the outer gateway or gatehouse, with flanking defence in the shape of earth banks, topped by a fence of dry prickly bamboo thorns. Within the gate some coco-nut palms, jacks, plantains, and other umbrageous trees lend a cool shade and lead up to a substantially-built and neat house, built round

an open yard and divided into three or four rooms, corresponding to the points of the compass. The surroundings generally consist of a cattle shed, a well of water at the rear of the cooking room, an excavated tank for bathing purposes, often full of fish and water lilies, and, in the better class of houses, a chapel of the household deity. The indigenous Brahmin or Nambutiri is most hospitable and charitable, and often the number whom he daily feeds is limited only by the measure of his affluence. His preference for a country life may be gauged by the fact that it is difficult to say where one of the municipal towns begins and where another ends. From end to end of the low-lying land near the sea there is an unbroken belt of coco-nut palm groves, and the description which Shaikh Ibn Batuta gave of the country in the fourteenth century is equally applicable now.

"We next," said he, "came into the country of Malabar, which is the country of black pepper. Its length is a journey of two months along the shore from Soudabeer to Kawlam. The whole of the way by land lies under the shade of trees, and in all the space of two months' journey there is not a span free from cultivation. For everybody here has a garden, and his house is placed in the middle of it; and round the whole of this there is a fence of wood up to which the ground of each inhabitant comes."

Mr. Logan's second volume contains a variety of statistical information, including lists of birds, butterflies, and timber trees, vocabularies, glossaries, and other miscellaneous data. Amid detailed accounts of the taluks and other territorial divisions are to be found descriptions of some of the Laccadives and other outlying coral islands off the Malabar coast, which from their low and unprotected situation are not unfrequently devastated by hurricanes. One of these in 1847 swept over the island of Kalpeni, destroying all the coco-nut plantations, and leaving only 450 survivors out of a population of 1642. A curious bit of history in this appendix records the fact, not generally known, that the French own a *loge* (or *comptoir*, this being the name given to factories or isolated establishments, comprehending one house with the adjacent grounds where France had the right to fly her flag) in Calicut. The *loge* is *occupée par un gardien*, and consists of about six acres on the sea-shore. The exact facts connected with the foundation of the factory are involved in doubt. It was apparently obtained from the Zamorin; but it seems not improbable that that potentate meant to concede nothing more than commercial privileges within the *loge*. However, Mr. Logan has made diligent enquiry as to the limits of the territory and shown them approximately in a map; and as the landed property and houses therein are untaxed, in virtue of a concession made in 1819, there can be no doubt now as to the validity of the claim from an international point of view. The French settlement of Mahé, about thirty-eight miles to the north, is much better known, and boasted in 1871 a population of 8492. It is celebrated for its fertile soil and healthy climate, and is governed by a *chef de service* subordinate to Pondicherry.

C. D. E. BLACK.

NEW NOVELS.

King or Knave? By R. E. Francillon. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

Timar's Two Worlds. Translated from Maurus Jokai by Mrs. B. Kennard. In 3 vols. (Blackwood.)

Narka. By Kathleen O'Meara. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

For Freedom. By T. Hopkins. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

The Premier and the Painter. By J. Freeman Bell. (Spencer Blackett.)

The Shadow of a Life. By J. L. Hornibrook. (Sonnenschein.)

The Romance of the Canoness. From the German of Paul Heyse. (New York: Appleton.)

The Cliff Mystery. By Hamilton Aird. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

THE very first book of Mr. Francillon's that we ever read (and that is a great many years ago) gave us the impression of something that was within an ace or so of being something very good indeed; and we hardly know a book of his since which has not produced on us very much the same impression. It may be left to reviewers in the abstract to decide whether it is better to have done many things that are nearly excellent, or one or two things that are quite excellent. In our present capacity we are only too thankful to get near excellence at all. *King or Knave?* has that spice of the fantastic about it which all Mr. Francillon's books, or, at least, all his best books, have. The double life of a man who is, on one side, an honourable and prosperous citizen has been frequently handled, but never with greater boldness than in the case of Sir John Heron, mayor and earthly providence of the ancient city of Marchgrave, and of Adam Furness, forger, coiner, murderer, and so forth. The quick changes which enable this person to keep up his duality almost to the last (indeed, quite to the last, except in the knowledge of two or three people) are managed with a great deal of dexterity; but the man's own character and nature are not made very plain. Perhaps Lucretius and his English paraphraser were right in holding that "two-natured is no nature." Some of the minor personages are much better; and the enigmatical "Cynthia"—a young person who in some respects might have echoed her elder sister's rejoinder to Peter Simple, "My honour, Peter? The less we say about that the better," and who yet is an exceedingly pleasing young person, and much better than a great many honourable young women—strikes us as one of the happiest sketches that Mr. Francillon has ever done. His Bohemian second good hero (the first is a kind of modern Frank Osbaldistone or Henry Morton, and is worth nought), Draycot Morland, pleases us less; and if the consummation which is shadowed in the last lines came off, he must have got in Cynthia a wife much better in all except conventional senses than he deserved. In the same way Marion, the first heroine, is very milk-and-watery compared to Cynthia; but somehow the whole book is interesting. At the end Mr. Francillon describes it as "a story of things that never were"; and in a rather different sense it has,

like much else of his work, the curious fantastic charm of lifelike impossibility.

By a very odd coincidence, the *donnée* of what is, we think, the second, if it is not the first, long novel of the most popular and prolific of Hungarian novelists that has been translated into English is not dissimilar to Mr. Francillon's—to wit, the double life of a man who is partly criminal and partly not. The criminality, however, of Timar, the Danube skipper, is not of a very serious character. At any rate, it is nothing like Sir John Heron's, for the Jove of novels does not frown very hard at bigamy; and though Timar is also guilty after a fashion of robbery under trust, it is only "after a fashion," and a casuist of some liberality might make it out to be no robbery at all. The story is somewhat intricate, and it would be a pity to give an outline of it. Speaking generally, the hero has rather better fortune than he deserves, and the second heroine, the would-be murderess Athalie Brazovics, a good deal worse fortune than she deserves. The author has spent much pains on the Greek-Turkish girl, Timéa, whom Timar marries and who loves him not; but the type is too remote to be made thoroughly living except by a great poet. The book, however, was worth translating, and nobody will read it far without perceiving how diligent a student Maurus Jokai has been of Victor Hugo. The whole first part—the voyage of the *Santa Barbara* up the Danube—is conceived on Hugonic models and worked on those models with not a little skill.

If we must have Russian novels (which question fate and metaphysical aid seem to have settled for us after a manner which makes simple resignation the only thing) we are not quite sure whether it is better to have them from Russians or not. On general principles we should prefer "French of Paris" and Russian of Moscow. But in Miss O'Meara's hands, at any rate, the thing is so much shorter and so much less grimy than the native article, as well as so much less dull, that we are inclined for once to vote for the imitation instead of the reality. The three girls—Sibyl, Marguerite, and Narka herself—are very well drawn, though the angelic Marguerite is a little, a very little, too much of the regulation saint. The men are less good. But the whole story—inevitable Nihilism and all—is readable enough, and the general tone is in excellent taste.

Almost the whole of the interest of *For Freedom* depends upon its account of the Garibaldian invasion of the two Sicilies. There is, of course, a certain amount of fictitious and personal incident mixed in with the history, and the book is fairly written; but it will hardly be read through by anyone who has not "red-shirt" proclivities, which are perhaps not so common (other forms of red having come into favour with the amateurs of that colour) as they were five-and-twenty years ago.

It is impossible for anyone who has a feeling heart to read Mr. Freeman Bell's book without a pang. The author is really, in his way, clever; and he evidently has a fluent pen and a ready fancy—such as it is. Unfortunately, both the Prometheus of natural

taste and the Epimetheus of acquired criticism have sternly refused to have anything to do with him; and the result is a kind of imitation of the political novels of the late Lord Beaconsfield as it might be imitated by one of the less practised contributors to a cheap comic paper. When one remembers the effect that the mere word "Briggsville" has had, *teste* the victim, on a distinguished man of letters of the present day, and reflects that in the five hundred tight-packed and small-printed pages of *The Premier and the Painter* an outrage ten times as hideous as "Briggsville" may be said, on an average, to lurk in every five lines, the thought of the toxic effects of such a book becomes very serious. Even to thicker skins and less delicate constitutions than Mr. Arnold's the perusal of any considerable part of it might be trying but for the critical interest (critical interest fortunately carries one through almost anything) of the experience. If Mr. Freeman Bell is very young, and if he can contrive to mark, learn, and inwardly digest the fact that Thackeray confined *George de Barnwell* to exactly ten pages, each of about the same contents as Mr. Bell's, and even in that short space touched upon everything with the lightest and most flying finger, he may some day do something. But if he has the faculty of ever seeing this, it is not quite clear how he came to write *The Premier and the Painter*.

It is not often that we criticise a book solely by giving a very few very short extracts, but no other plan can be so good for *The Shadow of a Life*. "Some spark of nobleness still lingered in his depraved nature." "I was coward enough to lift my hand against a woman." "'Tis well, he lives." [N.B.—*The Shadow of a Life* is quite a serious book.] "I love you, not with the ardour of boyhood, but with the resolute and enduring passion of a man." "Both shall rue it—bitterly rue it!" "On, on, infamous count! Cast your trembling victim back into his noisome cell." "I little deemed what a viper I had nourished." After the viper, *sat prata*, surely.

If *Der Roman der Stiftsdame* is not Herr Paul Heyse's best novel it is very fairly characteristic of his method, and in this English (or, at least, American) version it is unusually well translated. Why German novels are, as a rule, better done into English than French novels are we do not positively know. Probably it is because everybody is not supposed to know German, and because it is not so deceptively "easy" even at its easiest.

Mr. Hamilton Aidé has given us a very fair shilling dreadful. We have heard it said that you know who did the mystery too soon; but, then, unless you are an idiot you always know who did the mystery at about the second chapter. It is fair to say, moreover, that it is quite possible for persons not idiots to mistake by anticipation some details of Mr. Aidé's way of working out his plot—a thing which is said to be fatal on the stage, but which is rather advantageous in a novel. Some minor points of writing or press-correction might have received more attention. "Château Margot" is a very new and fonetik manner of spelling that admirable liquor; though our grandfathers had an odd

fancy for spelling it "Château Margout." This is less remarkable, however, than the fact that the hero has "some delicious Jargonelle pears" set before him "after the middle of October." The deliciousness of Jargonelle pears is undeniable; but as the lovers of them are wont to complain that unless you sit up all night on the particular day in August when they ripen they are spoilt, we cannot but think that the preservation of them in a delicious condition for two months was the real "Cliff Mystery."

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

HEBREW LITERATURE.

Chrestomathia Targumica quam collatis libris manu scriptis antiquissimis Tiberiensibus editionibusque impressis celeberrimis e codicibus vocalibus Babylonicis instructis edidit adnotatione critica et glossario instruxit Adalbertus Merx. (Berlin: Reuther; London: Williams & Norgate.) That the printing of all editions of the Targums is most unsatisfactory, because variable and irregular, is admitted on all hands. At the fifth Oriental Congress, held at Berlin in 1881, Prof. Merx read an instructive paper saying that we should go back to the manuscripts, and, above all, to the oldest, and there seek for those rules and principles which have hitherto been wanting. An important place among these documentary sources must of course be given to those manuscripts which present the Targums punctuated on the Babylonian system. As Dr. Merx truly observes, it would have been hopeless to correct the text from the manuscripts, because in the manuscripts themselves the utmost confusion prevailed, and a critical treatment of them was impossible. As a preliminary to a really critical edition of the Targums, Dr. Merx here presents a chrestomathy of passages taken from the Babylonian codices in the British Museum, with notes containing the chief readings of manuscripts of the Palestinian school. He also gives specimens of certain more recent Babylonian texts with compound vowel-points, now in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg. Appended to the texts is a glossary in which all the grammatical forms are conspicuously set forth and to some extent illustrated by philological remarks and references to grammars and published Syriac texts. It should be added that, instead of any specimens from the Targums on the Hagiographa, which would have increased the size of the book too much, Dr. Merx has given us a specimen of the dialect of Palestine. He intends hereafter to edit the Song of Songs separately from two Babylonian and two Palestinian manuscripts, with various readings. We can well believe that the preparation of this work was a tedious, difficult, and intricate task, but Dr. Merx may count upon the warm gratitude of all philological students of the Hebrew Bible. The passages in the Chrestomathy are admirably selected (Judges v. is followed by Buxtorf's commentary), and the glossary is compact and full of matter well adapted to the wants of the learner—altogether a welcome addition to the useful series called "Porta Linguarum Orientalium." A word of praise is also due to the singular care bestowed upon the typography, which does honour to the firm of Druggin.

Joma; der Mischna - traktat "Versöhnungstag." Herausgegeben und erklärt von Hermann L. Strack. (Berlin: Reuther.) Prof. Strack, one of the most distinguished living Christian Talmudists, and one may well add Hebraists, has given here a critical and yet a student's edition of a short Mishna treatise similar to his *Pirke Aboth* (1882).

Would that all students' editions were as carefully done! The references to the literature of the subject in the notes almost double the value of the book. The dedication, however, is painful reading. One regrets that Prof. Strack should have had to complain of a periodical which certainly does not seem to us, upon the whole, a partisan journal. We suppose that Prof. Strack's views on Biblical criticism appear to some of his colleagues wanting in clearness and consistency. Can he be right in holding that "the position of the individual in reference to religion" (which religion?) must determine his view on numerous questions of criticism and exegesis? At any rate, this would have been better unsaid. We ourselves do not regard Prof. Strack as an obscurantist, but as an earnest, though somewhat too cautious, progressive scholar.

Das Hohelied in seiner Einheit und dramatischen Gliederung. Mit Übersetzung und Beigaben. Von Dr. J. G. Stickel. (Berlin: Reuther.) The author of a book on Job which, though not of the first rank, is still named with respect, presents us here, forty-six years later, with a freshly written and not unoriginal treatise on the Song of Songs. Whatever may be the final verdict of scholars on some of the views which it advocates, it will, at any rate, recall attention to this beautiful poem, which has, perhaps, been unduly neglected by lovers of the sacred literature. One expects to find the author conservative in some respects. He holds, for instance, that the text of the Song is throughout correct, that no interpolations or transpositions need be supposed, and that the poem is an artistic unity. It was composed, he thinks, in the north of Palestine, before 920 B.C. It is a drama (more strictly, a melodrama), and was intended to be actually performed. Prof. Stickel has, however, a private heresy, which he here communicates, viz., that there are two pairs of lovers, the Shulamite and her "Dōd" (we follow our author), and a shepherdess and her swain. The two stories are quite independent: the one pair of lovers know nothing of the other; but the poet has so interwoven the scenes as to produce the greatest possible variety of situations, and so at once to amuse and sometimes, by the force of contrast, to instruct, the public. It is not possible to argue such a point. Prof. Stickel states that pupils of his, devoid of a theory themselves, have been on the verge of professing this theory—which reminds us of Prof. Harnack's now famous "student." Time will show. It is not impossible even for a theorist to read a familiar poem with fresh eyes, provided that he is already accustomed to give up theories at the bidding of truth. Let us add an appreciative word for Prof. Stickel's character-sketches, not the least interesting of which is that of Solomon, who is perhaps treated with some unfairness by most commentators.

Studies on the Book of Psalms: the Structural Connexion, both in Single Psalms, and in the Psalter as an Organic Whole. By John Forbes. Edited by Rev. James Forrest. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.) The title of this carefully-written volume will express its purport. The author holds that

"the Psalter, in the order in which we now possess it, does not consist of a number of unconnected psalms strung together by a sort of haphazard (in the way suggested by Dr. Delitzsch in his *Symbolae ad Psalmos illustrandos isagogicae*), according as some similar expressions, occurring in two psalms, struck the compilers as a reason for placing them together," but "forms a grand organic whole, arranged and connected together with consummate art."

The key to this arrangement Dr. Forbes finds in the significance which the Hebrews attached to their sacred numbers and their obscured

relations, as set forth in a former work of his, called *The Symmetrical Structure of Scripture*. None will deny that Dr. Forbes shows a knowledge of, and enthusiasm for, the Bible which some more pretentious and brilliant writers might envy. He has employed the leisure of his well-earned retirement to good purpose, though his individuality is too prominent for us to criticise the book with much advantage.

Papers read before the Jews' College Literary Society during the Session 1886-7. (Office of the *Jewish Chronicle*.) This is a varied collection of essays on learned subjects treated in a popular style. A paper by Dr. Neubauer on the Jewish sects opens the volume, and, like all that the author writes, will be valuable for future reference. The Samaritans and the Karaites are treated with especial fulness. Dr. Neubauer observes in passing that the name Ashima, given to an idol which the Samaritans were said to have worshipped, is really nothing else but the familiar *Sh'mo* "name" (= the God of Israel). Mr. Schechter's essay on Rabbi Nathan Krochmal, one of the most eminent Jewish scholars (died 1840), will interest many to whom he has been little more than a name. The writer of this paper has a singular talent for combining critical sincerity with sympathetic insight. Dr. Gaster, treating of Jewish folklore in the Middle Ages, opens to the public a subject very successfully handled of late by Israelite scholars. Mr. Montefiore's width of reading and historical view of religion are abundantly revealed in his lucid and elaborate paper on "The Wisdom of Solomon," a work which, combining Greek and Hebrew elements, should have a special interest for Western scholars, both Jewish and Christian. We may hope soon to have a useful body of notes in the too long delayed Speaker's Commentary on the Apocrypha. But Mr. Montefiore's essay will suit excellently as an introduction to the religious and philosophical contents of the book. He says,

"Though neither of these doctrines [the all-pervading Holy Spirit and the Immortality of the Soul] are original to himself, he [the pseudo-Solomon] was, so far as we know, the first Jew to emphasise and lay stress upon them, and the first to give them a Jewish and monotheistic colour. Upon these two corner-stones of his teaching must rest his claim to honour and renown."

Dr. Friedländer discourses on Spinoza; the Rev. S. Singer on the Messianic idea in Judaism; nor do these exhaust the interest of a necessarily unequal, but altogether creditable, collection of college essays.

SOME BOOKS ABOUT BOOKS.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK, the publisher of the "Book-lover's Library" and of so many other bibliographical works, has just issued a volume that will be valued by all those who possess, or hope to possess, a library worthy of the name. It is called *Book Prices Current*—perhaps not a very happy title; and it is composed of priced catalogues (with buyer's names) of all the auction sales of books which took place between December 1886, and November 1887. As no explanatory preface is given, we may state that the sales are placed according to date, and the books in each in alphabetical order without regard to sizes—no doubt the most convenient arrangement, especially when an elaborate index to the whole is given at the end. The principle adopted seems to have been to quote those lots only which fetched as much as £1. The total number of lots recorded is 8122; and the index alone fills forty-two pages of closely printed double columns. Last year was not remarkable for any sale so historic as those of the Sunderland

or the Beckford Library; but it included the first portion of the Earl of Crawford's collection (of which it is now understood that no second portion will come to the hammer), the final portion of the great Hartley collection (chiefly of genealogical works), as well as several others of more than ordinary interest. The most memorable event of the year for bibliopoles was that day in June when Mr. Quaritch gave £2,650 and £1,025 for two successive lots in Lord Crawford's sale—the so-called Mazarin Bible, and the first Bible with a date (Mentz, 1462). Next, perhaps, may be mentioned Caxton's *Game and Playe of Chess*, from "an old Essex library," which also fell to Mr. Quaritch for £645. A fairly good copy of the first folio of Shakspeare fetched £255, while a miserably mutilated edition of the same went for £20. Only one first edition of the *Compleat Angler* was submitted for competition during the year; but this, together with the second part, brought no less than £195. Another extraordinary price was the £64 that Mr. Quaritch had to pay for a Tennyson of 1842 at the sale of the late Master of Trinity's books, whereas the earlier edition of 1830 brought only £26. But it is needless to go on picking out the plums, when almost every page would furnish material for literary gossip. The low prices are no less instructive than the high; and perhaps the most important lesson is to observe the cheap rates at which a most desirable library might be acquired, if only one of the crowd could hold his own against the great dealers. We cannot all buy incunabula; but who would grudge £4 10s. for the Pisa *Adonais*, or £4 12s. for the first edition of *Endymion*, or £3 15s. for Wordsworth and Coleridge's *Lyrical Ballads*? Despite a few *coquilles*, such as Evelyn's "Dairy" (p. 134), the volume is most carefully printed; and we trust that the publisher will receive sufficient encouragement to continue his laudable enterprise for years to come.

The Enemies of Books. By William Blades. Revised and Enlarged by the Author. (Elliot Stock.) This latest addition to the "Book-lover's Library"—a series, by the way, of somewhat unequal merit—is an enlargement of the essay which our most scholarly of printers published in more expensive form early in 1881. The number of illustrations is, we believe, increased; and the writer's personal experience of book-worms has been carried down to date. Perhaps we may be allowed to transfer to our own pages the following characteristic passage:

"In July, 1885, Dr. Garnett, of the British Museum, gave me two worms which had been found in an old Hebrew Commentary just received from Athens. They had doubtless had a good shaking on the journey, and one was moribund when I took charge. . . . The other seemed hearty, and lived with me for nearly eighteen months. I treated him as well as I knew how; placed him in a small box with the choice of three sorts of paper to eat, and very seldom disturbed him. He evidently resented his confinement, ate very little, moved very little, and changed in appearance very little, even when dead. . . . He resigned his life with extreme procrastination, and died 'deeply lamented' by his keeper, who had long looked forward to his final development."

But, oh Mr. Blades! was it kindly done to put, as the first entry in the index to a book bearing so evil a title, "*Academy, The, 23*"?

Ballads of Books. Edited by Andrew Lang. (Longmans.) The original New York edition of this anthology was reviewed at length in the *ACADEMY* of October 22, 1887. The poems then "chosen" by Mr. Brander Matthews have now been re-edited by Mr. Lang, who has omitted some of his own work (already published in this country) and given us new trans-

lations instead. Here is his rendering of an epigram (iii. 2) of Martial:

"To whom shalt Thou be dedicate?
Get thee a patron e'er it's late—
My Book—ere thou, without a friend,
Into the kitchen's deeps descend,
To wrap up spices for the pot,
Or shroud a fish *en papillotte*!"

"Faustinus! Him for friend you've found?
Wise book that shalt go bravely bound,
Fragrant, with painted bosses graced,
In dainty purple all embraced,
And with red title-page! My Book,
Fear neither Critics nor the Cook!"

Perhaps Mr. Lang's attention was not drawn in time to the volume of poems published at Liverpool last year by Mr. Le Gallienne, under the title of *My Ladies' Sonnets*, which contains three "Booklover's Songs" not inferior, in our opinion, to some of those by contemporaries here included. Or did he think these too long—a fatal fault for an anthology?

We may also fitly mention here that Mr. E. A. Petherick has begun, in the April number of his new Colonial Book Circular entitled the *Torch*, a bibliography of Australasia, dealing with New South Wales down to 1808. Among the curious items that he records is a proposal by Capt. John Webbe, a fellow voyager of Dampier (1703-1706), to establish

"a company by the name of the London Adventurers for carrying on a trade to (and settling colonies in) Terra Australis, and working and improving the gold and silver mines which there abound."

This proposal, which Mr. Petherick prints in full from the unique copy in the Bibliothèque Nationale, is notable as containing the name "New Wales" fifty years before Capt. Cook's discovery of New South Wales. The *Torch* forms an attractive record of current literature, quite apart from its colonial interest.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & Co., will publish immediately a biography of General Reynell Taylor, late Governor of Sandhurst, known in Anglo-Indian history as one of Lawrence's staunchest lieutenants in the Punjab. It was he who held unaided the Trans-Indus province during the second Sikh war, and who afterwards maintained order in Kangra at the time of the Mutiny. And it was he who was chosen to bear Lawrence's coronet at his funeral in Westminster Abbey. The biography has been written by Mr. E. Gambier Parry, the anonymous author of *Suakin*, 1885; and it will be illustrated with a portrait and a map.

The papers on "The British Army," which the author of "Greater Britain" has been contributing to the *Fortnightly Review*, will be published in volume form early in May.

STEPNIAK'S important work on the Russian Peasantry, the result of some years of labour, is at length ready for publication, and will be issued in a few days by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

MR. PERCY FITZGERALD'S forthcoming book will be called *The Chronicles of Bow Street Police Court*. It will be in two volumes, with numerous illustrations.

THE next volume in the series of "Twelve English Statesmen" will be *Henry II.*, by Messrs. J. B. Green.

WE learn that Mr. Coventry Patmore has given permission for the second part of the *Angel in the House*, called the "Victories of Love," to appear as vol. 122 of Cassell's National Library, which will be published on April 23. It may be remembered that the first

part of the *Angel in the House* was issued as vol. 70 of this Library, and passed through four large editions in a few weeks.

UNDER the title *Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy*, a small volume of poems by Mr. William Sharp will be published about the beginning of May.

THE publication of Canon Venables' *Life of Bunyan*, which was to have formed the April volume of the "Great Writers" series, has been unavoidably postponed owing to the author's indisposition.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL announce a second novel by Canon Knox-Little, entitled *The Child of Stafferton*.

Nature's Fairyland; or, *Rambles by Woodland, Meadow, Stream and Shore*, is the title of a book by H. W. S. Worsley-Benison, Lecturer on Botany at Westminster Hospital, which will be published immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MESSRS. OLIPHANT, ANDERSON, & FERRIER have in the press, for early publication, *Our English Shores*, being recollections of visits to watering-places on the coast of England, by Mr. William Miller. The volume will be illustrated with numerous pen-and-ink sketches by the author.

Chronicles of the Stage is the title of a new volume, nearly ready for the press, by Mr. Sidney W. Clarke, secretary of the Hull Literary Club.

THE Selden Society has issued an elaborate prospectus of its "objects and work," which may be obtained by non-subscribers from Mr. Bernard Quaritch, who has been appointed agent for the sale of the society's publications. The volume representing the subscription for the year 1887, which is now ready, is *Select Pleas of the Crown in the Thirteenth Century*, from the Eyre Rolls in the Public Record Office, edited, with a translation and complete indexes, by Mr. F. W. Maitland, reader in English law at Cambridge. The volume for 1888 will be a *Selection from Manorial Rolls of the Thirteenth Century*, by the same editor. Prof. Skeat has drawn up a scheme for the collection of materials for the dictionaries of Anglo-French and of law terms, based upon the rules adopted for the Philological Society for Dr. Murray's New English Dictionary. This ought to be one of the most valuable results of the society's work. The hon. secretary of the society is Mr. P. Edward Dove, of Lincoln's Inn, with Prof. J. B. Thayer as general secretary for America. Local secretaries have also been appointed for several of the States of the Union, as well as for Canada and Australia. What the society needs is more subscribing members, for the amount of documents, &c., awaiting publication is immense.

WE trust that the Lincolnshire Record Society, of which we received a prospectus a few days ago, will shortly be in a position to announce what will be its early issues. The records at Lincoln are an almost unexplored mine of wealth for the historical student. We hope, however, that the new society will not confine itself entirely to one class of documents. The churchwardens' accounts of Louth are among the most curious records of their class in existence. These ought to be put in type at once. We understand that they have already been transcribed, and only await the printing press to give us a most remarkable picture of the fluctuations in religion and ritual which took place in the sixteenth century.

ON next Thursday, April 19, Messrs. Sotheby will begin the sale of the library of Mr. R. B. Stewart, of Glasgow, which contains several

rare theological works and books relating to Scotland. We may specially mention the *editio princeps* of Augustine's *De Civitate Dei* (Mentelin, circ. 1468); the Primer of Sarsbury Use (Rouen, 1555); a copy of Laud's Prayer Book (London, 1636), which differs from any other known edition; and that rare Scotch book, Zacharie Boyd's *Last Battell of the Soule in Death* (Edinburgh, 1629). To show, however, that Mr. Stewart's library was not limited to one class of books, we may add that it also contains a copy of the spurious letters of Shelley, with the introduction by Mr. Browning, which was rigorously suppressed. On an earlier day of the same week Messrs. Sotheby will sell, in another collection, a series of first editions of several of Mr. Browning's poems, with his autograph, being presentation copies.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE May number of the *Classical Review* will contain a paper on "The Declensions in the Italic Dialects," by Mr. W. M. Lindsay; "Philological Note," II., by Mr. F. W. Walker; a paper on "Forgeries in Terra Cottas," by Salomon Reinach (concluded); and the following reviews: Jebb's "Antigone," by Prof. Tyrrell; Roscher's "Mythological Dictionary," by Mr. L. Farnell; Conway's "Verner's Law," by Mr. J. E. Moulton; and Abbott's "Olynthiacs," by Prof. Butcher.

THE May number of *Time* will contain the following articles: "High School Education," by Mrs. Henry Fawcett; "State Colonisation," by the Earl of Meath; "The Old Emperor and the New," by Dr. Karl Blind; "Leg before Wicket," by Mr. Randolph Stewart; "Lord Beaconsfield as a Landscape Painter," by the editor; and a story by Mr. J. M. Barrie.

THE *Selborne Magazine*, the organ of the Selborne Society for the Protection of Birds, Plants, and Places, will in future be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

A TRANSLATION.

DEATH AND THE MAIDEN.

(From the German of Claudius.)

The Maiden.

Must it be so?

Nay, leave me. . . . I am fair. . . .
See, I am fair and young. Ah, cruel Death,
Back . . . back! Draw in thy hot and blasting
breath,

A furnace in my hair.

Ah, go. . . . Ah, go!

Death.

Give me thy hand,
Thou lovely child, and lean
On Death, who only of all gods is kind,
On Death, who left his realm of rest to find
And crown thee the fair queen
Of a fair land.

I am thy friend.

I do not come to-night
To scare, nor terrify thee, nor oppress;
Nay, but with love, and with all gentleness,
To keep thee pure and white
Unto the end.

Thou art too fair
To yield thy flower-like face
To any kiss that is less pure than this,
Or let, his passion fleeting as his kiss,
A lover's breath displace
Thy golden hair.

It must be so.
Wilt thou not trust and rest?
Because I love thee do I take thee hence
Before the world has stolen thine innocence.
Sleep, darling, on my breast.
Come, we will go.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Antiquary* for April is a good number, but too many of the articles are continuations. It has surely been a mistake to sever Mr. Wheatley's excellent "Land of Tin" into two sections. It would be far better that any one number should contain fewer articles, and that we should have the whole subject before us at once. Mr. Haines continues his reprint of the highly curious churchwardens' accounts of Stanford-in-the-Vale, Oxfordshire. As we before pointed out, he has not given any annotations to help the reader on his way. We trust when he comes to the end of the original document he will add a body of notes. Such words as "Jobbe," "Fryson," "Hame," and "Perchill," are not to be interpreted by the light of nature. We should be glad if anyone could tell us what was the function that font-wives discharged. We do not remember ever meeting with them before. Here, under the year 1569, it is recorded that

"Eliza Yat, the wyeffe of John Yat the younger gent. and Elenor Sauere were chossen fount wyeffs this yer but the[y] gatheryd nothing this yer."

Mr. Redgrave's paper on Mont St. Michael is excellent, but why does he call St. Michael "the prince of the powers of the air"? St. Paul gives that title (Ephesians ii. 2.) to a potentate of a very different character.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- DE CESARE, R. Il conclave di Leone XIII. Città di Castello: Lepi. 7 L.
 DEJON, F. Les livres à clef. Paris: Rouveyre. 40 fr.
 GIULIARI. La capitolare biblioteca di Verona. Verona: Olshki. 16 L.
 HOUBAYE, H. 1814. Paris: Perrin. 7 fr. 50 c.
 KLEIST, H., u. A. F. v. v. SCHENCK v. NOTZING. Tunis u. seine Umgebung. Ethnographische Skizzen. Leipzig: Friedrich. 5 M.
 MEALE, G. Moderna Inghilterra. Turin: Bocca. 6 L.
 NEGROMI, C. Del ritratto di Dante Alighieri. Milan: Hoepli. 5 L.
 WOLFF, H. Der Purismus in der deutschen Litteratur d. 17. Jahrhunderts. Strassburg: Heitz. 2 M. 50 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

- ARNOLD, O. F. Die Neronische Christenverfolgung. Leipzig: Richter. 4 M.
 FLEISCHMANN, B. Die spartanische Verfassung bei Xenophon. Leipzig: Friedrich. 8 M.
 INVENTARE d. Frankfurter Stadtbücherei. 1. Bd., eingeleitet v. H. Grotelend. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Völkner. 8 M. 50 Pf.
 MANFREDI, P. Gli Ebrei sotto la dominazione romana. Vol. I. Turin: Bocca. 5 L.
 QUELLEN U. UNTERSUCHUNGEN zur Geschichte, Kultur u. Litteratur Westfalens. 1. Bd. Paderborn: Schöningh. 8 M.
 ROTHAM, G. La Prusse et son roi pendant la guerre de Crimée. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- ABHANDLUNGEN U. BERICHTEN d. k. zoologischen u. anthropologisch-ethnographischen Museums zu Dresden 1886-7. Hrg. v. A. B. Meyer. Berlin: Friedländer. 40 M.
 KNIAZ, J. Spinoza's Ethik gegenüber der Erfahrung. Posen: Jolowicz. 1 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- BIBLIOTHEK der angelsächsischen Prosa. 2. Bd. 2. Hälfte. Die angelsächsischen Prosabearbeitungen der Benedictinregel. Hrg. v. A. Schröer. Kassel: Wiegand. 6 M.
 DAL POZZO. Glossario etimologico piemontese. Turin: Olsanov. 5 L.
 LAVI, S. Vocabolario geroglifico copto-ebraico. Turin: Levi. 80 L.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE DATE OF CHAUCER'S "LENVOY A BUKTON."
 Cambridge: April 9, 1888.

The date of this poem has hitherto only been guessed at. Dr. Furnivall suggests 1394 or 1395. This is an extremely good guess; for there can be little doubt that it was written in the winter of 1396. This is ascertained from an allusion which the commentators have never regarded. In the third stanza Chaucer tells his friend that it would be better to be taken

prisoner in Friesland than to be married for a second time.

There is only one year in the whole of our history when this allusion could have had any point, viz., at the close of the year 1396. The question is, of course, why it should be any more dangerous to be taken prisoner in Friesland than anywhere else. Fortunately, the answer is easy enough; for Froissart gives us the fullest information on this point in his *Chronicles*, book iv., chaps. 78-9 (I use Johnes' translation).

The Counts of Hainault and of Ostrevant raised a large army to invade Friesland. They asked Richard II. for assistance. Very few Englishmen went on this expedition; but there were a few: "Some men-at-arms, and two hundred archers, under the command of three English lords; one was named Cornewall, another Colleville, but the name of the third, who was a squire, I have forgotten." The expedition started "about the beginning of August of the year 1396." They landed in Friesland near the end of the month, and stayed there about five weeks, i.e., till the beginning of October; then they were driven home by stress of bad weather.

That there were peculiar difficulties about the prisoners taken in this war we are expressly told; for if an Englishman fell into the hands of the Frieslanders it was not very easy for him to escape with his life, because no exchange of prisoners could be effected.

"It was seldom they [the Frieslanders] would surrender, but fought until they were slain, saying they preferred death and liberty to being under the subjection of any lord whatever. Their friends or relations never brought any ransoms for those who were taken, but let them die in prison. The Frieslanders offered their prisoners in exchange, man for man, but when their enemies had none to give in return they put them to death."

Besides the especial danger thus incurred by one who was taken prisoner, it may be observed that the campaigners had to face all the miseries of an exceptionally severe season in an inclement climate. "The weather began to be very cold and to rain almost daily; there were also great tempests at sea."

We may also conclude that Chaucer wrote while these things were still quite fresh in men's minds, as we have not had much to do with Friesland in general, except at a very early period of our history. Hence, also, the Wife of Bath's Tale, mentioned in this poem, was certainly written before 1396; how many years before then, I will not undertake to say.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

IS ENGLISH A LOW GERMAN DIALECT?

Hamilton College, Clinton, N.Y. U.S.A.:
 March 2, 1888.

Prof. Skeat in his *Principles of English Etymology*, protests with much zeal in several places, e.g., p. 78 and 80, against the deeply rooted popular error of deriving English from German. But this error is almost pardonable, if we look at its source, which is not difficult to find. In Max Müller's *Science of Language*, in Whitney's *Life and Growth of Language*, and in the last volume of Max Müller's *Biographies of Words*, which from its attractive style and for other reasons is sure to become very popular, the classification of the Teutonic languages is Gothic, Low German, High German, Scandinavian. Says Max Müller, p. 89:

"There is a continuous growth in every language, which enables us to say, even in so motley a language as English, that it is Low German, whether it is spoken by Celts, Saxons, Danes, Normans, or by Zulus, Malays, or Chinamen."

Skeat himself speaks, p. 77, of "continental Low German." Does not this imply that there is somewhere a non-Continental Low German

dialect? Yet there is none, unless we mean the dialects on the small islands off the coasts of Hanover, Oldenburg, and Holland. It is true that saying English is a Low German dialect is not saying that English is derived from either Low or High German; but the statement is misleading, and I question the fact.

When the Jutes, Angles, &c., crossed from the continent to Britain and settled there, the languages that they spoke had still the general Teutonic consonant-system—that is, that stage reached by all the Teutonic languages by the first or prehistoric shifting according to Grimm's law and Verner's law. This stage did not differ much from the Gothic consonant-system of the fourth century as extant in Ulfila's Bible. The only Teutonic languages that have preserved the consonants essentially as the first shifting left them are (1) Gothic and (2) the Scandinavian languages, which form together the East Germanic group, and (3) English alone out of the West Germanic group. English, though a member of the West Germanic group, really stands on account of its consonants between this group and the East Germanic. Its geographical separation from the rest of the group was one factor that preserved it against the second or the German shifting according to Grimm's law, which was partial and fortunately historical, so that we can follow the various steps in point of time and geographically. The Continental West Germanic languages, i.e., the German dialects, one of which developed into the literary language of Germany and another into that of Holland, all shifted more or less, some early and some late. The South or Upper German dialects first and most, the Middle German shifted next and less, and the Low German shifted last of all and least of all, viz., *th* into *d*. This shifting of *th* into *d* we can trace from its beginning in the Bavarian dialect about 800 to its end in the Middle Frankish about 1200. All the German dialects, Low, Middle and High, have gone through this one shifting of *th* into *d*. The definite article is *de* in Sleswic, Dutch, Plattdeutsch, in Swiss, Austrian, and Alsatian German, but *the* in English. "Low German," as understood by German "Germanisten," is a theoretical name that covers a multitude of different dialects, but never English (Anglo-Saxon). Let us be careful then in the use of terms, and then neither the public nor our students will say English is derived from German.

Many grammars and teachers are afraid of Grimm's law as something exceedingly difficult and never to be ventured upon, lest they confuse the minds of students. Yet they will teach their students so-called "correspondences" between English and German sounds. They start about as follows: To German *d* corresponds English *th*, to German *t* English *d*, to German *p* English *f*, &c. How easily this leads to putting the cart before the horse and saying: German *d* becomes in English *th*, German *p* and *f* become in English *p*! This leads to thinking that German is the older language, and that English is derived from it. My experience has been that, when my students have reached such a stage of progress that they feel in their reading and in the study of the grammar that German is really related to English, that by comparing certain corresponding sounds they can identify very many words, then a few generous scientific doses of Grimm's law clear up for good and all any foggy notions they may have imbibed about the relation of English and German.

H. C. G. BRANDT.

THE CODEX AMIATINUS.

Stanbrook, Worcester: April 9, 1888.

Dr. Corssen will not allow that *bibliotheca* in Bede's "*bibliothecam geminavit*" means an

Old Testament; and, apparently in reply to the argument that a library cannot be doubled by the accession to it of a single volume, suggests that "*geminait*" may be a corrupt reading. If he can prove this, well and good; if not, let us make what we can of what we have.

Beda wrote his account of Ceolfrid's benefactions with even more than his usual care, for he wrote it in correction of the anonymous biographer. Every word in it is precious, and "*geminait*" is the most precious of them all; for it provides us—as I thought from the first, and still think—with, at least, a tentative theory which has not been disproved thus far, and may yet turn out to be the right key to the puzzle. Let me state my case.

Two old-version Old Testaments were begun by Benedict. Ceolfrid may have finished them or found them finished. But he provided each of them, when finished, with a twin companion in the shape of a Hieronymian Pandect, or complete Bible. Surely, there is no lack of balance, of antithesis, to *coepit* in this.

But Ceolfrid did more. He twinned or companioned (*geminait*) an old-version Pandect, which he had brought from Rome, by a third Hieronymian Pandect—the present Codex Amiatinus.

Now, the present Codex Amiatinus, in order to be *geminus* to its elder brother, must have resembled it—I am still re-stating my theory—in (1) the size of its leaves; and must also, one would suppose, have resembled it in (2) the lineation of its pages and (3) the character of its script; otherwise it would be *geminus* when standing closed on the shelf, but not when open and in use.

If, then, as seems to be allowed, the writing of Amiatinus be that proper to a much earlier age than Ceolfrid's, I may have caught the right clue; for, having determined the age of the character simulated, we get to the date of the Pandect which Ceolfrid brought from Rome.

Again, as to the pictures. If Amiatinus be *geminus* in script to its elder brother, may it not be similarly *geminus* in ornamentation? Here, too, we have a tentative hypothesis which it might be well to put to proof. As regards text, Amiatinus was an entirely distinct version from the Pandect brought from Rome, but it was made to resemble it in the *technique* of pagination and of character. And so, I apprehend, of the pictures. Surely, Ceolfrid could only carry out his purpose to the full by having his drawings executed in the same style as those of the "*pandectes vetustae translationis*" to which his new volume was to be a companion; but, as surely, it would have been idle to adorn the younger *geminus* with mere copies of pictures already in the elder *geminus*. The subjects might or might not be the same; the style would (*ex hypothesi*) be the same; but, if so, the treatment of common subjects would (*ex hypothesi*) be different.

MARTIN RULE.

PRIVY COUNCIL JUDGMENTS.

London: April 7, 1888.

I think Mr. Sargent has scarcely estimated aright the various grounds upon which objectors to the Privy Council as a court of final appeal in ecclesiastical causes base their resistance. These grounds are four in number.

1. The court (and Lord Penzance's court also) was unconstitutionally set up, no assent of the spirituality being had. It is customarily forgotten that the spirituality is an independent estate of the realm, co-ordinate with the Lords and the Commons; and the erection of a court for spiritual causes without the assent of this estate was in contravention of the Constitution and beyond the powers of Parliament, just as

it is beyond the power of the Lords or the Commons to enact a statute validly in one chamber only. It is precisely because the Church of England is established that the Privy Council and Lord Penzance's court are not lawful Church tribunals. The State might erect courts to try all Roman Catholic or Protestant Nonconformist spiritual causes; and such courts, however politically inexpedient and morally indefensible, would be legally valid. But the Church of England has its own legislature and courts, which the civil power is bound to respect; and courts set up in the fashion of the two at the bar are null and void.

2. The court has never possessed valid spiritual jurisdiction. The Crown is not the fountain of jurisdiction in spiritual causes, and can merely give civil sanction for coercive purposes to ecclesiastical tribunals. The same holds good of Parliament. Given such a court with true jurisdiction, the State can clothe it with additional powers, enabling it to enforce its decisions by temporal penalties; but it cannot bestow the original commission for the trial of spiritual causes.

3. The court has never been competent, in the sense of adequate knowledge of the subject-matter before it in such causes. I assert, from minute familiarity with all the leading ecclesiastical suits of the last forty years, that in each and all the judgments there are rudimentary blunders on elementary matters of fact which would have led to the ignominious plucking of the judges had they been students under examination in the subjects handled. I can give chapter and verse for this charge should it be challenged, but I wish to be brief now.

4. The court has almost never done justice, but has repeatedly misinterpreted the law it professed to administer, ruling directly in its very teeth.

I can produce evidence here also, if called for. I will content myself now with quoting a phrase from Mr. Gladstone, who has described Privy Council law as a "*lead rule*," bent at pleasure, and with reminding Mr. Sargent that in respect of the Gorham judgment, it is to be remembered that, after Mr. Gorham had got possession of Bramford Speke by means of it, he turned round and publicly repudiated the tenets it had ascribed to him and declared tenable; for it did not acquit his opinions at all—that would have been something too barefaced, for he admits that they all but prevented his ordination in 1811, long before the days of the Oxford movement—but invented an entirely new doctrine, fathered it on him, and acquitted that. Nor is it true that the Privy Council judgments have been always in favour of liberty. The Heath, Purchas, Mackonochie, and Ridsdale findings were one and all in restriction of liberty—unjustly, too.

RICHARD F. LITTLEDALE.

HOME ARTS AND INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION.

London: April 11, 1888.

May I be allowed to state that the peculiar system of design advocated by Mr. Leland, in his book reviewed in the ACADEMY last week, is not taught by the Home Arts and Industries Association.

Persons interested in the work of the association can obtain accurate information from the secretary, at the Royal Albert Hall.

Mr. Leland, in a footnote, thanks the giver of a large donation "in the name of the association." It is perhaps needless to say that this was a work of supererogation, our thanks having been conveyed to the gentleman in question some months ago.

M. McCALLUM.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, April 16, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Oantor Lecture, "Milk Supply and Butter and Cheese Making," II., by Mr. R. Bannister.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "Mystical Buddhism in connexion with the Yoga System of Philosophy," by Sir Monier Williams.

TUESDAY, April 17, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Ruskin," II., by Dr. O. Waldstein.

7.45 p.m. Statistical: "Progressive Taxation: some Examples from Switzerland," by Mr. R. H. J. Palgrave.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "A Hundred Years' Progress in New South Wales," by Mr. W. F. Buchanan.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "Compressed Oil-Gas and its Applications," by Mr. Arthur Ayres.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "Some New Species of Heterocera collected by Mr. C. M. Woodward in the Fiji Islands," by Mr. Herbert Druce; "Atavism," by Mr. T. D. A. Cockerell; "The Vocal Pouches of *Echinoderm darwini*," by Prof. G. B. Howes; "A New Genus and Species of Rat from New Guinea," by Mr. Oldfield Thomas.

WEDNESDAY, April 18, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Telescopes for Stellar Photography," by Sir Howard Grubb.

THURSDAY, April 19, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Chemical Arts," II., by Prof. Dewar.

8 p.m. Lanes: "Influence of Temperature on the Composition and Solubility of Hydrated Calcium Sulphate and of Calcium Hydroxide," by Mr. W. A. Shenstone and Mr. J. Tudor Oundall.

8.30 p.m. Historical: "Historical Evidence gathered from the Traders' Tokens of the Seventeenth Century and from the Minor Currency," by Mr. G. O. Williamson.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries: "The Sped-Trials of the latest Addition to the 'Admiral' Class of British War-Vessels," by Mr. D. S. Capper.

8 p.m. Philological: "Old-Teutonic Syntax, II., the Early Oathisms and Paternosters and the Eleventh-century Translations," by Prof. Kuno Meyer.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Antagonism," by Sir W. R. Grove.

SATURDAY, April 21, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Later Works of Richard Wagner," II., with Vocal and Instrumental Illustrations, by Mr. Carl Armbruster.

SCIENCE.

Geology. By Joseph Prestwich. Vol. II.: Stratigraphical and Physical. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

It is but rarely that the student of geology has the good fortune to receive a treatise so solid in substance, yet so elegant in form, as that which Prof. Prestwich issued on the eve of his retirement from the Chair of Geology at Oxford. The second volume of his great work, though sufficient to represent the labour of half a lifetime, has followed its predecessor at an interval of only two years. While the first volume was devoted to the chemical and physical aspects of geology, the present instalment of the work—according to the subordinate title—is essentially stratigraphical and physical. It deals, indeed, with what is often conveniently termed "*Historical Geology*." Starting from the very beginning of things—or, at least, from the time when the molten globe was first crusted over by the consolidation of its cooling surface—it traces the successive physical changes which have affected this crust throughout the course of geological time. And parallel with this physical history there runs a sketch of the development of life upon the earth—so far, at least, as the story of this development can be recovered from the time-worn record of the rocks. Finally, the author rises into the region of speculative geology, and in his closing chapters enters on the discussion of certain physical and cosmical problems, full of fascination, but beset with the gravest difficulties—such problems as those relating to the cause and duration of

the glacial epoch, to the nature of the earth's interior, and to the primitive condition of our planet.

One of the features that immediately strikes the reader of this volume as being specially noteworthy is the prominence which the author gives throughout to foreign geology. It is true the average student is often compelled to rest satisfied with a knowledge of British stratigraphy, and is apt to feel oppressed by details descriptive of equivalent rocks in other countries. But the advanced student, bent on compassing the science on all sides—and it is for such that this work is primarily intended—will not fail to value the excellent sections in which Prof. Prestwich takes a world-wide survey of the successive formations, tracing their distribution and comparing them with corresponding strata at home. With the view of enabling the reader to follow the details of continental geology, a large folding map of Europe has been introduced as a frontispiece. This map—prepared by Mr. W. Topley and Mr. J. G. Goodchild—has been coloured, for the most part, in accordance with the recommendations of the International Geological Congress. The result is a singularly effective map; while its accuracy is vouched for by the fact that it has been compiled from the most recent official surveys, supplemented by unpublished information drawn directly from continental geologists of high authority.

It needs but a slight examination of Prof. Prestwich's volume to see that—as is commonly the case in similar works—certain subjects are discussed in much greater details than others which appear to be of equal importance. Thus, the Cretaceous rocks are treated with more than average fulness, the Archæan rocks with less. To the origin of the Chalk an entire chapter is devoted; yet the reader will not be disposed to begrudge this space, inasmuch as the chapter is unquestionably one of the most valuable in the volume. While admitting the general resemblance between the Chalk and the Globigerina-ooze, the author has done good service by insisting on the great differences between these deposits. As the work has been avowedly written in a spirit opposed to uniformitarianism, the writer naturally dwells, wherever possible, on the unceasing variation in the play of terrestrial activities throughout the earth's history; and in the Cretaceous section he does not fail to emphasise the fact that the present deep-sea deposits do not exactly match any of the older strata, just as—on the other hand—the deposits of the ancient Chalk sea were not precisely paralleled at any other period of geological time.

"In no period of the past," says Prof. Prestwich, "do we find deposits exactly of the character of the abyssal 'red clay' and 'Globigerina-ooze,' nor do we meet at the present day with the exact homologue of the Chalk. The conditions under which it was deposited were peculiar and special; and though it presents many points of analogy to the calcareous ooze, there are none of identity, and the Chalk stands alone among the British strata, in its peculiar structure and origin."

With reference to the sections on the Tertiary and Quaternary periods, it is sufficient to remark that, being written by a master acknowledged to be without rival in these

departments, they possess an authority which can hardly be claimed by the corresponding sections in any other treatise on geology in the English language. Speaking of the well-known sands which immediately overlie the London clay around the metropolis, Prof. Prestwich expresses his opinion that instead of associating them with the Bagshot series, as is usually done under the name of "Lower Bagshot sands," we should rather group them with the London clay, from which they are but obscurely separated, since the upper part of this clay, becoming sandy, gradually passes into the unfossiliferous quartzose sands without any sharply-drawn dividing line. In a paper recently read before the Geological Society Prof. Prestwich has suggested that these beds should be called the "London sands"—a suggestion which immediately commends itself to the geologist, inasmuch as the new name connotes their intimate relationship with the underlying London clay.

Of the many excellent chapters which fairly deserve distinctive mention attention may be specially called to those in which the author, rising from the discussion of details, takes a general palæontological review of each of the great periods—the Palæozoic, the Mesozoic, and the Kainozoic. Throughout the work great care has been taken in selecting the most characteristic forms of life to be enumerated under each formation. The student will gain much assistance in recognising his fossils from the figures of common species, beautifully executed as woodcuts and distributed through the text with no illiberal hand. In addition to these scattered figures there are sixteen lithographic plates of illustrative genera, depicted with singular fidelity by the skilful crayon of Miss Gertrude Woodward. The general excellence of the illustrations is, in fact, one of the many merits of the book. A crowd of works, more or less similar in general scope, are already before the student, each soliciting attention by its peculiar merits; but in this crowd Prof. Prestwich's treatise should have no difficulty in wedging its way to the front by sheer force of its excellence and originality.

F. W. RUDLER.

OBITUARY.

PANDIT BHAGVANLAL INDRAJL.

Bombay: March 22, 1888.

MANY readers of the ACADEMY will be grieved to hear of the death of Pandit Bhagvanlal Indrajil. He died on Friday last, March 16, at his house in Walkeshwar.

I have seen him from time to time during his last illness; and two days before his death I had the sad pleasure of paying him a visit along with M. Senart, to whom he was well known, and who, like every one else who knew Bhagvanlal, held him in great regard and affection. We had previously taken steps to learn if our visit then would be agreeable, and were met on the way by a note, dictated by the Pandit, pressing us to come. His bodily state, he said, was getting worse and worse, and we must come quickly. I was told afterwards that he hoped each step on the stair might be that of the distinguished scholar who was coming to him with news about the recent discovery of an Asoka inscription. M. Senart will, I know, be glad that we did not yield to the fear we had that a visit at such a time might be out of place. Bhagvanlal rallied to greet

his friend in a way none of those who were present will forget. It was too painfully obvious to all that the end was a matter of hours. But his eye kindled as he listened to all M. Senart had to tell him. The only murmur of impatience which escaped him was when he heard that his friend had been to Junaghar—"my native place"—and he not able to accompany him there. "I am so sorry, so sorry." He pressed my hand warmly when we took leave of him, and I was glad to feel sure that we had given him a moment's pleasure. His death was to himself a relief. "I am quite happy to go to God" were his words to me some days before. But more than one of your readers will feel with his friends here that the world is poorer to them now that so simple, so true, and so pure a soul has gone from it. A man greatly beloved, in whom was no guile.

His body was burned the same evening in the Walkeshwar burning ground close to his house. In a will written shortly before his death he had left directions which were for the most part faithfully carried out. All the ceremonies for the dying had been performed by himself in anticipation of death. They were not to be repeated now. When the end came near, earth, brought by himself from a holy place, was to be spread on the ground, and he was to be lifted from his bed and laid on it. His body was to be covered, up to the mouth, with the sacred sheet he had provided. The name of God was to be said repeatedly in his ear as he lay dying. When the breath was seen to be departing, the holy water he had brought from the Ganges was to be sprinkled over him, and a few drops put into his mouth. At the moment of death the sheet was to be drawn over his face and not again removed. Four friends were to carry him to the funeral pyre, and no weeping was to be made for him. Only the name of God was to be ever repeated. The women were not to come. When all was over his friends were to return to his house and disperse, first sitting together for a little time, if they so chose. He had no son or heir to take objection to the absence of the usual rites. Let his friends bethink them of the great sin they would commit if in any of these things they disregarded "the wishes of the previous owner of what would be then a worthless corpse." His caste people must not be allowed to interfere. The friends who should do his will were his true caste people.

Bhagvanlal left the history of Gujerat he was writing for Mr. Campbell's Gazetteer unfinished, but he worked hard up to the last day or two to perfect the fragment he had commenced. He finished his account of the Kshatrap coins in his possession in the draft of a paper dictated by him in Gujerathi, in which he has also given a full account of the lion pillar capital with its inscriptions in Bactrian Pali which he brought from Muttra. This paper will, in accordance with his wish, after it has been put in the form he would himself have given to it, be offered to the Royal Asiatic Society. His coins and inscriptions, including the Muttra one, are to be offered to the British Museum on terms which I do not doubt the authorities there will gladly agree to. His MSS. he has left to the Bombay branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, asking only that they may be placed near the MSS. of the late Dr. Bhao Daji. I cannot yet say in what state his papers, other than that to which I have referred, have been left. But his friend and executor, Mr. Karsandas Valubhdas, has asked me to look over them; and I undertake that nothing which can be published shall be lost. I hope at all events that we shall be able to bring together in a volume all the published papers of the Pandit, alongside of those of his revered master and friend Bhao Daji. Bhagvanlal, I know, would have wished for just such a memorial.

I hope I have not written at too great length for your columns. I have myself lost a dear friend in Bhagvanlal; and I know that the details I have given will have a melancholy interest for a wide circle of scholars. They will join me in bidding him a last farewell—nay, rather, in the words with which we parted, *Punar darsanāya* ("Auf wiedersehen!").

PETER PETERSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ETRUSCAN SUN-NAME "USIL."

Barton-on-Humber: April 3, 1888.

On one side of the bronze of Piacenza (which represents a "Himmelstempel") are written the words *Tivs* (= *lunae*) and *Usils* (= *solis*). There is no other writing on this side, one-half of which is allotted to each luminary respectively. The connexion of the sun-name is as follows:

1. The first syllable—U.

As. Turkic	— u-d-u-n	= "day."
Mongolic	— { u-d-ü-r u-d	= "sun."
Akkadian	— { u-d u-t-u	= "dawn," "sun," "eye," "to rise."
Ostiak	— { x-a-t k-a-tj	= "sun."
Akkadian	— { u-t u-t	= "dawn," "sun," "eye," "to rise."
Yenisei-Ostiak	— { i i-ga	= "sun."
Kamacintzi	— i-gao	
Arintzi	— ei-ga	

2. The second syllable—Sil. The words mean "sun," except as mentioned.

Akkadian	— { s-a-l s'-a-l	
Ersa-Mordvin	— ts-i	
Lamuti	— ts-i-ugga (Strahlenberg).	
Samoid	— { c'-i-l tj-s-l	
Uigur	— j-o-l-a	= "light."
Tchagatai	— { j-a-l-au = "flame." s-i-l-i = "hot."	
Finnic	— s-i-l = "bright."	
Samoid	— s-i-l	
Ostiak	— s-i-l	
Tzerkaesi	— sch-ia-l-l	
Tomskoi Ostiak	— k-ia-l-da	(From Strahlenberg.)
Ozuwaschi	— k-ue-ll	
Tobolski	— k-iu-n	
Jakuti	— k-u-nn	
Kolbal	— k-ü-n	
Samoid	— { k-ou k-u-ja k-ai-ja h-a-jor	

3. The combination.

North Ostiak	— x-a-ll-s-l (xall) = "sun."
Permian	— a-s-a-l = "morning" (= "Rising-light").
Etruscan	— u-s-i-l = "Rising-sun."
Sabine	— au-s-s-l = "sun" (Festus, a loan-word).
Hésychios	— αὐ-κ-η-λ-ος = ἥλιος, ὁ πρὸς τοὺς ἡνῶντες.

Cf. the Etruscan *Noven-siles*, "heaven-gods" (vide *ACADEMY*, November 12, 1887, p. 323).

The final *s* in *Usils*, *Tivs*, *avils*, &c., which, according to Pauli, is the "Genetiv auf -si," represents the Ugric pronominal suffix -s, -si, -se, "he," "his" (cf. Lapponic *atja-s*, "his father"; Turkic *ata-si*, "his father"; Zyranian *sy*, "his," &c.; vide Taylor, *Etruscan Researches*, p. 205), and exactly corresponds with the English possessive case. So *Usils* = "Sun+his" = "the Sun's."

It thus appears from philology that *Usil* might mean either "Rising-sun" or "Bright-dawn," and be at one time a Sun-god, at

another a Dawn-goddess; and, when we turn to Etruscan art (the Mirrors), we find that such is actually the case. There is depicted a male Usil, an analogue of Apollo, and a female Usil, an analogue of Aurora. The latter Usil accompanies Upruni ("ἡρῆων," "the Rising"-sun), so that Festus and Hésychios are both quite correct; and a Turanian language, like the Sumero-Akkadian, with its want of gender and fullness of meaning in a single term, supplies the ultimate explanation of what seems to be, but is not, contradictory.

ROBT. BROWN, JUN.

TIBETAN LITERATURE AND THE BENGAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

British Museum: April 10, 1888.

I am sure I express the feelings of fellow-students of Oriental literature when I thank you for reprinting interesting documents published in distant countries, such as the valuable Presidential address to the Bengal Asiatic Society reproduced in last week's *ACADEMY*.

I venture to call attention to a few points suggested by its perusal. First, as to the chief Tibetan text now commenced. We are told that there is "only one text available"; and yet my honoured friend, Mr. Brian Hodgson, perhaps the greatest of donors to the Bengal Asiatic Society, as to so many other institutions, gave to the India Office a complete copy of the *Kah-gyur* and *Btan-gyur* in 334 volumes. But I infer from a letter just received from Dr. Rost that no application for the *Sher-chhin* in this collection has come from Calcutta. I may also mention that Mr. Hodgson gave to the Royal Asiatic Society in London the Sanskrit text of the *Prajñāpāramitā* in 100,000 verses; and this, as I found some years ago at the society's rooms, is in a more complete state than appears from the published catalogue. He also gave a copy to the *Société Asiatique*. Though thankful for all assistance, I cannot but regret that more is not done, especially in India, towards the elucidation of these often very difficult philosophical books. We need commentaries and translations to supplement the useful abstracts already published by Dr. Rājendralāla Mitra, and the text referred to in the address as in course of publication by the same scholar. The Bengal Society itself possesses a MS. of a commentary on this text (the "*Ashtasahasrikā*"); and I may add that I saw (and have elsewhere described) another fine MS. in the *Mahārāja's* library at Kathmāndū.

The *Avadāna-Kalpālātā* will be of much interest. Its exact date is given in the Cambridge MSS., and corresponds to A.D. 1059.

OEOIL BENDALL.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A *Practical Treatise upon Modern Printing Machinery* will be shortly published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. The work is written by Messrs. Frederick J. Wilson and Douglas Gray, the former a printer and the latter an engineer. It will be illustrated with numerous engravings.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

UNDER the title of *World English*, a new work by Mr. Alexander Melville Bell, author of "*Visible Speech*," &c., will be shortly issued by Messrs. Trübner. It aims at demonstrating the fitness of English for adoption as the universal language, to the exclusion of Volapük or any other artificial language. The great drawback to the extension of English hitherto has been its difficult and unsystematic spelling. *World English* introduces an amended alphabet, with new letters for unrepresented sounds; ordinary orthography remains unchanged as "*Literary English*." The aspect

of words is so little unlike in both systems, that readers of either will decipher the other without special instruction.

MR. E. J. RAPSON, of the British Museum, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, is engaged on an English translation of the *Daçakumaracaritam* of Dandī, which will be published in Messrs. Trübner's "*Oriental Series*."

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY (MANCHESTER BRANCH).—(Saturday, March 24.)

THE REV. F. F. CORNISH in the chair.—Prof. A. S. Wilkins read a paper on "*Goethe's 'Iphigenia,'*" in which he dealt mainly with the question, so differently answered by various critics, as to how far we have in Goethe's play a reproduction of a Greek tragedy—a work from which those who are not familiar with the masterpieces of the Athenian drama may form a just conception of what that was to those for whom it was written, or, more exactly, played. Prof. Wilkins first gave a full account of the material Goethe had before him in the work of Euripides, and pointed out that in the Greek play the interest turns almost entirely on the skilful development of the plot, which kept the minds of the audience alternating between the extremes of hope and fear by the sudden and unexpected shifting of circumstances. Of development of character there is little or none; moreover, in all the leading personages there are serious flaws, which go far to hinder our perfect sympathy with them in their critical positions. The revengefulness and deceit of Iphigenia, and the combination of discretion with valour in Orestes, if very Greek, are not very heroic. Turning then to Goethe's play, Prof. Wilkins showed how unhappy was Mr. Donaldson's description of it as "*a singularly beautiful reproduction of Euripides*." Goethe entirely eliminated from his drama the two features which are always present in the Greek tragedy, as representing the two originally distinct elements whose union formed the drama—viz., the choric odes derived from the Dorian worship of Apollo, and the narratives of messengers lineally descended from the Ionian stories of the sufferings and the victories of Dionysus. The famous chant of Iphigenia, "*Es fürchte die Götter das Menschengeschlecht*," and one or two other semi-lyrical monologues in no way take the place of the elaborate odes sung by the chorus of Greek maidens; and although there are several splendid passages of narrative, these deal with the past, and not with action which, but for the conventions of the Greek drama, would take place before the eyes of the spectators. In the form, then, of Goethe's "*Iphigenia*" there is nothing distinctively Greek. Still more striking is the difference between the work of the Greek and of the German poet when we turn from the form to the spirit. In Euripides the interest centres mainly in the plot, the incidents of which have no connexion with the characters of the *dramatis personae*; with Goethe the climax of the interest is reached in the struggle of contending forces in the hearts of Iphigenia and of Thoas. That this struggle is one which would have been inconceivable by a Greek is only one more point of essential and fundamental difference. The Iphigenia of Goethe, with her tender heart and her un-Greek passion for truth, represents an altogether higher type of womanhood than that conceived of by Euripides. The troubles, too, of Orestes come rather from within than from without. He is tormented more by the abiding consciousness of his sin than by the pursuit of the Furies, which could find no place on the modern stage. The characters of Thoas and Pylades, too, are recast and lifted to an altogether higher plane. Yet, un-Greek as are many elements in the German play, we cannot accept Prof. Mahaffy's rather hasty criticism, that it is "*a somewhat unfortunate mixture of Greek scenery and characters with modern romantic sentiment*." As Mr. Lewes justly points out, Goethe only did as Euripides had done before him. Both chose a period remote from their own in order to set forth the ideas of their time under conditions free from the confusing complications of contemporary scenes and characters. Is, then, *Mdme. de Staël* as wrong

* The North Ostiak *sat-l*, like the Etruscan *u-sil*, combines the forms, i. e. *sat* (= *us*) + *l* (cf. Samoid *tel-ga*, inf.).

† Vide Lenormant, *Étude Syl. Osm.* 33.

as has often been assumed, when she says that "this tragedy recalls the kind of impression one receives in contemplating the Greek statues"? One element which has given its permanent power to the higher Greek art is that it puts aside the temporal and the accidental, and gives us that which is best and most beautiful in the humanity common to us all. Hence, we prize it not for its historical accuracy, but because it reveals to us possibilities of nobleness and grace which are ideals for all times and countries. And so it is with the lofty thoughts, the tender pathos, the loyal and unswerving truth of Goethe's "Iphigenia." If they are not Greeks, they are human. But, again, a second element in Greek art, as Mr. Mathew Arnold has often taught us, is the manner in which the parts are subordinate to the whole, so that the mind rests satisfied in the contemplation of the artistic unity. And, here too, Mr. Lewes justly says of "Iphigenia" that we have "the perfect unity of impression produced by the whole, so that nothing in it seems made, but all to grow; nothing is superfluous, but all is in organic dependence; nothing is there for detached effect, but the whole is effect. The poem fills the mind; beautiful as the separate passages are, admirers seldom think of passages, they think of the wondrous whole."—A short discussion followed, after which the secretary drew attention to the account in the *Wimarerische Zeitung* (March 11), of the identification by Dr. Kuhn of the final resting-place of Goethe's wife with a spot in the St. Jacobskirchhof, which will, it is hoped, be marked by a tablet.—Mr. Towers then read the poem by Carey, which, as had been mentioned at a former meeting, had suggested to Goethe his "Goldschmiedsgezell," and gave further particulars as to its composition.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, March 24.)

Mrs. C. I. SPENCER, president, in the chair.—The Rev. H. P. Stokes sent some "Notes on John Marston," calling attention to the confusion as to his personal history, to the feuds between him and Ben Jonson, to the ecclesiastical censure passed upon him by Whitgift and Bancroft, to Henslowe's description of him in 1599 as "the new poete," to the allusions to him in *Skialetheia* and in "The Return from Parnassus," &c.—Some "Notes on 'Antonio and Mellida'" were sent by Miss Emma Phipson, who said that the play is not much more than a series of episodes and intrigues, for the most part highly improbable, enacted by a set of persons who have little besides their names to identify them. The language is strained and affected; pompous, harsh-sounding words mar the smoothness of the lines, and scraps of learning are brought in with no other purpose than to show the author's erudition. As Marston's mother was an Italian, perhaps the sudden breaking out into that language of several of the characters was not so affected as it seems, but it must have tried the patience of his English-speaking audience. Marston is specially happy in his descriptions of natural phenomena, though in some of his expressions we may trace the influence of Chapman; but his heroes and heroines possess little individuality. Marston, whose satires were keenly felt, might himself have sat to Shakspeare for the portrait of Jacques. Mellida, in the hands of another writer, might have developed into a fine character; but here she is chiefly the sport of circumstances. Rosaline, who has been said to be a weak imitation of Beatrice, is really more like Nerissa. Some passages in the play which we might hastily call plagiarisms were, if our dates be correct, written before their supposed patterns.—Mr. S. E. Bengough read a paper entitled "The Dramatic Defects of 'Antonio and Mellida,'" saying that it was difficult to fix a standard of excellence by which dramatic works may be tested, seeing that they vary from a Greek tragedy to a Christmas pantomime. With all the differences that exist between the subjects of Elizabeth and Victoria, there is yet such a community of moral and intellectual nature between them that the works bearing the name of Shakspeare appeal powerfully to both. Here, then, is a standard of dramatic excellence by which to test the work of other playwrights. Guided by this we expect (1) that the plot or action of a drama shall possess unity and interest, (2) that its characterisation shall be

natural and consistent, (3) that its thoughts and sentiments shall be fresh and striking, and (4) that the expression shall be on a higher level than ordinary converse, either ideally beautiful or else distinguished by attractiveness of wit and humour. Painful experience, however, tells us that in other authors we look in vain for all these; and, if we find a high degree of excellence in one of these departments, we are willing to be blind to shortcomings in the others. "Antonio and Mellida" fails to come up to our test in any of the respects mentioned. The most that can be said of it is that here and there is a flash of genius; but, in order that one may be gratified with it, one has to suffer one's good taste to be perpetually shocked by insipid coarseness, gross sensuality, and extravagant bombast. The unequal character of the play is so remarkable that it makes one think that more than one hand was employed upon it. In some of the later scenes there are vigorous and subtle thoughts expressed in a garb of metaphor that reminds one now and then of the great master himself.—Mr. L. M. Griffiths read a paper called "The Story of 'Antonio and Mellida,' and some of its Shaksperianisms." He directed attention to the similarity between many of its incidents and those in Shakspeare. The resemblances of character are most marked. In much detail it was shown that there are strong likenesses between many of the characters in the play and some of Shakspeare's well-known people. There is no need to accuse Marston of copying from Shakspeare in the characterisation. Most of the *dramatis personae* are portraits of men and women common enough in Elizabethan times, and in their representation by two shrewd observers there would, of course, be much alike. In this play there is occasionally a fine thought or expression, which it seems not unlikely that Shakspeare may afterwards have elaborated. Altogether the play, while disfigured by much rant in the heroic parts, is in its lighter portions both clever and interesting.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, April 6.)

A. J. ELLIS, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—Dr. Percy Andrae read a paper on "The MSS. and Versions of Richard of Hampole's *Pricks of Conscience*" in the British Museum. The museum, the writer said, has in its possession eighteen MSS. of Hampole's poem, only four of which prove complete, and these four unfortunately, all containing later and considerably modified texts. These eighteen MSS. form four distinct groups, traceable to four different versions of the poem. Three of these versions, A, B and C, comprising no less than sixteen MSS., are again derived—more or less indirectly—from a common source Q, rarely differing from the text of the fourth version Z, as represented by the two remaining MSS. Harl. 4196, and Cotton Galba E IX. Proof of this was afforded by a comparison of the three shorter and considerably altered versions A, B, and C, with the text of version Z. The result of this comparison, which extended over 500 lines taken from various parts of the poem, was to show that the reading of version Z, on which Dr. Richard Morris based his excellent edition of the poem, is in all essential particulars invariably corroborated by the reading of at least one of the three other versions. Slighter points of difference from Z, common to all the three versions, A, B, and C, only serve as evidence of their common origin in a source Q. The reasons for the innumerable alterations of the original text, which characterise the sixteen MSS. belonging to versions A, B, and C, are, for the most part, of a metrical kind. Metre and rhythm were not Hampole's strongest points. His verse was often barely distinguishable from rhymed prose. The number of feet in each verse varied between four and seven; and as to rhythm, it was sometimes only attainable by dint of an accentuation which rendered the language almost unrecognisable. These faults—and various other peculiarities, such as constant reiteration of the same words and phrases, a favourite practice of Hampole's—versions A, B, and C, had been at pains to modify. Dialectal considerations, on the other hand, were rarely the cause of textual alterations. Indeed, the midland version B had, curiously enough, taken less liberties with the original text

than the two northern versions A and C. Yet the usefulness of this midland text for clearing up certain textual and dialectal obscurities of the original poem is not to be denied. In allusion to the intention of the Early English Text Society to bring out a new edition of Hampole's poem, Dr. Andrae pointed out that a better text than that from which Dr. Morris had edited his work was not likely to be found. However, in a new edition, the Q text, which was the original source of versions A, B, and C, should be taken into account. Possibly the Q text itself might still be discovered among the thirty or forty, if not more, MSS. of the poem still extant in the various public and private libraries of the country. If not, the editor's task would be to reconstruct it from the texts of versions A, B, and C. The paper concluded with a brief account of the interpolations peculiar to some of the MSS., and a reference to the inadvertent omission of fourteen lines in Dr. Morris's edition.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE OF PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos and Olographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. HARR, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

Memorial Catalogue of the French and Dutch Loan Collection, Edinburgh International Exhibition, 1886. (Edinburgh: Printed at the University Press by T. & A. Constable, and published by David Douglas.)

FOR all visitors to the Edinburgh Loan Exhibition of 1886—for all of them, at least, to whom art is anything—the gallery of French and Dutch pictures which was then brought together is one of the most unforgettable of memories. Organised by the knowledge and enthusiasm of Mr. Hamilton Bruce, collected by his single-handed efforts—aided by the ready co-operation of collectors in this country, on the continent, and even in America—this gathering of about two hundred choice examples of the productions of the Romantic School in France, and of its aftermath in Holland, was something unique of its kind. In Paris, indeed, an important exhibition—including many works coincident in period and similar in aims to the art which Mr. Bruce made it his business last year to illustrate and to introduce in comprehensive sequence to a British public—was brought together in 1883; but the gathering in the Galerie Petit of the Rue de Séze was less extensive than the Edinburgh one, and, at the same time, it traversed a more extended field of art. It included old masters as well as modern—and, among the latter, the productions of men as widely apart as Delaroche and Delacroix, so sacrificing unity and concentration of aim to breadth and extent of view. It could not be justly styled a representative or typical exposition of the work of the Romanticists; and a hint of the difference between its aims and those of Mr. Bruce may be caught from the terms of the announcement of that publication which recorded it in plates by the most accomplished modern etchers and in letterpress by M. Wolff, from the emphasis which is therein laid—an emphasis most marked and exclusive—upon the productions of M. Meissonier, "le maître incontesté de notre époque," a master who did not at all fall within the scope of Mr. Bruce's scheme.

In our own country it has hitherto been impossible to obtain a just idea of the Romantic art of France, except by a prolonged and diligent search for such isolated examples of

the school as from time to time occurred in sale-rooms, or by a laborious and not easily attained house-to-house visitation among private collectors.

It was no more than just and fitting that an exhibition which, for the first time in our country, disclosed the results of a most important modern school of art—a school, too, which, from its concentration upon the finest and most distinctively painter-like qualities of technique, from the mastery which its leading members have gained over their material and the pure delight which they manifest in the display of its capabilities, is well fitted to correct some of the most easily besetting sins and weaknesses of our British painters—that an exhibition of such works should find some adequate and permanent memorial; and such a memorial, one thoroughly adequate and satisfying, is presented in the volume now before us.

It consists of a reprint of the catalogue of the gallery, with added descriptive notes upon each picture; a general preface and sketches, biographical and critical, of the painters represented from the pen of Mr. W. E. Henley; a series of page etchings from the chief pictures in the collection, the work of Mr. Hole and M. Zileken, with a supplementary plate by M. Blommers from his own water-colour; and a number of *croquis* by the two former artists, printed along with the text—helpful hints and jottings from many of the minor exhibits.

Mr. Henley seems, in the first instance, to have approached the Romanticism of France mainly from the side of its results in literature, in drama, and in music; and thus his view of that graphic art which was another of its developments, and upon which he has bestowed close and appreciative, if more recent, study, has gained in breadth and completeness, in aptness of illustration, and power of extended generalisation. His preface gives an excellent *résumé* of the history and significance of

“what is called Romanticism—the change, that is to say, in the material, the treatment, and the technical methods and ideals of art which operated in the France of Charles X. and Louis Philippe, . . . the protest and the achievement of a generation rich in strenuous and potent individualities.”

It is a movement—as we should judge from Mr. Henley's former literary productions, as is proved by this present preface—which possesses a powerful fascination for him personally, and he has bestowed upon his subject thoroughly appreciative exposition. By original make and constitution, by instinctive and irresistible sympathies of mind, he is himself a Romanticist—all men, as Hippolyte Flandrin used to say, are born “Romantiques” or Classicists—and his preface, in its rush and impetuosity, in its “whirling words” and its strenuous resolve to produce its calculated impression, its designed result—anyhow, but to obtain it—to drive home its conclusions, as with vigorous mallet-strokes, into the consciousness of the reader, is itself an example of the art of the Romantic school, as certainly a bit of Romanticism in printer's ink as was ever sketch of Delacroix's a bit of Romanticism in pigment. And it is remarkable, one may notice in passing, how informative, and how closely specific in its infor-

mation, the writer has succeeded in making his paper amid all its picturesqueness; its pages bristle with dates, they positively teem with proper names, and yet, throughout, they never fail of literary interest, or drop the charm of vigorous and effective style.

The notices of individual painters which succeed the preface are distinguished by similar qualities, are valuable in their record of facts, but are no less searching and sympathetic in their examination and estimate of artistic qualities. As an example of the vivid and accurate word-analogues which their writer presents of the styles and characteristics of the various painters with whom he deals, take the following on Monticelli:

“Delacroix and Turner used, it is said, to amuse themselves with arrangements in silks and sugar-plums; and what they did in jest, or by way of experiment, was done by the Marseillais in sober earnest, and as the last word of art. True it is that he has a magic—there is no other word for it—of his own; that there are moments when his work is infallibly decorative as a Persian crook or a Japanese brocade; that there are others when there is audible in these volleys of paint, these orchestral explosions of colour, a strain of human poetry, a note of mystery and romance, some hint of an appeal to the mind. As a rule, however, his art is purely sensuous. His fairy meadows and enchanted gardens are, so to speak, ‘that sweet word Mesopotamia,’ in two dimensions; their parallel in literature is the verse that one reads for the sound's sense only—in which there is rhythm, colour, music; everything but meaning. If this be painting, then is Monticelli's the greatest of the century. If it be not, if painting be something more than dabbling exquisitely with material—then, it has to be admitted, these fantasies materialised, these glimpses of the romance of colour, are only the beginnings of pictures—the caprices of a man of genius gone wrong.”

This is exquisite and vivacious description. It is discriminating—though certainly not quite final—criticism as well.

Occasionally, indeed, we find passages that are open to question or dissent. In the assertion that Daubigny possessed an “insight into the beauty” of the River Seine “entirely wanting to Turner,” we seem to catch a glimpse of “the one-eyed man”; and the statement that the draftsmanship of Delacroix, “though often loose and incorrect,” is “always expressive and significant,” proves that the writer has never seen that master's etching of the “Juive d'Alger,” or has seen it with that kind of sight which is none. There is little, however, in the letterpress that we can quarrel with. It forms a trustworthy handbook of modern Romantic art—one not likely to be soon bettered or superseded.

In turning to the illustrations of the book, it is natural and, indeed, almost inevitable that we should compare them with the plates which record the Rue de Sèze collection of 1883. These latter were the work of the most accomplished etchers of the time; of men, for the most part—Braquemond was an exception—to whom etching had been the one life-business; who had mastered the technicalities of copper and acid-bath with a completeness that was absolute. We find, accordingly, in their illustrations a certain nimble dexterity, a *finesse*, a dainty precision, and also, probably, a closeness of literal tran-

script and absolute fidelity—a fidelity strictly formal and measurable—which is wanting to the plates of the present book. But these, again, have their own counterbalancing qualities. They are freer and more painter-like as a rule, more vigorous and direct, and, therefore, really in deeper and more essential sympathy with the distinctive capabilities of their process.

Mr. Hole's version of Matthew Maris's “He is coming”—certainly one of the most fascinating plates in the book—aims at no servile accuracy of merely literal transcript. The picture is throughout far lower in tone than the print, it shows no absolute equivalent for the spaces of white, sun-lit background wall that appear in the plate, no accurate synonym for the etcher's most effective touches of black in the girl's gown. But the plate is all the finer—in a sense, all the more faithful—for the changes introduced, quite consciously, by the transcriber. It is a painter-etcher's memory in light-and-shade of Matthew Maris's coloured canvas, and as such it is a fine artistic success. Indeed, as an example of modern figure-etching, thoroughly vigorous, spirited, and unmechanical, we feel inclined to parallel it (different, in many ways, as are the two works) with Wilkie's plate—his finest—of the “Gentleman at his Desk,” remembering, too, that Wilkie, judging from most of his finished work on the copper, would probably have lost not a little freshness and spirit of handling had he carried his plate to such a pitch of completion as is reached in the etching now before us. Another of Mr. Hole's illustrations—from Monticelli's “Ravine”—may be named as an excellent rendering of a picture singularly difficult of transcript on account of its arbitrary form and the subtle fascination of its colour; while his “Evening in Normandy,” after Corot, reproduces in a manner most sympathetic the characteristics of this “poet in a minor key,” this painter of tender leaves that fluctuate against heavens of delicate silver and pale gold.

M. Zileken's plate from James Maris's “Souvenir de Dordrecht” is notable for its unpretending simplicity, and technically interesting for the bold leap taken by its tonality from blackest shadows of the foreground barges to the clarity of the withdrawn and brightening sky of evening. His transcript of the “Sleeping Child” of Israels is unlaboured and accomplished, and in quite singular sympathy with the painter's own autographic work upon the metal plate.

The smaller *croquis* are for the most part helpful and welcome. That after Israels, at p. 103, is especially remarkable for the vigour and freedom of its expression by line; and that from Daubigny, at p. 17, is as representative of the master as such work could well be. The transcripts, however, at p. 121, from Matthew Maris's ornamental panels, are both spoiled as decoration and rendered false to their originals by the entirely undue force with which the involutions of the patterned background tell against the figures; and the *croquis*, at p. 26, is so unrepresentative, so unsuggestive even, of Delacroix's work—the sketch for his “La Barque de Don Juan,” which we all know in the Louvre—that it should certainly have been omitted from the volume.

In spite, however, of such little blemishes, the book is an admirable one, honourable to all concerned in its production; and we can only hope that the example of the exhibition of which it is the record, and to which it gives an extended publicity, may lead to some similarly representative gathering of the productions of the Romantic school being brought together before long in London.

J. M. GRAY.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

THE EXCAVATION OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF BUBASTIS.

THE work of the Egypt Exploration Fund has been carried on now for nearly two months upon the site of Tell Basta, the ancient Bubastis. Readers of the ACADEMY will remember that we had already excavated there last year, and had discovered the buried ruins of a considerable part of the temple. We then dug chiefly in the oldest part of the temple, among the remains of a hall which contained blocks engraved with the cartouches of Pepi Merira of the VIth Dynasty, and Useresen III. of the XIIth. The hall itself itself had undergone several transformations, the last to remodel it being Osorkon II. of the XXIIId Dynasty, who called it the Festive Hall, and sculptured on its walls the representation of a great festival, which must have been one of the most important events of his reign. Further west stood a Hypostyle Hall with beautiful columns, with palm and lotus-bud capitals, as well as Hathor-head capitals, these last surmounting square pillars.

When we arrived at Tell Basta in February last—being a party of four, consisting of Mr. Griffith, Count d'Hulst, the Rev. W. MacGregor (who joined our camp as a volunteer), and myself—we at once began operations on a large scale. We went on excavating the two halls discovered last year, going north and south to the limit of the blocks, so as to lay bare the whole width of the building. On the east, we dug out another and a yet larger hall, which was the entrance to the temple. On the other side, we entirely cleared away the Hypostyle Hall, and began clearing the western part, which is the widest, and which seems to have been built, not by the Ptolemies, as I thought at first, but by Nectanebo I. We removed all the mounds of rubbish which divided the different parts of the temple, so that nearly its whole length, from east to west, is now visible. This large area, covered with huge granite blocks, interspersed with fragments of columns and broken statues, has certainly a very striking effect, and reminds one strongly of the ruins of the great temple of Tanis.

Some of the historical results of this year have been most unexpected. Last year I went to Bubastis chiefly to ascertain whether, as in all other localities of the Delta except Benha, the XVIIIth Dynasty was totally absent; and this problem I did not then succeed in solving. This season, however, we have found (in the Eastern Hall) two very interesting statues of an official named Amenophis, inscribed with the cartouches of Amenophis III., besides the torso of a woman of the same epoch. The official, evidently a great man, was governor of the "Marshy Nomes"—a very unusual way of designating the Delta. Amenophis III. is the same king of whom a monument has been found at Benha; and I much doubt whether before his reign there was anything like a settled organisation of the Delta. Curiously enough, we have also found traces of his strange successor, Amenophis IV. (Khuenaten), the name of his patron deity

having been discovered on a block in the Eastern Hall.

Though the XXIIId Dynasty is said to be of Bubastite origin, only two kings of this line seem to have worked at Bubastis—namely, Osorkon I., whose name appears frequently with that of Rameses II. in the Eastern Hall, and Osorkon II., who built the Festive Hall, and who, unlike Osorkon I., has sedulously erased the cartouches of Rameses II. and substituted his own. In order to economise the labour of bringing granite from Assouan, he also cut to pieces the numerous statues of Rameses II., which already adorned the temple, and built them into the walls of his Festive Hall. The great ceremony there celebrated was not in honour of Bast, but of Amon, and it took place in the twenty-second year of his reign. Sheshonk I., the chief of the dynasty, appears only on a small limestone figure discovered a few days ago.

The most interesting historical discovery of the present season is the fact that Bubastis, like Tanis, was an important Hyksos settlement. At the eastern entrance, built into a kind of bad Roman wall, we have found a colossal head of black granite broken in two at the height of the eyes. The projecting mouth, the aquiline nose, the high cheek bones, the sharp modelling of the cheek, are so exactly like the Tanis sphinxes at Boolak, that it is impossible not to recognise at once a Hyksos head. At a short distance were the feet and the colossal base of the statue showing erased cartouches. Last week we began the difficult work of hauling the base out of the water; and when the men cleared the surrounding earth, they came upon another colossal base of exactly the same type as the first, but in a much better state of preservation, the figure being perfect as high as the knees. Other fragments lie scattered around, so that we may hope to find another Hyksos head.* These two colossi evidently stood close together by the entrance to the temple. The cartouches being erased, I fear we shall not discover the name of the king; but I presume that it was Apepi; for, on turning a heavy architrave in the Hypostyle Hall, we found a large cartouche of this great Hyksos ruler.

It is to the Hypostyle Hall, also, that we are indebted for the choicest reward of our labours this winter. At a very short distance from the architrave of Apepi, I observed a projecting corner of black granite, which looked like the base of a statue. After we had dragged it out of the mud, we found that it was the lower part of a statue of natural size, executed in the style of the XIIth Dynasty, with the feet resting on the nine bows. On the front of the throne, at each side of the legs, the cartouches and standard are in a perfect state of preservation. The inscriptions read as follows: "The divine Horus who embraces the lands, the good god Userenra, the son of Ra, Raian, loving his Ka, everliving." In the first cartouch there is a doubtful sign which I read User. That he should be the worshipper of his Ka (i.e., of himself) is a very curious circumstance. Thus we have an absolutely new and unknown Pharaoh. I shall not anticipate the discussions to which this name will give rise, but Arab tradition says that Raian ibn Weleed was Joseph's king. Unfortunately, everything is so much destroyed and smashed at Bubastis, that we cannot hope to find the torso and head of Raian. We shall, however, be very fortunate if we discover another head of Apepi.

We are now clearing the western part of the temple, and rolling the blocks of the Festive

Hall, in order to discover the successive strata of names. Another fragment of Pepi has turned up, as well as the name of another king, who belongs to the XIIth Dynasty.

Between the Hypostyle Hall and the western part we have found no less than three statues of Rameses VI., more or less broken. I also discovered a monument of this king at Benha last year. These, I believe, are the first occasions upon which he has been met with in the Delta.

EDOUARD NAVILLE.

Regarding the name of Raian as the Pharaoh of Joseph, we quote the following letter from the *Times*:

"The name of King Raian, recently discovered by M. Naville at Bubastis, is all but identical with the name which Arab tradition gives to Joseph's Pharaoh. Mas'ûdi, who has been followed by all the later historians, says in the *Morûj ud-Dahab* that the Hamites who peopled Egypt had been for some time ruled over by women, in consequence of which kings from all quarters were lusting after their land. An Amalekite king named al-Walid invaded it from Syria and established his rule there. After him came his son, Rayyân ibn al-Walid, in whose time Joseph was brought to Egypt.

"It is hard to believe that so striking a coincidence should be due to mere chance. But the question it raises cannot be finally settled until the Arab tradition shall have been traced to its source. Meanwhile, the alien character of the dynasty may be noted as an additional point of resemblance.

"CH. RINU."

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE picture season is now beginning in earnest. The exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours does not open until the week after next; but on Monday, April 16, no less than four collections of more than ordinary interest will be on public view. These are (1) the paintings, drawings, and etchings brought back by Mr. Mortimer Menpes from his recent visit to Japan, at Messrs. Dowdeswell's new gallery in New Bond Street; (2) pictures and drawings illustrative of "The Duchy of Cornwall," by Mr. Alfred East of the Institute, and by Messrs. T. C. Gotch and W. A. Ingram of the British Artists, at the Fine Art Society's, also in New Bond Street; (3) watercolours painted by Mr. W. L. Wyllie on a cruise from Hoo to the Islands of Zealand, Brabant, and the Zuyder Zee, entitled "Netherland Waterways," at Mr. Robt. Dunthorne's, in Vigo Street; and (4) Irish pictures and sketches by Miss Jane Inglis, at St. George's Gallery, near Hanover Square. We may also mention that Messrs. Bellman & Ivery will exhibit next week a collection of sculpture, to which Mr. E. Onslow Ford contributes, in Piccadilly.

RECENT numbers of the *Nation* have contained full accounts of the excavations now being carried on in Attica by the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. The spot chosen was an old ruined church, on the lower slope of Mount Pentelicon, which bears the name of Dionysos. The discovery of numerous inscriptions and other remains seems to prove decisively that this is the site of Icaria—a hitherto unidentified deme of Attica, closely associated with the worship of Dionysus and with the first beginnings of the drama. Icaria was the birthplace of Thespis, the father of Athenian tragedy; and we learn from the Parian chronicle that the first comic chorus was composed of Icarians. Apart from this historic interest, the excavations have yielded a number of archaeological objects—notably a colossal head of Dionysus, bearded in archaic fashion, which is assigned to the sixth century B.C.;

* A telegram from M. Naville, dated Zagazig, April 9, adds this additional news: "Second Hyksos head, nearly perfect."

and a duplicate (except as to the face) of the celebrated bas-relief commonly known as the "warrior of Marathon." The present director of the American school is Prof. Merriam; but these excavations have been carried out under the supervision of Mr. Buck, of Yale college.

The address which the late Robert Herdman, R.S.A., had promised to deliver, a few days before his death, to the students of the School of Art at Edinburgh, has been published from his MS. as a pamphlet by Mr. David Douglas.

THE STAGE.

THE ST. JAMES'S AND THE NOVELTY.

THE late Mr. Lovell's once very favourite play, "The Wife's Secret," has been brought out at the St. James's Theatre. This is manifestly a departure from the plan announced at the beginning of the season—that the final period of the Hare and Kendal management would be devoted to revivals of the pieces with which the management and their great emotional actress had been associated. There is no part in "The Wife's Secret" for Mr. Hare, nor do we know that Mrs. Kendal has ever until now appeared in it. Certainly she has not appeared in it at the St. James's. The continuity of the revivals is therefore broken, and this, it seems, without affording either to Mr. or to Mrs. Kendal any exceptional occasion for the display of their art. But the piece is evidently intended to run for a good many weeks, as it is provided with a scenic luxury the like of which it never previously knew. Mr. Mackintosh and Miss Fanny Brough are, perhaps, the only performers of any note who appear in the play with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Maud's is a good part and Miss Brough contrives to be lively. Let us trust the performance—which the sterling, if somewhat old-fashioned, merits of the play must forbid to be a failure—will be followed by a revival of "The Money Spinner" and of "The Squire." These are dramas in which, while there is yet time, Mrs. Kendal should unquestionably be seen again.

MR. GEORGE GIDDENS—an exceedingly rising comic actor, with a pretty gift for being pathetic into the bargain—has, in association with Mr. Warren, taken the Novelty Theatre, where he is amusing in "Nita's First," and where, in "Fennel," he compels tears. "Fennel" is an adaptation, by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, of one of the best pieces of François Coppée—"Le Luthier de Cremonne." It deals with the loves of two young violin-makers for the daughter of an older luthier, who engages to award the desired lady to the maker of the best fiddle. The best fiddle is made by the ill-favoured suitor, whom the girl does not love. His rival, doubting not that this would be the case, has in a moment of temptation—which even the pretty poetry of M. Coppée can hardly justify—substituted it for his own, thinking thus, of course, to win the prize. But the ill-favoured, though generous, one has been beforehand in this matter, and, knowing he was not loved, he has secretly given the *bel homme* the benefit of his excellent workmanship. Thus the *bel homme's* selfishness threatens to defeat its own ends. Nevertheless the more skilled luthier persists in his resignation of the young lady; and, leaving rival and maiden to their loves, he departs into other lands with the consolation of music. Needless to add that it is Mr. George Giddens who, at the Novelty, plays the magnanimous, though deformed, hero. The translation is good, but it is impossible, of course, not to feel rather keenly the absence of the French poet's dulcet verse.

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THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscripts.

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LITERATURE.

The Letters of Charles Lamb. Newly arranged, with Additions. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Alfred Ainger. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

THESE volumes conclude the series of Lamb's works by the same editor, and crown it. However great the pleasure derivable from the essays and pieces published by Lamb, their interest is mainly dependent on his varying, yet stable, personality—firm and brilliant as a diamond under changing lights. This view has been insisted on in that biography (in the "Men of Letters" series) which is the fittest companion to the works; and these Letters amply confirm it. Not that, taken by themselves, they are thin sown with profit or delight. Of reading for mere amusement here is foison plenty—a rich mine of quaint surprises, good to recall as to encounter, their after-gust as pleasant (if not so pungent) as their first shock. There are those charming exaggerations, really the artistic insistence on points of character or humour (salient to his keener sense) by which our duller nature remembers what else would have been completely fugitive.

Among the specifically new things in this edition may be noted the complete recension of the Manning and Barton correspondence—a set of letters to young Dibdin, grandson of the song writer, a letter or two to Chambers and Dodwell ("fine merry fransions" of the India House), and some odd fragments of wit embedded in the appreciative preface and in the notes. There is also a new portrait, with its interesting history.

Perhaps Lamb's character is nowhere more fully displayed than in the opening set of letters to Coleridge. With all his mental range and power, Coleridge was lacking in appreciation of his younger friend, of his ardent admiration and faithful service. Lamb has to plead for his dues: "Friendship, and acts of friendship, should be reciprocal and free as the air. A friend should never be reduced to beg an alms of his fellow; yet I will beg an alms: I entreat you to write." His veneration was proof against "unkindliness—by which I mean the diminutive of unkindliness," he adds, with tremulous sensibility. He was even dull from excess of feeling—"It was kind in you all to endure me as you did." And again: "You cannot believe how I love and long always to hear about you." It is not to Coleridge's credit that these appeals should have been so frequently renewed. Even so trivial an attention as the return of a great-coat has to be begged for twice. The gentle spirit bears and loves on, and taxes itself with impatience and lack of humility. Yet the force of Lamb's judgment is not abated by this discipline. "I

hope you are only Coleridgising when you talk of finishing your tragedy in a few days. Shakspeare was a more modest man." Coleridge's plight, with his "genuine talent struggling against a pompous display of it," was very visible to Lamb, whose practical good sense was shown in his declining, on his sister's behalf, the invitation that went to his "very heart." She must be with "duller fancies and cooler intellects." He rebukes Coleridge for neglecting Lloyd, and makes the monitory (but vain) assumption, "Your idle propensities have, of course, given way to the necessities of providing for a family." Young as he was, Lamb had already, at the call of duty (and at the cost of temporary madness), severed the bonds of his early love. "Thank God, that folly has left me for ever!" he writes. So resolved a mind did not shrink from the crisis which was menacing his highly prized intercourse with Coleridge. When he received the extraordinary and insulting message, sent in sheer exaltation of priggism—"Poor Lamb! if he wants any information, let him apply to me"—he did not hesitate. He had considered Coleridge as his guardian angel. Long after, when this early storm had given way to life-long peace, Lamb playfully wrote of Coleridge as "an archangel a little damaged." This association borne in mind, we shall see how terribly sharp was the punishment administered in the *Theses quaedam theologicas*, almost every question striking at a weakness of the philosopher, and ending with the suggestive query whether "an immortal and amenable soul may not come to be damned at last, and the man never suspect it beforehand?" No wonder that a two years' silence ensued.

The value and interest of Lamb's criticism is set forth in the pages—"alas, too few!"—of the introduction. But the personal—the involuntarily humorous—side of that criticism is quite as noteworthy. Take the struggling honesty of the comments on *Jean of Arc*, the shrinking from the imputation of absurdity, and then the determination not to leave his friend to the ridicule of others; the vigorous setting to work at the analysis of faulty construction or inadequate expression; and, finally, the propitiation of the personal feelings of the author by "delicate flattery, indirect flattery." Again, to a careful reader it is "nuts" (the expression is Lamb's, and, therefore, classical) to note the beginning of his letter to Southey anent the eclogue of the latter (the italics are not Lamb's):

"I have read your eclogue repeatedly, and cannot call it bald, or without interest . . . it is as poetical as the subject requires, which asks no poetry. . . . 'I do not much prefer this eclogue to the last. Both are inferior to the former.'"

A further experience was reserved for Lamb in his critical capacity—the dealing no longer with real poets, but with the amiable, fossilised pedantry of George Dyer, to whom all poems (his own included) were poetry, and every writer a fine genius. Here with unfailing good nature and good judgment Lamb recognises the presence of that power against which the very gods avail not:

"George, speaking of the dead Ossian, exclaimeth, 'Dark are the poet's eyes.' I humbly represented to him that his own eyes were dark, and many a living bard's besides, and

recommended 'Closed are the poet's eyes.' But that would not do. I found there was an antithesis between the darkness of his eyes and the splendour of his genius; and I acquiesced."

The subtle commendation, gravely and earnestly enforced, of Lloyd's poems—"your verses are as good as prose"—shows Lamb at his best in making the best of things. After such home-pressing of truth, yet with avoidance of all shadow of offence, his dealings with Bernard Barton's muse may delight, but not surprise. He had constantly to bear in mind the value of these writings to their author, in assuaging the misery of his servitude to the "deak's dead wood"—a value quite independent of the worth of the verses themselves. He recognises all the good he can, with hearty sympathy and generous allowance. Then he affords himself all tolerable frankness for the rest. "Religion is sometimes lugged in, as if it did not come naturally. It seems as if you were for ever losing friends' children by death, and reminding their parents of the Resurrection"; and Barton, having supposed that Lamb did not relish scriptural poems, received the assurance which in the implied comparison would have been a trifle disconcerting to most people:

"So far from poetry tiring me because religious, I can read, and I say it seriously, the homely old version of the Psalms in our Prayer-books for an hour or two together sometimes without sense of weariness."

Lamb's loyalty to his friends was unfailing. Any injustice or slight from one of them to another he was prompt to resent. He reproved Southey for scanting his praise to the "Ancient Mariner." He remonstrated with Coleridge for thinking to spoil "that most splendid ornament of Southey's poem by a cock-and-a-bull story of Joan, the publican's daughter of Neufchatel; and for "that most bare-faced, unfounded, impudent assertion that Mr. Rogers is indebted for his story to 'Loch Lomond,' a poem by Bruce." His resolute standing-up for the "Ancient Mariner" against Wordsworth brought upon him "the northern castigation," itself castigated in a letter to Manning, now first printed—one of the most important of the additions. Even of Hazlitt he could remark, "W. H. goes on lecturing against W. W., and making copious use of quotations from said W. W. to give a zest to said lectures."

Of the delicacy which characterised Lamb, a new and charming illustration is afforded in his earnest request to Barton to expunge the epithet "broad-brimmed" from his lines; "because, though you and yours have too much good sense to object to it, I would not have a sentence of mine seen that to any foolish ear might seem disrespectful to thee." But this quality of Lamb's intercourse is repeatedly exemplified.

Of drollery there is, of course, no lack. Harvey is "the man who found out that blood was red." Of a widow not inconsolable: "She'd make a good match for anybody."

"If he bring but a *relief* away,
He is happy, nor heard to complain."

Shenstone.

He meditates an attack on Gifford, "which shall appear immediately after any favourable mention which Southey may make in the *Quarterly*. It can't in decent gratitude

appear before." Hinting, apropos of Fauntleroy, that Barton might have his temptations, he adds, as a deterrent, "think of the effect it would have on the sale of your poems alone!" His profession of hospitality to (i.e., detention of) his friends' books is in his happiest vein, as is the touch about the rows at his town lodgings, the whole family beating one another till the son knocked the father down, "which, though my morals could not but condemn, yet my reason did heartily approve. . . . I am now all harmony and quiet, even to the sometimes wishing back again some of the old ruffings. There is something stirring in these civil broils."

The keen thrust at Godwin, "I cannot imagine how you, who never in your writings have expressed yourself disrespectfully of any one but your Maker, can have offended Rickman," is one of the novelties of this edition, as is also the delicious Simonides story (too long to quote and too good to spoil by curtailing) in the preface.

The absence of all sentimentality is wonderful in the author of *Rosamund Gray*. "What a nice holiday I got on Wednesday by favour of a princess dying!" is his comment on the death of Charlotte of Wales. On Byron's death, he says: "I daresay I do him injustice, but I cannot love him, nor squeeze a tear to his memory." If anybody supposes that this frankness argues insensibility in Lamb, let him read these words on Monkhouse's death: "We have none of us to count upon many years. That is the only cure for sad thoughts. If only some died, and the rest were permanent on earth, what a thing a friend's death would be then!"

The editor truly says that the letters themselves contain the story of Lamb's life. There are some wide intervals of silence, and one great gap of time from January 29, 1807, to February 18, 1808. But we may trace the ups and downs of the writer's moods and fortunes pretty continuously. Not that letter-writing, much as he excelled therein, was congenial to Lamb. In our enjoyment of the product, we may ignore his complaints of the cost of production; but they are many and serious, especially in the second volume. This may have been one result of the monotonous quill-drudgery of the India House, with its harsh restrictions—"even half-hour absences are noted," he says. His judgment might approve this "close but unharassing way of life" in contrast with the alternative dependence on literature, but the chains of his captivity galled him severely. The fever-fit of exultation at his release was fierce and brief. In April, 1825, he went home for ever. In September he writes, "My sufferings have been intense, but are abating. I begin to know what a little sleep is." He even made a sort of return to Egypt, by working at the Museum from ten to four on the Garrick Plays—two hundred in a few weeks. But the four-and-thirty years of slavery had told fatally upon him. His income, which had seemed ample, did not suffice. "I must scribble to make up my *hiatus crumenas*." Life, too, was failing. A nervous desire of country quiet alternated with a hatred of country dullness. In respect it was not in the town, it was a vile life. The once joyful eternity of having all one's time to oneself

became a terror. "We do not live a year in a year now." In the dimmest letter of the series, he says: "I am a sanguinary murderer of time, and would kill him inch-meal just now. But the snake is vital." The curse of loneliness was upon him, from Mary's frequent illnesses. "One does not make a household." His powers were unabated and his temper always amiable. Out of the strong came forth sweetness. When "in tolerable health and spirits," he wrote that striking letter about the rick-burnings—to dear "unincendiary George," of all people. He had said: "I will live another fifty years; or, if I live but ten, they will be thirty, reckoning the quantity of real time in them." He had lived but nine, when he breaks up his home and takes his sister to their last residence at Edmonton. "Thus ends this strange eventful history," as he all too prophetically says. Soon after, Emma, his adopted daughter—his "seven years, nearly inmate"—is gone, and Coleridge is dead. He walks daily nine or ten miles, "always up the road, dear Londonwards," and "saunters to the Red Lion daily." Sometimes there is a dinner at the Museum with Cary, and once the good wine there is too mighty a consoler. Then the end comes mercifully swift and sudden.

The reader, as he wistfully lays aside the volumes, will gratefully remember the second name on their title, and by whose service his enjoyment has been so often enhanced, and never interrupted. That the guide and companion of his journey has been so sparing of his discourse, he may a little regret. And not unreasonably. He may well desire to profit to the utmost by a conjunction that comes not every day. For here, at last, is an editor speaking in sober judgment, yet ever keeping in touch with the swift-glancing movements, in harmony with the subtly changing modulations of his mercurial, quintessential author, so that, with loving labour and with honour due, has been rendered to Charles Lamb's immortal part the unobtrusive, invaluable ministration of a kindred spirit.

R. C. BROWN.

"Statesmen" Series. — *Beaconsfield*. By T. E. Kebbel. (W. H. Allen.)

It was a difficult task that Mr. Kebbel laid upon himself when he took in hand to write a biography of the Earl of Beaconsfield of this kind and at this time. So brief a compass as a little over two hundred pages imposed restrictions upon the treatment of a life so important, so long, and so varied, which it needed no little skill to overcome. Nor was it easy to deal with Lord Beaconsfield, both fully and impartially, so soon after his death, and almost before he has ceased to recur to the mind's eye as a familiar and inevitable figure in every political situation. Mr. Kebbel had, however, great advantages in the case. By his *History of Toryism*, his edition of Lord Beaconsfield's speeches, and his *Life of Disraeli* in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, he has for the present almost appropriated the subject as his own; and he possesses the further advantage of having personally known the subject of his memoir. To write anything new about one of whom so much has been written already

was neither to be hoped nor expected, and Mr. Kebbel has already made familiar to his readers his philosophic but rather paradoxical presentation of the Tory idea. But he has dealt fairly by Lord Beaconsfield and fairly by the public. If he was not in sympathy with the statesman he would hardly be his biographer. A biographer is not a judge, still less is he an accuser; and in him partiality without partisanship is a virtue. Mr. Kebbel admires and even reveres Disraeli; but he is not blind to his faults. He has adapted himself to the limitations of his space without being cramped, and has produced a very agreeable life of Beaconsfield, which, until the long-deferred *opus magnum* of Lord Rowton at last appears, will continue to be read with interest.

Interest is, indeed, as Mr. Kebbel himself remarks, the word most proper to the life of Disraeli. The gallantry with which he overcame hostility and prejudice, the tenacious patience which moulded the most obstinate portion of the old Tory party into a docile following, the brilliant ending to a well-fought battle, please even the most hostile spectator. His career is more than commonly dramatic; his character is almost uniquely individual and interesting. It is partly due to Mr. Kebbel's desire to do his best for his hero, partly to the inevitable contrast between the bright speculations of a young novelist and the sordid struggle of a defeated and outnumbered Parliamentary tactician, that the early part of this book is the most striking and the best. The political system of *Coningsby* and *Sybil* may be a vision or a paradox, a reversion to a better time which never existed at all, or a defence of a polity that never could be imposed upon the English people. Still, the strong monarchy, the purified aristocracy, the territorial system, the loyal peasantry, the bonds of mutual service and care that bind together landlord and tenant, constitute in Disraeli's view of them a connected and even philosophic whole, and, still more, a pleasing picture. But to the ordinary mind the reasoning which makes Disraeli the novelist the heir of Pitt, and Disraeli the statesman the pupil and follower of Disraeli the novelist, seems wholly paradoxical and forced. Neither his defence nor his abandonment of protection, neither his opposition to reform nor his extension of the franchise, are really the fruits of the system of philosophy expounded in his novels; and no amount of ingenious reasoning will persuade the bulk of political readers that they are. Of course, it is easy to discover coincidences between Disraeli's fictions and his policy. The sympathy with the hard lot of the working classes, which appears in *Sybil*, appears no doubt in "sanitas sanitatum omnia sanitas" and the "policy of sewage"; and the aged Beaconsfield was not so much estranged from the young Disraeli as not often to express much the same opinions and to exhibit much the same prejudices. But, after all, it is not as the political thinker that he interests us; it is as the valiant and resourceful gladiator of debate, the cunning lapidary of polished phrases, the imaginative though bizarre statesman—above all, in an honourable sense of the words, the successful adventurer. There is no reason in the world why a young man should not put his foot upon the bottom rung of the ladder

of politics and make up his mind that he will climb to the top; and, if he does it without compromising his integrity and in the service of his country, it is a laudable enterprise. The feat of getting to the top Disraeli certainly accomplished. Mr. Keibel points out, and rightly, that there has been some exaggeration about the social obstacles against which he had to contend; probably, in this regard, he was no worse off than Canning. It is clear from Disraeli's letters that he very early got access, and on equal terms, to society quite as good as any young man of his means could expect to enter, and that he was esteemed there as the brightness of his wits deserved. Such prejudices as existed against him on account of his race belong rather to a later period of his career, when his indubitable success was stirring up his enemies to make any and every attack upon him. Undoubtedly, however, he fought a long, hard, and uphill fight, the intrinsic difficulty of which it is impossible to overrate; and he fought it with a tenacity and patience that must always win for him a great deal of admiration. And, Mr. Keibel shows that there is, as politicians go, a very fair case to be made out for his integrity in the course of the contest. No champion comes out of such a life-long fight without some dirt about him and many dents in his armour. Disraeli was certainly loyal to his friends and followers, if not to his chiefs; and, as to the devious and even contradictory course of his policy, it is impossible to help feeling that he stands rather outside of the ordinary rules upon such matters. To bring him too strictly to the test of the approved canons of political integrity, to judge him as Althorp or Grey might be judged, is to deal out to him hard measure, and to expect too much. His interest in Toryism was rather a literary interest. If ever any man had an excuse for regarding the field of politics as a chessboard, with dukes and squires for pawns, it was he; and, if the pawns found themselves to their amazement playing a very erratic game, they must be content with having won it—supposing that they count the administration of 1874 as a victory. Like all Disraeli's faithful apologists, Mr. Keibel is staunch in denying that he ever was a Radical; but, in truth, a good deal too much has been made of the matter. The crime of Radicalism is not a heinous one. Disraeli was at the time a youth and a beginner; even a Tory may well admit that a venial sin, followed by sincere repentance, deserves pardon; and, if an energetic recantation, followed by five and thirty years of abstinence from any repetition of the offence, is evidence of repentance, that evidence Disraeli gave. Perhaps he was more truly a Radical in 1867 than in 1832; perhaps it is enough to say that in 1832 he was an anti-Whig; but it was a strong thing then for a politician, who was not a Whig and not a Radical, to solicit the recommendation of O'Connell, as Disraeli did; and in a very amusing letter to his sister in 1832, he tells her expressly that at a dinner-table "I sat between Peel and Herries. . . . Peel was most gracious. I reminded him by my dignified familiarity both that he was ex-Minister and I a present Radical." But perhaps there was an emphasis on the word "present."

Two other matters there are on which Mr.

Keibel seems inclined, perhaps, to dwell too much. It is to the mutual misunderstandings between Disraeli and the High Church clergy, and especially to the Public Worship Regulation Act, that he is disposed to trace much of the disaster which befell the Conservative party in 1880. Now, no one claims for Disraeli either that he was particularly felicitous in his ecclesiastical appointments or that he had any deep understanding of the clergy, whatever he might have of the squirearchy. But, deep as was the offence given by his anti-Ritualist policy, and grave as are the difficulties that have since arisen from it, the offence was not widespread. A vast part of the clergy were not touched by his ecclesiastical policy at all; and many of those who did not agree with it were content to treat it as a special subject, and not to allow their differences of opinion to go beyond. The clergy may not have understood Disraeli's mind; but, if they did not, they at any rate understood that they did not, and, without being able to comprehend the motive, or the whole of the drift of what they saw him doing, they accepted him frankly as their appointed leader. With every respect be it said for those who did not follow him, they were, though influential, not very numerous; and probably half of them would have opposed him in any case, irrespective of his ecclesiastical policy.

Exactly what importance is due in a book of this kind to Disraeli's novels depends on the question, how far the views expressed in them are really those which he endeavoured to carry into effect in his policy. To anyone who thinks that his policy was a very different thing from his opinions in the novels they will seem but an unimportant episode in his life. For his political stories are his best; and as novels none of them, whether political or not, is very good. They are certainly full of brilliant points, and contain many witty and some wise things; but the characters are not great creations. They are rather lay figures talking politics or what passes for religion, than living flesh and blood like ourselves. Nobody ever lost his heart to Sybil, and if Sidonia were not so unintentionally funny he would be rather a bore. A great part of them—and the best part—are satirical social sketches, which singularly often take the form of detached scraps of conversation, quite unconnected with one another, such as a man might overhear in strolling through a drawing-room. These are very clever, but not much more. From his point of view, however, Mr. Keibel did right to dwell upon the novels, for he thinks them the key to much of Disraeli's opinions, and thus he has made his life of Disraeli both coherent and interesting. He had not room, nor perhaps materials, for a finished picture of the man; but he has produced a justificatory sketch of his career, and has done it well and with fairness.

J. A. HAMILTON.

History of Prussia under Frederick the Great.
By Herbert Tuttle. In 2 vols. (Longmans.)

THIS is a well-informed and very instructive book. After the elaborate and copious work of Carlyle, it might be supposed that little

remained to be learned about Frederick the Great and his age. The hero-worship of Carlyle, however, made him a singularly partial and unfair critic of the career and the acts of the King of Prussia; and the detestable doctrine that might is right simply renders him blind to a great deal that history condemns in Frederick's conduct. Immense, too, as is the display of knowledge paraded in Carlyle's bulky volumes, there is reason to believe it by no means so exhaustive as is commonly thought; and, in any case, since his book was published, the archives of Europe have largely added to our information upon the subject. Prof. Tuttle's work is a mere episode compared to the *magnum opus* of his predecessor; and it bears no traces of the genius and power which, many as are the defects and blemishes, distinguish Carlyle's most graphic narrative. It is marked, however, in a high degree by impartiality and the judicial spirit; it has skilfully put together what has been collected from state papers and documents of the kind by recent students of this part of history; and it may be fairly described as a very able *résumé*—just, candid, and abounding in research—of the first years of the reign of Frederick the Great. The author's estimate of Frederick as a leader in war, a statesman, or a ruler at home, is careful, complete, and well summed-up; and it more nearly approaches the truth than Ranke's, Macaulay's, or Carlyle's judgments. It is also a special merit of the book that it contains a well-digested and full account of the institutions and the national life of the Prussian monarchy at this period; and to the English student, at least of the time, this chapter of history will appear new. The volumes before us, we should add, though a continuation of a learned work on the annals of Prussia from its origin as a state, form, nevertheless, a separate book, and when complete will supply the reader with an excellent description, in a compressed form, of an important episode in the affairs of Europe. As for the faults of the work, these chiefly consist in the accumulation of minute details; and Prof. Tuttle might have drawn more boldly, and set before us in more distinct outline, the characteristics of the diplomacy of the time.

These volumes comprise the first part only of the military career of Frederick the Great, and have not reached the period of his most famous exploits, the memorable campaigns of the Seven Years' War. Frederick, however, stands out on the stage of history most conspicuously as a master of war; and Prof. Tuttle's estimate of the King of Prussia in this respect is truthful and just. This renowned soldier was not distinguished for the rare mental gifts of the greatest captains. He showed little original genius in command; he never formed those grand combinations which make Gustavus, Turenne, and Napoleon immortal. His first essays in the art were even devoid of the skill and insight possessed by ordinary chiefs; he was out-generalled by Traun and Charles of Lorraine; and to the last hour of his life he was not a great strategist. This criticism is intelligent and correct:

"I should not enumerate among his gifts an instinctive talent for strategy. There was not a campaign in these two wars—either in 1741

or 1742, in 1744 or 1745—in which he did not commit the gravest errors, such as ought, in all military calculations, to have brought inevitable disaster. . . . His campaigns were often badly planned, his strategy deplorable. If he had been opposed by troops as good as his own, and by generals as enterprising as himself, he would have lost nearly every battle of the Silesian wars, because the strategical advantages were nearly always against him."

As a tactician Frederick stands in a much higher rank, though even as a tactician he made many mistakes, and his most brilliant victories reveal a kind of mannerism dangerous had he had really great antagonists. He possessed, besides, the immense advantage of having, in most instances, a much better army, more easily handled and quicker in movement than the cumbrous Austrian and Russian masses; and to this circumstance the frequent successes of his "oblique order of attack" was mainly due. But when this has been said, the fact remains that the king possessed in the highest degree the *coup d'œil* of a great chief on the field, and understood how to arrange and dispose the three arms that make up an army more skilfully than any general of his age. We agree with Prof. Tuttle:

"His mind, apparently despising the slow precautions of foresight and preparation, was roused to irresistible activity by the actual presence of difficulties. He seized the points of a situation with marvellous sagacity. . . . It was his conduct of a battle, not of a campaign, his demeanour in the face of the enemy, not his skill in the creation of favourable conditions, that gave him the fame of a great general."

It was less, however, for intellectual gifts than for constancy and marvellous strength of character that Frederick has attained his high place as a warrior. In these qualities he has never been surpassed; and the only commanders to be compared with him are William III. and his own pupil Blücher. Prof. Tuttle has only glanced at this excellence, for it was not developed to its full extent until the period of the Seven Years' War, but he lets us see that he bears it in mind:

"His conduct at many great crises resembles that of an enraged tiger, who, surrounded by his exulting foes, coolly surveys the situation, and then, gathering his energies, springs with magnificent courage upon some part of the circle, and triumphantly fights his way to freedom."

The qualities that made Frederick great in war were conspicuous in his conduct of foreign affairs. He was deficient in patience and large combinations. He showed none of the prescience and skill by which Richelieu extended France to the Rhine, and made her the dominant power of Europe, supreme in material and moral influence. But he was daring and tenacious in the highest degree, quick to seize advantages, and to profit by them; and he made conquests and annexed provinces with the rapidity he displayed on the field of battle. Respect, however, for international right is more necessary in politics than in war; and the policy of the king in his relations with Europe was marked by a cynical contempt of justice, and by a rapacious and callous selfishness, which well-nigh led to his complete ruin.

The standard of his age was, indeed, not high, and Frederick should be judged by the standard of his age; but no statesman of the time, it must be allowed, was so treacherous, grasping, and false alike, as the invader of Silesia, the ally who played a game of double-dealing with England and France, and the lifelong foe of Maria Theresa. The conduct of the king in the first part of his career made him justly detested throughout Europe; and, though he emerged triumphant from the Seven Years' War, Prof. Tuttle truly remarks that statesmanship of this kind is not wisdom. The readiness, the perseverance, and the boldness of Frederick stand, nevertheless, in marked contrast with the hesitation of Fleury and Louis XV., the ever-shifting policy of British ministries, and the irritated unskilfulness of the Empress Queen; and, in mere ability, he certainly towered above the diplomatists of 1740-56. It is very remarkable that the greatest statesman of the period of the Seven Years' War made an alliance with Prussia the corner-stone of his system of continental politics; and Chatham, who never mistook his man, thought Frederick a real power in Europe. Prof. Tuttle properly refutes a notion maintained in Germany, and propagated by Carlyle, that the king had German interests constantly in mind, and had ever an eye to German unity. Nothing can be more certain than that, from first to last, Prussia was the only object of his thoughts; and though he made France feel that he was no mere satellite, he never dreamed of making himself the head of a Germany independent of French influence. This, indeed, remained the policy of his House for years; and it is absurd to say that the Prussia of the Peace of Bâle, of Austerlitz, and of the Bund of 1814, contributed to the marvellous events which have created the existing German Empire.

One of the most valuable parts of this work is Prof. Tuttle's learned *résumé* of the rise and progress of the Prussian Monarchy, and of the character and spirit of the Prussian Government, under Frederick and his immediate ancestors. The monarchy, composed of widely scattered provinces, and put together by war and statecraft, required from the first a large army; and, from the day of the Great Elector onwards, Prussia was a military camp, well prepared and disciplined. The government, formed out of the decay of feudalism, became a kind of bureaucratic despotism, sustained by a dependent noblesse, but resting on the sword in the last resort; and in this respect it did not widely differ from the governments of the houses of Bourbon and Hapsburg. But the Prussian state fell under the control of a series of able and hard-headed rulers—ambitious, diligent, frugal, and prudent; and, while the absolutism of France and Austria yielded to the influences of the eighteenth century, that of Prussia became more complete and rigid. In no country in Europe was the authority of the Crown so far-reaching and thoroughly centralised; in none was the army so supreme; and nowhere else were the different classes that formed the nation, so to speak, so regimented, so tutored and drilled to their parts as subjects, so kept in their places by a system of discipline. This certainly gave the state strength, and impressed the

public mind with a sense of duty, of subordination, of willing obedience; but the events that followed the rout of Jena show that this structure of power had a weak side, and we do not agree with Prof. Tuttle that it favourably compares with the constitution of England even under the regime of Newcastle and Pelham. Frederick did not change the institutions of Prussia, but he made them in some degree more civilised; he accepted but improved his inheritance; and history justly records to his praise that he was tolerant, if he had no religious faith; that though a despot he revered law; that he had a taste for literature and the fine arts, engrossed as he was in the life of the barracks. Prof. Tuttle gives us a fair estimate of the qualities of the king, as a man of letters; his manner and style were essentially French, but we see in his writings the German love of truth and also the heavy German pedantry; and they give additional proof of the cast of his intellect—keen, ready, active, but not profound. Their most distinctive features, however, we think, are their cynical frankness and contempt of mankind.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

SOME BOOKS ON NON-CHRISTIAN THOUGHT.

Christian Apologetics. By J. H. A. Ebrard. Translated. Vols. II. and III. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.)

The Ancient World and Christianity. By E. de Presensé. Translated. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Non-Biblical Systems of Religion. (Nisbet.)

Non-Christian Religions of the World. (Religious Tract Society.)

Non-Christian Philosophies of the Age. (Religious Tract Society.)

Present-Day Tracts. Vol. IX. (Religious Tract Society.)

THE attention bestowed on non-Christian religions and schemes of thought is among the most interesting of the many striking phenomena of recent speculation. The books above enumerated form but a small proportion of those lately published in England, and a still less proportion of those which have issued from the continental press on this specific subject. Supposing we could estimate the interest excited by the copious and varied aliment provided for it, the ordinary modern Christian would seem in a fair way of becoming more enlightened as to the genesis and qualities of non-Christian faiths than of his own creed—a consummation not inconceivable, however undesirable. Doubtless the symptom, as denoting a tendency, is good and healthful. Nothing can be worse than the exclusiveness which forbids, or the stagnation which disdains, the consideration of alien modes of thought. But such consideration, to be worth anything, should be sympathetic and reasonably impartial; and I may say at once that all the works above named not only possess the impartiality, but are—to a certain extent in spite of themselves—carried away by a fair outflow of sympathy. Naturally, and not unbecomingly, the position chosen by them is apologetical and, in varying extent, polemical. To expect a Christian to regard all creeds alike, or even a chosen

few, as equally true and equally binding is to expect him virtually to renounce his faith, at least to deprive it of all *raison d'être*. Probably the time will never come when Boccaccio's story of the Three Kings will be accepted as a Christian presentation of the claims and excellencies of Judaism, Islam, and Christianity; and we are still removed by a more than measurable distance from the period when most Christians will, like Novalis, be prepared to admit: "There is no religion which may not be Christianity."

It is enough that the gross injustice and fanatical intolerance of Christian thinkers in respect of alien beliefs is becoming a thing of the past. Dr. de Pressensé in his introduction strikes a note on this point, which we may take generally as the key-note of all the other books on the question of sympathetic tolerance:

"We utterly repudiate the apologetics which dismiss all the virtues of paganism as *splendida vitia*, and its often sublime intuitions of moral and religious truths as the *mirage* of the desert. We are deeply convinced, like the Alexandrian Fathers, that Paganism retained and developed important elements of truth, and we are very far from saying that these can have been only the residue of an inspired tradition."

Taking the books in the order above given, the space at my disposal does not permit of more than a brief description of their distinctive characteristics.

Readers of Ebrard's work will be aware that the vigorous polemic of its first half against Darwin, Haeckel, and other modern thinkers, gives place in the second volume to a consideration of Christianity in connexion with the general history of religion. In this portion of his book the author manifests an amplitude of historical research as great as his copiousness of philosophical erudition. If sometimes he seems inclined to insist unduly on "the seamy side" of non-Christian faiths, the tendency may pair off with the occasional exaggeration and acrimoniousness which detracts from his polemic with modern philosophy. Still the book is learned, acute, and very able, and will doubtless form a veritable armoury for Christian apologists for some time to come.

Dr. de Pressensé's work is a more suave, dignified, and philosophical contribution to the same subject. His insight into and appreciation of alien conditions of thought and civilisation are fuller than Ebrard's, and the contrast between the two authors in this particular shows the necessity not only of intellectual keenness but of emotional depth in a critic of religions opposed to his own. As an instance of this sympathetic profundity and exemplifying the general tone of the work, I cannot refrain from quoting the following description of the difference between Hellenic and Egyptian art (p. 306):

"The next period (Perikles to Alexander) was the great art era of Greece. Aeschylus and Sophokles then gave in their poetry sublime expression to the ideal of the Hellenic race, while Phidias immortalised it in marble, gold, or ivory, and lent it a yet deeper and purer meaning. The statue is not only mobile as in the previous period, it becomes positively living under the chisel of the great artist. It has the suppleness, the natural charm, the freedom of life, and an indefinable grace never since equalled. The marble breathes, as says the

poet. We have only to compare the Greek statue with the Egyptian to appreciate the difference in the two orders of civilisation. Humanism sets free the human form divine. It advances; it moves at will; the hands are no longer bound to the side, the feet no longer rigid and motionless. Life throbs in the once inert body, man treads as with the step of a conqueror the earth on which he was formerly a slave."

But, although Dr. de Pressensé proves himself here as elsewhere gifted with large and acute sensibilities on all questions of culture and philosophy, as well as religion, he is never forgetful of his avowed standpoint as an advocate of evangelical Christianity—though I need scarcely add that such a standpoint in a Continental thinker will generally be found to be much broader than in Englishmen of similar views.

The papers in the volume placed third on our list consist of reprints from the *Homiletic Magazine*. They are of varying degrees of excellence; but as they profess to constitute a symposium, it would be incongruous to subject them to the test of comparisons and contrasts.

The three last volumes form part of the very useful series of "Present Day Tracts," issued by the Religious Tract Society. The aim of the series seems to be the popularisation of useful knowledge on all subjects relating to Christianity. Occasionally aggressive and somewhat narrow, they are, nevertheless, well adapted for their purpose. For the future, with such lavish sources of information lying close at his hand, the Christian who still remains in ignorance of the relation of his creed to other schemes of faith and thought will have only himself to blame.

JOHN OWEN.

NEW NOVELS.

Gentleman and Courtier. By Florence Marryat. In 3 vols. (White.)

Joy cometh in the Morning. By Algernon Gissing. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Trance of Fittures: a Tale of Two Centuries. By Alfred Fitzseer. (London Literary Society.)

The Poisoned Chalice. By W. Pryce Maunsell. (W. H. Beer.)

Lady Stella and her Lover. By Henry Solly. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

The Voice of Urbano: a Romance of Adventure on the Amazons. By James W. Wells. (W. H. Allen.)

Out of the Fog. By William M. Hardinge. (Bentley.)

The American Marquis. By R. H. Sherard. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

Mrs FLORENCE MARRYAT has in her latest novel made rather a new departure as regards the plot, and it may honestly be said that her success justifies an experiment which might have been rather a risky one. For the passionate adoration by a middle-aged widow of a man almost young enough to be her son would not, under ordinary circumstances, be a pleasant subject for contemplation. But, then, it may be granted that the circumstances under which Elsa Carden and Jocelyn Yorke were thrown together were very far from

being ordinary; added to which, the sweet womanliness of the one and the chivalrous nature of the other remove the main idea from the slightest approach to a coarseness which, with less skilful treatment, might have attached to it. It was also rather a novel conceit to make the man who had been one of Roland's chief abettors in folly and vice the instrument of bringing about such a measure of reformation as that most objectionable young gentleman can be said to have compassed; but the notion was ingenious, especially as the mentor himself mended his ways—partly through shame of his wasted youth, but mainly, no doubt, to find favour in the eyes of his lady. Of course, Elsa did not marry Yorke. In spite of his protestations and sincere love for her, she had far too much commonsense not to see how inevitably misery and disappointment must spring from such a union as the years rolled on, leaving her an old woman when her husband was still in his prime. But while one must commend her action in the matter, it is impossible not to sympathise, to some extent, with Jocelyn in his rejection. His affection for Mrs. Carden was perfectly genuine, even if it was, to some extent, the romantic survival of his boyish adoration of the beautiful, sorrowing stranger whom he had succoured in her need; and his own large fortune removed him from all suspicion of sordid views in the prosecution of his suit. In fact, we like Mr. Yorke so much, with all his faults, that we cannot but wish that a happier fate had been prepared for him than such a disaster as a marriage with selfish, frivolous Sybil—whom we much doubt whether such a man *would* have married—with its natural sequel. We suppose his death was inevitable, and there can be no doubt that the scene describing it is one of much power and pathos. Perhaps it might be objected that most of the actors in this little domestic tragedy are not much better than puppets; but then the interest centres itself so entirely in the persons of the hero and heroine, that one feels almost as if any side interest would have been an impertinence. May we suggest to the author that Scotswomen of the humbler classes do not talk broad Whitechapel?

A fairly good novel—probably a first one—with a moderate amount of sensation, is *Joy cometh in the Morning*, the scene of which is laid in the Midland Counties in the early part of the present century. It treats of the adventures of one Roland Westgarth, a well-to-do young man whose origin is unknown to him, and who ultimately solves the mystery while helping to establish his unknown half sister in her rights. The whole story of parentage, and of the inheritance of Cotswold Manor, is cleverly devised, and the crowning secret not divulged too soon. Mr. Westgarth is not a very promising hero, being a weak, fickle man whom the good rector was perfectly right in mistrusting, and who simply behaved like a scoundrel to Mary and Lena Bransford. Mr. Copeland and Reuben Wyatt are the two best men in the book, and we really wonder that neither of them—the latter especially—found a convenient horsewhip lying about when Roland called. Old Turville's character is well imagined, and the most original feature of the novel; but the women are all of them rather

colourless. As has been said, this is probably a first work, and it shows decided promise. The chief faults are those of carelessness or inexperience, and may easily be avoided in the future. We will point out to Mr. Gissing the three most salient: at the date of the publication of *Woodstock*, neither young squires nor mail-coach guards wore moustaches—the Crimean war being still in the dim future; Christmas trees had not been introduced into this country; and, lastly, the mails were carried in four-horse coaches. We hardly dare think what would have been the feelings—to say nothing of the language—of the driver, had he been asked to take the ribbons with only a pair.

Yet another specimen, and far from a bad one, of the semi-mystical romances which have become quite a feature of the present day. Mr. Fitzerse is supposed to relate his own experiences, and does so, on the whole, very well; although the narrative drags somewhat at times—notably in the American portions, owing to the introduction of totally irrelevant matter. In a story like this the action cannot be too brisk, and the minutest details should in some way bear upon the main purpose of the plot. The hero managed, through the instrumentality of a mysterious Hindoo friend, to be thrown into a trance in Stuart times, and the same convenient necromancer restores him to life in the present century, whence arise divers entanglements, some of them described with a good deal of humour. By the by, we are not quite sure whether it is likely that a Hindoo would, at that date, be studying at the University of Padua. Mr. Fitzerse, on asserting his original personality, is promptly put into a madhouse—for which one can hardly blame his relations—and some of the scenes incidental to this episode are impressive, and probably the outcome of personal observation. In short, there is enough in the book to warrant us in encouraging its author to persevere.

Notwithstanding its rather sensational title, *The Poisoned Chalice* is an extremely simple story of men and manners in the south of Ireland some eighty years ago, and will repay perusal by those who care to know how people behaved in those days. The name of the book, taken from a passage in "Macbeth," refers to the career of Mr. Reginald Elton, who wanted to marry his pretty cousin Annabel, but managed, by his own vicious conduct, to ruin all his prospects in a way which it is not necessary to particularise, while she threw herself away in a most unintelligible manner. But the book is written, evidently, in high good spirits, replete with anecdote, much of which will be new to most readers, and gives a lively sketch of the Anglo-Irish society of the time. Old Mr. Elton's device for keeping the rats from the oats is a particularly good story, probably a true one. Richland stands, of course, for Limerick.

It would seem that, in order properly to enjoy Mr. Solly's novel, it would be necessary first to have made acquaintance with a former work, *Charles Dayrell* by name, of which we must confess we never heard. A considerable portion of the first volume is, in consequence, almost unintelligible. The remainder is chiefly occupied by enthusiastic

defences of Byron. We sympathise most entirely with the author; but, surely, any apologies at the present day for one of the greatest of British poets are uncalled for. We thought Mrs. Stowe had unintentionally assured his fame years ago; also, we should have imagined that there was no need in these times so elaborately to combat the dreary theories of Atheism, as expounded by Lady Stella, who must have been a fearful trial. Fancy being talked to at a garden party by a young lady in the style in which she talks to Dayrell for pages! The latter part of the book, beginning with Wilfrid's departure for the South Seas, is by far the best, and this for a curious reason—it is highly sensational. Now, sensation novels appear to be, in common with burlesques, parodies, and reviewers, the special objects of Mr. Solly's reprobation. As to what he says about critics, we will only remark that it is a pity when people talk about matters of which they know nothing whatever. Burlesques and parodies may be left to take care of themselves—they will probably survive the denunciations launched at them; but those sensation novels—surely here is a sad backsliding! Is it possible that the author dimly perceived that his book was getting deadly dull—as indeed it was—and sacrificed his own convictions? Be that as it may, the most interesting parts of the book are Dayrell's experiences on the desert island, and Lady Stella's as a dressmaker in Shadwell—especially the part in which she shoots the nefarious Tarling, and the trial at the Old Bailey. Mr. Solly seems not very well versed in the ordinary language of polite society. People do not, to the best of our knowledge, use such phrases as "I tell you, fair lady," or "Know you not, dear mother." It is almost strange that Miss Rachael Pye did not cry "Unhand me, villain!" We should really like to know whether the author believed himself to be quoting Scott at p. 158 of the second volume, or if it is to be taken as one of those naughty parodies.

The Voice of Urbano is a book which we most heartily recommend not only to all boys, with whom it ought speedily to become a prime favourite, but to all who are not what Dickens called "too grown up" to enjoy a thoroughly healthy, breezy romance of wild life, such as most of us have dreamed of and a few have experienced. The story deals with the adventures of four friends: Warren and Rollinson, both Englishmen; Tim Matson, a typical Yankee of the genial type; and Peter Petersen, the Swede, who supplies, and very successfully, the comic element. He is the funniest compound imaginable of bravery, abject terror, superstition and good fellowship. This band of four start for the interior with a double object—viz, to make their fortunes by collecting india-rubber, and to take revenge upon a rascally Brazilian, Souza Miranda by name, who has swindled one of the party, and is now the terror of the rubber-growing districts. How they accomplished both objects must be left to the reader's own discovery. The book is full of exciting action, and it would be too long to name all the scenes which specially make one hold one's breath; perhaps, however, we may particularly note the running fight on the river, which ends in Ignacio's death. The meeting with

Macuté and his Indians is also excellent; One understands so entirely what were Rollinson's feelings when he ejaculated: "I wish I had one of Fenimore Cooper's novels now, it would be a perfect *vade mecum* how to talk to these braves!" Of course the story ends happily, as such stories ought to do, and poetic justice is fully dealt out. All we can say in conclusion is that we mean to read *The Voice of Urbano* over again.

That all the greatest miseries spring from small causes is the moral of Mr. Hardinge's pleasant and witty little story. To this might be added that young husbands do well to pay their wives some little attention, however busy they may be. It is a tale of the trouble that very nearly came between Jack Calthorpe and his wife Clara, owing to his carelessness and the thoughtful care of his friend Mainwaring. Fortunately all came right in the end. The plot is good, and ingeniously developed. There is a touch of the true Sophoclean irony in the scene where Jack goes through Tom Donnithorne's cases.

The American Marquis is a poor attempt to combine a feeble sensation-novel with a satire on the ways of some upstarts among our Transatlantic cousins. It calls for no further notice.
B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

SOME BOOKS ABOUT EASTERN EUROPE.

Bulgaria, Past and Present. By James Samuelson. (Trübner.) This book is divided by the author into two parts. The first part deals with the history of Bulgaria; the second with the national and official life of the people, and their land customs and agriculture. The last two chapters are devoted to present-day politics. Unfortunately, though Mr. Samuelson is a painstaking, he cannot be called an entertaining, writer. From the first page to the last there is nothing in the book that was not well known before. Even his accounts of his interviews with the late and the present Prince of Bulgaria are absolutely colourless and uninteresting. As to his conversation with the latter, we are informed that "not a word was mentioned of a political character." The reader is no better off as regards Prince Alexander. Mr. Samuelson, who is nothing if not discreet, informs us that what "passed between us in regard to the position and prospects of Prince Ferdinand was of a private nature." We agree with the author in thinking that there are grave misconceptions about Prince Ferdinand abroad. That he has had no opportunity of showing, and probably does not possess, the military genius of Prince Alexander is no evidence that he is not far better fitted to fill the throne of Bulgaria. The author of *The Growth of Freedom in the Balkan Peninsula*, writing in Bulgaria, and (as it were) on the very top of the wave of enthusiasm which brought about Prince Alexander's return, extols him to the skies; but it is difficult, in the light of later events, to defend the famous (or rather infamous) telegram which the prince sent to the czar on his landing at Rustchuk, on Sunday, August 29, 1886. That telegram simply meant that if the czar would allow him to live comfortably on his salary, secure from midnight conspiracy, Bulgaria should be a province, and he the vassal of Russia. It was the message of a would-be Charles II. to the Grand Monarque. It might be well if the journalists, English and German, would modify their praise of the late, and their sneers at the present, "boykotted Prince of Bulgaria." Mr. Samuelson does not

sneer at Prince Ferdinand, but he over-estimates the present influence of "the hero of Slivnitsa." His influence was boundless, but it is doubtful whether he could now summon to his standard a corporal's guard if he landed at Rustchuk. His supporters now are the venal friends of Russia, who do not love him, but hate him less than they do Stambouloff. Mr. Samuelson's account of early Bulgarian history is little more than an abstract of Jirecek's well-known history. He refers briefly, too briefly, to the Bogomiles, the Puritans of Bulgaria. There was no necessity for a crusade to destroy these Eastern heretics, as the Turks came and enlaved all Bulgarians, heterodox and orthodox alike. Had the Eastern empire not crumbled away before the attacks of the caliphs, the Reformation might have taken place some centuries earlier, and the part of a Martin Luther been played by a Bulgarian. *Dis aliter visum*. Part 2 is even more disappointing than part 1. The author has nothing new to tell us about the Bulgarian cities—Sofia, Philippolis, and Tirnova—which he visited, and cannot be recommended as a cicerone. His notes on the leading politicians are very meagre; but his likenesses of Karaveloff, Mutkouroff, Stambouloff, Radoslavoff and others, are interesting and suggestive. No one could possibly trust Karaveloff—"the omnibus politician" as the Russians call him—after seeing him. It is to be regretted that the book contains no portrait of Zankoff. "I am sure I shall be pardoned for leaving Zankoff in his obscurity." However wrong and even criminal Zankoff's conduct may have been, it is ridiculous to speak of him as obscure. Zankoff is proud of being called "the Grand Old Man" of Bulgaria, and he is without question better known in Europe than any other of his countrymen except Stambouloff. Of what has happened in Bulgaria since Prince Ferdinand's arrival, this book tells us nothing. From some interesting letters written by the Vienna correspondent of the *Times* in the spring of 1887, we learnt that unfair and even violent means were resorted to by Stambouloff to crush out all opposition. We were told that the members of the Opposition were flogged; but, while we are regaled with particulars of the cruelties of Basil, the slayer of the Bulgarians, Mr. Samuelson has nothing to say of the misdeeds of those now in office at Sofia. If the *Times* correspondent—who is a very friendly witness to the Bulgarians—on this point wrongs Prince Ferdinand's advisers, Mr. Samuelson should have said so; but his silence on the subject seems to corroborate the accuracy of the correspondent's statement. In his last chapter Mr. Samuelson reads a lecture to his countrymen on their many enormities—especially in Ireland, where we "incarcerate our lord mayors and members of Parliament." As the subject of his work is not Ireland, but Bulgaria, it is to be regretted that the author did not enquire into the very grave charge, not merely of "incarcerating," but flogging "members of Parliament," which not the Russian press alone have brought against Stambouloff. Mr. Samuelson, like most visitors to Bulgaria, has never visited the coast line from Varna to Bourgas, which is, indeed, more or less a Greek coast; and his book contains no information about the social life or habits of the Greeks in that country. He speaks of them as "the quasi-friends of Russia." This is an error, if he speaks of the Greeks of the Principality, and even the Greeks of the kingdom have no desire for Russia to occupy Bulgaria. When Macedonia is brought into the field of practical politics, Greece will have a word to say, and (if necessary) a blow to strike, for the Aegean sea-board; but, as the Macedonian question is not raised in this book, we need not stay to discuss it here. We often flatter ourselves that we live in days of general

enlightenment, when religious prejudice is dead. From this agreeable dream there is a rude awakening. Even in the most orthodox Liberals there are remnants of the old Adam. Mr. E. A. Freeman has told us with brutal honesty that to the rule that all men are brethren there is one exception—the negro. If Mr. Samuelson were to speak out what lies deep down in his heart, he would say that to the rule that all men are brethren there is one exception—the Jew. We had always understood that, to the credit of the Bulgarians, there was no Jewish question—no *Judenhetze*—in Bulgaria; but the latest writer on Bulgaria informs us this is not so. The Jews, he says, are unfairly treated in Sofia; and then he goes on to extenuate this religious persecution by asserting (without one tittle of evidence) that the Jews are "extortionate," and to sneer at the efforts of their English co-religionists to improve their condition. The map of the book before us cannot be recommended for accuracy. It makes a branch line run to Shumla, whereas that town stands some miles from the railway. The bibliography might have been more comprehensive—for instance, the obviously inspired article "The Bulgarian Plot" in the *Quarterly* of October 1886, should have been included. A still stranger omission is that of Soboleff's *Der Erste Fürst von Bulgarien*. This book gives the orthodox Russian version of the course of events in Bulgaria, and should not be passed over in silence by anyone who writes on the country. We wish however to part with Mr. Samuelson with a hearty word of praise, and that we can give to his colotype plates, which are excellent.

Slav or Saxon. By W. D. Foulke. (Putnam.) Rarely does a book repay perusal as this does. In the first place the style is terse, clear, and incisive; and in passages—notably towards the close—rises into eloquence. Then the consciousness with which the past history and present development of Russia is told is, to say the least of it, very unusual and singularly praiseworthy. From the first page to the last there is not one unnecessary sentence. The book is a closely-knit chain of well-reasoned arguments. Padding or even digressions never occur; and, although the writer is rightly indignant with the inhuman cruelties practised by a despotic government upon political prisoners in Russia (see his reference to the Troubetzkoi zavelin, where the political prisoners, "covered with vermin and eaten up with scurvy, emit an odour like that of a corpse"), he never runs into exaggerations or forgets the warning—*Pas trop de zèle*. Always calm and collected, Mr. Foulke is a safe guide for those who wish to learn something of the tendencies of Nihilism—the great omission in Mr. Wallace's book. If we were to select any one particular chapter from the nine in the book, we should take chap. viii., entitled "The Present Despotism." Men are so sensitive to pain that anything like personal suffering appeals to us all. We are up in arms to right the wrongs of those who are "beaten twice a day and fed once." But cruelty, though it drives mad five prisoners in fourteen, does not touch the spirit of the remaining nine. As Mr. Foulke truly says, "There is no limit to the power of endurance of a mind exalted by a principle which it deems great." Where despotism is most to be feared is where it attacks not an individual, but a language or a national institution. In 1876 a decree of the censor forbade the millions of inhabitants of Little Russia to print, sell, or circulate any works in their own tongue, either original or translated (p. 118). A whole literature was thus annihilated. The much-vaunted *zemstvos* have been able to do little good, owing to the withdrawal of the powers entrusted to them. Better sanitary

measures being required for the country, and the means at the disposal of the *zemstvos* being very slight, female physicians were employed by these local assemblies. The central government, however, regarded these women as instruments of revolutionary propaganda, and limited the number which might be employed. Then, again, the *zemstvos* began to have a very beneficial effect on education. The Russian *mujik* had an earnest desire to learn. This, so far from being considered praiseworthy, was checked in every possible way by the minister of public instruction. In the primary schools the teaching of geography and Russian grammar is forbidden. In the schools of Finland and Poland no language is permitted to be taught save the language of St. Petersburg and Moscow. The motives for this are obvious enough, but it is difficult to understand the jealousy of the government of instruction in geography and grammar. Inspectors were also appointed for the purpose of suppressing instruction. In 1879 the *zemstvo* of Riazan thanked the inspectors for having "abstained from using the means at their disposal to thwart the *zemstvo* in their efforts to promote primary instruction and increase the usefulness of the village schools" (p. 115). In 1884 the primary schools were taken from the *zemstvos* altogether, and placed in the hands of the ignorant Russian clergy. Despotism is as relentless with the press as with education; but we must refer the reader to Mr. Foulke's pages for illustrations of the manner in which all individual rights are trampled upon. Mr. Foulke, like most Americans, is a warm admirer of the Russian nation, and as their admirer he thinks it "time for the Russian autocracy to die." The coming struggle between England and Russia—Saxon and Slav—he regards as "not very far away."

"The struggle is to be avoided, not by establishing a scientific frontier, nor by seizing this or that military post, but by a disintegration of those forces in the dominions of the czar which threaten the future peace and well-being of mankind" (p. 10).

He marshals the forces on either side, and comes to the conclusion that in a war with Russian despotism English liberalism must be beaten. Such an issue Mr. Foulke regards as disastrous to civilisation and progress all the world over. The hope, therefore, of mankind lies "in the establishment of civil liberty in Russia, and in the substitution of industrial methods for its present military system."

The Decline of British Prestige in the East. By Selim Faris. (Fisher Unwin.) We have read this book with care, and own to some disappointment. In his introduction, the author claims to be a friend of England; but, as is usual in such cases, "he doth protest too much." Selim Faris is a Turk, and when he speaks "of the immense and unlimited influence that the Sultan possesses over the Egyptians" (p. 73), he speaks from his brief; and, though we may not agree with him, we admit that he is clear and logical. But when he argues that if we wish to govern Egypt for the Egyptians, and to keep the Russians out of India, we must form a close alliance with Turkey, "of which Egypt is an integral part" (p. 127), he reminds us of the famous cartoon in *Punch* of the lion and the fox. The author does not love the Armenians, and his first chapter—which is quite the best in the book—is a very severe criticism of Nubar Pacha's administration. He is not destitute of humour, as the following passage shows:

"The Armenians say, 'The Roumanians are a nation, and have their king. So have the Servians. The Montenegrins have also a prince, and his crown is now being made by one of the jewellers at St. Petersburg. The Bulgarians also have the blessings of civilisation—they have had one prince, and are now seeking for another'" (p. 69).

Chapter iii. deals with the rivalry between England and Russia, and gives a succinct account of Russia's progress from an area of 4,000,000 English square miles in Asia in 1725 to her present enormous area of 14,000,000 square miles. The facts are interesting, though we may differ from Selim Faris as to the remedy. Chapters iv. v. and vi. might have been omitted. The author writes in clearer English than many Englishmen.

A Summer's Cruise. By Alfred Colbeck. (Fisher Unwin.) The writer of this account of a summer cruise in the waters of Greece, Turkey, and Russia, is evidently a man of wide information, but nothing in his 410 pages was not already known. He has studied Gibbon and Smith's Classical Dictionary to some purpose, but lacks the humour and the spirit which have made some travellers' books such delightful reading. To tell the truth, Mr. Colbeck might have written his narrative in the British Museum. His work is too much made up of other books, and smells too strongly of the lamp.

The Isles of the Princes. By Samuel S. Cox. (Putnam.) Rarely have we met with a more diffuse and padded volume than the one before us. It is difficult to find a page in it which justified its publication. The air of the Greek roundelay is pretty, and the following sentence passable—"If the orthodoxy of the Greek Church is a justified religion, it is a justification which is monumental." Mr. Cox was the United States Minister in Constantinople, and is apparently a prolific writer. If his other works resemble the present one, they cannot be regarded as ornaments of the "spoils" system. We must also protest against the manner in which illustrations from Curzon's *Monasteries of the Levant* have been reproduced in this volume without acknowledgment.

NOTES AND NEWS.

We understand that Lady Brassey has left sufficient materials in MS. to make up a volume descriptive of her last voyage, which she herself was never destined to complete. It will be published early in the autumn, with abundant illustrations, by Messrs. Longmans.

DR. A. BAIN, of Aberdeen, is about to bring out a revised and greatly enlarged edition—practically rewritten—of the second part of his *Rhetorica*, dealing with the Emotional Qualities.

We hear that Sir Julius Vogel will shortly superintend the production of a large illustrated work on the Pacific Islands and the Panama Canal, which will be dedicated to M. de Lesseps.

MR. WALTER SCOTT has in the press a selection of religious verse, entitled *Sacred Song*, edited by Mr. S. Waddington. Among the authors represented in the volume are Dr. George Macdonald, the late Dean Stanley, Mr. Gladstone, Archdeacon Farrar, Miss Christina Rossetti, Mr. Palgrave, Cardinal Newman, Prof. Dowden, Mr. R. L. Stevenson, Dr. Horatius Bonar, &c.

MR. REDWAY is about to publish another volume of poems by Mr. H. G. Hewlett (including some which have appeared in the ACADEMY), entitled *A Wayfarer's Wallet: Dominus Redivivus*.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. will issue immediately a second series of Col. W. F. B. Laurie's *Distinguished Anglo-Indians*, which will include, among others—Col. G. B. Malleon, Sir John Morris, Sir Joseph Fayrer, the Hon. Sir Ashley Eden, Sir Auckland Colvin, Henry Woodrow (the "Nestor of Education in Bengal").

THE May volume of the "Canterbury Poets" will consist of a selection from the poems of the late Philip Bourke Marston, with a biographical and critical memoir by Mr. William Sharp. The editor has chosen what have seemed to him the best and most representative sonnets, lyrics, and longer poems in Marston's three volumes—*Song-Tide*, *All-in-All*, and *Wind-Voices*. The book will be divided into five sections—Early Poems, Selected Poems (chiefly from *Wind-Voices*), Sonnets, Garden-Fancies, and Love Lyrics. Of the sonnets there will be a hundred examples, fully representative of the poet's best achievements in this species of composition. The title of the collection will be *Song-Tide: Poems and Lyrics of Love's Joy and Sorrow*.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK will shortly publish *The Catherine of History*, by the author of "De Nova Villa," being the first volume of an intended series of biographical sketches of celebrated women classified under their Christian names.

THE delegates of the Clarendon Press have the following works ready for early publication: Mr. Henry Sweet's *History of English Sounds*, a remodelled and rewritten edition, brought up to date, of the work first issued by the Early English Text Society some fifteen years ago; a treatise on *The Principles of Sound and Inflection in Greek and Latin*, by Mr. J. E. King and Mr. C. Cookson, masters at St. Paul's School, dedicated to Mr. F. W. Walker, the high master; Xenophon's *Cyropaedia*, book i., edited by Dr. Charles Bigg, on the same scale as his edition of book ii.; *A Concise Dictionary of Middle English*, by Prof. Skeat and Mr. A. L. Mayhew, of Wadham College, with a preface by Prof. Skeat, in form and size uniform with Prof. Skeat's *Concise English Etymological Dictionary*.

THE following new editions will also be issued very shortly: A third edition of Mr. Oscar Browning's *Lives of Cornelius Nepos*, revised by Mr. W. R. Inge; a fifth edition of the *Treatise on Heat* by the late Prof. Balfour Stewart; a fifth edition, carefully corrected and revised to date, of Sir William Anson's textbook on the *Law of Contract*; and a second edition of Cicero's *De Oratore*, book i., by Prof. A. S. Wilkins, of the Owens College, Manchester, who announces that the issue of the third book, which has been much delayed, may be expected shortly.

THE late Abraham Holroyd's unique collection of Yorkshire ballads have been handed over by his executor to Mr. J. Horsfall Turner, of Idel, Bradford, who proposes to issue the best of them by subscription.

MR. BLADES'S *Enemies of Books*, which has been re-issued by Mr. Elliot Stock in the "Book Lover's Library," has already run to a second edition.

THE *Yorkshire Genealogist*, which has hitherto been a separately paged section of the *Yorkshire Notes and Queries*, commences as a distinct illustrated quarterly with part xiii., the beginning of the second volume. Messrs. Triebner, Ludgate Hill, are the London publishers.

THE Committee on Contractions in Writing for the Press, appointed by the International Shorthand Congress of last year, have issued a *Standard List of Contractions recognised by Printers in MSS.* (Cassell), which ought to prove very useful to amateurs. We may here give the following most common contractions, as opposed to abbreviations proper, which do not, perhaps, explain themselves: / = the, t = that, f = for, o = of, h = have, y = you, and w = with.

PROF. ANGELO DE GUBERNATIS has just issued the first part of his *Dictionnaire Inter-*

national des Ecrivains du Jour (Florence: Niccolai), which may be regarded as an augmented and revised edition of the similar work—then written in Italian, and with numerous portraits—which he published some eight years ago. The character of the work may be gathered from the fact that, in 112 pages of double columns, it completes the letter A. The total number of authors recorded is 476, of whom 134 are Italian, 128 French, 34 English, and 31 German; while the minor nationalities are proportionately represented. The English and American part, which alone we have tested, seems carefully done. The mode of publication is in twelve monthly parts, at a total subscription price of 20 frs.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE late Mr. Matthew Arnold's Address on Milton, delivered on the occasion of the unveiling of a window in St. Margaret's, Westminster, will appear in the *Century* for May.

THE May number of *Scribner's* will commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of Alexander Pope (May 21, 1688) by two contributions from Mr. Austin Dobson—one is a prose essay; the other is a critical estimate of Pope, written in heroic couplets after his own manner. These will be illustrated with portraits of Pope, of his mother, and of Martha and Teresa Blount; and with views of Pope's villa, garden, and grotto. Mr. R. L. Stevenson's essay in this number will be on "Gentlemen."

THE *National Review* for May will contain a reply by the Earl of Selborne to the late Mr. Matthew Arnold's paper in the March number on Disestablishment in Wales.

MR. J. G. FRAZER will conclude his examination of the myths on the language of animals in the next number of the *Archaeological Review*. The working of the Ancient Monuments Act will be examined by Dr. Joseph Anderson; Mr. J. Romilly Allen will set forth his plan for establishing a museum of Christian Archaeology for Great Britain; and Miss Toulmin Smith will finish her transcript of the ordinances of the Bakers' Guild at York. Among the other contributors to the same number are Mr. Sidney Hartland, Mr. Gomme, Mr. J. H. Round, Mr. H. H. Howorth, Dr. Robert Brown, and Prof. Kuno Meyer.

THE May number of the *Antiquary* will contain some important articles. Mr. Edward Peacock contributes "Notes on Holy Bread"; the Rev. S. Oode Hore a comprehensive paper on the antiquities of "Vases and Weather-cocks"; and Mr. William Rendle, the South-west historian, carries on his series of antiquarian reminiscences in a paper entitled "Reminiscences and Remarks," wherein he sketches his life as an antiquarian student during half a century.

TO the May number of the *Bookworm*, Mr. A. L. Humphreys will contribute an article on "Lackington and his Memoirs"; Mr. Blades will conclude his account of the Ooster-Gutenberg controversy; a further paper on the First Folio Shakspeare will be given; and the first of a series on "Dr. Johnson's Tavern Resorts and Conversation," by Mr. C. A. Ward.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR has written a Whitsuntide Hymn for the May number of the *Church Monthly*, which will also contain the opening chapters of a new serial tale by Mrs. Linnaeus Banks.

Art and Letters for May will contain: "Faëlla I," by Th. Bentzon; "The Sphinx," by Count Witthum; "History of a Duel," by P. Hervieu; "Rachel at Three Periods," by A. de Pontmartin; "The Centenary of the Times," by M. Blowitz; and "Round the Salon of 1888," by G. Jollivet.

AMONG the articles in the forthcoming number of the *Scottish Review* will be "Emerson, the Thinker," "Charles Darwin," "The Founder of Modern Pessimism," "Songs and Rhymes from the Dialects of South Italy," and "The Anglicising of the Scottish Universities."

St. Nicholas for May will contain "Little Josef Hofmann," by E. L. Price, with portrait; and "The Advice of Miss Alcott," by J. P. True.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Died April 15, 1888.

WITHIN that wood where thine own scholar strays,
O! Poet, thou art passed, and at its bound
Hollow and sore we cry, yet win no sound
But the dark muttering of the forest mase
We may not tread, nor pierce with any gaze;
And hardly love dare whisper thou hast found
That nestful moonlit alope of pastoral ground
Set in dark dingles of the songful ways.

Gone! they have called our shepherd from the hill,
Passed is the sunny sadness of his song,
That song which sang of sight and yet was brave
To lay the ghosts of seeing, subtly strong
To wean from tears and from the troughs to save;
And who shall teach us now that he is still!

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Liverpool.

OBITUARY.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

THE sudden death of Mr. Matthew Arnold at Liverpool, on April 15, has removed from the English world of letters perhaps its most conspicuous figure. As poet, he yields the palm only to the two veterans who still survive from the generation older than his own; and as a prose writer—whether we consider the polish of his language or the interest of his matter—no other name can be mentioned by the side of his. He won the distinction of being recognised as a classic in his own lifetime.

Matthew Arnold was born in 1822, being the eldest son of Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. His birth-place was the riverside village of Laleham, in Middlesex, where his father was at the time taking private pupils; and to Laleham his body has been taken back for burial. After a year "in Commoners" at Winchester, in the very beginning of Dr. Moberly's rule, he passed to Rugby under his father, where he was a little junior to Clough, and a little senior to Conington. From Rugby he was elected to an open scholarship at Balliol, which was then beginning to be reckoned the blue ribbon of schoolboy attainment. In 1843 he gained the Newdigate, with a poem on "Oliver Cromwell," which he has not thought fit to republish. In the classical schools he was placed in the second class (like the late Mark Pattison); but this comparative failure was soon redeemed by his election to a fellowship at Oriel, his father's college, and at that time—at least in its commonroom—the premier college of the university. On the completion of his probationary year, he left Oxford for London, and was thus saved from becoming a don, though none has surpassed him in love for his Alma Mater. After serving for some four years as private secretary to the Marquis of Lansdowne, then Lord President of the Council, he was nominated in 1851 to an inspectorship of schools, the duties of which office he continued to discharge until he retired on a pension in 1886.

In 1849 Matthew Arnold published his first

book, *The Strayed Reveller, and other Poems*, with no further mark of authorship on the title page than simply "A." This was followed in 1852 by *Empedocles and Etna, and other Poems*, also anonymous. A year or two later, when he brought out under his own name a selection from his poems, these two volumes were withdrawn from circulation, and have now become exceedingly rare. Last July, at the sale of Mr. Smalley's library, the former fetched £7 2s. 6d., and the latter £5 17s. 6d. Matthew Arnold's reputation was now so firmly established that in 1857 he was chosen professor of poetry in Oxford, and re-elected for a second term in 1862. If his name will always be associated with this chair, it is no less true that this chair will always be associated with his name. The three famous volumes—*On Translating Homer* (1861), *Essays in Criticism* (1865), and *Celtic Literature* (1868), which were all the results of Oxford lectures—represent almost the sum total of his contribution to literary criticism. Henceforth he turned his attention chiefly to popular theology, and poured forth in rapid succession *St. Paul and Protestantism* (1871), *Literature and Dogma* (1873)—which he has himself described, in the preface to the popular edition (1883), as "more in demand than any of his other prose writings"—*God and the Bible* (1875), and *Last Essays on Church and State* (1877). Space forbids us to enumerate his minor writings, and his numerous magazine articles, continued up to the very month of his death; but it would be unjust to pass over the elaborate reports on education in France and Germany, which he compiled from time to time in the course of his official duty.

Matthew Arnold's recent activity as a polemical writer in the magazines has, perhaps, tended to obscure his earlier fame as poet and critic. With the exception of three or four short pieces, all his poetical work was done before 1868. Unlike the two veterans alluded to above, and some of his younger rivals, he has not since ventured to challenge the public approval every year or two with a new book of verse. But the "complete edition" of his poems in three volumes, published by Messrs. Macmillan 1885, will suffice to preserve for him high rank among the bards of the Victorian era. There future generations will find the most characteristic embodiment of the strength and the weakness of our time—wide intellectual sympathies, saddening spiritual doubt, but also "unconquerable hope"; and, as the vehicle for these, a refined choice of language, a subtle melody, and a sustained dignity, which he drew from his master, Wordsworth.

Matthew Arnold's prose style is marked by the same qualities as his verse; and, at its best, may be called a model for precision and grace. But, while his exquisite taste never failed him in poetry, it must be admitted that some at least of his later prose writings are disfigured by faults, caused partly by the exuberance of his own wit, partly by the necessities of controversy.

As a literary critic, Matthew Arnold's influence can hardly be exaggerated. His example was yet more stimulating than his precept. He has founded, fortunately, no school to adopt servilely his every dictum, and to emphasise his own half-truths. But, from his chair at Oxford—where theology and classics had hitherto reigned supreme—he set up a modern standard for judging both books and conduct, and directly inspired the numerous band of writers in all departments who have since issued from that university. Even if his lectures should cease to be read—which it is difficult to believe—his life's work as the strenuous enemy of ignorance and superstition will keep his name in permanent remembrance, by the side of his father's.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *April Livre* contains two articles, each of some length, of very great interest to the bibliophile and of some to the lover of literature—a distinction which we trust is not invidious, as, after all, there is no reason why a man should not be both. The first, by M. de Saint-Heraye, is on "La Balle d'un Comporteur d'Antan"—a curious survey of the literature of the eighteenth century, in which, it need hardly be said, the books best known to the stilted historian of literature do not figure. The other is on the collection of the Baron De La Roche-Lacarelle, with a portrait of that amateur and a representation of a copy of *La Fontaine*, of which M^{me}. de Pompadour once and the baron recently have been possessors. This collection, its owner being dead, is going to be sold; and if any generous capitalist would like to buy it whole and give it to some one who would appreciate it, the editor of the *ACADEMY* will, we have no doubt, for this occasion only, reveal the name and address of the writer of this notice.

In the *Political Science Quarterly* (London: Frowde) for March, Prof. Richmond M. Smith shows the urgency of the immigration question and the need of some sort of control; Prof. Munroe Smith discusses codification from a new point of view, that of the nation *versus* the state; Mr. A. C. Bernheim describes the actual working of New York party primaries under the law of 1887; Prof. J. W. Jenks (of Knox College) sketches the history and estimates the influence of the Michigan salt monopoly; Prof. F. W. Taussig (of Harvard) explains how the tariff of 1828 was established; and President Francis A. Walker (of the Mass. Technological Institute) examines the bases of taxation.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BARRIS, D'AUREVILLE, J. XIX. Siècle: Les œuvres et les hommes. 2^e Série. Les historiens. Paris: Quantin. 7 fr.
FRANKLIN, A. La vie privée d'autrefois: arts et métiers, modes, mœurs, usages des Parisiens, du XII^e au XVIII^e siècle. Paris: Plon. 7 fr.
GOPCEVIC, S. Serbien u. die Serben. 1. Bd. Das Land. Leipzig: Bloscher. 24 M.

THEOLOGY.

- AGUE, J. Epistola beati Pauli apostoli ad Romanos analytice et logice explicata. Regensburg: Pustet. 8 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- DU FRESNE DE BEAUCOURT, G. Histoire de Charles VII. T. IV. L'expansion de la royauté (1444-1449). Paris: Société Bibliographique. 8 fr.
MACANNA, G. Hochzeits Irlande, d'après des documents inédits. Paris: Alcan. 8 fr. 50 c.
FITTING, H. Die Anfänge der Rechtsschule zu Bologna. Berlin: Gustav. 8 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- RACHENBERGER, O. Lehrbuch der analytischen Mechanik. 1. Bd. Leipzig: Teubner. 8 M.
SMITTFERT, O. Beiträge zu den Theorien d. Syllogismus u. der Induktion. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
WEINERGRUB, P. Die Entwicklungsgesetze der Menschheit. Leipzig: Wigand. 4 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- EUGENIUS opera omnia. Elementa ed. I. L. Heiberg. Vol. 5. Leipzig: Teubner. 7 M. 50 Pf.
FRONTINI, J. Strategemata libri IV. Ed. G. Gundersmann. Leipzig: Teubner. 1 M. 50 Pf.
MÖLLER, H. Zur althochdeutschen Alliterationspoesie. Kiel: Lipsius & Tischer. 5 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"THE CITY OF DREAM."

Southend: April 12, 1888.

In noticing my *City of Dream* the *Saturday* reviewer, who is nothing if not clerical, but who, in this one instance, is very unusually goodnatured, seems to be amused at some of my blunders. Now, I never assume to be a

correct writer, either morally or literally; but when I talked of "Christ the Paraclete" I was fully aware of the fact (which my critic has apparently forgotten) that the word *παράκλητος* is distinctly applied by St. John, in the second of his Epistles, to the Second Person of the Trinity; and this, despite the fact that the same word is used—in chap. xvi. of St. John's Gospel—in reference to the Third Person. But what are we to say, asks my critic, about "Kratos and dark Bias"? The lines in the poem refer to Prometheus, and run, as printed:

"As when by Kratos and dark Bias nail'd
To that hard rock!"

It may amuse the reader to be told that this is actually a clerical error, and that the lines, as I wrote them, were:

"As when by Kratos and dark Bias *snail'd*
To that hard rock!"

I can conceive the horror of the Tory reviewer if the horrible new verb, "to snail," had been actually printed. The printer's devil knew better, and corrected the barbarism at the last moment. Yet, alas! I like my own barbarism well enough to restore it if ever my epic reaches a new edition.

Here, says the critic, is another barbarism:

"—a waste
With never wood or gentle *cynosure*."

"Does Mr. Buchanan know that *cynosure* means a dog's tail?" Just as well, perhaps, as Milton knew it, when he used the word in "L'Allegro," and talked of the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

Your own friendly critic makes a more serious charge—that my poem culminates in merely "a vain hope," instead of "a serene and assured faith." I presume, then, after all, that I have written in vain; though I was foolish enough to fancy that the faith I put in the mouth of the old man Masterful was serene and assured enough. Does the rejection of all formulated dogma imply the absence of all spiritual certainty? If so, my work is indeed a colossal blunder, and I have lost all power of expressing my own ideas. I am encouraged to hope, however, that less hasty critics will acquit me of preaching a creed of mere nescience, and understand that I base my final philosophy on the certitude of the Human Soul, which—

"Knowing itself, beholds *within itself*
The inspiration it has christened 'God,'
And which *alone* betokens it divine!"

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

"IL RE GIOVANE" IN THE "INFERNO."

London: April 14, 1888.

The subjoined quotations may be of interest to Dante students in connexion with the vexed question of the reading in *Inf.* xxviii. 135. The majority of MSS. and printed editions are in favour of the reading *Giovanni* in preference to the historically correct *giovane*. There is not the slightest doubt that the young King Henry, "Henricus Rex junior, filius Regis Henrici," who was encouraged by Bertran de Born to rebel against his father, is the person intended. The question is whether Dante, though acquainted with the facts, was ignorant of the name of the prince, and really thought he was called John, thus confounding Prince Henry with his younger brother; or, whether he actually knew that the prince in question was the young king Henry, "il re giovane."

I may give, to begin with, the striking passage from the poem in which Bertran de Born, the Provençal troubadour, of whom Dante is speaking in the line referred to above, laments the death of his friend, Prince Henry—

a poem which was, perhaps, known to Dante:

"Si tuit li dol el plor el marrimen
E las dolours el dan el caïtïvier
Que hom agues en est segle dolen
Fosson ensem, sembleran tuit leugier
Contra la mort del jove rei engles."

Which may be rendered as follows:

"If all the grief and bitterness and woe,
And all the pain and hurt and suffering
That in this world of misery men know,
Were massed in one, 'twould seem but a light thing
Beside the death of the Young English King."

The extracts given below have not, so far as I am aware, been quoted before in this connexion:

"Chil rois [Henris] . . .
Ot. I. si qui ot nom Henris;
Cou fu Henri li Jouenes rois
Qui mult fu sages et cortois."

"Henris . . .
Avoit souvent guerre as françois
Et à son fill le jouenes roi,
Avoit grant guerre et grant annoi."

"Li jouenes rois tant guerroia
Que il mourut, puis commença
Le roi de France à guerroier
Le roi Henri cel aversier."

The above passages occur in a short poem appended as a continuation to Wace's "Roman de Brut" in a thirteenth-century MS., and printed by Le Roux de Lincy in his edition of Wace, vol. i., pp. cxv.-cxvii.

The following are from a thirteenth-century poem on the life of Thomas à Becket, where the coronation of the young king holds an important place, as being the event which led to the murder of the archbishop:

"Le pere fiat au fiz grant feste.
Ne oïmes en chançon n'en geste
Ki fust de riche home servi
Oum fu le jofne rois Henri.
Li peres li fiat joie si grant
K'a ceu jur li fu sergant,
E, oïans plusurs, gei
Ke sul fu rois jofne Henri,
Ne mie cist ki dunc servi."

"Mult en vint mal e encumbrer
Par le jofne roi coruner,
Sanc de arcevesque espanduz,
Autres eveques suspenduz
Et li autre escumengez
E cunfunduz e exillez,
E guerre entre fiz e pere
Meïe mortele e amere.
Enmi les anz de sa juvente,
Es anz poi plus u meïns de trente,
Murut li jofne rois Henri,
Dunt veuz e jofnes sunt mariz."

(*Fragments d'une Vie de Saint Thomas de Cantorbéry*, ed. Paul Meyer, Paris, 1885).

Similarly, in the twelfth-century poem on the same subject by Garnier de Pont Sainte-Maxence, the prince, after his coronation, is always alluded to as the "young king":

"Li homme l'arcevesque en Engleterre alèrent;
Les lettres al veil Rei al jufne Rei portèrent."

And so in the long harangue addressed to the archbishop by his murderers:

"Les custumes del règne vols abatre et oster.
E al jufne Rei vols sa corone tolr."

It is hardly likely that Dante, who was not unacquainted with English history, should have been so ignorant of the main facts in the famous struggle between Henry II. and his archbishop as to confound Prince Henry, the "young king" of the chroniclers and poets, with Prince John, who never received the title of king, at any rate of England, during his father's lifetime. It is much more probable

that the ignorance was on the part of the commentators (one of whom speaks of John as the son of King Richard!), and of the copyists (Boccaccio among them), who, not understanding the allusion, garbled the line, and altered *giovane*, without more ado, into *giovani* = *giovanni*.

PAGET TOYNBER.

"HUER"—"PALINGMAN"—"GRILLE."

Wimbledon: April 20, 1888.

An old word that does not appear in our glossaries is "huer." In the parliament of 1483 regulations were passed concerning the making of "Huers Bonettes and Caps" in fulling mills (Rot. Parl. vi. 223). On the margin, and in ordinary editions of the statutes, the word is rendered "hats," and such it probably was (22 Ed. IV., c. 5). The word occurs again in the Record edition of the statutes (1 Rich. III.) With "huer" we have the derivative "hurer," a maker of huers or hats. The word is obviously derived from the French *hure*; but Littré does not seem to give hat or cap among the meanings of *hure*, now best known in its gastronomic application—*Hure de sanglier*, boar's head.

"Palingman" is given by Halliwell as = fishmonger; but the statute 22 Ed. IV., c. 2, seems to limit the word to the eel trade. "Merchauntes, as other sellers of Elys, called Palyngmen," &c. (Rot. Parl. vi. 221). Can anyone give the origin of the word?

In the same enactment we have the following: "Among the grete Samons [they pack] small fyssh called Grilles." The word occurs several times, and is always spelled in the same manner. I gather from this that our "grilse" is really a plural form, and that sportsmen ought to speak of killing one "grille" or several "grilles." J. H. RAMSAY.

THE SHERIFF THOROLD.

London: April 16, 1888.

Students of the Norman period may be glad to have their attention called to an unlooked for allusion to this personage in the Pipe Roll of 1165 (Ed. Pipe Roll Society, p. 37). He plays, as Mr. Freeman has pointed out, an important part in the problems connected with "the Countess Lucy." This entry refers to the payment of twenty marks by her grandson, the Earl of Chester, "pro feodo Turoldi vicecomitis." It is not mentioned by Mr. Kirk, in his elaborate essay on the countess.

J. H. ROUND.

HOME ARTS AND INDUSTRIES ASSOCIATION.

London: April 17, 1888.

I beg to be allowed to state, in reference to Mrs. McCallum's letter of April 11, that it was not written by request of the committee.

Mr. Leland is the author of a leaflet on Design, for a series edited by Mr. Redgrave, which has been, and still is, used by those classes which have adopted his system. There are other leaflets used by other classes which do not adopt that system. Mrs. McCallum, as hon. secretary for Scotland, has never distributed the leaflet.

A. DYMES, Secretary.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, April 23, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Milk Supply and Butter and Cheese Making," III., by Mr. R. Bannister.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Conscience Theories," by Mr. Pasco Daphne.
8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Unexplored Basuto Land," by Lieut.-Col. Sir Marshall Clarke; "The Island of Fernando de Noronha in 1887," by the Rev. T. S. Lea.
TUESDAY, April 24, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Ruskin," III., by Dr. O. Waldstein.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Craftsman and Manufacturer," by Mr. L. F. Day.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Distribution of Hydraulic Power in London," by Mr. E. B. Ellington.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "Recent Anthropometry at Cambridge," by Dr. J. Venn; "Head Growth of Cambridge Students," and "Remarks on Replies by Teachers to Questions respecting Mental Fatigue," by Mr. Francis Galton.

WEDNESDAY, April 26, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Physical Culture of Women," by Miss Oshreiman.

8 p.m. Geological: "The Recent Work of the Geological Survey in the North-west Highlands of Scotland, based on the Field Notes and Maps of Messrs. Peach, Horne, Gunn, Clough, Hinxman, and Odell," by Dr. A. Geikie; "The Horizontal Movements of Rocks, and the Relation of these Movements to the Formation of Dykes and Faults and to Denudation and the Thickening of Strata," by Mr. W. Barlow; "A Recent Discovery of *Stigmatis Aoides* at Clayton, Yorkshire," by Mr. S. A. Adams.

8 p.m. Cymmrodorion: "The Possibilities of Welsh Music," with Choral Illustrations, by Mr. Joseph Bennett.

8 p.m. Microscopical: Conversazione.

THURSDAY, April 26, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Chemical Arts," III., by Prof. Dewar.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "The Risks of Fire Incident to Electric Lighting," by Mr. W. H. Preece.

8 p.m. Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, April 27, 9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Electrical Influence Machines," by Mr. J. Wilmhurst.

SATURDAY, April 28, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Later Works of Richard Wagner," III., with Vocal and Instrumental Illustrations, by Mr. Carl Armbruster.

8 p.m. Physical: "Electromotive Force by Contact," by Mr. O. V. Burton; "A Theory Concerning the Sudden Loss of Magnetic Properties of Iron and Nickel," by Mr. H. Tomlinson; "The Graphic Treatment of the Lamont-Frühlich Formula for Induced Magnetism," "The Conditions of Self-Excitement in a Dynamo Machine," and "The Conditions of Self-Regulation in a Constant Potential Dynamo Machine," by Prof. S. P. Thompson.

8 p.m. Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings: "Collegiate Architecture at Cambridge: its Origin, Development, and Mutation," illustrated with Drawings, by Mr. J. Willis Clark.

8.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

R. ELLIS'S EDITION OF ORIENTIUS.

"Corpus Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Latinorum," Vol. XVI. — *Postea Christiani minores*. Part I. (Vienna: Tempky.)

AMONG the various methods by which foreign governments contribute to the endowment of research, not the least effective is the foundation and maintenance of the *Academiae Litterarum*, or societies for the advancement of learning, which flourish in most European countries, and especially in Germany. Besides publishing regular reports and journals, these "academies" are often sufficiently well endowed to subsidise great literary or scientific works which lie outside the scope of private enterprise, and which in England are usually undertaken by some private society or university press. Thus we owe to the Prussian *Akademie der Wissenschaften* the great collections of Greek and Latin inscriptions, the ancient commentaries on Aristotle, and the "*Monumenta Germaniae*." The volume before me is another example of the same thing. The "*Corpus Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Latinorum*" was undertaken by the Vienna Academy more than twenty years ago, and is intended ultimately to include all Latin ecclesiastical literature down to A.D. 800. So far there have appeared some able reports on the MS. material available for the work, and sixteen volumes of text, including such writers as Minucius Felix, Arnobius, Orosius, and Salvianus. The series runs to some extent parallel to the "*Monumenta Germaniae*" alluded to above; and this is much to be regretted, for, when there is so much to be edited, one can dispense with rival editions of Eusebius or Victor Vitensis. But in itself it

is a great undertaking, and has been carried out in a manner which does much honour to the Vienna Academy and to the individual editors.

The present volume includes the works of Paulinus Petricordianus, edited by Petschenig; Orientius, by Mr. Ellis; Paulinus Pellaenus, by Brandes; and Claudius, Marius Victor, and Proba, by Schenkl. The last named was probably an Italian poetess, who lived about A.D. 350, and her "Cento" is one of those curious poems constructed wholly out of fragments from Vergil, which are familiar to the ordinary reader through Ausonius. The other four writers belonged to Gaul, and date from the earlier part of the fifth century. Everyone, I feel sure, will welcome correct texts of these poets, especially as the gain, in one case at least, is considerable. The present edition, apparently, is the first in which Victor's "*Commentarii in Genesis*" are given their proper title—*Alethias*, and are printed in a fairly accurate shape, free from the wilful omissions and interpolations of Gagneius, their earliest editor. A further correction is made in reference to the same poet by the discovery that the interesting *Epigramma*, or Letter to the Abbot Salmon on the manners and condition of fifth-century Gaul, is not by Victor, but by one Paulinus. The value of the little tractate—it is only 110 hexameters—would be heightened if we knew the date of this Paulinus. Schenkl refers it (very dubiously) to a Paulinus who in A.D. 400 was Bishop of Béziers, but Paulinus is not an uncommon name.

It is impossible to summon up much enthusiasm in dealing with these poets. The most passable of them is certainly Orientius; and I think I shall best satisfy the patriotic and literary instincts of readers of the ACADEMY if I confine the rest of this article to him and to Mr. Ellis's editing of him. Of the man himself we know very little beyond the fact that he was a native of Gaul and alive in A.D. 406. The few references to him in literature are collected in his preface by Mr. Ellis, who omits and thereby, I presume, condemns the statement of the Bollandist biographer—accepted by Teuffel—that "*pontificalis Auxio civitate cathedrae dignitatem ascendisse*," and that in 439 he, as an old man, went on an embassy from Theoderic to Aëtius. His works consist of the *Com-monorium*, or "exhortation to a pious life," in two books, together just 1000 elegiacs, and of some shorter pieces, which, it is to be hoped, are not genuine. I regret that neither the matter nor the manner of the *Com-monorium* seems to me very admirable. The matter is very much what might have been expected—warnings against certain deadly sins, an explanation of the "Two Commandments," a description of the Last Judgment, and so on. The whole is treated in a commonplace fashion. According to Teuffel, it is based on the *Institutiones* of Lactantius, and I could wish Mr. Ellis had dealt with this question, for the resemblance is not at all obvious to the casual reader. The ground covered by the two writers is seldom the same and is never covered in the same manner. Both, for instance, discuss marriage, but Lactantius approves it, Orientius condemns. Both describe the end of the world, but in utterly different ways. I should prefer to

believe—what is the most natural conclusion about platitudes—that Orientius borrowed from nowhere in particular. And, if the matter is second rate, the style is equally so. It is, indeed, flowing and intelligible, but monotonous in the extreme. Its two chief features are the very long and simply constructed periods, which might almost serve as examples of *λέγεις ελομένην*, and the numerous lines composed entirely of adjectives or nouns, such as

"lascivum miserum fallax breve mobile vanum."

Or,

"mors dolor exordium strages incendia luctus."

There is an infrequency of leonine verses and of false quantities. How little power of description the poet had, may be judged from the following average specimen:

"mandata cum iussu Tuo superaverit omnem
naturam nostra voce loquens asina
atque sua stimulis subigentem terga Balaam
terruerit miro quadrupes alloquio,
qui magno trepidi regis crebroque rogatu
dura super sanctum verba parans populum,
non potuit proprie motam sibi subdere linguam,
ore aliud dicens, corde aliud cupiens."

Of course, there are now and then better lines, but there is only one really worth remembering, and that one possibly a plagiarism, the pentameter describing the Vandal raid of A.D. 406.

"uno fumavit Gallia tota rogo."

The worst of it is that the poem contains very little of extraneous interest. The Latinity is not remarkable in any way. Apart from a few variations in prosody, I have noted only one *addendum lexicis*, and that I believe to be corrupt. The line just quoted has, it is true, a certain historical interest; and the student of fifth-century Gaul will notice that the deadly sins at which Orientius girds most eagerly—drunkenness, sensuality, and avarice—are just those which are mentioned as typical in the *Epigramma Paulini*. But these things are "drops in the desert," and I can find only one real virtue with which to credit the poet. When one reflects that Orientius could, in his facile monotonous style, have written three or four thousand lines more without any difficulty, one appreciates fully the quality for which an ancient writer praises him, "*suave brevisloquium*."

It is, perhaps, because I take so low a view of Orientius that I occasionally, to my dismay, find myself at variance with Mr. Ellis in textual questions. The Reader in Latin Literature at Oxford has lavished on this poor poet his unique erudition and his splendid critical abilities, and there is not the least likelihood of his text being superseded. My only fear is that he has done the work too well. The problem, indeed, is not a complex one. There are only two known MSS., and both of these are often corrupt. In consequence conjecture has to be plentifully used; and, though Orientius has been decently edited before, Mr. Ellis has produced a large number of excellent emendations, nearly all of which must have a permanent place in the text. The only critics who will possibly doubt about any will be those who, like myself, think that Mr. Ellis writes better Latin than did Orientius. Thus, in ii. 255, *liquidum* is certainly neater than *licitum*; but

the latter is possible, and so with *cauti*, in 329. In particular, I should defend some of the readings inserted *nigriore atramento*, for example, *metuendis* ii. 171, or *oruciat* 194. As it is, Mr. Ellis accepts a good many of these "blacker ink" readings. I may add here my own fancies about three passages in the second book. In the corrupt lines 215, 216, I would suggest for the pentameter *atque illud* (MSS. *illu*) *visit qui modo mille, simul*, joining *simul* with *interuunt* in 215, and taking *modo* as in ii. 364, 384. In 228, for the unknown *praemaduisse*, read *permaduisse*, a fairly common word in later Latin. In 276, *tunc* may, perhaps, represent *cunctum*, which at least has more point than *tenuis* or *torrem*.

It is, however, the shorter poems which I think Mr. Ellis has most overrated. I cannot believe that these poems are by Orientius, or are anything like so early. The style is far worse, the vocabulary less classical; indeed, they contain several words unknown to Georges—e.g., *pārifoare* (iii. 19), *diremptor* (37), *habitabilis* (= *qui habitat*). In consequence, I should accept a variety of readings, and, in particular, a number of accentual scansion, which Mr. Ellis obelizes. There are a good many of these latter, and it is quite impossible to correct all. Mr. Ellis allows *plenitudo*, *margārita*, *diremptor*, *prōtoplastus*. Why should he reject *ecolesia*, *ecolorum*, *pestifer detulit*? Again, I fear that *rutrum* and *maeculum* (iii. 108, 128) are much too good for a versifying monk—such the author clearly was. In iii. 43, *plectitur* is, again, is too classical; besides, the second person future is wanted, and it is easy to read *plectēris*. In 87, for *aqua*, read, perhaps, *aquae*. In 165, the MS. text is right, for *oanna* has *o* in Iuvenius, and can undoubtedly be scanned as a molossus.

I am happy to be able to give some value to this article by adding three unpublished conjectures by Prof. Nettleship which, I hope, will meet with the attention they deserve:

i. 433 "Respice quod paucis floret nec permanet annis."
For *floret* *nos*, read *flora aetas*.

ii. 315. "Intereunt decies qui ternos vixerit annos atque illum vixit qui modo miselle fim."
For *intereunt*, read *interimit*, and for the last words *vis similis*.

iii. 219, 220, for *et vita*, read *nec vita*, "not even."

But, though Orientius has caused scholars like Mr. Ellis and Mr. Nettleship to propose admirable conjectures, I confess the result to me is not pure satisfaction. In noticing Mr. Ellis's *Avianus* in a contemporary, I said that Avianus had not lived in vain, since he had caused Mr. Ellis to write a commentary. Orientius, alas, has also lived to some purpose, for he has delayed Mr. Ellis on his way to more important studies! It is good that English scholars should have a part in the great work of the Vienna Academy; it is good, too, that they should be represented by so great a scholar; it would be better still if that great scholar would now undertake some task more worthy of him.

F. HAVERFIELD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FINNIC ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS.

Oxford: April 12, 1888.

I have had lately brought to my notice a paper by Canon Isaac Taylor, entitled "The Origin and Primitive Seat of the Aryans," which appeared in the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*, February 1888. In this paper the author attempts to establish on scientific grounds the hypothesis of the primitive identity of the Aryan and Finnic races; to show that the Finns were the progenitors of the northern Aryans; and to prove that there is no language except the Finnic from which the Aryan speech could have been developed. In order to demonstrate the derivation of the Aryan or Indo-Germanic *Ursprache* from the Finnic *Ursprache*, the writer opens Prof. Skeat's Etymological Dictionary, finds in that useful Koran the list of 461 primitive Aryan roots, mainly compiled from Fick, and of these takes for investigation the eighteen tri-literal roots in *k*, Nos. 41-58. He then proceeds to compare these eighteen Aryan roots with the Finnic *k*-stems to be found in Donner's *Vergleichendes Wörterbuch der Finnisch-Ugrischen Sprachen* (Helsingfors, 1874). The result of the comparison is that Dr. Taylor affirms that "every one of these eighteen Aryan roots in *k* is also found in Finnic with the same meaning." May I be allowed to offer a few brief criticisms on some of the evidence for this statement produced in Dr. Taylor's "Comparison of Verbal Roots"?

1. \sqrt{KAK} , "to cackle." This is an onomatopoeic root, and is, therefore irrelevant for Dr. Taylor's purpose. It is absurd to connect as co-radicates *cack* with Finnic *kuk*. The word *cock*, "gallus," is not a primitive word; it is not Aryan, not even Italic, Romanic, or Teutonic. It is a comparatively modern word, a bit of onomatopoeic slang.

2. \sqrt{KAK} , "to surround, gird." Dr. Taylor compares Finnic *kok* with English *hook*, and Finnic *kak-la* with German *hals*. But the etymology of *hook* is quite unknown—see Kluge's *Etym. Germ. Dict.* (s.v. *haken*). German *hals* is certainly not derived from \sqrt{KAK} . The primitive Teutonic stem was *halsa*, with which we may compare Latin *collum* (= "colsum," see Kluge).

3. \sqrt{KAK} , "to hang," hence English *hang*. Does Dr. Taylor really maintain that this Aryan root is identical in meaning with the Finnic \sqrt{KAO} , "to gaze at, to see"?

4. \sqrt{KAT} , "to cover, protect." Dr. Taylor equates Finnic *kota* with English *hut*. But *hut* can hardly be derived from this root; it might rather be connected with Skeat's \sqrt{KUDH} (No. 77)—see Kluge (s.v. *hütte*) and Brugmann, *Vergleich. Gram.*, § 469.

5. \sqrt{KAD} , "to fall, to throw down." Does Dr. Taylor really mean to say that this root is identical in meaning with the Finnic \sqrt{KAT} , "to seize"? He compares Finnic *kitta* with English *hand*; but the derivation of *hand* from \sqrt{KAD} is not one of the certainties of Aryan etymology. Kluge gives a good account of the difficulties which stand in the way of connecting this word with English *hand* and the \sqrt{KAD} .

6. \sqrt{KAN} , "to sing, to ring." Neither in form nor in meaning is this root identical with the Finnic \sqrt{KAN} , "to roar" (of thunder). Does Dr. Taylor really think that Latin *gemo* can be derived from \sqrt{KAN} ?

7. \sqrt{KAP} , "to contain, hold, seize." Dr. Taylor compares Finnic *kuppi* with English *cup*. But *cup* cannot be derived from \sqrt{KAP} ; it is borrowed from Latin *cupa*, and is derived from Skeat's \sqrt{KUP} (No. 78)—see Brugmann, § 430.

8. \sqrt{KAP} , "to move to and fro." The only derivative Dr. Taylor gives from this root is Greek *κάρτω*, "to hew, to strike." But the

primitive root-form of this word seems to have been *SKAP*—cp. Oh. Sl. *shopiti*, castrate; see Curtius, No. 68 b.; see also Skeat (s.v. *capon*).

9. \sqrt{KAM} , "to bend." English *combe* is not a derivative from this root. The Old-Celtic form was *cumba*—cp. Greek *κύβη*, "a cask"; Sanskrit *kumbhās*, "a pot"; see W. Stokes, *Celtic Declension*, p. 92, and Curtius, No. 80. English *hump* cannot come from \sqrt{KAM} ; it may possibly be a cognate of the Celtic *cumba*. How English *kink* can come from \sqrt{KAM} one would like Dr. Taylor to explain.

10. \sqrt{KAM} , "to love." Donner gives no corresponding Finnic root. The only Latin derivative given by Dr. Taylor is *amo*, an impossible etymology, as there is no sure example of an Aryan initial *k* being lost in Latin. The only Teutonic derivative vouchsafed is English *home*, which is usually connected with \sqrt{KI} , "to rest." Skeat, No. 72, see Brugmann, § 84. Donner tells us that Thomson is inclined to derive the Finnic *heimo*, "family," from Old-Norse *heimr*.

11. \sqrt{KAR} , "to make." Donner gives no \sqrt{KAR} , "to make, to work." The Teutonic *carve* (Anglo-Saxon *ceorfan*) cannot be derived from \sqrt{KAR} . This is treason against the majesty of Grimm's Law.

12. \sqrt{KAR} , "to hurt, destroy." Donner gives no \sqrt{KAR} , "to hurt." He gives under No. 186 Finnic *kärs-i-n*, "to suffer," with stem *kärs*. The only Latin derivative given by Dr. Taylor is *gladius*, the etymology of which word has not yet been discovered.

13. \sqrt{KAR} , "to run." The root of *horse* and *curro* is not *KAR*, but *KRS* (with sonant *r*), the stems being respectively **hrussa-* and **kurs-*, see Kluge (s.v. *ros*) and Brugmann, § 295. The Celtic *corac* cannot be derived from \sqrt{KAR} ; the Old-Irish form was *curach*, see Windisch, *Irische Texte* (glossary).

14. \sqrt{KAR} , "to project." There is no satisfactory evidence of the existence of this Aryan root. Donner makes no mention of a Finnic *holm*, "a hill."

15. \sqrt{KAR} , "to curve." Dr. Taylor gives as derivatives *garden*, *hortus*, *χῆρος*, and *χρῆς*; one would suppose that he had never heard of Grimm's Law! Latin *vermis* (= Gothic *waurm*) is not a derivative of \sqrt{KAR} , see Brugmann, § 431. The loss of initial *k* in Latin has not been proved.

16. \sqrt{KAR} , "to call." It will hardly be believed that Dr. Taylor connects the Teutonic *call* with Latin *clamo*. He has still to learn the elementary lesson that a Teutonic initial *c* does not correspond to a Latin initial *c*.

I think that students of philology will agree that the writer in this "Comparison of Verbal Roots" has not gone very far in proving the primitive identity of Aryan and Finnic speech. What he has proved is quite another thing—his own splendid courage in assaulting a difficult position with so little preliminary training and so poorly equipped for the undertaking. A philological controversialist who brings together as cognates *rair*, *vidr*, English *boy*, and Latin *filius* (see p. 262), and derives this motley group from a Finnic root represented by Ostiak *poh*, is rash almost to a fault.

The brilliant and versatile author of *Words and Places* would have been more prudent, I think—he would certainly have produced a more plausible case—if he had confined himself strictly to anthropology and archaeology, and had left linguistic specialists to deal with the philological portion of his argument.

A. L. MAYHEW.

St. John's College, Oxford: April 10, 1888.

Having now obtained, through Canon Taylor's courtesy, an off-print of his paper on "The Finnic Origin of the Aryans," from the *Journal of the Anthropological Institute*

(February 1888), may I be allowed again to hazard a few remarks upon it?

The issues to philology and archaeology are so serious that a theory of this sort ought not to be accepted without the most convincing proofs; and I venture with all humility to suggest that those which Canon Taylor has given us are not of such a character. His argument from the parallel roots in Aryan and Finnic languages would, if found to bear examination, prove, if not the derivation of the former from the latter, at least an undeniable affinity between them. But a mere glance at the lists, as found in Skeat and Donner, shows that the roots and words as arranged in Canon Taylor's parallel columns differ considerably from both. For instance, Donner's words (Nos. 19-24) are not referred by him to any root, whereas the Canon refers Nos. 20-25 to a root *kak*. Again, Nos. 34-37 are not classed by Donner, but the Canon includes them in the root *kat* (= *kant*). Nor do the derivatives arranged under the Aryan roots always agree with Skeat. Thus *hook* is only doubtfully assigned by the latter to the root *kak*, and the German *hals* is not given by him at all; but it is just these two words upon which the whole proof of the supposed identity between the Aryan and the Finnic root *kak* (= to bend) depends. Again, had Latin *gemo*, as given by Canon Taylor, been assigned by Skeat to the Aryan root *kan*, there might perhaps have been some ground for identifying the latter with the supposed Finnic root *kam*. Examples of this kind might be multiplied.

The Canon's arguments from relationships seem singularly weak. If the words *sister* (or *sözer* as the Canon gives it) and *tyttir* (or *tyttö*) are really the equivalents of *sister* and *daughter*, they represent more debased forms than those found in almost all other Aryan languages, whereas we should have expected to find the fuller and purer forms. Is it not too a most singular fact that such words as *father*, *mother*, *brother*, which have their equivalents throughout practically the whole range of Aryan languages, should be unrepresented in the Finnic group? The supposed *mamma* and *daddy* Finnish words form a very poor substitute for *mother* and *father*, and certainly have no general Aryan usage to justify them. The same may be said of the *boy* words, but why no mention of the Swedish *pojke*? The latter is practically identical with the Finnish word, which can hardly be anything else but an importation from Swedish.

The discussion of the Finnic numerals is certainly interesting anthropologically. The derivation of *yh-dekaan* (nine), and *kah-dekaan* (eight), from the first syllables of *y-ksi-ka-ksi* (one, two), compounded with a word meaning "ten," can hardly be questioned; but is not the very fact of such a half-savage method of counting itself a stronger argument against an Aryan affinity than any supposed resemblance between one or two numbers? Dr. Tylor tells me, on the authority of Pott (*Sprachvertheilung in Europa*, p. 108) that a similar method of counting is common to all the northern tribes of Asia; and the Ainos in Yezo, it seems, even count backwards from 10 as far as 6. Thus 6 is "four-ten," 7 "three-ten," 8 "two-ten," 9 "one-ten." Singularly enough, while with the Ainos six and seven are compounded with the ordinary word for ten, *wa[n]*, eight and nine are, as in the Finnic languages, compounded with another word, namely [*pe*]san. On the whole, we should have a far better chance of testing the philological side of the question if Canon Taylor would point out some definite rules, like Grimm's Law, which govern the letter-changes in the Finnic group as compared with several Aryan languages. That such laws exist between Swedish and Finnish, for what I

believe to be loan words, is evident, as I endeavoured to show in my letter to the ACADEMY of October 8 of last year; and that *kulta* (gold) comes under this law makes it highly probable that it is as much a loan word as *kenraali*=Sw. *general*, or *katu*=Sw. *gata* (a street).

But the greatest difficulties, perhaps, to Canon Taylor's theory arise from archaeological grounds, some of which I have already mentioned in the ACADEMY of December 17. They may be shortly stated thus:

1. The oak and the beech are *ex hypothesi* part of the flora of the cradle of the primitive Aryans. Even at present the first of these has its northernmost limit in the extreme south of Finland, where it is only occasional. The limit of the beech lies far south, and considerably west, of Finland; and that tree is found in no regions adjacent to the Baltic except the south of Sweden, Denmark, and part of North Germany. But 6000 years ago, the time when, as we are told, our Finnic-Aryan ancestors were still in their cradle, the limit of the beech, and probably of the oak also, was far further south, and could not have nearly reached any Scandinavian or Baltic countries.

2. The Aryan character of the Scandinavian aborigines can hardly be settled so easily as Canon Taylor would have us think. He writes: "About 10 per cent. of the prehistoric skulls are of the Lapp type, which may be explained as the result of slavery." It is true, no doubt, that it may; but when we consider that these skulls are confined to the Stone Age, is it not far more probable that they are, as Dr. Montelius and others believe, the traces of an original Lappish people gradually pushed northwards by the Aryan immigrants?

3. This is further rendered almost certain by the fact that stone relics of a Lappish character, but belonging to the Bronze Age, are found all over the north of Sweden.

4. The antiquities in Finland itself point to the same general results. By far the larger part of the stone implements are similar in character to those of the Lapps and the aborigines of Russia. Those of a Scandinavian character are confined, or very nearly so, to the south and west; but we find the Scandinavian influence gradually extending itself, till by the Earlier Iron Age there is hardly any distinction in type between the antiquities of Finland and Sweden (see *Bidrag till vår odlings häfder*, part i., by G. Retzius, Stockholm, 1881).

5. The state of civilisation to which Canon Taylor's arguments point does not agree with the state of civilisation (so far as it is proved by archaeology) in Northern Europe at the time to which he refers it (6000 years ago), or, indeed, any other time. There is no archaeological evidence that gold or copper was known there till about 3000 years later. No bones of either reindeer or geese have been there found among relics of the Stone Age, though the former have been found in France and Belgium. On the other hand, the bones of dogs, sheep, and horses, which Canon Taylor says "seem to have been as yet untamed," are found in abundance. This new discovery, if true, will revolutionise archaeology as well as philology.

F. H. WOODS.

Settlington, York: April 13, 1888.

It would have been more generous, if not more just, had Mr. Mayhew made some reference, however slight, to the prefatory note appended to my paper by the editor of the *Anthropological Journal*, which runs as follows: "It should be explained that the author, having been abroad while this paper was passing through the press, has not had an opportunity of revising the proof." This note is scarcely an adequate statement of the case. I was ordered abroad by my medical adviser at a

few days' notice, and was unable to complete, much less properly to revise, my manuscript. The first portion had been written out in a sort of way; but the philological part, to which Mr. Mayhew confines his remarks, existed to a great extent only in the form of rough notes. I expressly stipulated that the MS., as well as the proofs, should be sent to me in Egypt for revision. I heard nothing of them, and a letter of inquiry was left unanswered. Returning to England, after an absence of four months, I was aghast to find, not only that the inchoate and chaotic MS. had been printed as it stood, but that the type had been broken up, so that there was no opportunity of correcting glaring misprints, or of reconsidering comparisons which had been merely jotted down for future examination. Many, I may say most, of Mr. Mayhew's criticisms would have been forestalled if I had been afforded an opportunity of revising the rough draft of my paper. Not a few of Mr. Mayhew's points admit of argument; but it is not worth while to occupy the valuable space of the ACADEMY, as the whole of the comparisons to which he takes exception, and many more, are only *obiter dicta*, mere illustrations which might be struck out without affecting the argument, and enough would remain to establish a *prima facie* case for the primitive identity of the verbal roots in the Aryan and Finnic vocabularies.

Mr. Wood's anthropological objections apply chiefly to my summary of Penka's arguments in favour of a Scandinavian cradle for the Aryans, a solution which I definitely reject.

None of the objections affect, so far as I see, the real point at issue: Is there any other race, except the Finnic, out of which the Aryans could by any possibility have been developed? and do not the Northern Aryans, both from an anthropological and a linguistic point of view, approximate sufficiently to the Western Finns to raise a presumption in favour of such an origin? Till some other solution of the problem is suggested, I claim that my own may provisionally hold the ground.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. J. LOGAN LOBLEY, professor of physiography at the City of London College, has in the press a new volume on popular lines, called *Geology for All*. Messrs. Roper & Drowley will be the publishers.

THE last number of the *Mineralogical Magazine* contains a number of technical papers of much interest, including three short communications from Mr. L. Fletcher, the president of the society. Mr. J. J. H. Teall announces the discovery of delicate needle-like crystals of rutile, or oxide of titanium, in various clays. Some general questions concerning the origin and composition of clays are discussed by Mr. J. H. Collins, who publishes a large number of original analyses. While arguing against the formation of kaolin, or china-clay, from feldspathic minerals, on a large scale, by means of carbonic acid, he favours the well-known views of Von Buch and Daubrée, who long ago suggested the agency of various compounds containing fluorine. Such a mode of formation is rendered probable by the author's experiments on the artificial production of kaolin by the operation of hydro-fluoric acid on felspar.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

A BILINGUAL inscription, Phœnician and Greek, has recently been found at the Piræus, and is now in the museum of the Louvre. It is a honorific decree of the Phœnician community of the Piræus (ἡ κοινὴ τῶν Πειραιῶν), dated the fifteenth year of the people of Sidon

(i.e., 96 B.C.), and decreeing a golden crown to Shama'ba'al (= Diopetithes) for his services.

THE first part (*a-niſhe*) of Prof. Ascoli's long-looked for *Lexicon palaeo-hibernicum* has just appeared, together with the glosses on the Old-Irish codex of the Ambrosian Library, fo. 88^a—120^d.

THE new part of the *Journal* of the German Oriental Society contains two papers interesting even to mere Occidentalists—one, by Prof. Hübschmann, on the sagas and beliefs of the Ossetes; the other, by Prof. R. Roth, entitled "Wergeld im Veda."

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, April 9.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Dr. Clair J. Grece read a paper on "Heraclitus." After indicating the chronological position of Heraclitus, he pointed out that the pre-Socratic schools of philosophy had two local centres—Ionia and Lower Italy—and that the striving after unity in multiplicity, which is the source of science, sought in the former school its realisation in some material substance, and in the latter in an abstract or intellectual unity. The Italian school culminated in Zeno the Eleatic, and his dialectics against the reality of motion. Heraclitus's system was the polar antithesis to this Zenonic position, inasmuch as he made motion the principle of all things. Heraclitus was the prince of philosophers, he being the first to grasp this principle, and to develop its essence as a conflict of contraries. His manner of exposition, however, was inadequate and obscure, because, being the pioneer of the idea, no adequate expression existed ready made in language, which can be only the vehicle of ideas current at the time; and his effort was, by multiplying symbols for his idea, to eke out the incompleteness of each. The paper then dwelt upon the limits of the principle of contradiction. Valid for all from which motion, becoming, or genesis was abstracted, it was invalid for everything in movement or progress, that is, for all living realities. Movement involves a succession of phenomena, but an orderly not a rhapsodical succession. The pervading nexus is reason or causation, causality being the analogue in the region of the unconscious to reason in the sphere of consciousness, and *εἰς αὐτὴν* or necessity being common to both. Science is the translation into the region of consciousness or mind of the reason which exists in a latent state in the sphere of the unconscious or of things. The individual man is the seat of a continual interaction, physical and mental, between himself and nature; where this process is checked there is, upon the physical side, disease; upon the mental or moral side, error or immorality. The paper then made a leap of more than 2000 years to point out how the Zenonic dialectics reappeared in the antinomies of Kant to be again solved by Hegel, the Heraclitus of modern philosophy.—The paper was followed by a discussion.

NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Friday, April 13.)

THE REV. W. A. HARRISON in the chair.—A paper, entitled "Baconmania," was read by Mr. Lawrence G. Holland, who began by saying that the general interest taken in the present Bacon-Shakespeare controversy must be his best excuse for treating the subject at length. He had been induced to write the following paper with a view of summarising the chief objections to the Baconian theories as propounded by Mr. Donnelly and others previously, from observing how many practical persons, with an ordinary amount of commonsense, were complacently prepared to take in this new sensation and believe there was something in it. Historical facts cannot be too often repeated when fiction and fancy have such an extraordinary licence and attraction. Shakespearians could not compete in originality with their opponents; but must wait for the discovery of a Shakesperian cipher running through *The Advancement of Learning*, or any other literary firework to satisfy the craving for some new thing. So much for the cipher history as had been given us in the

Nineteenth Century magazine in 1886, and in the *Daily Telegraph* of last December, struck him as overshooting the mark of telling too much—like a too willing witness—awaking our distrust by its too precise details, rather than convincing us by its fullness. Against the farrago of nonsense, elaborated out of the cipher secret history, we had to oppose facts and commonsense. He would endeavour to prove that the whole cryptogram theory was (1) technically impossible, (2) historically incompatible, (3) intrinsically (from the evidence of both author's writings) incredible. He ridiculed the conclusions of the Bacon Society on the question, and indignantly repudiated Prof. Davidson's "endorsement" of Mr. Donnelly's attack on Shakspeare's moral character. If Bacon bribed Shakspeare to keep quiet as to the real authorship, was not the briber as guilty as the bribed? All that was known of Shakspeare was that he was a most respectable citizen, while the stories to his discredit rested on nothing but hearsay and gossip. However, he could not see what the professor's endorsement of "moral" character had got to do with it. Was immorality incompatible with play-writing, or morality essential to ciphering? First, these technical objections had been made to the cryptogram. That, if inserted by Bacon, it must have been placed in the MS. Now the 1623 folio being full of errors, transpositions, and omissions, how can it be possible to count accurately from one given word to another? The reader instanced some lines in "Romeo and Juliet," of a hopeless mixture of Romeo's and the Friar's speeches in the next scene. It had also been remarked that Mr. Donnelly assumes the cipher-writer to have seen the proofs (now the vile printing of the folio is sufficient evidence to the contrary). But at that period no one but the printer saw the proofs, and if so, Bacon must have been the printer, which has not yet been assumed. Mr. Marshall has authoritatively stated that the folio does not differ in the way of italicising, hyphenation, &c., from scores of books at that time. The weakness of the case is shown by Mr. Donnelly's attempt to reconcile the differences between the quartos and the folios by saying Bacon wrote the plays originally on sheets for a prospective folio, and cut out here and there or inserted a page, to disguise his cipher. Now the first quarto with Shakspeare's name on was brought out in 1598. Truly a far-seeing "prospective" view to a folio twenty-five years afterwards! Then, historically, the secret history did not tally with facts. "The stampede of the players and search for Shakspeare by poets from Elizabeth during the Essex revolt." Why, that time was the zenith of the company's prosperity! Shakspeare's company was continually acting before the court, or when he was absent from London he was openly buying up titles and settling his earnings in Stratford; and, moreover, in proof that the players did not lose the Queen's favour from the performance of "Richard II." in the streets, as ordered by the Essex conspirators, they were playing before Her Majesty on the eve of Essex's execution, February 7, 1601. The assumption of the Baconians rests on nothing but suggestion and inference, not a shred of contemporary evidence. They set up an imaginary Shakspeare, "an illiterate immoral butcher's son," and then proceeded to knock him down as incompetent to write the plays. And as to proof against Bacon being the author, we have only to look at what he was known to be employed on in 1623. Why, in recasting *The Advancement of Learning* in Latin. His one idea was that Latin was the permanent language of literature. He writes: "For these modern languages will at one time play the bankrupt with books; and since I have lost much time with this age, I would be glad if God would give me leave to recover it with posterity." Hence he left his name to "foreign nations," and not "after some time" which, as Sir Theodore Martin has shown, does not exist in Bacon's mystic will, on which Mr. Donnelly relies as pointing to his cryptogram. The reader said the Baconians were unfortunate in their choice of plays to ascribe to their idol. "Richard II." was mentioned; "Henry IV." with its undisguised Warwickshire names and allusions; "Love's Labour's Lost," with its humorous country characters of schoolmaster, person, Dull, and Costard; and "Troilus and Cressida," with its hopeless anachronisms of Trojan heroes talking like Elizabethans, and its

very pointed allusions to the actor and his art. In fact, when Dr. Theobald discovers a Latin epigram disguised in the princess's speech in "Love's Labour's Lost," and that "out of question" means Bacon, because he often uses that phrase for "certainly," they must be hard pushed for analogies. In fact, while Bacon was translating his English into Latin, they would make out that he was masking his Latin in English. That he wrote some masques is one of the most convincing arguments against his writing the plays. His masques are tedious and turgid specimens of affectation. Shakspeare's name does not occur as author of any of the obsequious, fanciful masques that met Queen Elizabeth and King James on every turn in their numerous progresses. Where Shakspeare has introduced them in his plays, they seem to have been mere interpolations from the weakest authors of such fashions of the time. Far closer analogies could be shown, identity of thought, phrase, and expressions in the poems, as yet unchallenged by the Baconians, and in the disputed dramas, than any quoted by Mr. W. H. Smith and other Baconian discoverers. The writer proceeded to compare these at some length; and asserted, on Dean Church's authority, that the two things Bacon lacked in his writings were "fitness and melody," in obvious contrast to the happy wit of the dramatist or the poetic beauty compressed in the sonnets. They were a priceless heirloom, and surely it was more difficult to trace the prosperous, practical burgher of Stratford in the passionate and despondent sonneteer, which is undisputed, than in the close observer of nature and character of the dramatist. Love, again, was a passion that Bacon utterly failed to understand. His cold uncongenial matter-of-fact mind could not appreciate it. "Love was as foreign to his nature as lyrical poetry" (Kuno Fischer)—and could he have written "Romeo and Juliet"? To quote Ben Jonson as not appreciating Shakspeare, as Mr. Donnelly does, is simply puerile, as we all know he stamped the folio 1623 with warm approval in his well-known lines. The notion that Shakspeare was not appreciated by his contemporaries has been long ago exploded, and very remarkable evidence to the estimation in which he was regarded is to be found in the praises both of his poems and his dramas in *The Return to Parnassus*, lately re-edited by Mr. MacOray. To doubt the players' preface seems almost sacrilege, as they were carrying out their sacred trust to a dead friend, against their own pecuniary interest in the valuable copyright of the plays. Shakspeare had named them in his will for legacies as trustees, and their own frank words bear the impress of truth. To suppose they were acting a deliberate lie, or to have been under such a gross delusion as transmitting to posterity the secret works of Bacon under the cover of Shakspeare's name, is an impossibility. No one was more careful of his own writings than Bacon, ever revising and correcting, just as no one had a stronger belief in his own powers, and vanity or ambition to be the foremost man of his time; while Shakspeare was apparently content to gain the local esteem of his fellows, and, though very careful of his name not being traded on to father spurious works, left the compilation of his writings till too late for personal revision. Not looking upon himself as a great founder or revolutionist in literature, he dies in simple trust on that "divinity which shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will." Contrast the discontented retirement of Bacon, ever striving to get back to court favour, with the calm retirement of Shakspeare, with his purpose achieved and his ends gained—enjoying the fruits of his labours. Bacon was engaged, in his own words, in "experimental philosophy" at Twickenham, not in play writing or ciphering. He says he had "no time for fulfilling his great purpose of a compilation of the laws of England." We may emphatically repudiate the whole theory of his authorship of the plays, in the words of one of the most profound Bacon scholars of the day (Dean Church). "Bacon could no more have written the plays than Shakspeare could have prophesied the triumphs of natural philosophy."—The chairman, after remarking on the difficulty in discussing a theory so improbable, and so far apart from ordinary rules of evidence, gave a short history of the rise and progress of this mania, of which the first public exponent might be said to be Miss Kitty

Olive, in Drury Lane Theatre, on October 31, 1779. He noticed that these theories were all agreed in beginning with a fabulous account of Shakspeare's early life. He disproved, by quoting instances of many famous public men of the day who were also dramatic authors, the idea that Bacon feared that the publication of his authorship of plays would be a bar to his advancement. As to the famous Aristotle quotation, Bacon was about the last person to commit such an enormous anachronism as to make Hector quote Aristotle.—Dr. F. J. Furnivall had been inclined to share the opinion of certain distinguished literary men whom he had written to on the subject, that such a craze should be passed by in absolute silence, and that it was insulting an audience to bring it before them. But seeing how the stupidity had spread, and how, as Mr. Holland said, many practical and commonsense people appeared to be quite prepared to receive it, he felt obliged to him for bringing the matter forward in his paper. It was owing to the great and pervading ignorance of Shakspeare that such ideas found acceptance, none of these people being able to see that in Shakspeare's works there is a strong individuality revealed, quite the opposite of what is found in Bacon's works. But as some people were colour-blind, so some were character-blind, and it was from such, doubtless, that this theory found support. Had they studied their Shakspeare in the only right way, in the chronological order of his works, and seen how the man grew under their eyes, his small beginnings, the poverty of material in his early plays, its gradual increase, and the progress of his art, they would have found themselves at last in the presence of a distinct individualism, henceforth indestructible for them. But one must trust to the progress of education and knowledge. Some years hence such a craze will be impossible.

FINE ART.

Early Christian Art in Ireland. By Margaret Stokes. (Chapman & Hall.)

A soon popular account of Early Christian Art in Ireland was unquestionably needed, and Miss Stokes has supplied the want in a manner which deserves the highest praise. The 200 pages of a "South Kensington Handbook" afford but narrow space in which to deal with so extensive a subject; but notwithstanding the small size of the volume a careful reader will find it possible to obtain from it an excellent idea of what was achieved by Irishmen down to the thirteenth century in the allied arts of illumination, metal-work, monumental sculpture, and architecture, and will, moreover, know where to look for more detailed information respecting each of these branches of the subject. Hitherto the materials for the study of early Irish art have been accessible only by consulting many books, and a general view of the entire field has not been easy to obtain; and the subject is one in which a comprehensive mode of study is more essential than in most others connected with the archaeology of art. The same elements of decorative design which are characteristic of the work of Irish workers in metal are found also in the illuminations of Irish MSS., and again in Irish monumental sculpture. The three arts appear to have influenced each other throughout the whole course of their history, features of ornamentation which were originally due to the mechanical conditions of one branch of art having been copied and modified by the artists who worked in different materials; so that it is impossible adequately to understand the development of any one of the three without a close comparative study of the other two. It is quite possible that this handbook, unpretending as it is, may not only fulfil its

intended purpose of rendering the outlines of its subject familiar to the general public, but may even contribute in a considerable degree to the settlement of some of the questions still in dispute among archaeologists. Probably most persons who have worked at any branch of historical science will acknowledge that the true significance of facts long well known has sometimes first revealed itself to them when they saw them presented side by side in some brief popular epitome.

A large portion of the interest of the volume is due to the beautiful illustrations, of which there are more than a hundred. Eleven of the woodcuts are taken from Dr. Anderson's *Scotland in Early Christian Times*; and it is high praise to say that those drawn originally for the work are not inferior to these in excellence of execution.

Miss Stokes has for the most part wisely confined herself to the statement of ascertained facts, and has but little to say on controverted questions. She is probably right in maintaining that the so-called "trumpet pattern" has a better claim than any other feature of Irish decorative design to be considered as of native Celtic origin. On the other hand, the statement that the use of interlaced patterns and zoomorphic ornament is due to foreign and Christian influence may perhaps be too sweeping. Thoroughly trustworthy conclusions on this point can scarcely be reached except by an exhaustive comparison of individual forms of Irish decoration with those found in Continental art. With regard to the dates to be assigned to the Irish monumental sculptures, the writer follows those authorities who assign the earliest of the "high crosses" to the tenth century. The grounds upon which this conclusion is based appear to be satisfactory; but Miss Stokes goes on to draw a further inference which it is not easy to accept. She says:

"The evidence for the age of the Irish inscribed crosses being such as we have stated, they may be considered as giving a key to that of monuments in Scotland and the North of England which exhibit sculpture of a similar character; and we are therefore inclined to question the very early dates that have been assigned to such examples as the stone crosses at Alnmouth, Lancaster, Collingham, York, Hartlepool, Bewcastle, and Ruthwell, which have been attributed by Stephens to the years 600, 651, 670, 680, some of which have Runic inscriptions."

As eleventh-century monuments these crosses of Ruthwell and Bewcastle would fall naturally into their place in the development of the arts of sculpture and design during this period, while as seventh-century monuments they are abnormal and exceptional. The reader has only to compare the beautiful art and good drawing of the scrolls and figures on the Ruthwell Cross with the rude outlines and letters on the coffin of St. Outhbert—a work which all authorities allow to be of the seventh century—to realise how unlikely it is that they could be contemporaneous.

Miss Stokes seems to have overlooked the fact that the Bewcastle obelisk is a dated monument. The Runic inscription states that it was raised "in the first year of Eogfrith, king of this kingdom"—i.e., A.D. 670—in memory of Alehfrith,* the son of Oswiu; and

* I should be glad to know from any person skilled in Runic, who has seen the monument, whether it is at all possible that the characters usually read EAN KYNING may be read as EANLENDING.

it contains, also, the names of historically known contemporary persons, Cyneburh the wife of Alehfrith, and her brother Wulfhere, king of the Mercians. To maintain that this inscription is a forgery of the eleventh century would surely be preposterous. The Collingham monument contains the name of a King Onswini, who can scarcely be anyone else than the "Oswinus" of Beda, murdered in 651. It must be acknowledged that there is no similar evidence bearing on the date of the Ruthwell Cross. But the close resemblance in the style of art between this monument and that at Bewcastle seems inconsistent with the theory that they are several centuries apart in date. From the philological point of view, also, it is difficult to suppose that the Northumbrian dialect of the Ruthwell inscription is not considerably earlier than that of the gloss on the Lindisfarne Gospels, which is believed to have been written about A.D. 950. The argument from comparison with St. Cuthbert's coffin does not appear to be of great force. There is no reason to suppose that the number of artists capable of producing work like that of the Ruthwell cross was large; and it is quite conceivable that, however anxious the monks of Lindisfarne may have been to do honour to the remains of their master, they may have chosen to employ the services of some member of their own community in preference to importing a more skilful workman from a distant part of the kingdom. The monument of Bishop Trumbercht at Yarm—certainly a seventh-century work—is, indeed, of far ruder character than the Ruthwell cross, and in style has little in common with it; but it may be noted that its ornamentation includes both interlacings and spirals, though in neither case precisely of the Irish type.

One of the arguments used by Miss Stokes to prove the late date of the Ruthwell cross seems, when considered alone, to have a good deal of weight. She points out that the delineation of subjects of sacred legend on this monument agrees with the instructions contained in the eleventh-century manual which served as a guide to subsequent Byzantine painters. To estimate the precise value of this reasoning, it would be necessary to know how far the directions given in the work referred to embody the traditions already acknowledged by Eastern artists of preceding centuries. I must leave this question to be dealt with by those who are better acquainted with the history of Byzantine art; but the reasons for assigning the Ruthwell monument to the eighth century at latest appear to me to be of such force as to necessitate some other interpretation of the facts than that which Miss Stokes advocates.

The chapter on "Building and Architecture" is of great interest, especially as the subject is popularly much less known than those of the other chapters. Probably few persons, except special students of architecture, have any acquaintance with the remarkable specimens of Irish Romanesque which are here figured. The history of the art of building in Ireland is briefly sketched from the pre-Christian age to the thirteenth century. With regard to the famous round towers, Miss Stokes very lucidly states the evidence in favour of the theory that regards these structures as survivals of a type that

was at one time widely prevalent throughout Continental Europe.

Appended to the volume is a carefully-compiled chronological table of those monuments of Irish art in all departments which admit of being approximately dated; and each division of the work is accompanied by a list of books and articles from which the reader may obtain further information on the special subject treated of.

HENRY BRADLEY.

MASPERO ON THE EGYPTIAN HIERARCHY.

HAVING lectured last year at the Collège de France on the social fabric of Ancient Egypt, Prof. Maspero is about to follow up the subject by contributing an important paper on "The Egyptian Hierarchy" to the *Journal Asiatique*. For a sight of the first proof of this paper, and for permission to place a sketch of its contents before readers of the ACADEMY, I am indebted to the kindness of the author.

The lecture and the article are based upon a papyrus originally in the Hood collection, and now the property of the British Museum. This document consists of two sheets of papyrus, the first containing sixteen, and the second seventeen, lines of cursive hieratic writing, so full of abbreviations, and so largely interspersed with demotic forms, that many parts need only to be transcribed upon a small scale in order to come under the head of demotic MSS. It purports to be written by "The Scribe of the Sacred Books of the double Treasure-House, Amenemaph, son of Amenemaph"; and it is referred by Prof. Maspero to that somewhat obscure period which lies between the XXist and XXVith Dynasties. The MS. is complete, for there is a large space of blank papyrus at the end; but the work is a fragment breaking off abruptly at the bottom of the second page.

Oriental works are famous for long and bombastic titles; but this is more than commonly pretentious:

"Commencement of Instructions for making known to the ignorant as well as to the learned all that Ptah hath created and all that Thoth hath recorded, the Heavens and the Stars, the Earth and all that it contains, the Springs, the Mountains, the Inundation, the Great Waters, as also the things which are under the canopy of Ra, and all the Hierarchy which is established in the world."

Beginning with a catalogue of celestial bodies and phenomena, as the sun, moon, planets, light, darkness, &c., and thence passing on to things of this world, as rivers, lakes, reservoirs, islands, plains, plateaux, hills, sands, cultivated and uncultivated lands, and the like, our scribe ends with what may be described as the earliest Table of Precedency known to science. This list (which begins with the God, the Spirit, the King and the royal family, and ends with the Shoemaker) is so curious and so novel, being now published and translated for the first time, that I give it in its entirety:

"God. Goddess. Male Spirit. Female Spirit. King regnant. Royal Wife. Mother of the King-God. Royal Children. Prince. Count. Sole Friend. King's Son. Eldest Son. Commanders-in-Chief of the body-guard. Secretaries of the House, the powerful Bull [i.e., the Pharaoh]. Grand Masters of the Household of the Good God [i.e., the Pharaoh]. First Royal Herald of His Majesty. Fan-bearers at the right hand of the King. Directors of the works of the Lord of the Two Worlds [i.e., the Pharaoh]. Officers of the Palace of the Victorious King. Masters [of the Ceremonies] of the Audience Chamber of their Lord. Royal Scribes of all the Stores in the Royal Palace.

"Counts nomarchs. Scribes of the Militia. Lieutenant of Militia. Officers of the Double White

House of Silver and Gold [i.e., the Treasury]. King's Messengers to foreign countries. Superintendents of oxen. Superintendents of the King's slaves. Superintendents of horses. Lieutenants of war-chariots. Drivers [of war-chariots]. Fighting men [of war-chariots]. Parasol-bearers. Chiefs of the Scribes of the Table of all the Gods. Officers of the Prophets of the South and the North. Commandants of towns and boroughs. Superintendents. Chiefs of the *serais* of the King's workmen.

"Chiefs of the Experts of the Royal Palace. Chiefs of the whole land. Lieutenants of the Superintendents of the Seal of the Marine Customs. Superintendents of the Provinces of Syria and Ethiopia. Scribes of the Direct Taxation. Scribes of the Register. Superintendents of the Canals of the Lower Provinces. Collectors of taxes of the whole land. Majordomos of the Kings of Egypt. Chiefs of the Scribes of the Rolls of the Supreme Court. Chiefs of the Guardians of the Registers of the Marine Customs.

"Scribe in office of the Horus [i.e., the Pharaoh]. Scribe of the Double White House [i.e., the Royal Palace], skilled in his duties, acting for the King of Lower Egypt. First Prophet of Amen in Thebes. High-Priest of Ra and Tum. Chief of the work of Kisanbouf, servant of Neferho [titles of the High Priest of Memphis]. Superintendent of the Double Granaries of the South and the North. The King's butchers in his palace. Superintendents of the interior of the royal palace. Superintendents of the Pantry of the Lord of the Two Worlds [i.e., the Pharaoh]. Scribes of the goods of all the Gods. Prophets. Holy Fathers. Priests. Officiating clergy. Scribes of the Temple. Scribes of the Books of the God. Chapel-masters of the Hypostyle Hall. Guardians [of the Temple]. Bearers of Offerings. Shrine-bearers. Officials charged with making green the path of the God. Soldiers [of the Temple]. Slaughtermen. Servants of the Sacred Boat. Bakers of rolls. Bakers of puff-cakes. Biscuit-bakers. Bakers of cakes for [burning on] the altar. Bakers [in general]. Makers of incense-pistils. Cake-makers. Makers of preserves. Preservers of dates. Makers of wreaths and bouquets. Milk-carriers. Carpenters. Engravers. Stone-cutters. Sculptors. Blacksmiths. Goldsmiths. Chasers. Porters. The King's Shoemakers. Makers of . . ."

Here the document breaks off; but we have evidently a list of nearly the whole staff of the Temple service, as of the Royal Household; and, however interesting it might have been to trace the further grades of the social scale, especially in what related to the agricultural classes, we may, at all events, be content that the most important part of this curious catalogue has been preserved.

Barren as it is—a mere enumeration of titles and offices—this antique table of precedence furnishes Prof. Maspero with the text for a very valuable and interesting historical treatise. One by one, from the Pharaoh to the shoemaker, he reviews this quaint procession of bygone personages, analyses their titles and functions, and reconstructs the entire fabric of society as represented in Egypt by the court and the priesthood some 2800 years ago. Want of space forbids me to do more than note a few out of the many instances in which Prof. Maspero throws a new light upon old familiar titles and long-accepted interpretations. Of "Ropait" or "Ropat" (otherwise "Repa" or "Erpa"), signifying hereditary prince of a nome and head of a clan, he suggests that it is a title of higher antiquity than "Suten" or king—a fact which he considers proved by the protocol of Seb, the very ancient earth-god, who is described as "Ropa Nuteriu," prince of the gods, whereas Amen of Thebes is described as "Suten Nuteriu." Now, without affirming that Seb is more ancient than Amen, it is certain that, like all deities of cosmogonies, he belongs to one of the earliest forms of the Egyptian religion; and, if he is styled "Ropa" or "Erpa," it is because that title was the highest dignity belonging to that remote epoch.

It points, in fact, to the prehistoric period, when Egypt was governed by independent chiefs before the advent of Menes. Amen, on the other hand, did not rise to importance till historic times, when the monarchy was established, and "Suten" (king) was the first title in the land. In each case, the sovereignty of the god over all other gods was naturally indicated by the word which signified the sovereignty of one man over all other men. Again, the well-known title of "Merket," or, as Prof. Maspero writes it, "Miron Katou," does not mean "royal architect," as hitherto supposed, but a person charged with the direction of all or any of the king's works, whether of architecture, engineering, boat-building, quarrying, mining, or the like. Turning to a less elevated functionary, the title of "the Superintendent of the Double White House of Silver and Gold" gives rise to one of those interesting illustrations of the survival of ancient customs which appeal so forcibly to the imagination of all who know modern Egypt.

"This designation of the 'double house' is in no wise surprising as regards Egypt," writes Prof. Maspero. "The division of the country into two kingdoms, that of the North and that of the South, is everywhere present. The Pharaoh himself is described as 'the Great of the Double House,' and all that related to his service was double. There were double granaries to contain the corn of the South and the corn of the North, double white houses, &c. Each nome had at least one of these double granaries, and one of these double houses, or government buildings. The epithet 'white,' which we find applied to them, is readily apprehended by those who have seen the Egypt of our own day. In every little town and village of Upper Egypt, the private houses built of crude brick are either not plastered at all, or are coated with a mud-wash of a yellowish-black hue; while, on the other hand, all houses belonging to the public service, or occupied by government agents, are whitened outside with lime-wash. Except, in fact, the post-office, the police-office, and the excise-office, the houses of Europeans, or of very rich natives (who are for the most part attached to the Civil Service), are the only buildings white-washed. It was the same in the olden time; and the 'Double-house' of the Scribes of the Treasury, which was probably the only one coated with white amid the dark-walled huts by which it was surrounded, owed its name of the 'Double White House' to this circumstance."

In some instances, not merely a custom, but a name, with its ancient meaning unchanged, survives to this day. The "double granaries," in which the corn of the South and the corn of the North was stored, were called in Egyptian *shunit*, and a granary is *shunch* in the vernacular of the modern Arab. "The Superintendent of the Scribes of the Table of all the Gods" is a high-sounding title, which pertained to a very responsible office. The service of the table of the gods meant literally the offerings made to all the gods worshipped in a certain nome, and consequently in all the temples of that nome. These offerings were of two kinds—namely, those which were irregular and voluntary, and those which were founded by solemn contract, being the donations of kings and nobles. The former were casual gifts presented by private persons; the latter consisted of lands, slaves, flocks and herds, tithe-charges and the like. Hence the service of the table of the gods gave employment to a vast number of scribes, whose duty it was to register, value, and divide this mass of offerings; and to each nome there was appointed a superintendent of these officials.

I have quoted but three or four of Prof. Maspero's valuable commentaries on the titles enumerated in the hierarchal list of the Scribe Amenemaph. Of these titles there are upwards of ninety, and there is scarcely one among the ninety of which he has not something new and interesting to say.

AMELIA B. EDWARDS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

A POPULAR handbook to the National Gallery has been compiled by Mr. E. T. Cook, who has for several years edited the little catalogue in connexion with Mr. Barnett's Whitechapel exhibitions. Mr. Cook has obtained permission to incorporate the notices of pictures in the gallery scattered throughout Mr. Ruskin's writings; and Mr. Ruskin has also contributed a preface. The handbook will be published next month by Messrs. Macmillan.

THE *Magazine of Art* for May will be notable for giving an account of the exhibition of the Royal Academy, before its doors are opened to the public. It is written by the editor, and will be illustrated from Sir F. Leighton's original studies for his picture of Andromache. Among the other articles will be Prof. A. H. Church's report on "Light and Water-Colours"; "J. J. Henner," by Mr. Wedmore, with five engravings; "The English School in Peril": a reply by Mr. George Clausen to Sir James Linton and M. Cheneau; and "Christie's," by Mr. M. H. Spielmann. The illustrations will include an etching by Mr. Dobie, after Mr. Langley's picture, "Betrayed"; and a full-page engraving of Mr. Watts's new portrait of Sir F. Leighton.

MESSRS. CASSELL will also publish later next month, as an extra number of the *Magazine of Art*, a permanent illustrated record of the principal pictures and sculpture exhibited at Burlington House, entitled "Royal Academy Pictures, 1888." On the list of those who have permitted their work to be reproduced we notice most of the most popular artists, excepting Sir J. E. Millais, Mr. Orchardson, and Mr. Alma Tadema.

THOUGH Mr. Alfred East's contributions to the Duchy of Cornwall show, at the Fine Art Society's, are individual and interesting, he devotes to the greater exhibitions his more important landscape; and we may fairly hope that he will be represented well at no less than three chief galleries—the Academy, the Grosvenor, and the New Gallery. The scenes of Mr. East's work will be found to be laid both in Scotland and in the West Country; and, from what we have seen, it is clear that that element of always poetic realism which has distinguished him heretofore will not fail to be perceptible in his latest labours.

MR. AUBREY HUNT will have one very striking work at the Grosvenor Gallery. It will go far to popularise a painter whom the critical have for some time delighted to accept. This picture is entitled "The Last Boat Up." It shows an effect of evening at Greenwich; the scene, near the Hospital and on the little quay, all hurry and bustle; the town-bound steamer from Woolwich will be off in a moment. The artificial lights, white and red, on mast and quay, tell sharply against the quiet, roseate grey of the evening sky. This is unquestionably a remarkable "impression."

THE Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, and the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours, both hold their private view to-day (Saturday), and open to the public next week.

ON Tuesday next, April 24, Mr. Thomas R. Macquoid will have on view at Nevcrn House, Nevcrn Square, Earl's Court, an exhibition of water-colour and black and white drawings, and also some sketches and studies in oils. The exhibition will only remain open for a week.

PROF. SIR CHARLES NEWTON is delivering a course of six lectures at University College, Gower Street, on "The Greek and Roman Stage." The time is Fridays, at 4 p.m., begin-

ning on April 20, when the introductory lecture is free to all.

MR. J. WILLIS CLARK has undertaken to assist the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, and to augment its funds, by delivering a lecture, at the South Kensington Museum, on Saturday next, April 28, at 3 p.m., on "Collegiate Architecture at Cambridge: its Origin, Development, and Mutilation," illustrated by drawings and diagrams.

ON Wednesday of next week Messrs. Sotheby will begin the sale, which will continue for nine days in all, of the second and concluding portion of the unrivalled collection of mezzotint engravings, formed by Mr. John Chaloncr Smith for his *British Mezzotint Portraits Described*. As before, the catalogue is arranged alphabetically according to the names of the engravers, and also gives a list of the personages. Omitted from the first sale are some rare examples of Ludwig Von Siegen and Prince Rupert. Under the circumstances, it is painful to add that Messrs. Sotheby also announce for sale the remaining copies of Mr. Chaloncr Smith's book at a greatly reduced price.

DR. SCHLIEMANN has been up the Nile as far as the second cataract at Wady Halfa, in company with Dr. Virchow, and seen all the chief monuments of Egypt and Nubia. The journey was made amid repeated danger of attacks from native insurgents, under the leadership of dervishes. The last letter of Dr. Schliemann came from Thebes, when he was on the point of starting for Abydos for a few days, and then exploring the Fayum. The heat had risen to 38° C. in the shade.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

WE breathe again freely. And that not so much because Mr. Irving is once more among us—a thing to be glad of, nevertheless. Not so much because Miss Ellen Terry is here again, in excellent health—also a satisfactory matter. The particular burden lifted from the future of the London playgoer consists in the fact that in the Lyceum programme, as Mr. Irving announced it on Saturday night, not one word was said about "Werner." "Werner," it would seem, is no longer hanging over us. We received it with respect—at all events, with courtesy—when Mr. Irving chose to revive it on the occasion of the benefit of the most distinguished of our elder dramatists. Indeed, the experiment was interesting. But once was enough; and it is very gratifying to hear that, after "Faust" has gone on but a little longer, Mr. Irving will appear as Robert Macaire, and Miss Terry in a piece of poetic intention—the "Amber Heart"—in which it is perfectly true to say that she made a great impression at the *matinée* at which it was first produced. Still better news is it to be informed that, not later than next October, we may expect that revival of "Macbeth" which the wiser admirers of Mr. Irving—those who recognised his force and individuality in that character even a dozen years ago—have long been looking forward to.

THE play called "Dorothy Grey," which Miss Hawthorne produced at a *matinée* at the Princess's early last week, and which we had an opportunity of seeing at Brighton on Thursday, is a fine old crust'd melodrama, decanted for present use by Mr. Nesbit. Though the materials are old, the piece is really not badly put together. Originality is lacking to the conception of the characters, and literary art to the dialogue; but a certain measure of interest is aroused in the story. Furthermore, the piece, in many of its passages, was extremely well acted. In the character of the heroine—a

hardly-used young woman—Miss Hawthorne herself found a part giving her, perhaps, greater opportunities than any of which, upon the English stage, she has hitherto possessed herself. And, though in her performance conventional methods were now and then apparent, there was an element of unforced pathos visible in the best scenes. Much in the piece that might have caused a wholly conventional actress to rant was made the occasion by Miss Hawthorne for successful resistance to temptation, and for a more or less artistic temperance. Again, there was at least one opportunity, which the actress utilised, of showing that she could deliver a long *récit* with judgment and variety. The characters of the sympathetic and the unsympathetic lovers are drawn with little definiteness. Mr. Abingdon has somehow less opportunity than Mr. Frederick Harrison—the unsympathetic one, the "snake in the grass" (to adopt the diction of the playwright); and certainly Mr. Harrison, with an excellent and well-managed voice, and a method already incisive and individual, must by this performance have roused the expectations of the critical observer. Miss Maud Milton, who likewise appeared in the piece, is not only a handsome and exceedingly well-arrayed young woman, but a good deal of an artist to boot. And Miss Cicely Richards lends her distinctly sympathetic personality to a part in itself by no means significant.

MUSIO.

MUSIC BOOKS.

Ferdinand David und die Familie Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Von J. Eckardt. (Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot.) The lives of all who attain eminence are worth studying; but time is short, and public attention must, for the most part, be fixed on those alone who have reached the highest round of the ladder. Ferdinand David was a distinguished violin player and teacher; the pupil of Spohr, and the master of Joachim. His successes as a *virtuoso* scarcely interest the present generation. His earnest and exemplary life, though it may teach many a profitable lesson, has no special romance about it; but as the life-long friend of Mendelssohn he claims our notice.

It is the Mendelssohn family, rather than Ferdinand David, that constitutes the real subject of the volume before us. The letters of Mendelssohn, of his mother, and of his sister, are the chief matter; the events in the life of David are subordinate. Mendelssohn and David were born in the same house in Hamburg; the former in 1809, the latter in 1810. David, after enjoying two years' study under Spohr and Hauptmann (1823-4), returned to his native city. But he soon started on a concert tour with his gifted sister Louise (afterwards Frau Dulchen). At Leipzig he was introduced to the Mendelssohn family—the parents on both sides being old acquaintances. In 1826 the young David writes from Hamburg to the young Mendelssohn asking his advice about settling in Berlin. Mendelssohn's answer, which is here given, shows that on the shoulders of a boy he carried the head of a man. Herr Eckardt rightly describes it as wonderful and characteristic. David went for a short time to Berlin; but in 1829 he entered the house of a nobleman at Dorpat in Russia, where he remained for six years. A long and friendly letter of Mendelssohn's, dated 1830, is given, in which he sends a budget of home news and asks for Dorpat news in return. In 1832 Mendelssohn's sister Rebecca writes to David, and the mother Lea adds a long postscript; from both we learn how proud they were of young Felix. His travels and his compositions are the chief points

touched upon. In a letter of 1833 the mother writes that Felix's talent as a composer is only beginning to be recognised, but that as a player he is universally praised. This reminds her of a criticism on Beethoven in the *Leipzig Musikalische Zeitung* of 1805, in which his music was found fault with. "As a composer," said the writer, "Beethoven will do nothing, but he is a first-rate pianist." In 1836 Mendelssohn became conductor of the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipzig; and through his influence David obtained the post of leader of the band (*Concertmeister*), which he kept until his death in 1873. A letter from Mendelssohn, in reference to this matter, shows how zealous he was on behalf of his friends. There are some charming letters or extracts from Lea Mendelssohn to David. She writes to him in an affectionate strain as to one of her own children. The one in which she regrets not being able to attend the Düsseldorf festival in 1836 is as practical as it is pathetic, and through it runs a refreshing vein of humour. The festival itself has been graphically described by Fanny Hensel in a letter published in the *Mendelssohn Family*. In 1838 Mendelssohn writes to David that he has in his mind a violin concerto, which he intends to write out for him. "If that be true," answers David, "I will practice it so as to make the angels in Heaven rejoice." David came to England in 1839 and again in 1841. Herr Echardt gives some long and very interesting letters from David to Mendelssohn, in which we are favoured with a peep at musical life in London at that time. What should we say now to a performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony with the recitative in second part played by a single double-bass, organ used in the "stürzet nieder Millionen," and many changes made in the vocal parts! Yet that, according to David, is how the work was given at the Philharmonic Society under Moscheles' direction in 1841.

In 1841 Mendelssohn went to Berlin, and thenceforward a constant correspondence was kept up between the two friends. The letters on both sides are extremely friendly. Mendelssohn gives, among other things, a long description of the preparation for the performance of "Antigone" at Potsdam, and of the performance itself. At the beginning of the year 1842, he heard Liszt play pieces by Bach, Handel, and Beethoven, "in such an untidy and unintelligent way that he would have much rather had them interpreted by an ordinary player." This agrees with what competent critics have said about Liszt being most unequal in his playing. He was not always in good form. In one letter David gives an amusing account of an evening at Schumann's house. He arrived too late for the music, but not for the wine, the cigars, and the dancing, in which Schumann himself took part. In 1844 Mendelssohn writes a long letter about his Violin Concerto, asking David's advice about passages in the *cadenza* of the first movement, and about the *adagio*. He originally intended the theme to be accompanied *pizzicato*; and, in a later letter, he thanks David for his suggestions and alterations, which he gratefully accepts.

Towards the end of the volume there are some interesting letters from Schumann to David, and a characteristic one from Liszt, after the *fiasco* of his "Mazeppa" at the Gewandhaus in 1857.

A translation into English of Herr Eckardt's book would be welcome to many.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

DVORAK'S Symphony in F major (No. 3, Op. 78) was given for the first time in England at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday week, under

Mr. Manns' direction. The late *opus* number is misleading, for the work was written in 1875. The opening Allegro is interesting, but lacks homogeneity; the principal theme is not of sufficient importance, and the working-out section appears laboured. The Andante is Mendelssohnian in character. The Allegro *scherzando* is lively but not particularly original. In the finale the composer appears in his true colours, and the movement is remarkable for vigour and wildness. The work was admirably performed, and much applauded. Herr Hans Wessely, from Vienna, played an uninteresting Spohr Concerto. He has very good technique. Mme. Valleria sang "Elsa's Dream," but the band parts were apparently not in the best order. The programme commenced with the "Oberon," and concluded with the "Tannhäuser" overture.

BERLIOZ's "Faust" was given for the first time at the Crystal Palace last Saturday. It is strange that Mr. Manns, who has always found Berlioz such an attraction, should only now have included this work in his *répertoire*. Mme. Nordica was the Marguerite, and Mr. B. Foote the Mephistopheles. Mr. Lloyd was unable to sing, and at the last moment Mr. Banks was engaged, who interpreted his part in an artistic manner. The orchestra was of course able to do justice to the instrumental music, but the Crystal Palace choir found the choruses by no means easy. Mr. Manns, indeed, had frequently to let them hear as well as see the *bâton*. There was a very large audience.

A MEETING of the Cymmrodorion Society will be held on Wednesday next, April 25, at 8 p.m., at Bloomsbury Mansion (late Neumeyer Hall), Hart Street, W.C., when Mr. Joseph Bennett, the well-known musical critic and writer of "librettos," will read a paper on "The Possibilities of Welsh Music," with choral illustrations.

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LITERATURE.

FRENCH HISTORY IN MEMOIRS.

The Court and Reign of Francis the First. By Julia Pardoe. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

A Gentleman of the Olden Time: François de Scépeaux, Sire de Vieilleville, 1509-1571. Portraits and Stories of the Sixteenth Century during the Reign of Henri II. By C. Coignet. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

Memoirs of the Princesse de Ligne. Edited by Lucien Perey, translated by Laura Ensor. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

THERE is something of enterprise, I think, in the publication of these books. For though Francis I. be a good name to conjure with, yet three handsome volumes, with portraits, and a cover copied from a design by Diane de Poitiers, are not, as the French would say, a "slender affair"; and as for the *Princesse de Ligne* and the *Sire de Vieilleville*, though each may take a place respectively in the ranks of "fair women and brave men," yet I doubt if their name and fame are very well known to the English "general reader." Let Messrs. Bentley receive due acknowledgment and thanks accordingly.

Miss Pardoe's book carries us some little way back—I do not mean here by its subject, but by the date of its publication. She herself died, twenty-five years ago, on November 26, 1862, after a pretty active literary career, in the course of which she had written a good deal of history, some books of travel, some fiction, and a little verse; and this book was published thirteen years before her death, in two volumes, and with the same portraits, and the same cover, but minus certain extracts from earlier books. Thus *The Court and Reign of Francis the First* has now reached the very respectable age of thirty-eight; and it has a double interest, not only in virtue of subject and treatment, but also as showing what was the form of popular history in favour with the last generation.

Looking at the book from this point of view, we may, I think, conclude that our fathers and mothers liked to be interested; for which I most certainly shall not, in unedifying wise, cast at them the stone of blame. To say that Miss Pardoe's style was that of the great masters in the literary art would be an obvious exaggeration; but she wrote pleasantly, in a manner quite sufficiently graphic, and with enough of pen-craft to give flow, and even force, to her narrative. She had a distinct faculty for marshalling facts effectively, and even clearly; and altogether this history of hers is a readable book.

That something has not been sacrificed in the attempt to breathe life into the dry bones of a past now four hundred years dead, I will not affirm. There are in these volumes

certain conversations which are given verbatim, though they must have been held under circumstances that would render the presence of a reporter at least unlikely. There are scenes that seem described with such full detail as to the inmost thoughts and emotions of each actor as to suggest imagination rather than knowledge. I do not mean that Miss Pardoe was altogether without warrant for her statements. Anyone accepting Brantôme as guide, philosopher, and friend, would learn a great deal, perhaps too much, as to life behind the scenes in the sixteenth century. Its the "too much" to which one feels here a little inclined to object.

Thus it happens that there are passages in this history that rather remind the reader of the novels, once popular enough, of the late G. P. R. James. Here, for instance, is an interview between Queen Eleanor of France and Montmorency:

"The wife of Francis I. was seated at an open casement overlooking the bright current of the Loire. Her head rested upon her hand, and an expression of acute suffering was visible on her fine features; but her eyes were tearless as they followed unconsciously the course of the sparkling ripples upon which they lingered. She started, however, from her reverie when Montmorency was announced, and extended towards him her hand, which he raised to his lips. 'You here M. le Maréchal!' she exclaimed, '... I heard that the whole court were at Chambord.' 'Your majesty is at Amboise,' was the abrupt reply. 'True,' said the poor queen, forcing a smile. 'I, as you are aware, am unequal to such an exertion, either of strength or skill, as that of a royal hunt. But you, monsieur—?' 'No, madame, no,' interposed Montmorency; 'his majesty did not decline my attendance; and I am as keen a sportsman as even your august husband himself; but, nevertheless, I have not followed the hunt.' 'And wherefore?' demanded Eleanor absently, as she passed her hand across her brow. 'I will tell you, madame,' said the maréchal with an unsteady voice, as he fixed his eyes earnestly upon her, 'because your unhappiness is destroying my existence. Because you are at once the most admirable and ill-used of your sex; because—ay, wither me if you will, madame, with your frown, but I have already suffered for months, and I must now speak or die—because I love you, and would rather expire here at your feet than live on longer in the same torment.' 'Do you know to whom you speak, sir?' asked the queen, rising from her seat as the maréchal sank on his knee before her. In another instant the maréchal had disappeared; and, while the brilliant train which followed Francis through the woods at Chambord filled the echoes of the forest-paths with the clamours of their joyous revelry, his deserted wife flung herself back upon her seat, and, with her face buried in her hands, wept the hot tears of mortification, wounded pride, and that unutterable anguish which not even tears can solace."

But it would be quite unfair to weigh unduly upon the part which the imagination of someone must have played in the composition of such scenes as these. Rather is it right to insist upon the real skill with which Miss Pardoe has ordered and arranged a mass of complicated facts. Her history, conceived in no niggard spirit, begins long before the time when Francis ascended the throne in January 1515, and takes us pleasantly to March 31, 1547, when he breathed his last. His was the Renaissance reign in France, the

reign that saw the dawn of the Reformation. There are few periods of more commanding interest.

And with François de Scépeaux, the Sire de Vieilleville, the "gentleman of the olden time" whose life is recorded in the two volumes next upon my list, we are still well within that same interesting time. De Vieilleville was born in 1503, when Louis XII. was still on the throne; lived through the reign of Francis I.; was present at the fatal tournament on June 29, 1559, when Henry II. received his death wound, and tended that dying monarch; and finally himself died in November 1571, not without the usual suspicion of poison.

A fine historical figure this François de Scépeaux—a man evidently "good at need," as soldier, administrator, or diplomatist. We find him battling pretty well everywhere—at sea on the Mediterranean, in Italy, in Alsace and Lorraine, and in the civil wars against the Huguenots. He is sent on important missions of state to London and Vienna. He occupies important posts, such as the governorship of Metz; and in everything he acquits himself as a wise and valiant gentleman, brave in battle, moderate in victory, repressing all disorder and licentiousness among his men—no easy or grateful task with the hireling soldiery of the sixteenth century—and, as between the fanaticism of Papist and Huguenot, keeping a sane and statesmanlike course. Moreover, in an age of shameless rapacity, he is singularly disinterested.

No doubt he gains somewhat from the manner in which his portrait has come down to us. For it was painted by his secretary, Vincent Carloix—a "loyal servant," like the one who wrote the story of Bayard, or the lady-in-waiting who recorded the virtues and saintliness of Eléonore de Roye; and perhaps some slight deduction should be made from the good secretary's praises. But, even then, there remains more than enough of the salt of uprightness and honour to keep Vieilleville's name fresh from all taint. The worst thing one can find against him is his conduct towards certain grey friars who had treacherously endeavoured to introduce the enemy into Metz. He promised to spare their lives, and so far kept his promise that he did not execute them himself; but, going to Paris for a holiday, he left no instructions as to their disposal, and heard of their death on his return with some complacency. Perhaps, however, on the whole it may be regarded as a sign of grace that, in the sixteenth century, he had any scruples about executing them at all. For the rest, the book is an interesting book, and fairly translated.

Of the first volume of the *Memoirs of the Princesse de Ligne*, I think even a stronger adjective may be used, and that the word "charming" would not be misapplied. Nor has more than a fair portion of the charm evaporated in the translation.

What a pretty, quaint, old Sèvres-china world that volume introduces us to! I remember, a few years ago, seeing at Messrs. Christie's rooms the picture of a little child *marquise*, aged some eleven years perhaps, and dressed with all daintiest care in hoops and brocade. It was a picture by Watteau, a very beautiful one, and seemed, as I looked

at it, like the reflection in a convex mirror of the whole life of the generation, so artificial and yet so full of grace, to which that little lady belonged. Something of the same kind of feeling comes over one in reading the little Princess Massalska's record of her child and school-girl life at the convent of the Abbaye-aux-Bois, Rue de Sève (not then Sèvres), Paris.

M. Lucien Perey, who has had her "Memoirs" in his hand, and is, therefore, in the best position to judge, considers that they were written from day to day when she was between the ages of nine and fourteen. It is difficult to imagine that any portion of them was composed by anyone quite so young as nine; and their form seems to suggest, in most cases, reminiscence rather than actual daily record; nay, seems to suggest an occasional doubt as to their authenticity. But, as I have said, M. Perey should know best. At whatever age written, however, they afford a most graphic picture. Many a practised penman might envy the faculty which this child possessed of making words stand for real living persons, actual circumstances, events, and things.

We can see it all so clearly. The pretty Polish child taken by her uncle and M^{de}. Geoffrin, "first to the abbess's parlour, which is very handsome, for it is painted white with gold stripes"; her introduction to the mistresses and to her schoolmates—who bear the best names in France, for this convent school is the most aristocratic of schools; her wanderings over the convent buildings; her difficulties with her handwriting; her punishments—the donkey's ears and red tongue; her quarrels, which ended, I regret to say, in slaps and other indignities; the masqueradings on St. Catherine's Day, when, by a curious custom, "the pupils were allowed to assume the dress, occupation, or rank of all the ladies of the convent, from the abbess down to the simplest nun"; the theatricals; the practical jokes, ink poured into the holy water, and tamperings with the chapel bells; and then a barring-out—yes, a real, genuine, old-fashioned barring-out—possession taken of the kitchen and store-rooms, ejection of their regular occupants, except "M^{de}. de Saint-Sulpice, who was sixteen years old," and lay-sister Clothilde, who was prudently retained, because, as M^{de}. de Saint-Sulpice shrewdly observed, without a lay-sister there would be "no supper." On the whole, one does not quite wonder to come across this entry in the diary: "All the pranks M^{lle}. de Choiseul and I played had considerably retarded the ceremony of my first communion."

There is a certain high-mettled charm of good spirits about the whole thing, distantly suggestive of a paddock full of well-bred fillies; and among the most skittish was certainly our young friend the Princess Massalska. Not for nothing had her grandmother, as Frederick the Great told the old Prince de Ligne, done gunner's duty at the siege of Dantzic, and pointed cannon with the best. But dare-devil as the child might be, there was one person in the establishment for whom she entertained the greatest reverence and affection. This was M^{de}. de Roche-Chouart, the *Maitresse Générale*, the "Miss Temple" of the school, one of those women who by force

of character and intellect so impress the higher type of school-girl. The story of her death is graphically told in these memoirs; and on the day when our princess was married she stole away from the throng of friends to kneel in solitary prayer beside the loved mistress's grave in the convent chapel.

But mingled with all the pure girlish high spirits of the school life come strange revelations of the state of manners and morals in the outside world.

"It happened about that time that M^{lle}. de Lévis one day publicly taunted M^{lle}. de Choiseul before the whole class with the fact of her mother's being kept in confinement on account of her having been in love with an actor."

This was voted very "bad form" on the part of M^{lle}. de Lévis—a point on which I think we may agree with the school feeling; and when M^{lle}. de Choiseul's "sister, born of the adulterous intercourse in question, afterwards came to the school," the former earned great credit among her companions for the generous way in which she acknowledged and treated her. M^{lle}. de Choiseul's own marriage took place under circumstances which we should now consider at least singular. She was married, as a school girl, at the age of fourteen, and came back to the school again, after a fortnight, "madly in love with" her husband, "though they had never been left alone together."

With the end of the Princess Massalska's school life the interest of the book pales very considerably. She was married on July 29, 1779, after much diplomacy, to the Prince Charles De Ligne. Her first impression of him, when taken down to the school parlour for the introduction, was, that "he had a noble mien, but was too serious, and had something German about him." In truth, with all his excellences, he never won her heart; and when he fell, shot through the head in the forefront of the battle while attacking the French at Argonne, on September 14, 1792, her only feeling was one of relief that his death left her free to give full rein to her passion for Count Vincent Potocki.

But into the sad story of that love—for the man on whom she lavished the full treasure of her heart seems to have been simply cold, calculating, and mercenary—it is not my purpose here to enter. With her marriage to him—he had been twice divorced—the book ends.*

The portrait of the princess given in this book, as in the French edition, is an indifferently executed woodcut from a picture in the museum at Berlin. That picture, a pastel, has been greatly photographed, and represents a woman of singular loveliness, with a face all sweet and feminine, framed in an opulence of hair, and in whose eyes there lingers a sort of wistful sadness, such as came, we may suppose, into the eyes of Eve after she had eaten the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge. It is a beautiful picture, and one would be glad to associate it with the little princess who wrote these memoirs, if so be that she really did write them, and even with the woman who threw away her

* Since the above was written, M. Perey has published the story of her later life, under the title of *Une Grande Dame au XVIII^e Siècle, la Comtesse Hélène Potocka*.

love so unwisely, and yet so passionately. Unfortunately it is the portrait of a quite different Countess Potocka, whose story, perhaps even more romantic, may be read by the curious in an article in *Scribner's Monthly* for November 1877.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

Scotland and Scotsmen in the Eighteenth Century. From the MSS. of John Ramsay, Esq., of Ochertyre. Edited by Alexander Allardyce. In 2 vols. (Blackwood.)

THIS is as good a book of its kind—a somewhat superficial and artificial kind, it must be allowed—as has yet been published on Scotland in the eighteenth century. For Scotland in the Wordsworthian, subjective sense, for the emotions and aspirations of those Scotsmen—mostly mute, inglorious, and humble—who, through their sons and the education they were able, by practising such thrift as James Carlyle's, to give them, really made the history of their country a hundred years ago, one must read Allan Ramsay, Ferguson, Burns, perhaps even the unbowlerised "Collection" of Herd. But, on what seemed Scotland to the English visitor of Samuel Johnson's time, and even of Samuel Johnson's calibre; on Scotch habits in eating, drinking, dressing, reading, writing, ploughing, preaching, marrying, dying, and burying, John Ramsay of Ochertyre—the host of Burns, the friend of Skinner, and the mentor of Scott—is, perhaps, as reliable, and certainly as agreeable and chatty, an authority as is to be found or is needed. One does not learn much about the man himself from the two volumes into which Mr. Allardyce has boiled down his tent, or from the introduction which precedes them. A Scotch laird, with the training of an advocate and not embarrassed with too much wealth, he devoted himself to managing his property and to cultivating such literary society as he could find. Being naturally of a kindly and tolerant disposition, he was a general favourite in Scotch society. For the rest, he seems to have taken views of life of the length recommended by Sydney Smith; to have sipped the Gallic heterodoxy of his time, and so to have developed into a Broad Church Presbyterian; and to have been a very willing recipient and an indefatigable retailer of after-dinner wisdom and gossip.

Mr. Allardyce (who, it is to be hoped, has not altogether abandoned original literary work for the rôle of executor to defunct Scotsmen) has done his work as Ramsay's editor carefully and well. In other words, he has allowed Ramsay to prattle about Scotch judges, professors, clergymen, gentry, ladies, landlords, "worthies," and "men of genius and taste"—and it is of such prattlings that this book is composed—after his own fashion and in his own language. No doubt that fashion will seem to most readers a terribly prosy one. One gets wearied of page after page, or rather acre after acre, of historical statements like this:

"The civil wars that broke out in the reign of Charles I. gave a fatal check to the useful and liberal arts. People's money and attention were, in those wretched times, engrossed by very different considerations. Indeed, a very great proportion of the nobility and gentry

were either ruined or reduced to straits. Nor did the restoration of the royal family, and with it the blessings of peace, render them easy in their circumstances. Whatever was the cause, a very mean style of architecture, both in public and private buildings, prevailed in Scotland between the Restoration and the Union."

This is Ramsay all over, the gold leaf of good sense beaten out to almost intolerable tenuity. Mr. Allardyce, it may be said—and, indeed, in many quarters it has been said—ought to have reduced Ramsay's literary gossip to a much greater extent than he has done. But in that case he would have been guilty of injustice to his hero. Ramsay, without his garrulity, would not be Ramsay at all. But, in truth, these volumes are easy to read and digest, especially with the admirable sauce their author provides in footnotes, which contain by far the liveliest and most characteristically Scotch anecdotes that have appeared since the days of his namesake, the Dean, and like the Dean's, are steeped in alcohol. Ramsay, too, although much more of a social photographer and *raconteur* than a critic, not infrequently gives utterance to sound criticism, as when speaking of Scotch Border minstrelsy he says:

"To portray in lively and delicate colours, though with a hasty hand, the hopes and fears which, by turns, agitated the breast of the amorous swain, afforded ample scope to the rural poet. Some love songs of which Tibullus himself need not be ashamed might be composed by an uneducated shepherd whose learning was confined to the Book of God and the book of nature."

Contrast this platitude with Crabbe's

"Shepherds' boys their amorous pains reveal,
The only pains, alas! they never feel!"

in his denunciation—as true as it was bitter—of "the sleepy bards" of his day, who could give to the world nothing better than "mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song." The pith is all on Crabbe's side, but the truth is all on Ramsay's, as Burns proved the very year this trenchantly inaccurate criticism was published.

This is a book which can be safely commended, and from which it would be at once an easy and an agreeable task to quote largely, but which cannot otherwise be criticised. In it the Edinburgh of the eighteenth century—the Edinburgh that was a literary capital, not as now a Scotch South Kensington—figures as a kind of Row. There are to be seen riding or driving Scotch clergymen who drink and pray divinely; Scotch judges who write metaphysical treatises or trifle with literature between trials; and excellent Scotch ladies who can hardly spell and whose reading is confined to the *Tatler*. They are watched and criticised by their acquaintances, with whom they occasionally exchange scandal and comments on agriculture, politics, and literature. Ramsay was not one of the performers in the Edinburgh Row of his time; but he was on bowing, hand-shaking, and anecdote-retailing terms with the best of them. Mr. Allardyce's volumes show what such folk were made of. It is but fair to add that Ramsay was a progressive agriculturist and a humane, though wideawake, landlord. His remarks on all questions bearing on land are marked by his usual sagacity, and are free from his usual prolixity.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

TWO INDIAN STORY-BOOKS.

Folk-Tales of Kashmir. By the Rev. J. Hinton Knowles. (Trübner.)

Folklore in Southern India. By Pandit S. M. Natésa Sāstrī (Bombay: Education Society's Press; London: Trübner.)

WHATEVER may be the origin of the popular myths and fictions which are found to be almost identical in all parts of the world—whether those of simple forms have not been independently developed or invented by different races, and those of more complicated construction diffused from a common centre or centres—it is not for lack of materials that comparative mythologists and traditionists fail to agree. The folklore and folk-tales of nearly all the eastern and great part of the western hemisphere have now been diligently collected and published; and it may be questioned whether there can be much still left for future gleaners that will throw any new light upon the vexed question of the origin and diffusion of popular tales. The "solar" or "nature" myth theory seems now to be well-nigh obsolete, and the "anthropological" is rapidly gaining adherents; yet there is much to be reasonably said in support of the theories of the so-called Bentley school—of the Indian origin of many oral, as well as written, European fictions. It is not, however, my present business to discuss this question anew, but to offer some remarks on the two story-books whose titles head this article.

Mr. Knowles is a most intelligent and industrious collector of folk-tales current in the "Happy Valley"; and he has improved as a story-teller since he published his *Dictionary of Kashmiri Proverbs and Sayings*—perhaps improved rather too much, since, among other ornamental touches, we occasionally meet with in this new book such G. P. R. James-like expressions as "the next morning the king might have been seen," &c., which is altogether out of place in a folk-tale; and such as this: "the quickly found lovers," referring to a king meeting a strange wandering damsel and forthwith taking her to wife. He is fond of using native terms when the English equivalents would do quite as well, or even better, since they would save readers the trouble of looking at the foot of the page, or in the glossary, for their meaning. For instance, on p. 11 the term *woni* occurs, and on referring to the glossary we learn that it means a shopkeeper. Moreover, his plan—or want of a regular plan, rather—of explaining such words is extremely annoying, some being explained in footnotes, others in the glossary, for no apparent reason, and some not at all. They should all be explained either in one place only or in both places. In the preface Mr. Knowles expresses a hope that his work will be useful to students of comparative folklore from the notes he has appended referring to certain other collections where similar tales are to be found; but, unfortunately, most of these works (and they are few, after all) are also Indian story-books of precisely the same kind as his own, comprising tales communicated by word of mouth, such as Miss Frere's *Old Deccan Days* and Miss Stokes's *Indian Fairy Tales*; and others are all but absolutely inaccessible in this country, such as the *Indian Antiquary* and

Indian Notes and Queries—two most excellent and useful journals, which ought to be found in every one of our larger public libraries. But enough of fault-finding. The collection is a very good one. The tales are, with one or two trifling exceptions, highly entertaining, and I shall glance at a number of them.

In the story of "All for a Pansa," a father, in order to test his son's mental ability, gives him a small coin and bids him get for it five things—something to eat, to drink, to gnaw, to sow in the garden, and to serve as food for the cow; and a clever girl advises him to buy a water-melon. There is a somewhat similar story in the Talmud, of a man who gave a boy a *pruta*, telling him to buy with it something that he might eat, leave, and take home; and the shrewd urchin brought him a quantity of salt. In the same Kashmiri tale, the noodle-hero falls into the toils of a gambling courtesan who always wins by her trained cat at the right time overturning the lamp. This occurs in one of the legends of the renowned Rājā Rasālū, found in Capt. R. C. Temple's valuable *Legends of the Panjāb*, and also in the romance entitled *Gul-i Bakāwālī*, translated into Urdu from the Persian. The story of "The Ivory City and its Fairy Princess" not only resembles that of "The Minister's Son" in the *Vetālapanchavinsati* (i.e. Twenty-five Tales of a Vampyre)—why does Mr. Knowles always refer to the Hindi version, *Baitāl Pachisi*, instead of the Sanskrit original?—but also the story of "The Painter," found in some Arabic texts of the *Seven Vazirs*; and, in part, is like that of the "Officious Father-in-Law" in the Persian *Sindibād Nāma*. "Shabrag, Prince and Thief," is a capital story. The incident of stealing the eggs from beneath a bird occurs in one of the *fabliaux* and in the "Four Clever Brothers" in Grimm's collection; while in M. Rivière's *Contes Populaires de la Kabylie du Djurdjura* one of two brothers, apprenticed to an old thief, takes a sparrow out of its nest without waking it. The story of "Saiyid and Said"—in which he who eats the head of a certain bird finds 10,000 *muhrs* under his head every morning, and he who eats its breast becomes a king—has analogues in the *Dravidian Nights* (a translation, by Mr. Natésa Sāstrī, of a Tamil romance entitled *Madanakāmarājankadai*); in a Manipuri tale of two brothers, Turi and Basanta (given in the *Indian Antiquary*, vol. iv.); in the Kalmuk *Siddhi Kūr*; and in Miss Busk's *Folk-Lore in Rome*. Variants of the "Day Thief and Night Thief" are found in the Norse tale of the "Master Thief," the Gaelic tale of the "Shifty Lad," and in Mr. Gibb's translation of the Turkish tales of the *Forty Vazirs*. The story of "The Wicked Queens" is an interesting version (and the fact is strangely overlooked by Mr. Knowles) of the tale, familiar to every schoolboy, of the "Envious Sisters" with which our common version of the *Arabian Nights* concludes, and the main idea of which—the substitution of puppies, &c., for the victim's infants—I have elsewhere traced to a Buddhist story. In the tale of "The Four Princesses" we have a variant of the Tamil *Alakēsa Kathā*, as well as of "Strike, but hear!" in Lāl Bahārī Day's *Folk-Tales of Bengal*. The "Lach

[why this spelling?] of Rupees for a Bit of Advice" finds an analogue in Jacques de Vitry's *Sermones*, &c., whence it was probably taken into the *Gesta Romanorum*; and similar tales occur in the *Forty Vazirs*, the *Bagh o Bahar* (a Hindî work derived from the Persian *Kissa-i Chehâr Darwesh*), and in *Buddha-ghosha's Parables*. Interwoven with this story is that of the Merchant and his Faithful Dog, which occurs in the *Alakésa Kathá*; and there is something like it in the Burmese collection—*Decisions of the Princess Thoo-dhamma Tsari*. It has also a variant of the Parrot that brought the youth-renewing fruit, which is found in the Persian *Túti Náma*, the Kanarese collection, *Kathá Manjari*, and the *Alakésa* story. The clever damsel who told the reason "Why the Fish laughed," which is one of the best in the book, has a brother in the lad who told the king the meaning of his dream—that he was drinking with a frog out of the same cup—in a story in a Persian collection by Al-Káshifî, entitled *Lat'ûyif at-Tawa'ûyif*, the answer being the same in both—to wit, that in his majesty's harem there was a man in woman's clothes; and in her "figurative language" she has a sister in No. iv. of M. Le Grand's *Contes Populaires Grecs*, and another in "The Clever Girl" in Prof. Crane's *Italian Popular Tales*. I had almost omitted to remark that there is a striking resemblance between the opening of the tale, "Pride Abased"—in which a king is in the habit of daily asking his courtiers whether there exists in all the world a monarch so powerful as he, until one day a counsellor, to check his foolish boasting, tells him of another king who is mightier—and that of the story of Dambhodbhava in section 95 of the Fifth Book (*Udyoga Parva*—Effort Book) of the *Mahábhárata*. The Kashmiri story is a variant of the tale of "The King who lost his Kingdom, Wife, and Wealth," which is found in the Breslau printed Arabic text of the "Thousand and one Nights," and has many European and Asiatic analogues. Altogether, Mr. Knowles's book will prove a valuable addition to the library of the folklore student, and I trust he will ere long favour us with a companion volume.

Not less interesting and valuable is the third and concluding fasciculus of Mr. Natésa Sástri's *Folklore in Southern India*. The work is very appropriately dedicated to Capt. R. C. Temple, "who has done so much for the cause of Indian folklore." In the preface we are told how the Pandit—a native of the Trichinopoly district—in his childhood greedily devoured and treasured up in his memory the numerous tales of mirth and marvel which the superannuated women of the family delighted to tell him; and how, after leaving college and becoming one of the staff of the Indian Government Archaeological Survey, Capt. Temple's interesting folklore contributions to the *Indian Antiquary* suggested the idea of his turning into English some of his own abundant stores. Thus he was pre-eminently qualified both by his birth and education for the task which he has so well accomplished; and it is fervently to be wished that the same kind of work were done for other Indian countries and districts by educated native gentlemen. The Pandit writes English well, and tells his stories lucidly and readily.

My remaining space will barely admit of some brief comments upon a few of those in this concluding fasciculus. In the tale entitled "Good will grow out of Good" we have a curious version of the well-known and wide-spread story of Fulgentius in the *Gesta Romanorum*, which had been told long before that famous monkish collection was made in the *Nugae Curialium* of Walter Mapes, and of which I have elsewhere adduced many variants, from the banks of Ganga to Norway. The story of "The Five Cups," in which the same magical object that is a blessing to the good man proves a curse to the churl, recalls similar tales from such different lands as China, Tartary, Russia, Scandinavia, and Ireland. In No. 19 I was charmed to meet with a Tamil variant of the diverting story of the Bad Wife, of which four Italian versions are known to me, by Brevio, Machiavel, Straparola, and in Miss Busk's *Folklore in Rome*; one French, in La Fontaine; one Turkish, in Mr. Gibb's *Forty Vazirs*; and one in Mr. Ralston's *Russian Folk-Tales*. Moreover, it forms the plot of the play of "Grim, the Collier of Croydon"; only here it is not a scolding wife the demon is afraid of, but a bad musician who made such a "dreadful dissonance" with his *nágasvara* pipe as to torture beyond endurance a Bráhmárakshasa who lived in a tree close by the piper, and whose name was Gánapriya, which means "a lover of music." In No. 21 we have the familiar mediæval story of the scholar who by "art magic" called up the Devil, who was thus (as in *Faust*) constrained to be the scholar's servant in all things, but conditioned that the scholar should keep him constantly employed at his peril. The fiend built bridges, clove hills, and did all sorts of wonderful things "in less than no time," and the scholar was at his wits' end as to what he should next give the fiend to do, till the happy thought occurred to order him to make a rope of sand. In the Tamil version the demon (a Bráhmárakshasa) is given a long curling hair of a woman's head to straighten, which proves too much for him.

There is a similar story in the great Sanskrit collection—"Ocean of the Streams of Narrative" (*Kathá Sarit Ságara*), in which a Bráhman suffering from an incurable sore is taught a *mantra*, or charm, which called up a Rákshasa to cure it, and the demon having quickly done so demanded to be set other tasks, else he would devour him. In the sequel the poor Bráhman gives him somewhat to do which he could not, and which, though funny, cannot be told here. In No. 22 we have a capital version of the "Silent Couple," on which is based the Scotch song of "The Barrin' o' the Door," and which forms part of the plot of "No Song, no Supper." It is also known in Italy, Sicily, and Arabia, and there is another Hindî version in the tale of "The Four Simple Bráhmans." Perhaps the best tales in this part are "The Four Good Sisters" and "The Satchel-Bearer." Both are new to me, and will probably prove so to many others. They are the longest, and are told with much spirit. I confidently commend the Pandit's little book to all lovers of good stories, as well as to my story-comparing brethren.

W. A. CLOUSTON.

ERASMUS IN ITALY.

Erasmus en Italie: étude sur un épisode de la renaissance, accompagnée de douze lettres inédites d'Erasmus. Par Pierre de Nolhac. (Paris: Klincksieck.)

M. de NOLHAC has chosen as the subject of this latest addition to Erasmusian literature one of the most interesting, and at the same time one of the least known, portions of the life of the great Dutch scholar—viz., the three years spent by him in Italy; and he claims to have thrown fresh light upon this period by means of several hitherto unpublished letters. This visit of Erasmus to Italy is a fact of some importance in the history of the revival of letters in Europe. To his influence must be ascribed in a large measure the spread of Humanism north of the Alps; and it was in Italy, during his residence among the scholars of Bologna, Padua, Rome, and above all of Venice, that he himself had become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the Revival. Erasmus, it is true, affirmed more than once in after years that he had learned little in Italy, and one of his most recent biographers goes so far as to assert that he learned nothing. It must be borne in mind, however, that this statement was made by Erasmus in the heat of controversy, at a time when his recollections of Italy were embittered by the violent attacks made upon him from that quarter; and it is, moreover, at variance with what he himself said on other occasions.

To visit Italy had been from early youth one of Erasmus's most ardent desires; but the means to pay for the journey were lacking—"sine pennis volare haud facile est," he laments to a friend. At last, when he was close upon forty, the long-wished for opportunity came. Boerio, or Boyer, the physician to King Henry VII. of England, asked him to accompany his two sons to Bologna; and in the summer of 1506 Erasmus found himself for the first time south of the Alps. At Turin he took the degree of D.D.—not that he himself valued the distinction, but because, as he said, nobody thought anything of a man's learning unless he could claim to be addressed as "magister noster." From Turin he proceeded to Bologna, but his visit to that city was cut short by the warlike operations of Pope Julius, and he was driven to cross the Apennines and take refuge in Florence. It is disappointing to find how little he was impressed with what he saw in the Tuscan capital; he says not a word of Michael Angelo, nor of Leonardo, nor of Raphael, not a word of Machiavelli. In writing about Florence, many years afterwards, he is chiefly interested in recalling the details of a terrific explosion of gunpowder, which took place during his visit. "Everyone," he says, "was in great alarm at the portent, and thought that the end of the world was at hand." The matter-of-fact Dutchman, however, saw no portent in it at all, but merely the natural consequence of neglect on the part of those who had charge of the gunpowder.

After a stay of only six weeks in Florence, Erasmus returned to Bologna in time to witness the triumphal entry of Julius into the city. Here misfortunes again awaited him. Not only did he fall out with the governor of his two young charges (who

appears to have exasperated him to such a degree that even after a lapse of twenty-five years he still calls him *monstrum* and *porcus*), but he also nearly lost his life through an outbreak of the plague. The epidemic itself he managed to elude; but he twice narrowly escaped being killed by the panic-stricken mob, who mistook him for a pest-infected physician. It appears that his monkish dress in some way resembled the costume of the plague doctors, who were liable at any time to be stoned if they ventured openly into the frequented streets. Erasmus is said, in consequence of this, to have obtained leave from the Pope to dispense with his religious garb; but, though he undoubtedly did receive permission to wear lay costume, it is by no means so certain as M. de Nohac assumes that it was on this account.

At Bologna Erasmus made the acquaintance of the celebrated Scipione Fortiguerra (or Carteromachos, as he preferred to be styled in the pedantic fashion of the day), as well as of Paolo Bombasio, in whose house he studied Greek. During this time he was at work upon new editions of his *Adagia* and of his translations from Euripides, with the intention of getting them printed at the celebrated Aldine press. The letter in which Erasmus begs Aldus to undertake them is one of four, written to Venice from Bologna and Padua, which M. de Nohac has brought to light for the first time. It is exceedingly interesting as not only showing in what high esteem the Venetian printer was held by the Dutch scholar, but also as giving evidence of the great reputation already acquired by the Aldine press. The success of a work printed by Aldus was assured—"existimarim lucubrationes meas immortalitate donatas," writes Erasmus, "si tuis excusae formulis in lucem exierint, maxime minutionibus illis omnium nitidissimis" (i.e., in the so-called aldine or italic type). To a request preferred in such flattering terms Aldus readily acceded, and he wrote inviting Erasmus to pay him a visit at Venice. After some further correspondence (given in *extenso* by M. de Nohac) regarding the printing of his works, Erasmus decided to go to Venice, and we find him at the beginning of 1508 domiciled as a member of Aldus's household.

Of his life under the printer's roof he has left us a picture in one of his Colloquies. He does not appear to have been altogether happy. Of learning there was no lack; but he laments bitterly that he found very little to stay his stomach withal, and that little was not altogether to his taste. The wine, he complains, was vapid, the bread like clay, the eggs stale, the meat not fresh, and the broth only fit for pigs—"jusculum suibus dignum." Finding that this diet disagreed with him, he consulted the family physician, who gravely cautioned him against excessive eating. Erasmus, however, took the cure into his own hands, and arranged to provide his own meals, and to take them in his own room during the remainder of his stay with Aldus. The firing appears to have been as scanty as the food, and he suffered greatly from the cold. The only means of warmth was a fire built of damp sticks and roots, which gave out volumes of smoke, but little enough flame. He was not much better off in summer, he says, on account of the swarms of vermin which in-

festated the house, and gave him no peace, day or night. However, in spite of these and sundry other discomforts, he managed to do an immense deal of work; and he astonished Aldus by his power of writing in the midst of the noisy printing-presses, which were kept busy striking off his compositions as fast as he wrote them.

We find Erasmus, as a matter of course, among the members of the celebrated Aldine Academy, where he had the advantage of meeting some of the most brilliant Hellenists of the day, including the Greeks—Demetrius Doucas, John Lascaris, and Marcus Musurus, whose beautiful handwriting was taken by Aldus as the model for his Greek type, just as he had chosen that of Petrarca as the model for his celebrated italic type. M. de Nohac enumerates the principal scholars with whom Erasmus came into contact in Venice, and warns us to accept with caution the list of the Neacademicians given by M. A. Firmin-Didot in his fascinating work upon Hellenism at Venice.

From Venice Erasmus went to Padua, where, at the request of the Scotch king, James IV., he taught rhetoric to his natural son, the youthful Archbishop of St. Andrews, who was at that time studying law at the university. Here he renewed his relations with Marcus Musurus, and continued to work at Greek texts. Rumours of war, however, again disturbed his labours, and he was forced to leave Padua with the young prince. After a short stay in Ferrara and Bologna, he arrived in Siena, where he devoted himself almost exclusively to the instruction of his pupil. But he was impatient to get to Rome; and at the beginning of 1509 we find him there, once more in the midst of a brilliant assemblage of scholars. As at Florence so at Rome he appears to have been curiously indifferent to the works of art he saw around him. He does not even mention the Laocöon, which had only recently been discovered, and which had aroused the enthusiasm of every one with any pretensions to taste. He had many friends, especially in the Vatican, where he made the acquaintance, among others, of the Cardinal Giovanni dei Medici, who afterwards, as Pope Leo X., afforded him a generous support against his calumniators. The residence of Erasmus in Rome gave him ample opportunity of observing the decrease of religious faith, the licence, the ostentation, and the avarice of the Papal court, and no doubt influenced him powerfully in the part he subsequently played in the Reformation. Catholic as he was, he could not but sorrowfully admit the truth of Luther's picture of Rome.

Meanwhile an event had occurred in England which caused the Dutch scholar to hasten back to the North. A letter from his patron, Lord Mountjoy, announced the death of Henry VII., and the accession to the throne of the young prince who had already been specially gracious to him. Erasmus was urged to return without delay, to share in the favours which were to be showered by the new sovereign upon men of letters. In spite of the entreaties of his friends in Rome, in spite of hints of certain and high preferment, Erasmus decided to go; and, at the beginning of July, 1509, he was back again in England. He never revisited Italy, but his longing to

return ceased not to the day of his death. "My heart is at Rome," he wrote in his old age, "and at no other place would I more willingly put off the burden of this poor body of mine."

At the end of the work M. de Nohac prints fifteen letters of Erasmus. Of these twelve have never before been published. The four addressed to Aldus—which are of great interest and importance, as throwing light upon the relations of Erasmus with the Venetian printer—have already been mentioned. Of the others, four were written on business matters to Francesco d'Asola, Aldus's wife's brother; three, principally as letters of introduction, to Pietro Bembo; and the remaining one to a Roman prelate, who is supposed by M. de Nohac to be Barbirius, the chaplain of Adrian VI. It should be mentioned that the book is provided with an excellent index.

We are glad to learn incidentally from a note that M. de Nohac has in preparation a work upon the correspondents of Aldus. It ought to prove an attractive volume.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

NEW NOVELS.

The Lindsays. A Romance of Scottish Life. In 3 vols. By John K. Leys. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mayrold of Mytholm. A Romance of the Fells. By John Dalby. In 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

A Teacher of the Violin: and other Tales. By J. H. Shorthouse. (Macmillan.)

Marahuna. A Romance. By H. B. Marriott Watson. (Longmans.)

Throttle Island. A Tale of Adventure. By Julius Medley. (Remington.)

It may perhaps, without considering too curiously, be regarded as a sign of the new departure in fiction that of these five works three are described by their authors as "romances" rather than as "novels," and that to the remaining two the word "romance" might be applied with equal or greater appropriateness, their interest being unmistakably of the romantic order. The description is least appropriate to *The Lindsays*, which, though a capital story of its kind, is not the kind of story which we are led to expect by the description on the title-page. In characters and incidents alike Mr. Leys sticks close to the familiar realities of life; and the book is good with the kind of goodness which is achieved not by romantic invention, but by life-like portraiture. Mr. Leys is probably a Scotchman, for it is hardly likely that any one not native and to the manner born could render the essential aspects of rural Scottish life as they are rendered in the first volume of *The Lindsays*, where we have a reproduction not merely of details, but of atmosphere. The Rev. Hector McTavish, D.D., who looked upon the introduction of the organ as "the thin edge of the wedge"—a metaphor dear to the theological mind—and who was careful to explain that he "had no objection to the Lord's Prayer" when used in a haphazard, informal manner, is a capital portrait; and there is a fund of shrewd observation and quiet humour in the description of the service

in the little country kirk, where Hubert Blake made his first acquaintance with a new phase of religious life. Equally good are the chapters dealing with Alec Lindsay's life as a student at the University of Glasgow; and though here, as elsewhere in his book, Mr. Leys comes into competition with Mr. George Macdonald, he does not subject himself to any odious comparisons. Probably most critical readers will be of opinion that the first half of the novel, which is devoted almost entirely to portraiture, with a very slight modicum of incident, is more successful than the latter half, which concerns itself with the machinations of the two villains, Semple and Beattie. The story of their scheme to tamper with the will of Mr. James Lindsay, and so to manage things that suspicion must necessarily fall upon poor Alec, is conceived and worked out with a good deal of ingenuity, and no definite fault can be found with it; but one reader, at least, has found it somewhat wanting in that imaginative grasp of reality, which gives such a charm to the rest of the book. The characters throughout, especially those of Alec's father and sister, and his college friend Cameron, are vividly conceived. The episodical descriptions—that of the curling match for example—are excellently done; and, indeed, *The Lindsays* is, from every point of view, a good novel.

In writing of *Mayroyd of Mytholm*, one cannot repeat this verdict without large reserves; or, rather, one must vary its form, and say that the book contains a number of good things. Unfortunately, the good things are spoiled by somewhat serious faults; and the total effect is, therefore, a little unsatisfactory. The scene of the story is laid in a rural—a very rural—district of Cumberland, and many of the chapters prove that the author not only knows his country well, but has a very pretty descriptive gift. A thoroughly successful novel cannot, however, be constructed out of a series of landscapes and figures, be they painted ever so deftly; and *Mayroyd of Mytholm* is rendered a tantalising book for the ordinary reader by a superfluity of difficult dialect, and a plot the complexity of which is very much in excess of the interest. There is a mystery connected with the parentage of a child, who is introduced to us in the first chapter—one of the best of the many good descriptive studies; and as this mystery hangs over our heads throughout the work without our being permitted to see what depends upon its solution, the reader sometimes forgets it altogether, and when he remembers it finds that it has become a trifle, or more than a trifle, tiresome. In fact, there are two or three mysteries which turn out in the end to be all connected together, and the element of mystery is one which needs to be economised more skilfully than it is economised here. Some of the chapters are bits of Dutch painting, so good of their kind that they could not be easily beaten; but the book, as a whole, leaves a somewhat blurred impression upon the mind.

I am inclined to think that the peculiar charm of Mr. Shorthouse's work is more abundantly manifest in his short stories than in his more elaborate romances; and the five tales in his latest volume represent his most

characteristic artistic virtues, while leaving no room for the intrusion of the faults which do something to mar their effect. Mr. Shorthouse's creative achievements give a certain impression of remoteness which is pleasing for a time, but is apt to become a trifle wearisome and tantalising; and probably few readers of *John Inglesant* and *Sir Percival* retain to the end the gusto with which they read the opening chapters. A single dream scene in a play, where the actors in the vision are seen with softened outlines through a veil of gauze, has a charm of its own which is almost entirely dependent upon its unfamiliarity; but an entire drama acted behind gauze would pall upon the spectator, and Mr. Shorthouse's treatment produces an effect somewhat similar to that produced by the stage veil. His long romances resemble the hypothetical play, his shorter tales are the isolated dream scenes. The characters in the stories here are, like all the author's characters, somewhat shadowy; but their shadowy quality is given by a skilfully managed remoteness, not by careless, unimaginative work. We do not realise them as we realise the characters in the works of the great masters of fiction, but we have the feeling that we might realise them if we could only get near enough—if we could go behind the gauze. To change the image: landscape and figures are seen as they are seen in moonlight, and moonlight has both its special charm and its special defect of revelation. The princess in the title-story and the Baroness Helena Von Saarfeld are essentially moonlight people; and the Marquis de St. Palaye in the story which bears his name—one of the most movingly beautiful of recent ideal creations—is almost the only character whom we see with the distinctness given by familiar sunshine. The book is rich in work of a very exceptional loveliness of conception and execution, and those who in its pages make the acquaintance of Mr. Shorthouse for the first time are people to be envied.

The curious romance, *Marahuna*, is dedicated to the author of *Elsie Venner*, but it recalls most strongly the work of a very different person, the author of *King Solomon's Mines*. The early chapters, which take us on board H.M.S. *Horward* to the solitary ocean which surrounds the South Pole, with its wonderful sea of flame, are suggestive both of Mr. Rider Haggard and M. Jules Verne; and Marahuna, the heroine, who appears mysteriously out of the heart of the fire, is a personage whom in all probability we should never have known had we not previously known the wonderful "She." Indeed, though Marahuna is altogether a smaller and less impressive creation, we are reminded too constantly of "She" to have that special pleasure which is born of freshness of invention; and Mr. Marriott Watson's human or non-human salamander lacks not only the impressiveness but the peculiar fascination either of her famous prototype or of the heroine of the romance mentioned in the dedication. Among the characteristics of which Marahuna is denuded are the very characteristics which make a creature in the form of humanity interesting to us. She does, indeed, arouse our curiosity, but only in the same utterly unemotional way in which it is aroused by a geometrical or arithmetical puzzle; and when, by the sudden birth of human passion, a new interest

is awakened it soon develops into an interest of repulsion, not of attraction. There is a great deal of intellectual ingenuity in the book, especially in the account of the attempts made to bring Marahuna and those by whom she is surrounded into mental and emotional touch with each other. But the story is inventive rather than imaginative; and, without adding another to the many recent stupid charges of pliarism, one must say that even the invention has a derivative quality. Curiously enough, on p. 143 we have an entirely erroneous description of the book which is such a special favourite with the author. *Elsie Venner* is anything but correctly described as "the story of a girl who is bitten by a snake in her childhood"; and such a description is more than a mere error of detail: it misrepresents the central *motif* of the work—the imaginative presentation of one of the many problems suggested by the doctrine of heredity. In justice to Mr. Watson it must be said that the error is made by one of the characters in the story, not by the author in his own proper person; but as he leaves it uncorrected he is certainly responsible for it.

Though not avowedly a burlesque, there can hardly be much doubt that *Throttle Island* has been written with a burlesque intention, the objects of its satire being *Treasure Island* and similar stories of romantic adventure. If this be so, the story is a very clever *jeu d'esprit*; if not, it is a mass of the wildest absurdities. The air of dead earnestness throughout may incline some readers to the latter hypothesis; but in adopting it I should say that they are certainly mistaken, though the author may not be free from accountability for their mistake. In the grotesque incredibility of its coincidences and its horrors it certainly out-shocks any shilling shocker that I can at this moment remember.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

RECENT VERSE.

The Poetry of South Africa. Collected and arranged by A. Wilmot. (Sampson Low.) It is significant of newly aroused interest in the colonies that this volume should follow so hard upon Mr. Douglas Sladen's collection of *Australian Ballads and Rhymes* (ACADEMY, February 11). It would be unjust to press the coincidence too closely. The Cape and Natal together have a total population of about 340,000 whites, while Australasia has nearly tenfold that number; and of the white population in South Africa perhaps one half speak Dutch as their mother tongue. But if Australia can boast her Gordon and her Kendall, the Cape owns one poet whose name deservedly stands in a class above theirs—that of Thomas Pringle, the immigrant from the Scotch border, who drew his inspiration directly from Sir Walter—or rather, from the same fountain as Sir Walter. Of his famous reverie beginning "Afair in the desert I love to ride"—which everybody used to learn by heart many years ago, but which we miss from recent anthologies—it must suffice to quote what Coleridge said of it: "I do not hesitate to declare it among the two or three most perfect lyrics in our language." We have heard, too, that it has won, in a Dutch translation, equal popularity from the older race of colonists, about whom the poet himself did not hesitate to speak unwelcome truths. In 1881 a collected edition of Pringle's South African poems, with memoir

and notes, was published by Messrs. Longmans; and to that volume we must refer the curious reader, for the present book gives no biographical or other information. Mr. Wilmot has been industrious in collecting what we assume to be the most favourable specimens from "The Poet's Corner" of South African newspapers and other sources not specified. We know not how local partiality may rank them; but the English verdict, we fear, can only be—Pringle first, and the rest anywhere. It is impossible for a stranger to sympathise fully with the parodies and echoes of English song which constitute the staple of this collection. "The Defence of Rorke's Drift" has inspired one not inadequate ballad, signed with the name of Bertram Mitford; and there is both pathos and melody in Mr. G. Longmore's "The Faded Photograph," of which we may quote the first stanza:

"Your portrait hangs upon my wall,
Among my treasures highly classed,
For it is potent to recall
Old days that we have passed
In close communion, heart and mind,
Where Avon's placid waters wind.

But, in our judgment, the most sustained note of genuine poetry is to be found in the religious hymns contributed by the Rev. F. J. Ochsee. We have only room for a single stanza, again the first, of the piece entitled "Contentment":

"I am content to be
What God has made me; honour and renown
I seek not from this world; nor fear its frown.
God knows and honours me, His child and heir
He made me; then what matters it if here
Unknown and poor I live—a little while
And I shall bask in his eternal smile
To all eternity."

Caesar Borgia: a Tragedy, and other Poems. By W. Evans. (Maxwell.) Mr. Evans's volume consists of two dramas and a miscellaneous collection of lyrical and other short poems, each of the dramas occupying about one third of the total number of pages. It gives evidence throughout of a genuine poetic instinct, and is free from the bathos which often characterises the productions of our minor poets. It also seldom errs in the direction of overstrained sentiment, or the subordination of meaning to the mere music of well-chosen words. It is therefore worthy of respectful treatment at the hands of a reviewer. It was courageous of Mr. Evans to choose Caesar Borgia as the subject of a drama; because the hero, if he may be so called, had no excellences of nature to redeem his unscrupulous ambition, and because there is no woman who wins or appeals us in the plot of the drama. Notwithstanding these difficulties, the attempt has, we think, been distinctly successful. It is certainly somewhat surprising to find Lucretia Borgia a soft, repentant, and somewhat weary woman, who has seen the hollowness of all human things; but, then, most of us only know her through the opera of Donizetti. The lesson of the drama is not a very deep one, viz., that the ambition of an evil nature is likely to end in disaster for itself; but with such a subject Mr. Evans could not import any other moral. We have no space to notice the other dramatic composition—"A Fair Reward"—which is built on a lighter framework. Of the shorter poems we find several pleasing, and one, "Antigone," especially so. The restraint imposed by a classical treatment of a classical subject is very beneficial in these days of over-ornamental or encrusted workmanship. Our poetical vocabulary is too rich as a rule for the matter which it expounds. "Antigone" is on the way to Lander, but he would have been more marmorean still. We cannot deal in detail with the contents of this little book, which are very varied; but we would pick out, by the way, "Kilsano" as a good sonnet, "Valentine's

Song" as an instance of the over-languorous modern style, and "Waiting," especially the three first stanzas of the five, as a poem which shows the temperate soundness of true poetry, giving a clear-cut picture which the eye can conjure up at once, and all the better in that it contains no florid or superfluous phrase.

Fires of Greenwood. By Francis Prevost. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) Concerning this modest volume we are compelled to use the trite criticism—that the performance falls short of the promise. The author's most sustained effort, which, without doubt, was latest in date, is printed first, "The Whitening of the Thorn Tree"; but this falls off towards the end. After plodding through a most indifferent "Fragment of a Drama," and some most unblushing imitations (or parodies?) of Browning, we are surprised to discover a poem of so much originality as the concluding one, called "Hand and Heart":

"Clean heart—clean hands," he said, and looked
at mine;
And caught them ere unclasped; for one was red
That had besprinkled his white lips with wine.
'Clean heart—clean hands,' he said."

The entire poem is unfortunately just too long for quotation. But it is undoubtedly of a high order.

The New Purgatory. By E. R. Chapman. (Fisher Unwin.) Miss Chapman has already shown herself an energetic and thoughtful thinker in her prose studies of *A Comtist Lover*, *A Tourist Idyl*, and *The New Godiva*. She now comes before us as the author of a considerable volume of poems, under the title of *The New Purgatory*, consisting of translations and original verse. We cannot speak so highly of the latter as of the former. A bold paraphrase of *Purgatorio*, Cantos xxx. and xxxi. (fatally excused by a note), though it flows for the most part easily and is deserving of attention, does not seem to warrant a continuation. There is a very happy rendering of a fragment of Victor Hugo's *Chants du Crépuscule*, under the title of "The Bird's Faith":

"What matters it though life uncertain be
To all? What, though its goal
Be never reached? What, though it fail and
flee?
Have we not each a soul?

"A soul that quickly must arise and soar
To regions far more pure,
Arise and dwell where pain can be no more,
And every joy is sure?

"Be like the bird that on a bough too frail
To bear him, gaily swings!
He carols—though the slender branches fall—
He knows that he has wings."

A Lawyer's Leisure. By James Williams. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) In *A Story of Three Years*, which Mr. Williams published in 1883, he proved himself a close student of Dante. In *A Lawyer's Leisure* he shows us that, like Ulysses, he has been in many cities and known the thoughts of many men. Mr. Williams's leisure has been employed in musing over the cities and men of three peninsulas—in giving us "Rhymed Thoughts" of Greece, Scandinavia, and Portugal. He has won laurels in more than one other field; but he has done well to give up, in his poetic moments, his rôle as sonneteer, of whose productions he spoke not perhaps too harshly when addressing his critic in his earlier volume:

"The sonnets here are maimed and halt—
I was not born to verse."

No one henceforth can accuse Mr. Williams of want of modesty. In the present volume, however, he has gained a more complete mastery over his instrument, and often

sings very happily of his subjects. What we complain of in his writings is that he has treated throughout of great subjects in too trivial a manner, and we fear that Mr. Williams's leisurely habits have prevented his bestowing all the care that he should upon the happy inspirations which have visited him. Yet his "King Björn"—too long to quote—will bear comparison with many a more pretentious poem. We do not remember to have seen before quite such a good example of inverted alliteration as Mr. Williams gives us:

"Over vale and lea
Like measured dirge of distant mourners crept
The wailing of the sea."

David Westren. By Alfred Hayes. (Simpkin Marshall.) Mr. Hayes has already won repute by felicitous imitation of Lord Tennyson, and in *David Westren* he shows us that he has neither lost his faculty nor changed his ideal. *David Westren* consists of the most charming and faultless blank verse, but the author has forgotten one thing—that he should have a story to tell. In the volume by which in 1886 he first made his name—*The Last Crusade*—he had a very fine if not too imitative a subject, in the death of Louis IX. But in *David Westren* it is only too apparent that he has no motive for song. Mr. Hayes has a quite marvellous gift of song within his power, and it will be a pity if he does not use it to better purpose. As to his position, it seems to be like his diction, Tennysonian:

"Our living faith
Is what we love and suffer; and the truth
That changeth not with man, we cannot know,
And blunder when we guess at."

We feel that Mr. Hayes has erred in choosing a less exalted subject for his lyre. His verse loses something which he would have gained by taking a worthier theme.

Poems of many Years and many Places. (Longmans.) It is not easy to characterise this little collection. Although a first appearance in poetry, and published anonymously, it is evidently the work of a man of much experience and wide, if not deep, reading. A good deal of the English verse is unmelodious, and some of the Latin verse is far from blameless. But a vein of originality crops thinly through, as when Her Majesty is bidden to console her widowhood by the thought that the Prince Consort might have turned out badly if he had lived much longer; and the lament over General Gordon's death is varied by this odd reflection:

"Alas! he Freedom's banner ne'er unfurled,
Fighting for tyranny he always stood;
Though Peace was on his lips he left the world
In seas of blood."

From internal evidence we gather that the author entered the Bengal Civil Service nearly half a century ago, and saw much of India both before and after the Mutiny. He is sternly orthodox in his religious convictions, and apparently an accomplished linguist. He was educated at Eton, and some of his Latin elegiacs are worthy of one who was at the same school as Wellesley and Canning. In his alcaics he is given to a practice which they would hardly have countenanced—that of beginning his fourth line with the second half of a pentameter, such as "cordis in arce mei." His sapphics are often marred by an unpleasantness of *cæura*; and it may be remarked that one of them is an unacknowledged translation. The piece will be found on p. 192, under the title "Omnia Vincit Amor," and is translated, closely enough, from an unpublished poem by the late Henry Sherer. Enough has, perhaps, been said to show that this is no common volume, however uneven in point of workmanship.

Borrowed Plumes. By James Gribble. (Trübner.) This pretty little book seems to raise a spectre which one could wish to see laid once for all. From the days of Lord Roscommon there has always been a latent suspicion as to the rendering of foreign poetry in English verse. When people began to translate Heine doubt became certainty. In the preface to Mr. Gribble's volume—about one-third of which is devoted to renderings from this poet—we are told that the rule is to express oneself as Heine would have done had he been an Englishman. But is not that a startling assumption? Nothing can be more utterly different from Heine's tone than the rough, blunt, pitiful English humour; and that is really why the task undertaken by Mr. Gribble is so evidently impossible. The difficulty does not lie in the mere language: Heine's style is perhaps the simplest and most pellucid ever used by a German. It is the whole world of character that lies between the English intellect and that mocking egotism that does not spare anything—neither love, nor life, nor death, nor even self—and which conveys itself to the reader in an almost magical use of rhythm and phrase. No translator can hope often to surprise such secrets; once or twice, perhaps, with great luck, skill, and sympathy—but none through eighty pages. It would not be fair to blame Mr. Gribble if he has failed where success has been so often found impossible. He might, however, have been more faithful. The remaining versions are mostly from modern German poets, with a few pieces from Goethe and from Schiller. These are graceful, and often show care in dealing with verbal problems. But, after all, it takes a poet to translate poetry. The want of that incommunicable touch is felt in such a line as this:

"The oak-trees rustle, the clouds drive o'er,"

where the words are almost all weakened from the celebrated original. The book is printed in Germany—a fact which may help to explain the presence of sundry curious *coquilles*, both in spelling and in punctuation.

SOME of our readers may be glad to have their attention called to two volumes of verse which, though privately printed, can be obtained on application in the proper quarter. One of these is the latest issue of Mr. H. Daniel's hand-press at Oxford; and it consists, like a former issue, of the by-work of Canon Dixon, the historian of the English Church. It is entitled *The Story of Eudocia and her Brothers*. To students of English metre it possesses a special attraction, for it represents a second attempt to restore a form of verse that has long been disused among us. It is now some years since Canon Dixon proved by his *Mano* that a long narrative poem can be read with pleasure when written in strict accordance with the rules of *terza rima*. He has now addressed himself to the task, scarcely less difficult, of writing a short narrative poem in the five-beat couplets of Chaucer. The dainty little quarto which embalms this interesting metrical experiment is limited to an edition of fifty copies, of which twenty-five have been placed for sale with Mr. Gee, High Street, Oxford.

THE other privately printed volume comes from the Chiswick Press; and the poet is Mr. Thomas Ashe—the editor, if we mistake not, of Coleridge—who has already made several ventures in the more common mode of publication. The present collection he styles *Songs of a Year*; and the contents are bound together by the modern note of self-consciousness, which finds its best representative in Amiel. Mr. Ashe's address is 10 Worcester Street, S.W.

NOTES AND NEWS.

SOME of the contributors to the *Dictionary of National Biography* propose to dine together on Wednesday, June 13, as they did before about three years ago. Mr. Leslie Stephen, the editor, has promised to take the chair.

WE understand that one of the most important articles in Mr. Quilter's new review will be from the pen of Sir Charles Dilke. The subject is the state of Europe, and the article will contain some important statements on the secret policy of Italy at the present time.

THE May number of the *National Review* will contain the opinion of nearly every eldest son of a peer who sits in the Commons on the question of the necessity for reforming the Constitution of the House of Lords. Among these will be the Marquis of Hartington and Viscount Cranbourne.

PROF. HENRY DRUMMOND has a new book in the press, entitled *Tropical Africa*, which will be published immediately by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It will contain an account of the author's recent travels in Central Africa, with one or two chapters of natural history, and notes regarding the latest phases of the slave trade, and African politics generally. We hear that *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* has now reached the extraordinary sale of 75,000 copies.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co. have in the press an account of his explorations in New Guinea, by Capt. Strachan, who is at present in this country.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. will publish next week an important work on Irish history, entitled *Ireland in '98*. The book is based on the late Dr. R. R. Madden's "Lives of the United Irishmen," and contains the substance of those bulky volumes, besides much additional matter extracted from his unpublished MSS. It is edited by Dr. J. Bowles Daly, and illustrated with several portraits and reproductions of popular contemporary cartoons.

THE next volume in the "Badminton Library," to be published in May, will be *Boating*, written by no less authorities than the Rev. Dr. Warre, of Eton, and Mr. W. B. Woodgate, and illustrated with instantaneous photographs and drawings by Mr. Frank Dadd. In June we are promised the volume on *Cricket*, to which Mr. A. G. Steel, Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. R. H. Lytton, Mr. R. A. B. Mitchell, and Dr. W. G. Grace, will all contribute.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. announce a translation of Prof. Diodato Lioy's work on the philosophy of law (*Della Filosofia del Diritto*) from the Italian. A third edition of the work, revised and enlarged, has just appeared. It has already been translated into German and French, and a translation into Spanish is also in preparation. The English translation will be made by Mr. W. Hastie, the translator of Kant's *Philosophy of Law*, &c.; and it will contain an introduction on the development of the philosophy of law in Italy.

MISS ANNIE THOMAS'S new novel, *Love's a Tyrant*, will be issued in a few days by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN announces for the spring publishing season: *Jewish Portraits*, by Lady Magnus; *Philaster, and other Poems*, by Aston Clair. In the "Story of the Nations" series: *Assyria*, by Zénaïde A. Ragozin; *The Turks*, by Stanley Lane Poole; *Holland*, by Prof. Thorold Rogers; *Medieval France*, by Gustave Masson. *Tin*, a novel dealing with village life in a Cornish mining district, by Edward Bosanquet; *A Cloud on St. Angelo*, by Cyril Bennett; a manual on *Practical Politics*, by A. F. Robbins; a popular edition of *The*

Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat; *Natura Causation*: an Essay in four parts, by C. E. Plumptre; *Dearly Bought*: a Novel, in 3 vols., by E. Fitzroy Cole; and *The Down Grade Controversy*, by the Rev. J. Guinness Rogers.

MR. ELLIOT STROCK will shortly issue in this country, by arrangement with the American publisher, Whitmore's *Ancestral Tablets for recording Pedigrees*.

WE have received the prospectus of a new Slang Dictionary, which will aim at exceptional completeness by enlisting the co-operation of specialists in different departments. The editors in chief are Prof. Albert Barrère, of Woolwich, author of *Argot and Slang*; and Mr. Charles G. Leland (Hans Breitmann); and among the contributors are the names of the Earl of Suffolk, Sir Patrick Colquhoun, Major Arthur Griffiths, Dr. Charles Mackay, and Mr. John Hollingshead. The character of the work may be judged from its sub-title—"a dictionary of unconventional phraseology, embracing English, American, and Colonial slang; tinkers', Yiddish, Pidgin, and Anglo-Indian slang; quaint expressions, vulgarisms; their origin, meaning, and application." It will be issued, in two volumes, to subscribers only, who should apply to Mr. G. May, 2 White Hart Street, E.C.

WE may also mention another privately printed book—a translation into English of the exceedingly rare Latin work known as "The Chronicle of Clemendy; or, the History of the IX. Joyous Journeys," which was written in the seventeenth century by Gervase Perrot, evidently inspired by Rabelais. The translator is Mr. Arthur Machen, to whom we already owe an English version of the *Heptameron* of Margaret of Navarre. Subscriptions will be received by Mr. T. Marvell, 98 Great Russell Street, W.C.

THE annual meeting of the Camden Society will be held on Wednesday next, May 2, at 4.30 p.m., at Messrs. Nichols, 25, Parliament-street, S.W.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN are publishing in quick succession a series of their standard novels in what (for want of a more intelligible description) we must call "yellow covers." As a matter of fact, the covers bear no sensational pictures, but are designed by Mr. Lewis Day with a profusion of floral ornament. The quality of both print and paper are necessarily determined by the length of the works, so that there should be no material difference in bulk between what originally appeared in three and in two volumes. Among the latest additions to this series are three by Mrs. Oliphant, Mr. Christie Murray's pretty idyll *Aunt Rachel*, and Mr. W. E. Murray's sketch after Thackeray's manner, *My Friend Jim*. As soon as copyright has been gained in the United States, we cannot doubt that all novels will first appear in some such cheap form.

A STILL more remarkable example of the popularity of good literature is afforded by Sir John Lubbock's collection of lectures on *The Pleasures of Life*, issued by the same publishers. From a note on the back of the title-page, we learn that this was first published in June 1887, that it had to be reprinted no less than five times before December, and that three more editions have already been called for this year. Though it is stated to have undergone "alterations," it is somewhat startling still to find, in the famous discourse on "The Choice of Books," Hesiod included among epic poets, and (on the same page) the Nibelungenlied described as "our great Anglo-Saxon epic."

MR. RIDER HAGGARD may be interested to know that the new number of the otherwise very exact *Orientalische Bibliographie* enters his *King Solomon's Mines* as a contribution to "Alttestamentliche Literatur."

UNIVERSITY JOINTINGS.

IN accordance with expectation, Sir Thomas Francis Wade, the president of the Royal Asiatic Society, has been elected to the newly-founded chair of Chinese at Cambridge. Sir Thomas, who is now resident at Cambridge, recently presented to the university library his valuable collection of Chinese books and MSS.

THE university of Cambridge has appointed the following representatives to be present at the celebration, next June, of the eight hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the university of Bologna: Justice Denman, Prof. Adams, Prof. Jebb of Glasgow, and Prof. Denman.

THE Cambridge Antiquarian Society propose to hold a second exhibition of university and college portraits in the Fitzwilliam Museum during the present term.

THE Rev. Dr. Hatch, reader in ecclesiastical history at Oxford, is delivering his Hibbert Lectures at Oxford as well as in London. The general subject is "The History of the Influence of Greek Ideas and Usages upon the Ideas and Usages of Early Christianity."

MR. RÜCKER—the newly appointed professor of physics at the Royal School of Science at South Kensington, and himself an Oxford man—will give a lecture to the Junior Scientific Club at Oxford on Saturday next, May 5, upon "Action at a Distance."

THE Oxford branch of the Teachers' Guild was to be inaugurated by a public meeting this day (Saturday), when Mr. F. Storr, of Merchant Taylors, and editor of the *Journal of Education*, was to deliver an address on the objects and methods of the guild. The president of the Oxford branch is the Rev. Dr. Magrath, provost of Queen's.

MR. ERNEST GARDNER, the director of the English school at Athens, who has also been conducting archaeological explorations in Cyprus during the past winter, has been re-appointed for a second term to the Craven studentship at Cambridge.

THE University College Literary Society will give a *soirée* in Gower Street on Thursday, May 17, when Mr. J. Churton Collins will read a paper on "Sophocles and Shakspeare."

THE *Oxford Magazine* of April 25 (London: Henry Frowde) gives a long obituary notice of the Rev. Thomas Henry Sheppard, of Exeter, for many years a familiar figure at the university, who died during last vacation at the age of seventy-three; and also prints in full, as it has done before, the Latin speech of the senior proctor on resigning office.

THE last issue of the publication agency of the Johns Hopkins University—which usually deals in severer literature—is a pretty little quarto pamphlet, containing an account of the proceedings at a commemoration of Sidney Lanier, held last February. Sidney Lanier, it may be as well to state, was lecturer in English literature at Johns Hopkins until his death in 1880; and it is evident that he inspired a personal enthusiasm in those with whom he came into contact at Baltimore somewhat like that which Oxford continues to feel for Arnold Toynbee.

OBITUARY.

DR. J. H. STODDART.

THE death of Dr. J. H. Stoddart, so long associated with the *Glasgow Herald*, came upon his many acquaintances, both in Scotland and England, as a sad shock. When he retired from active editorial duty, but a few months ago, he was in indifferent health; but it was hoped that, with rest, leisure, and congenial literary work, he would shortly be himself again. This hope has been disappointed; and

now his colleagues and friends can only look back with regretful pleasure on the many years of pleasant intercourse they had with as warm-hearted a man, and as loyal a friend, as they have ever had, or expect to have.

Stoddart gave the best of his life to journalism, and he was one of the most successful journalists of his time. Not that, latterly at all events, he wrote much—it must be difficult for a man who has, as he had, the literary management of three newspapers on his shoulders to find time for writing—but he possessed, in a marked degree, the true newspaper instinct. He had a rare measure of sagacity; he knew what things his readers wanted, and he acted accordingly. He was professionally conservative, in the sense not of being averse to change, but of being averse to spasmodic or ill-considered change. When he did make a new departure, he threw himself into it with all his heart. Of a kind and tolerant disposition, he encouraged moderation and discouraged bitterness in controversy. The gospel according to Murdstone was never preached in the columns of his newspapers. He was absolutely fearless and, if need were, indignantly independent of party organisations and social wire-pullers.

As a poet Stoddart had, in his busy life, but scant time to do justice to the genuine faculty he possessed. *The Seven Sagas of Prehistoric Man* is his most ambitious work, and in it he gives full play to his Darwinism—a Darwinism rather of temperament than of formulated creed. But he is seen at his best in his *Village Life*, which, as a set of photographs of Scotch life, coloured here with love, there with a pensive melancholy, is the most important volume of the kind that has been published for many years. He was a warm admirer of the literature of his native country; and it is to be hoped that what he is known to have written on Scotch ballads at intervals during the last few years will yet be published. W. W.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

BEYOND THE MIST.

Out of the mist the river glides to us,
Glides like a phantom strange and marvellous
Out of the mist.

Into the mist the river passes on,
With inarticulate murmur flows anon
Into the mist.

And yet, perchance, upon its infant rills
Fair shone the sun amid the cradling hills
Before the mist.

And when at last the full flood nears the main,
Perchance a glory crowns it yet again,
Beyond the mist.

JOHN W. HALES.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE chief contents of the *Revista Contemporanea* for March are biographical notices of Pero Fernández Lorca, who founded the hospital of S. Catalina in Madrid in 1460; also of the lately deceased Dom Bosco of Turin, the prison reformer and founder of the Order of de Sales, by his fellow philanthropist, F. Lastres, who tells of the marvellous influence over criminals which enabled him to dispense with all restraint. N. Acero y Abad continues his study of Ginez Pérez de Hita as the father of the historical novel, showing his influence over Martinez de la Rosa, Washington Irving, Chateaubriand, and others. F. Pons, in his "Notes of a Journey in Algiers and Tunis," remarks the complete establishment of French civilisation in Algeria, while the name of Frenchman is no more liked now than in the first days of the conquest. A chapter is given

from a forthcoming work by A. de Sandoval on "Catherine of Siena and her Times."

THE *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia for March prints some Hebrew documents, furnished by J. Loeb, on the translation of the body of S. Isidore from Seville to Leon in 1015; also extracts from the Cortés of 1592, voting aid to Mariana for printing his history. For the tercentenary of the Marquis de Santa Cruz Fernández Duro prints an anonymous unpublished narrative of his life, full of interest, on the raising of the siege of Malta, the rebellion of the Moriscos, the battle of Lepanto, &c., down to the summer of 1573. Padre Fita reports favourably on a memoir by F. Creus, throwing light on the crafty parliamentary policy of Ferdinand II. in Catalonia in 1488-93; he also prints, with notes and illustrations, a cantiga of Alfonso the Wise on a miracle said to have occurred to S. Dunstan in the church of S. Augustine at Canterbury. Some inedited portions of a council in Mexico in 1771 show the great care taken lest the sick should be neglected and the hospitals be turned into monasteries by the monks of S. Juan de Dios.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- ARNAUDIN, F. Contes populaires recueillis dans la grande Lande, le Born, les petites Landes et le Marensin. Bordeaux: Moquet. 5 fr.
CHAMPFLÉURY. Musée secret de la caricature. Paris: Dentu. 5 fr.
FOURNISE, P. Notice sur la Bibliothèque de la Grande-Chartreuse au moyen âge, suivie d'un catalogue de cette bibliothèque au XV^e siècle. Lyon: Cote. 3 fr.
HARTMANN, H. Üb. die Vorlagen zu Sheridans Rivals. Eine Quellenuntersuchg. Colberg: Wranke. 1 M.
HASSE, C. Wiederherstellung antiker Bildwerke. 2. Hft. 2. Mionius. 2. Torso v. Belvedere. Jena: Fischer. 6 M.
HETDEMANN, H. Pariser Antiken. Halle: Niemeyer. 7 M.
HOFER, F. Der Bau d. Goetheschen Torquato Tasso. Colberg: Wranke. 1 M.
JOEST, R. Goethes religiöse Entwicklung bis zum J. 1790. Colberg: Wranke. 1 M.
LOU, A. Tousseint. La France sociale et économique, d'après les documents officiels les plus récents. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 3 fr.
PAILLER, G. Madame de Chateaubriand: lettres inédites à M. Clausel de Coussergues. Bordeaux: Moquet. 10 fr.
SCHROEDER, L. v. Die Hochzeitgebräuche der Esten u. einiger anderer finisch-ungarischer Völkern in Vergleichung m. denen der indogermanischen Völker. Berlin: Asher. 5 M.

THEOLOGY.

- BRETRAND, H. Essai critique sur l'authenticité des Epîtres pastorales. Paris: Fischbacher. 3 fr.
LE SAVOUREUX, Eug. Le Prophète Joël: introduction critique, traduction et commentaires. P.p. A. J. Baumgartner. Paris: Fischbacher. 10 fr.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- BILFINGER, G. Der bürgerliche Tag. Untersuchgn. üb. den Beginn d. Kalendertages im klassischen Altertum u. im christlichen Mittelalter. Stuttgart: Kohlhammer. 5 M.
DANTSCHER v. KOLLESBERG, Th. Ritter. Die politischen Rechte der Unterthanen. Wien: Manz. 3 M.
GESCHICHTSBLÄTTER, hantische. Hrg. vom Verein f. hant. Geschichte. Jahrg. 1886. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 5 M.
HUBER, E. System u. Geschichte d. schweizerischen Privatrechts. 2. Bd. Basel: Detloff. 7 M. 20 Pf.
LABAT, G. Documents sur la Ville de Royan et la Tour de Cordouan (1800-1800). 2. Recueil. Bordeaux: Moquet. 20 fr.
MEHLIS, O. Studien sur ältesten Geschichte der Rheinlande. 10. Abtlig. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 8 M.
MERKL, J. Abhandlungen aus dem Gebiete d. römischen Rechts. 3. Hft. Ueber die Entstehung d. römischen Beamtengehaltes u. üb. römische Gerichtsgebühren. Halle: Niemeyer. 4 M.
MÉTIVIER, Jean de. Chronique du Parlement de Bordeaux, p.p. A. de Brezès et Jules Delpit. Bordeaux: Moquet. 40 fr.
MOREL, Ch. Genève et la Colonie de Vienne: étude sur une organisation municipale à l'époque romaine. Paris: Fischbacher. 20 fr.
PIÖHLER, F. Virunum. Graz: Leuschner. 12 M.
ROSLAN, Goury du. Essai sur l'histoire économique de l'Espagne. Paris: Guillaumin. 7 fr. 60 c.
SCRIPTORUM rerum poloniarum. Tom. XII. Krakau: Friedlein. 12 M.
SIXTE LE TAO, le Père. Histoire chronologique de la Nouvelle-France ou Canada, depuis sa découverte (1494) jusqu'en l'an 1694. P.p. Eug. Bévilland. Paris: Fischbacher. 20 fr.

UCKEL, A. Die Agrarkrisis in Preussen während der zwanziger Jahre dieses Jahrhunderts. Halle: Niemeyer. 1 M. 60 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BERNSTEIN, J. Über die Kiste der lebenden Materie. Halle: Niemeyer. 1 M. 30 Pf.
 ETTINGSHAUSEN, C. Fh. v. u. F. KRASAN. Beiträge zur Erforschung der stavischen Formen an lebenden Pflanzen u. ihrer Beziehungen zu den Arten ihrer Gattung. Leipzig: Freytag. 2 M. 30 Pf.
 FOKKER, A. P. Untersuchungen über Heterogenese. III. Groningen: Nordhoff. 2 M.
 HÄRCKEL, E. System der Siphonophoren, auf phylogenes Grundlage entworfen. Jena: Fischer. 1 M. 30 Pf.
 LEHMANN, E. De la Hire u. seine sectiones conicae. 1. Th. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 1 M. 30 Pf.
 STILLMARK, H. Über die, e. giftiges Ferment aus den Samen v. Ridnuu comm. L. u. einigen anderen Euphorbiaceen. Dorpat: Karow. 2 M.
 STRASSBURGER, E. Histologische Beiträge. 1. Hft. Über Kern- u. Zelltheilung im Pflanzenreiche, nebst e. Anh. über Befruchtung. Jena: Fischer. 7 M.
 VIOLETTE, J. Cours de physique. T. II. 1^{re} partie. Acoustique. Paris: Masson. 9 fr.
 WEBER, Th. Metaphysik. Eine wissenschaftl. Begründg. der Ontologie d. positiven Christentums. 1. Bd. Einleitung u. Anthropologie. Gotha: Perthes. 8 M.
 ZOFF, W. Untersuchungen über Parasiten aus der Gruppe der Monadinen. Halle: Niemeyer. 6 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- DONNER, O. Vergleichendes Wörterbuch der finnisch-ugrischen Sprachen. III. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 5 M.
 ESPAGNOLE, J. L'origine du français. T. II. Paris: Delagrave. 10 fr.
 EVILLIE, A. Glossaire Saintongeais. Bordeaux: Moquet. 15 fr.
 FOMESTER, R. De Aristotelis quae feruntur secretis secretorum commentatio. Kiel: Toeche. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 FREYCH, A. Zum Vokalismus d. Herodotischen Dialektes. Hamburg: Herold. 2 M. 50 Pf.
 GRAY, A. Das Perfectum bei Chaucer. Eine syntact. Untersuchung. Coblenz: Wranke. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 KOCH, G. In carmen Hesiodi quod opera et dies inscribitur meletematum criticoorum specimen. Rudolstadt: Kell. 75 Pf.
 SCHENKEL, H. Die Epitaphischen Fragmente. Eine Untersuchung zur Ueberlieferungs-geschichte der griech. Florilegien. Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 STEINIGER, A. Über den provenzalischen Girart v. Rossillon. Halle: Niemeyer. 10 M.
 WAGNER, O. Haupt-schwierigkeiten der lateinischen Formenlehre. Gotha: Perthes. 2 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TWO MORE POEMS BY CHAUCER.

Cambridge: April 25, 1883.

I have lately examined all the principal Chaucer MSS. in Cambridge, Oxford, and London, with the express object of ascertaining if there are any more fugitive pieces which can reasonably be ascribed to him. The search has been of much instruction to myself on numerous small points, but these are not of general interest. At Cambridge and Oxford I could find no more poems that satisfied the tests as to language, grammar, and metre. But in the British Museum I was more successful. In turning over the leaves of one of Shirley's MSS.—viz., MS. Addit. 16165—I found excellent reason for attributing to Lydgate the poem called the Complaynt of the Black Knight, which Mr. Bradshaw long ago pointed out as Lydgate's, though he did not indicate to me his authority. On some pages the head-line is "The Complaynte of a Knight, made by Lydgate"; but still more satisfactory is the allusion to the same in a very poor poem of Shirley's own on folio 3:

"Whos complaynt is al in balade
 That daun Johan of Bury made,
 Lydgate the Munk, clothed in blakke;
 In his making ther is no lacke."

Let me hope that this question is now definitely closed.

At folio 256 (back) I suddenly came upon a poem which was new to me. But it is a fact that I had only read about *four lines*, when I at once recognised the true melody of Chaucer's

* *I.e.*, in the ballad-metre, or in seven-line stanzas; which is the fact.

style. I may be wrong in supposing that it has not before been printed. If so, perhaps I may hope to be set right. The copy is rather badly spelt; I denote by italics the letters which the scribe ought not to have added, and I insert between square brackets such as he has omitted. But it is, otherwise, fairly correct; and, in any case, is a gem worth preserving. It is Chaucer's, simply because *no one else* could have written it.

"BALADE OF COMPLEYNTE."

"Compleyne ne koude, ne might myn hert[e] neuer

My peynes halve, ne what turment I haue,
 Thaughts that I shoulde in youre presence ben euer,

Myn hertes lady, as wisely he me saue
 That bountee made, and beaute list to graue
 In youre persone, and bade hem bothe in-feere
 Euer tawayte,* and ay beo wher ye were.

"As wisely he gye alle my loyes here
 As I am youre, and to yowes sadde and truwe,
 And ye, my lyff and cause of my go[o]de chere,
 And dethe also, whan ye my peynes newe,
 Myn heven ho[o]le, and all my souffsaunce,
 Whom for to serue is sette al my plesaunce.

"Beseeching yow in my moste humble wyse
 Taccept[e] in worthe this litel po[v]re dyte,
 And for my trouthe my servyce not despice;
 Myn observaunce e[el]ke haue not in despyte,
 Ne yet to longe to suffre[n] in this plyte,
 I yow beseech, myn hertes lady here,
 Sith I yowes serve, and so wil ye[e] by yere."

The rhyme of *dyte*, though it means "ditty," with *plyte* (plight) is quite right; for *dytes* rhymes with *lyte* in "House of Fame," 622, and, therefore, *dyte* rhymes with *lyte*, or with *plyte*. *Despyte* and *plyte* rhyme in "Troilus," iii. 1037. The close resemblance in tone between the above balade and several passages in "Troilus" will at once be remarked. Note also *sadde and trewe*, "Man of Lawes Tale," l. 2; and the same rhyming of *haue, graue, saue*, in the "Clerkes Tale," l. 681.

I found a similar, but longer, and even better, example of a "Complaint" in another MS.; but any account of this must be reserved for a second letter. WALTER W. SKEAT.

BRITISH MAPMAKERS AND BRITISH POSSESSIONS.

Bothwell, Glasgow: April 14, 1888.

My original object in writing to the ACADEMY under the above heading was not to open up a discussion as to what lands are British possessions, but simply to point out that anyone desiring accurate information on such a subject need not go with any great confidence to a Jubilee Atlas of the British Empire. As Mr. Bartholomew, in his letter to the ACADEMY, assures us that his atlas was correct according to existing knowledge at the time of publication, and as Mr. Williams, the editor of G. Philip and Son's atlas, has informed me by letter that he and his publishers maintain their atlas to be correct, my case may safely be looked upon as established.

Mr. Bartholomew, however, goes on to give a detailed statement of his views on the five points which I selected, and as this statement affords striking confirmation of the justice of my complaint, I am induced to return to the subject. I do so the more willingly because the geographical points at issue are interesting and deserve authoritative settlement. My combative remarks claim to be merely a slight contribution towards this end.

* *I.e.*, to await

† *I.e.*, renew; obscurely written; at first *renove*, then altered to *newe*, and somewhat blotted. But it is quite right.

‡ *I.e.*, to accept.

§ Surely an error of the scribe for *dere*. Compare "my lady dere" in Troil. i. 434, and elsewhere.

1. *The Ellice Islands*.—Mr. Bartholomew insists that these are British, stating as evidence (1) that they are included in the Western Pacific High Commission; (2) that the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* some time ago announced the annexation of them. To the first of these statements, I regret to say, I can attach no definite meaning. I am equally sorry to say that it is of no use to refer to the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* on a matter of this kind. Its notes are confessedly taken from other publications, sometimes, as in the present instance, without any indication of the source; and I have already expressed in the ACADEMY my opinion as to the care and knowledge that are necessary in the editing of such material. The case of the Ellice Islands, indeed, furnishes an excellent example of the possible harm that may arise from want of this care and knowledge. The facts are these: a paragraph appeared in some newspapers telling of the annexation of the islands; the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* copied the paragraph; a mapmaker took the *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for his guide, and altered the colouring of his map accordingly. Shortly after the appearance of the paragraph, a question was put in the House of Commons on the subject, and the Secretary of State's words in reply were:

"I am glad of the opportunity, which the question of my honourable friend affords, of saying that the report which has appeared in the newspapers of the annexation of the Ellice Islands by Great Britain is without any foundation."

The newspapers, being called on by the public to print such official replies, naturally came to do something to counteract the effect of the original announcement. The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* unfortunately did nothing.

2. *British North Borneo*.—Mr. Bartholomew says that at the time of going to press his firm "had not received definite information of the annexation of the territory . . . now called Dent Province." Quite so; but should not his firm have taken note of the fact at least two years before? In a paper, read on May 12, 1885, by Sir Walter H. Medhurst, before the Royal Colonial Institute, and printed in its *Proceedings*—not a recondite source of information—the following statement occurs:

"The Company have lately acquired a further valuable cession of territory from the Sultan of Brunel, extending their boundary from Kimanis on the west coast to Sipitong, a small stream rising in Mount Mirapoke, and which empties itself into Brunel Bay. This acquisition adds about sixty miles of coast line, and 4,000 square miles to the Company's territory, and includes the Kalias and Padas rivers, the latter of which is a fine stream, navigable for over 100 miles."

Further, an abstract of this paper was made by me for the magazine of the *Scottish Geographical Society*, and appeared in the number for June, 1885. The news, with the authority for it, was thus brought to Mr. Bartholomew's own door, he being one of the honorary secretaries of the said society. More striking still is the fact that in the same magazine for August, 1885, the announcement is made from the official *British North Borneo Gazette* that

"the district extending from the Sipitong river to the Kwala Penyu river, inclusive of both rivers, as well as the river and district of Bangawan, and the river and district of Tuwaran, are hereby incorporated in the territory of British North Borneo."

This is the "definite information of annexation" which had not reached Mr. Bartholomew in 1887.

3. *Pisheen Valley, &c.*—Mr. Bartholomew is not inaccurate as to the date of annexation of this district, and I quite agree with him in his remark that "it would never do to consider all territories occupied by British troops as British,"

As a matter of fact, however, the district was not merely occupied by British troops. A clause of the treaty of Gandamak (1879) runs as follows:

"That the districts of Kuram and Peshin and Sibi, according to the limits defined in the schedule annexed, shall remain under the protection and administrative control of the British Government. . . . the revenue of these districts, after deducting the charges of civil administration, shall be paid to His Highness the Ameer."

It is thus seen that the district was on almost exactly the same footing in relation to the British Empire as the island of Cyprus has been and is. Mr. Bartholomew carefully marks the island of Cyprus as British.

4. *Aden*.—In regard to this, I readily confess that I prefer the indications on Mr. Bartholomew's map to those of either of the others. But then I must be allowed further to say that if one British Protectorate is to be marked in words as such, and coloured the national geographical colour, it stands to reason that all the others should be dealt with in the same manner. Now, certain of the Malay states, viz., Perak, Selangore, Sungei Ujong are, according to Mr. Bartholomew and all of us, under British protection; yet Mr. Bartholomew stigmatises them in his atlas with an aesthetic green or a washed-out yellow.

5. *North Somali Coast*.—Mr. Bartholomew affirms that this "is merely a claim," that the coast is not annexed, with the exception of "a small portion at Samavonak." Supposing this to be true, Mr. Bartholomew's map cannot certainly be considered satisfactory, seeing that it indicates neither the extensive "claim" which he speaks of, nor the diminutive annexation. I cannot, however, accept his statement as representative of the real condition of affairs. There is plenty of evidence that a British Protectorate actually exists along a great stretch of the coast eastwards from the entrance to the Bay of Tajurah. It would occupy too much space to give this evidence in full. Two portions of it will suffice. The first is that at a meeting of the Royal Geographical Society in 1885 Captain Stewart King, who had a short time before arrived in London from the coast in question, stated that at that time the British protectorate extended from the head of the Gulf of Tajurah to a little east of Berbera. The second has a special significance, as it clearly shows that our protectorate is not "merely a claim," but is now recognised by at least one great European power. It consists in a statement made by the Under Secretary of State in the House of Commons, viz., "The French government have recently acknowledged in a formal manner the protectorate of Her Majesty's government at Dongarita [*sic*]."

In regard to the last four cases, where a British protectorate in some form or other existed prior to 1887, I would not be understood to desire exactly the same shade of colour or other political sign. My demand simply is that on the maps the actual state of affairs as to government should be represented as nearly as it possibly can be, and that this should be done in accordance with some definite plan.

The discrepancies pointed out in my original letter made me say that there seemed a lack of interest in geography on the part of map-makers. I regret to find that Mr. Bartholomew viewed this as an actual accusation. Such a charge would be entirely without foundation in his case. His interest in geography is well known to me; and many other amateurs besides myself gratefully remember the important share he took in the formation and development of the Scottish Geographical Society, which has accomplished so great an amount of good. I think he cannot but own, however, that there is room for considerable improvement in

the editing of atlases, whether the cause be lack of interest, lack of knowledge, or lack of leisure. Conscientious grumblers will be pleased if pains be taken to raise the next edition of the *British Colonial Pocket Atlas* to the same high level as much of the other work of his firm.

THOMAS MUIR.

"PALINGMAN."

Amsterdam: April 22, 1888.

The word "palingman" will prove to be limited to the eel trade (as Sir James Ramsay suggests) by a comparison with Dutch *paling*, meaning "big eel." The Dutch word, *palingman*, actually means a seller of eels.

TAOO H. DE BEER.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, April 30, 1.30 p.m. Royal Institution: Annual Meeting.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Oration Lecture, "The Decoration and Illustration of Books," I., by Mr. Walter Crane.

TUESDAY, May 1, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Plant in the War of Nature," I., by Mr. W. Gardiner.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Distribution of Hydraulic Power in London," by Mr. E. B. Ellington.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Mound-bird of the Solomon Islands," by Mr. C. M. Woodford; "A New Land-tortoise from South Africa living in the Society's Gardens," by Mr. G. A. Boulenger; "The Visceral Anatomy of Birds," and "The Air-space in certain Diving Birds," by Mr. F. E. Beddard; "Fishes of India," I., by Dr. F. Day.

WEDNESDAY, May 2, 4.30 p.m. Camden Society: Annual Meeting.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Drawing, a Means of Education," by Mr. T. E. Abnett.

THURSDAY, May 3, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Chemical Art," IV., by Prof. Dewar.

4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "Jade," by Mr. J. Hilt; "St. Mary's Church, Melbury Bubbe, Dorset," by Messrs. J. Q. and C. A. Buckler.

8 p.m. Linnean: "The Life Histories of *Glycyphagus Domesticus* and *G. Spinipes*," by Mr. A. D. Michael; "Root-Pressure," by Mr. C. B. Clarke; "Orchids of some Lichenopores, &c.," by Mr. A. W. Waters.

8 p.m. Chemical: "The Determination of the Molecular Weights of the Carbohydrates," by Mr. H. T. Brown and Dr. G. H. Morris; "The Action of Heat on the Salts of Tetramethyl Ammonium," by Mr. N. Collie and Dr. Lawson; "The Action of Heat on the Salts of Tetramethyl Phosphonium," by Mr. N. Collie.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, May 4, 8 p.m. Geologists' Association.

8 p.m. Philologists: "A Dictionary Sub-Editor's Work," by Mr. E. L. Brandreth.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Injurious Effects of Canal Irrigation on the Health of the Population of the Punjab," by Dr. H. W. Bell.

8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Invincible Armada: a Tercentenary Retrospect," by Prof. J. E. Loughton.

SATURDAY, May 5, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Later Works of Richard Wagner," IV., with Vocal and Instrumental Illustrations, by Mr. Carl Arnbruster.

SCIENCE.

The Flora of West Yorkshire. By F. Arnold Lees. (Lowell, Reeve & Co.)

AMID all the horrors of a grudging English spring, whose east winds have blasted the very yew trees, some comfort is to be found in thinking that it cannot last for ever. Happier lands have got a real spring by this time. Friends who are lucky enough to have business or to take their pleasure abroad tantalise us with letters telling how the salt meadows of South France are white with narcissus, how the hills round Athens are lit up with scarlet anemones and patches of blue or crimson vetches, or how Algeria has long been puzzling the traveller with strange orchids and arums. We must steel our hearts when we think of these pleasant pictures of the present, and be content to look forward and assure ourselves that, in spite of all appearances, there really will be a time when the Yorkshire wolds will no longer be covered with snow, when sheep will cease to be

smothered in the drifts, and when postmen will be able to perform their journeys otherwise than on horseback. One by one the buried flowers will steal back to light and life; the wild tulips must be stirring even now; and presently the rare Linnaea and the Smilacina will show their heads, and even the true mountain plants—the Rubi, the saxifrages, and those plagues of the botanist, the family of hawkweeds—will have their turn.

Not all the Yorkshire rarities come within the scope of Mr. Arnold Lees's book. It is so full, so thorough, in what it undertakes, that there is no wonder he has had to confine its view to the West Riding. He begins by sketching the climate; he passes on to the geology; and then he deals with the flora, which is at least in part the result of climate and soil. His flora is complete—that is to say, it includes cryptogams, as well as phanerogamic plants; charas, mosses, hepaticae, lichens, and fungi, seem all to be as carefully worked up as the showier plants. Mr. Arnold Lees modestly quotes the saying that "he that hath a good harvest may be content with some thistles"; but we can assure him that the thistles are not to be seen, and that his harvest is very full.

The West Riding of Yorkshire is remarkably rich in waifs and strays, come-by-chance plants. These are all entered in this list, with their probable origin or means of transport. The wool business and the importation of foreign grain are agencies through which have come many floral intruders; and some of these have acclimatised themselves, while others no doubt will do so. Human agency, therefore, will count for something in introducing as well as extirpating species. Against risk of extirpation Mr. Arnold Lees is well and wisely on his guard. His indications of where the rarer plants grow are none too full; and, as to the Killarney fern, long extinct at Belbank, he whets our curiosity by saying that it is still in one station in the West Riding, but that he "cannot more precisely indicate the locality."

FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TIBETAN LITERATURE.

London: April 18, 1888.

Will you allow me to make some remarks on the notice of the forthcoming publication of Tibetan works printed in the ACADEMY of April 7?

We certainly cannot praise sufficiently the zeal of the Bengal Society for giving so vigorous a push to the study of Tibetan philology and Buddhist religion. But it is rather surprising that just the most diffuse of the different redactions of the Sher-phyin should have been selected, when the publication of the *Ashtasahasrika* in Sanskrit, now going on, would have made the Tibetan version of the same particularly acceptable, and also when we consider that this difference in bulk is owing less to a fuller exposition of doctrine than to the expansion of the preambles, descriptions of places, &c., and the repetitions, usual in the Buddhist sūtras (see Wassiljew p. 145 f.). So far as we know, the Bengal Society possesses a complete copy of the Kanjur and Tanjur, procured by Mr. Hodgson (*Essays on the Languages, &c., of Nepal and Tibet*, p. 22, note); the same on which Csoma worked his index (*As. Res.* xx.).

And it seems from the description of the "manuscript" (or rather woodprint) given in Mr. Atkinson's "annual address" that it cannot differ from, if it be not identical with, the one found in the "index." This "only one text available" would then be identical also with that at the India Office.

I must protest against the confusion created by the indiscriminate use of the words "manuscript" and "print." For, though these Tibetan woodprints, in the absence of older MSS., take the place and rank of MSS. for the purpose of modern editions, and though the prints of the Kanjur are, on the whole, tolerably correct, and have more authority than modern MSS., older ones certainly exist—though few of them have reached Europe, except, perhaps, St. Petersburg—which might give, in many cases, a more correct reading.

H. WENZEL.

British Museum: April 18, 1888.

In my letter published in the ACADEMY of April 14, as to the date of the Avadāna-Kalpālātā or Bodhisattvavādāna-Kalpālātā, for A.D. 1059 read 1052.

It would be interesting to know whether any of the recently discovered Tibetan MSS. have dates of writing. So far as I have ascertained at present, the only Tibetan book that gives a date or imprint is a block print of Jinamitra's translation of the Suvāna-prabhāsa, of which we have a copy in the British Museum, printed at Peking A.D. 1735.

CECIL BENDALL.

FINNISH NUMERALS.

London: April 21, 1888.

If Mr. F. H. Woods will refer to Prof. Donner's *Die gegenseitige Verwandtschaft der Finnisch-Ugrischen Sprachen* (p. 118), he will, I think, convince himself of the baselessness of the hypothesis of an Aryan origin for any of the Finnish numerals from 1 to 99.

The harmonising vowels in *kahdeksan* 8, *yhdeksän* 9, show we have to do with a suffix, not with a compound. The explanation of the words I believe to be as follows: to the root-forms of *kaksi* 2, *yksi* 1, viz., *kakte*, *yhte*, was added a privative suffix *k*, which softened the dentals to *d*, and, furthermore, a determinative suffix *-sa, -si*. (The *n* is merely the sign of the genitive, as the nominative is not used.) This result gave two words meaning without 2, without 1, which were used for 8, 9. It is true that *k* no longer exists as a privative, but *tak* is still used dialectically as such, and *k* might be the remains of the fuller suffix. As collateral evidence, Vámbéry (*Das Turkenvolk*, p. 361) mentions that the Ozbegs say *iki kem-on*, i.e., 10 less 2, and *bir kem-on*, 10 less 1, to express 8, 9, instead of the usual *sekiz, tokuz*; while, in his *Ursprung der Magyaren* (p. 214), he is inclined to believe that these two words result from (*s*)*eki-siz*, without 2, *tek-siz*, without 1, *tek* being a word that means single.

JOHN ABERCROMBY.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE Clarendon Press has just issued a double number of the *Annals of Botany*, completing the first volume. At the end is a necrology for 1887, of which the notable feature is the elaborate record of publications—those of Prof. Caspary, of Königsberg, alone fill eight pages. It is sad to recollect that the few months of the present year have already brought the death of two botanists more illustrious than any here recorded. With a separate pagination is given a catalogue of botanical publications during the past year, occupying fifty-seven pages. The following is the classification adopted: (1) books and pamphlets, in all languages, in the alphabetical order of author's names; (2) periodical

literature, arranged according to countries, though it is a little awkward to have to look for the United States and Canada both under "America," and similarly with "Australasia," while Asia has no common heading.

DR. W. KING, who succeeded Mr. Medlicott last year as director of the Geological Survey of India, has published his first annual report. In explaining the recent work of his department, he points out that Mr. Foote has explored the gold-bearing districts of Mysore; that Mr. E. J. Jones has examined the coal-fields of Upper Burma and the metalliferous mines in the Shan Hills; that Mr. Hira Lal, a native sub-assistant, has discovered a tract of coal near Korba, in the Ohhattisgarh coal-field; and that Mr. La Touche has been enquiring for the Kashmir government into the occurrence of sapphires in the Zaskar district. Economic geology is, therefore, well cared for on the Indian Survey.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE new number of the *Bulletin* of the Société de Linguistique de Paris contains some interesting etymologies. In Greek, M. Bréal refers the three verbs *βούλωμαι*, *λάω*, and *θέλω*, to the same root, *vol, vl, vel*; and he attaches the Homeric *γυνάς*, "brother," to the same root as *-γνητός*, *-γνησιος*, comparing the successive meanings of the Latin *germanus*. In Modern Greek, M. Psichari explains the *ou* of *μουστάκι* "moustache," not as the direct descendant of the *u* of *μούσταξ*, but as a *voyel d'appui* inserted in **μούσάκι* from **μούσάκι*, where the first *i* regularly represents *u*. The same scholar explains the relation of *φούχτη*, "fist," with (*χείρ*) *πικτή* by an intermediate **πική*, **πικτή*, comparing for the change of the initial tenuis into the corresponding spirant *χάρτω* for **κάπτω*, *κάπτω*. In Latin, M. de Saussure equates *callis* in its meaning of "forest-pasture," for **caldis*, with O.H.G. *holz*, and (he might have added) Old Irish *caill*. The Low-Latin *campiare*, whence French *changer*, M. Bréal connects with Greek *καμψία*, "case," which passed into Latin, producing *campesaria*, "a retail shop," and *campus*, "banker, moneychanger." But perhaps the most curious etymologies are M. Halévy's explanations of the Hungarian *érdem*, "merit"; *szak*, "era"; and *törvény*, "law." They are, it seems, respectively the Sanskrit *arham*, *Caka*, and *dharm*, in its Tamil form, *taruman*, and were brought from India by the Mongols.

M. L. DUVAU, already distinguished as a Celtic scholar, sends from Rome a paper entitled *Notes Italiques*, in which he shows, first, that the Umbrian accusatives plural, *hapif* and *nerf*, place great difficulties in the way of Brugmann's theory that the transformation of the nasal sonants into *em*, *en*, took place in the period of the Italic unity; secondly, that the Umbrian accusative plural, *manf*, from a consonantal theme *man* "hand," confirms Danielsson's theory that the Latin theme *manu-* had for its point of departure a form of the genitive dual, **manous*, of the theme *man* (in *man-suetus*, *man-ceps*, *mal-luuiae*, &c.); thirdly, that two well-known Oscan inscriptions should be read thus:

"Spedis : Mamerekies : Saipins : anazaket"

(i.e., Spedius Mamercius Saepinas consecrauit), and

"Trebes · Zestes · dedet"

(i.e., Trebius Sextius dedit).

MR. ROBINSON ELLIS's edition of Orientius, reviewed in the ACADEMY of last week, was also noticed in the *Revue Critique* for April 9, and (with conjectures) in the last number of the *Wiener Studien*.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, April 10.)

FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Captain Strachan exhibited a young Papuan boy brought by him from the north-west coast of New Guinea.—Mr. J. A. Brown read a paper on "Some Small Highly Specialised Forms of Stone Implements found in Asia, North Africa, and Europe."—A paper by MM. Henri and Louis Siret on "The Early Age of Metal in the South-east of Spain" was also read.

GYMNOPOREON SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, April 11.)

DR. JOHN WILLIAMS in the chair.—Mr. E. Sidney Hartland read a paper on "Welsh Folk-medicine in the Middle Ages." Mr. Hartland began by describing the book known as that of *Meddygon Myddfai* (published by the Welsh MSS. Society in 1861.) It consists of two old Welsh MSS. on medicine with translations. The first of these was found in the Red Book of Hergest, and dates from the end of the fourteenth century. The other and longer MS. was published from a copy of a transcript made in 1743 from a MS. in the possession of John Jones, the then last descendant of the celebrated physicians of Myddfai. After referring to the legend (that of Llyn y Van) relating to the supernatural parentage of this famous family, Mr. Hartland proceeded to analyse the second MS. (a work independent of the former, though ascribed to a common origin) with the object of showing that it was a growth through a period of five centuries by means of sections added at different times by various persons. He drew attention to the influence of the Greek and Arab physicians on mediæval medicine, and expressed a high opinion of the attainments of the Welsh physicians. What was remarkable was that the more modern MS. showed a great falling-off in this respect. This he accounted for by the fact that the authors had fallen out of the main stream of progress and had sunk to the level of their rustic fellow countrymen. This, however, was what constituted the value of the book to the student of folklore. In it he was able to read the beliefs that were current in Wales among the common people during the Renaissance—the traditional relics of a system of superstition as widespread as the whole human race. Mr. Hartland went on to speak in detail of a number of these practices as found in both manuscripts, illustrating his remarks by reference to the old English Leech-Books, the medical school of Salerno, and to customs in other parts of the world. Charms of various kinds, the doctrine of signatures, the modes of gathering and preparing the medicines and other matters, came under review. In conclusion, he urged the collection and preservation of every item of Welsh medical folklore, and pointed out the importance of calendaring Welsh MSS.—Several well-known folklorists took part in the discussion.—Mr. Gomme laid stress on the importance of an inquiry into the hereditary caste theory as exemplified in the story of the Myddfai physicians.—Dr. Gaster expressed the opinion that folklore was but a reflex of superior knowledge descending in modified forms to a lower strata.—Dr. Isambard Owen pointed out the value of the Meddygon's work as a test of the continuity of Welsh with general European intellectual life in the thirteenth century. Most Welsh mediæval verse was autochthonous, and not open to foreign influence. The prose stories were at any rate Brythonic, with Cambro-Norman modifications only. The historical writings were not of a nature to be much affected from external sources; but this was a work on a subject which was then strongly exciting the attention of the learned in Northern Europe. The freedom of Rhuvallon's work from superstition was noticeable. Besides the few charms quoted by Mr. Hartland there was a list of lucky and unlucky days, to which the sarcastic comment was appended—"Whoso doubteth these things, let him know that he is wiser than they who found them out."

HELLENIC SOCIETY.—(Thursday, April 12.)

SIDNEY COLVIN, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Prof. Gardner read a paper on an Athenian amphora of the fifth century, found at Vulci, and now in the British Museum. The design represented a

warrior taking leave of wife and child; and Prof. Gardner said the scene might be regarded as one of mere genre, or as a rendering of the parting of Hector and Andromache as described in the *Iliad*. After discussion of the principles which governed the relations between vase-pictures and scenes in the *Iliad*, the writer came to the conclusion that in the case of the vase under consideration the intention of the painter was to represent Hector and Andromache.—Dr. Waldstein expressed general concurrence with the views of Prof. Gardner, and suggested that the destination of the vase might in some cases afford a clue to the interpretation of the figures painted upon it.—Mr. Watkins Lloyd also expressed his approval of the paper, but doubted whether the proposed interpretation of the vase in question could be upheld.—Mr. Cecil Smith read a paper upon the fragments of a red-figured vase of the best period in the British Museum, Catalogue No. 804*. This had more than once been published as representing a scene from the myth of the Argonauts, but Mr. Smith showed that it more probably represented the thanksgiving sacrifice of Athenian citizens. Since its first publication another fragment had been found to belong to the vase, completing a figure of Athene Parthenos, which was evidently inspired by the chryselephantine statue of Pheidias. This and other details seemed to fix the date of the vase to the latter end of the fifth century. The new fragment being found to contain a final ν seemed to justify the reading of the inscription $\Phi\lambda\omega\sigma\kappa\epsilon\tau$ on the original fragment as $\Phi\lambda\omega\sigma\kappa\epsilon\tau$ [or $-\eta\varsigma$ $\epsilon\pi\omega\iota\eta\sigma\epsilon$] ν , which would give the name of a vase-painter hitherto unknown.

EDINBURGH MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, April 13.)

MR. W. J. MACDONALD, president, in the chair.—Mr. George A. Gibson gave an extension of a theorem of Abel's in summation to integration.—Dr. J. S. Mackay read a paper by Mr. R. E. Allardice on the inscription of a triangle of given shape in a given triangle, and afterwards gave an account of the treatment of the progressions by the ancients as it has been preserved by Pappus.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(Monday, April 16.)

SIR THOMAS WADE, president, in the chair.—Mr. J. F. Hewitt read a paper, entitled "Notes on the History of Northern India," in which he attempted to show that the generally received theory ascribing the origin of the religious beliefs, ceremonies, and social institutions of Northern India to the Aryans (from whom the vernacular languages are derived) was inadequate to explain actual facts. He contended that, though the people spoke Sanskrit dialects, the popular religion and the forms of local government were non-Aryan. By an analysis of the customs and beliefs of Kolarian and Dravidian tribes in Central India, he showed how great was their share in the making of the Hindu nation. It was really among them that the popular reverence for Shiva, and his worship under the form of the Lingam, had arisen. It was they who had cleared the country, divided it into provinces, and founded the systems of government and the village communities. He showed that, though forms of Sanskrit became the common language of the country at a very early time, yet the substitution of these languages for the native tongues was not the result of actual conquest, but followed upon an alliance between the Aryan and indigenous tribes. He discussed the origin of caste, and showed how the conclusions advocated in the earlier part of the paper agreed with the accounts given of the countries of Kosala and Videha in early Buddhist literature, and gave reasons why the Buddhist doctrines were so widely and earnestly accepted by the people.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, April 20.)

E. L. BRANDRETH, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. A. J. Ellis read a paper on "Home and Colonial Cockneyisms," as respects pronunciation. His object was to show that they did not arise in London, that they are all derived from other dialects, mainly the eastern counties, and that so far as home usage is concerned they have no claim to rank as parts of a dialect. The pronunciation of "paper," "shape," "train," as *piper*, *ships*, *trine*, was shown to be a recent introduction, un-

known to Walker, Smart, Dickens, and Thackeray. But there seemed to be some chance of this among other cockneyisms taking root in the Australasian colonies; and he gave the results of the examination of classes of children in Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, Tasmania, and New Zealand, during 1887, by Mr. Samuel McBarney, for some years principal of the Ladies' College at Geelong, showing that cockney habits prevail very largely even among children of Scotch and Irish parentage.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos and Olographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. RESS, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

"The British Museum Catalogue of Greek Coins."—*Attica, &c.* By B. V. Head. (Printed for the Trustees.)

THIS new volume of the great series published by the trustees of the British Museum contains little more than the coins of Athens—Aegina occupies only some dozen pages, Megara hardly more than two or three. The absence of coins representing the latter city is especially remarkable. None are known which appear to belong to an earlier date than the beginning of the fourth century, and no numismatic writer has ever (to our knowledge) found any more archaic pieces which can be ascribed with any probability to the place. Yet their non-existence is most strange. Megara was a great commercial and colonising state in the seventh century, and throughout the sixth was strong enough to make head against Athens. It is true that she was held down by her neighbour for a short period during the Athenian Hegemony, and that she suffered severely in the Peloponnesian war. But these misfortunes do not sufficiently explain the absence of her coins. All her neighbours—Boeotia, Corinth, Athens, Aegina—were coining lavishly in the sixth and fifth centuries, yet we have not a single Megarian piece forthcoming. If we suppose that—like some of the Peloponnesian states—Megara used the Aeginetan stater for her currency during the sixth century, we have still to explain how it was that she did not begin to coin money of her own after the Persian wars, as did the above-mentioned towns. Moreover, when Megarian coins do appear, they are not Aeginetan in weight at all, but appear to have been intended to circulate along with those of Athens and Corinth, so that there is no proof that the town ever used Aeginetan money at any time. We are ourselves quite unable to explain this puzzle of the want of early Megarian coins; but we cannot help hoping that some day pieces may be found among the many unattributed fifth-century issues which may be reasonably attributed to the town.

Aegina and Athens vied with each other in ultra-conservative adherence to their original coin-types in a way quite unparalleled elsewhere. The tortoise of the one and the owl and Pallas-head of the other had each nearly three centuries of existence as the sole designs used by the state. The tortoise, it is true, became a little less smooth and globular as time went on and art improved, while the eyes of Pallas grew a little less fish-like and herears less elephantine; but, nevertheless, the devices of the two towns remained practically unaltered, till the one was ruined by her neighbour in

the third quarter of the fifth century, and the other subdued by the Macedonian in the end of the fourth. When the Aeginetans were restored to their old home by Lyssander, at the conclusion of the Peloponnesian war, they at once reverted to the use of their old badge, and even continued to display on the reverse of their money the now quite obsolete and out-of-date incuse square, instead of any second type. Their condescension to modern improvement only went so far as to place in the quarterings of the incuse square the initial letters of magistrate's names, or small symbols, such as a dolphin or a lamp. Athens, after her conquest by Antipater, in B.C. 320, had a longer period of suspended animation; and when, nearly a hundred years later, she regained the right of coinage, she was not quite so strict in her adherence to old custom. The head of Pallas lost its archaic plainness, and was now adorned with a helmet decorated with prancing horses, evidently copied from the great statue of Pheidias; similarly the owl, instead of standing alone in the field of the reverse with the letters AΘE, now perches on an overturned amphora, and is surrounded by an olive-wreath and the names of two or three magistrates.

Both Athens and Aegina were distinguished for the elaborate system of fractions of the stater which they coined in silver; but, while the island state contented herself with striking values as low as the half obol, and employed for all sizes alike the same device—her usual tortoise—Athens went down to coins so small as the $\frac{1}{4}$ obol—an infinitesimal scrap of silver, which Anglo-Saxon fingers are too clumsy to handle. For each of the different values she employed owls arranged in distinctive attitudes, except in the case of the $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$, and $\frac{1}{8}$ obol, where different types were used. Thus the tetrobol and pentobol, which are almost identical in size, are distinguished by the first bearing two owls facing each other, and the second an owl with one wing open and the other shut. Similarly, the obol differs from the one-and-a-half obol piece by showing an owl standing sideways, while the latter has an owl full face beneath an olive-twig. Could not our own government take a hint from this ingenious arrangement, and make the types of our coins somewhat more characteristic than they are at present?

The persistent archaism of fifth- and fourth-century Attic coins robs us of any artistic pleasure from their contemplation. A few struck about the time of the Persian wars are executed in a very refined and pleasing archaic style; but the vast majority are heavy, coarse, and uninteresting imitations. When the new coinage begins, about 220 B.C., on the other hand, Athens had fallen to the opposite extreme, and employed artists who had all the vices of the most modern and debased schools of the time. Their flat, thin, careless work is lamentably inferior to the contemporary style in states of far less artistic renown. It would compare most unfavourably with the art shown on the money of the Syrian kings, and is little better than that of Thrace or Bactria. The only importance in art which the later Athenian money possesses comes from the fact that it often bears, as the symbol of one of the magistrates who signs the coin, a copy of some famous statue.

Among the unmistakable representations of well-known subjects which are thus preserved we find the group of Harmodius and Aristogeiton, the statue of Q. Metellus crowned by Victory, and the figure of Apollo Delius holding in his hand the Charites.

On a yet later class of Athenian coins a number of additional copies of great works of art can be found. These are the copper pieces struck after the final conquest of Athens by Rome. Owing to the privileges which the city still retained by the favour of her masters, an autonomous coinage continued well down into the times of the empire. These bronze coins are executed in a wretched style, but are often interesting from their types—one bears a view of the theatre, another the Acropolis; several of the famous statues of Athenê are found on others; the trophy of Themistocles and the strife of Athenê and Poseidon also appear.

Mr. Head has devoted a considerable amount of attention to the arranging of the series of tetradrachms which lie between the years 220 B.C. and 88 B.C. He has collected the names of a number of magistrates which do not occur on pieces in the museum collection, and has drawn out a rough scheme for placing them in chronological order. This is rendered possible by the lucky fact that a considerable number of the magistrates are men whose names can be found in contemporary Attic inscriptions, or are casually mentioned in history. Such, for example, were Eurykleides and Mikion, Diocles of Melite, Apellikon and Aristion. It is a pity that we have no details of the working of the mint during the period when these tetradrachms appear, for it is evident that the monetary magistrates were men of great importance in the state. Foreign princes sometimes had this position conferred on them as an honorary distinction; thus the names of Eumenes and of Antiochus IV. of Syria figure in the list. One tetradrachm, as well as a unique gold stater (now at Berlin), bears the name of Mithradates the Great, with one of his badges—the sun between two moons. But this coin probably refers, not to the conferring of a monetary magistracy on the King of Pontus, but to the practical possession of the city by him in the years 89-8 B.C. during the revolt against Rome.

Among the Aeginetan coins in the Museum collection one particularly deserves notice. It is a strange piece of the early fifth century, where, besides the ordinary incuse, the reverse displays a triquetra, recalling some Lycian types. The piece is quite abnormal and so strange that we could have wished to hear more about it than Mr. Head tells us in his preface. With it, as a curiosity, may go the much less rare, but still uncommon, Athenian diobol, which displays a Janus-like female head on the obverse instead of the usual Pallas.

We need hardly say that the whole book is quite worthy of its series. Mr. Head's preface is as lucid as ever and contains many useful discussions of difficulties, which we have no space to mention. The phototype plates of coins are excellent; and we can only regret that at Athens the coins themselves were not beautiful, and, therefore, do not make pleasing pictures.

C. OMAN.

MR. MENPES IN JAPAN.

In a paper in the April number of the *Magazine of Art* Mr. Menpes gave us something of a foretaste of his pretty exhibition now open in Bond Street. His own work as an artist, before he went to the flowery land, as well as that of his master, Mr. Whistler, always showed a keen appreciation of certain qualities of Japanese art—its simplicity of motive, its taste in colour, its impressionism; and he was specially well adapted to record for us certain daily picturesque aspects of Japanese life in fragmentary notes with a quick, sensitive, and sympathetic pencil. Notwithstanding, however, his admiration of Japanese artists, and his lesson in water-colour from Chiosî—the finest, he avers, that he ever received in his life—we are glad to see that he has not learnt to despise perspective, or chiaroscuro, or broken colour, or to adopt a calligraphic ideal for the lines of his drapery—in other words, that he has recorded his impressions of Japan in the way we expected and hoped that he would.

It is so many years ago since Mr. Frank Dillon went to Japan to study Japanese Art, and exhibited his drawings of Japan at Messrs. Agnew's, in Waterloo Place, that Mr. Menpes may perhaps be excused for thinking that he was the first artist to visit the flowery land for artistic purposes. Nevertheless, his profession of originality in the *Magazine of Art* for last month is rather hard on Mr. Dillon, especially as it has since been repeated elsewhere. As to originality in style, Mr. Menpes does not make any pretence. His etchings, as well as his pictures in oil and water-colours, clearly follow Mr. Whistler's lead. He expresses his gratitude to him in the catalogue; and even in the decoration of the exhibition room and in the frames of different gold tints, from silvery to coppery, Mr. Menpes seems bent upon showing his allegiance to his master. Yet, for all this, Mr. Menpes is not by any means a slavish imitator. He has the rare gift of colour, and a clearly pronounced individuality of his own—qualities which he showed long before he went to Japan.

To an artist of Mr. Menpes's temperament the streets of Japan afforded an endless field of study. He has been attracted by the shops rather than the temples, by the lanterns and streamers rather than the trees, by the dancing girls and the children rather than their fathers and mothers. He brings for us little that is not pretty and dainty and bright, from "Flamingo Fan" (who is reckoned a beauty among the dancing girls) to "Before the Curtain," where a "little Jap, clinging to its curtain of Venetian red, suggests a Japanese rendering of a baby doge." But there is great variety in these little pictures—in colour, for instance. Mr. Menpes reveals, as might be expected, in the butterfly beauty of the festal costumes, in the gorgeous hues of lantern and umbrella; but many of his drawings, as "Gold Fish," are remarkable for their quiet cool and silvery tones. In illumination, also, his range is considerable. He gives sometimes a strong effect of artificial light, as in "By the Light of the Lantern"; sometimes one of intense sunlight, as in "A Midday Meeting." In "A Blonde Day" we have the white air of morning, in "Night" (a group of children gathered round a juggler's booth) the mystery of the dusk. The last picture is one of the finest. Some of his pictures are very slight, some are carried much further; but they are never too slight to be interesting, and never laboured even when most finished. In short, Mr. Menpes does what he wants to do freshly and decisively, and the exhibition is enough to prove that he is a true artist—a master indeed—if but a "little master."

But it is not only by his accomplishment as an artist that he charms, but also by his taste

and style. Moreover, his subjects, if dictated by love of "art," are never chosen merely because they are "difficult" or "aesthetic." They are nearly always interesting from a human point of view. The babies, with their true baby looks of wonder, the larger children blowing bubbles or intent on sweets, the street groups so naturally massed and so true in attitude and gesture, and all the other glimpses (veracious as well as beautiful) of this far-off land must delight those who care little for "values" or "problems of colour."

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

OBITUARY.

MATTHEW HOLBECHE BLOXAM.

THE friend of Rickman, and five years senior to Pugin, this veteran among ecclesiastical antiquaries passed away on Tuesday night at the ripe age of 83. Fifty years ago *The Principles of Gothic Ecclesiastical Architecture* was passing through a third edition. It was translated into German in 1845. By 1859 in England no less than 17,000 copies had been sold, and Mr. Bloxam looked upon his treatment of the subject as concluded. It was not, however, so to be. At the express wish of Sir Gilbert Scott a further revision was commenced; and it will speak more for the care of the author than any other words can do, that he waited twenty-three years before completing his studies for final reissue. The eleventh edition was published in 1882. (Reviewed in the *ACADEMY*, April, 1883.)

Mr. Bloxam entered his father's house in Rugby School in 1813, a year before his brother, Dr. John Rouse Bloxam, the historian of Magdalen College. In 1821 he became an articled clerk in a solicitor's office at Rugby. His own words will best describe how he became an antiquary:

"In due course I was sent occasionally to villages to examine the registers, or on other business. I then embraced the opportunity of taking, as far as my then knowledge would permit, notes of the village churches I so visited. During the latter part of my clerkship I wrote or compiled in a crude form the MS. of what was destined to be the first edition of my work on Gothic Architecture."

Forming the acquaintance of Mr. Combe, of Oxford, he showed him the manuscript; and in 1829 there appeared *The Principles of Gothic Architecture* (elucidated by question and answer). In a few years Mr. Bloxam's reputation was secure. Yet, though an indefatigable worker up to the last, he did nothing to court popularity. His *Glimpses at the Monumental Architecture of Great Britain*, published in 1834, was never reprinted; and his *Fragmenta Sepulchralia* were never completed.

Mr. Bloxam resided at Rugby all his life. His chief pride was in the school; and every Sunday, through term, he might be seen in his accustomed seat in the school chapel. Every year, up to the last, he went to view his own race run in the school athletics. His door was open, at all hours of the day, to any Rugby boy, "without stint or reserve"—as in good old Elizabethan times—"or question asked." To be a Rugby boy was introduction sufficient. And we understand that to the school he has left his valuable collection of antiquities. It was only last February that he printed privately *A Fardel of Antiquarian Papers*, being a full catalogue of all his published works during the last sixty years, thus, as it were, putting the coping-stone to his life's labours; and a month had not passed before he received a severe paralytic stroke which, though leaving him conscious, deprived him of all powers of reading or writing. He lived just long enough to complete his own work in his own manner. He will be buried to-day, just beyond the noise and

tumult of his native town, in the grounds of the old Norman chapel at Brownsover.

C. E. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE RUTHWELL CROSS.

Cambridge: April 21, 1888.

In his article on Miss Stokes's *Early Christian Art in Ireland*, in the ACADEMY of April 21, Mr. Bradley accepts Miss Stokes's statement that the delineation of subjects on the Ruthwell Cross agrees with the instructions in the eleventh-century "Painter's Guide," but does not accept her inference, and asks for further light. As I examined the grounds for the statement in one of the Disney lectures here last term, and as it seems to me a very grave matter that South Kensington should teach, through its handbooks, an eleventh-century date for our marvellous monuments of the seventh and early eighth centuries, I venture to send a précis of my investigation.

Miss Stokes, to whose admirable works every one who studies the early art of Ireland is under a very deep debt, says:

"The sculptor of the Ruthwell cross has clearly followed the Byzantine guide in his work; we see the raven perched on the tree in one panel, giving Paul the bread in another, and in a third the meeting and embrace of the two saints in the desert."

The "Painter's Guide," in Miss Stokes's own edition of it, says (and this is all it says):

"St. Anthony, having found St. Paul, embraces him. A grotto. Outside, St. Paul the Theban, wearing a hair mat, which covers him from his shoulders to his knees. He and St. Anthony embrace. A raven perched on the top of a tree holds bread in his beak."

The Ruthwell Cross has only one panel referring to Paul and Anthony. Two figures, dressed alike in long mantles, stand facing each other, and hold between them the round cake which they are about to break. Round the panel is incised in the stone in Latin, "Paul and Anthony broke bread in the desert." The other panels which Miss Stokes describes on the cross do not exist. Some eleven feet above the Paul and Anthony panel we reach the top key of the cross head; and in it is a bird, with nothing in its beak, perched on a convex part of the scroll which originally ran into all the keys of the cross, and, doubtless, bore in each key a bird, as in the cross head at Middleton, near Ilkley. There is a Runic inscription on the border of this key of the cross, but nothing about a raven or bread. The other side of this same key has a Latin inscription, "In the beginning was the Word," the commencement of St. John's Gospel; and the subject is St. John and his eagle, not a raven giving Paul bread.

A reference to the story, as told by Jerome 300 years before the Ruthwell Cross, completes the case. Anthony the hermit, after two days journey in the wilderness, found Paul the Theban. They fell on each other's neck. Then they gave thanks to God. Then they conversed. St. Anthony then observed a raven on a neighbouring palm tree; the raven descended gently, dropped a loaf of bread before them, and flew away. They sat down by the edge of a spring, each humbly desirous that the other should perform the function of breaking bread. At last they broke it conjointly.

Thus, (1) Miss Stokes's first scene has nothing to do with this story, and if it had it would disobey the "Painter's Guide" by the absence of bread; (2) her second scene has nothing to do with this story, and if it had it would

represent a scene not given in the "Painter's Guide," namely, the raven feeding Paul; (3) her third scene is not Paul and Anthony embracing, but quite a different part of the story—Paul and Anthony breaking bread; (4) the only scene on the Ruthwell cross which has any connexion with the story of Paul and Anthony is a scene not in the most distant way alluded to in the "Painter's Guide."

On another point, Mr. Bradley wishes to learn from some one who has seen the Bewcastle cross whether *ean kyning* can be read *eanfleding*. As I happen to have seen the cross, and have a rubbing of the inscription before me, may I say that the K is a curious and elaborate character, but has nothing to do with F and L, while the two runes which follow are a modified U and N.

G. F. BROWNE.

THE HYKSÓS KING RA-IAN.

Weston-super-Mare: April 18, 1888.

In the ACADEMY of April 14 we have tidings of most interesting discoveries by M. Naville at Bubastis. Among the rest are some black granite statues of Hyksós kings, one of which seems to bring to light a Manethonian name or title. For Ra-ian is obviously the 'Iavros or 'Iavias of Manetho's XVth Shepherd-dynasty. On this name I wish to make a few remarks.

The element -an appears several times among these shepherd-kings: (1) Possible in Brân (and varr.); (2) in Ndyân (varr.); (3) 'Avras, 'Iavras, 'Avav; (4) Xradê, taken as var. of 3, but I think this may more likely be a variant of 'Aarâh (Set-an=An-set).

Is it not possible that this an is the divine and royal title an (anna) Akkadian? And the variant 'Avav may be the title (Akk.) enan or enana (Lenormant, *Sur quelques Syllabaires*, 14). The star which is the ideogram for an may account (as I have ago suggested) for the singular title of Salatis, the Hyksós king, "star (ideogram) of both worlds or lands."

Ra-ian or -an, may be a good Hyksós title like Ra-set-nub, Ra-nub-neb, &c. (see Wiedemann, *Aeg. Gesch.* 296). I think *ian* may = *an* (see Mr. R. Brown's letter, ACADEMY, November 12, 1887: "Ak. An, In, 'Divine one.'") Why should we not further compare Ianus, which is said to be Etruscan, and (as Mr. Brown does) 'Avvior, an Etruscan king in Plutarch? And I think here may come in the important local name *Ianu*, one of the three great Ruten fortresses taken by Thothmes III., which occurs in the Karnak List of Northern Syria, No. 225, and which I have much reason for tracing to the Euphrates, where I have thought it may be found at Einya, south of ed-Deir. But it is also very curious that Dr. Neubauer finds *Tharatha*, in connexion with the great sanctuary Mabog, explained as *Ianua*. Anyhow, I think Akk. *an* or *ian* may explain our Hyksós title Iannas or Ra-ian conformably with the many indications of "Turanian" race in the traces of these alien lords of Egypt. And I am not willing to set aside off-hand the coincidence of the Arabic er-Reiyan, the traditional title of Joseph's Pharaoh. For our Ianas in Manetho comes next after an Apophis, and George the Syncellus tells us that in the time of Apophis Joseph came into Egypt. Such old drift-pebbles as this name are worthy of careful examination, for all the jumble of chronology or history in which they may have come down to us. It is much to be desired that the upper part of Ra-ian's statue may turn up.

These discoveries at Bubastis are exceedingly interesting, as extending the history of that celebrated city upwards to the Vith and downwards to the XXXth Dynasty, and supplying the missing link of the great XVIIIth Dynasty, including Khu-en-aten; and showing,

moreover, that the Hyksós had not so defiled the sacred places that the Theban successors were averse to occupying the ground from which they had driven them in the Delta.

HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS.

P.S.—I would also compare Iannes (2 Tim. iii. 8). Magicians might easily come of this stock; and, if for Iambres we are to read Mambres or מַמְרֵס, Mamra (Talmud), we find the Amorite name Mamre (Gen. xiv.), which may well enough be also a Hyksós name in Lower Egypt among the Set-worshippers of the XIXth Dynasty.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

M. MEISSONIER has issued personal invitations for a private view of his work entitled "1807," at Messrs. Tooth's gallery in the Haymarket for to-day (Saturday). Prof. Herbert Herkomer will also have a private view to-day, at the Fine Art Society's, in New Bond Street, of a collection of water-colour drawings which he styles "Around my Home." The private views of the Royal Academy and the Grosvenor will both be next week, the former on Friday and the latter on Saturday. We hear that the attraction at the Grosvenor will be the adhesion—or, rather, the transfer from the British Artists—of Mr. Whistler and his following.

A SOCIETY has been founded, with Mr. Walter Crane as president, for organising an exhibition of the decorative arts—textiles, tapestry, needlework, carvings, metalwork, bookbinding, painted glass, &c. The society hope to hold their first exhibition at the New Gallery during next autumn, for which purpose they are raising a guarantee fund of £500. The secretary is Mr. Ernest Radford, 9 The Terrace, Hammersmith.

SOME years ago a *Graphic* school of wood engraving was established, which has been successful in producing some engravers of talent, now employed on the permanent staff of the *Graphic*. It is now proposed to found a *Graphic* school for artists, who will be instructed in the different methods of producing black and white drawings most suitable for engraving on wood, or for the different processes now employed for illustrations here and on the continent.

MR. F. LLEWELLYN GRIFFITH, acting for the Egypt Exploration Fund, has started on a three weeks' exploring trip, with tent and camels, to El-Arish (Rhinocollura), near the Sirbonic Lake. Mr. Griffith will rejoin M. Naville at Bubastis towards the end of this month.

IN a letter received from Dr. Schliemann at Thebes on his return from his visit to Upper Egypt in company with Prof. Virchow, much regret is expressed that he had not been allowed to make those capital excavations at Alexandria which he had intended. After a careful examination of all the classical traditions, his plan was to dig in the neighbourhood of the Mosque Nebi Daniil, where he assumed that the tomb of Alexander the Great would be found; and at the place where the two obelisks had lain, where he trusted to discover the Caesareum. Unfortunately, the Egyptian Government has refused to grant the necessary permission even for the last-mentioned research, although Nubar Pasha had indicated his willingness for that particular purpose in conversation with the German Ambassador in London last summer. Only on the eastern side of Alexandria was Dr. Schliemann permitted to use the spade. Before the arrival of Dr. Virchow, having three weeks at his disposition, he drew in that part of the

city two great trenches, in which he came upon many graves, and at last, at a depth of 12-14 metres, upon the foundations of a large building. In all probability they are the foundation-walls of one of the palaces of the Ptolemies, which, according to Strabo (xvii. 1, 8), occupied, together with beautiful public grounds, a fourth, or even a third, part of the whole extent of Alexandria.

A SPECIAL illustrated article, giving a full account of the preparation of the Royal Academy Exhibition, from the sending in of the pictures to the day of opening, will appear in the number of *Cassell's Saturday Journal* published on May 2.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

AT the St. James's Theatre there is a return to the more habitual programme. To-night a piece, with the success of which the public of to-day is familiar, will be revived, and Mrs. Kendal provided again with a great part, or, to speak by the book, with an emotional part that thoroughly suits her. That is the part of the heroine of "The Iron Master"—the English version of *Le Maître de Forges*, that novel of M. Ohnet's which commended itself, as all his work does, less to the literary than the general public. But never mind the somewhat bourgeois quality of M. Ohnet's labours. They, at all events, provide in this instance our strongest actress with the opportunity of one of her finest impersonations. If, in addition to "The Iron Master," we should be privileged, before the season is over, to see Mrs. Kendal in Mr. Pinero's "Squire" and in "The Money Spinner," the last Hare and Kendal season at the St. James's Theatre will not have been mis-spent.

A PARTIAL change of programme is necessitated at the Novelty by the lamented death of Mr. W. J. Hill, without whom "Nita's First" would be practically impossible. "Fennel," with Mr. George Giddens's sympathetic rendering of the hunch-backed *luthier*, of course remains in the bills. By the death of Mr. Hill we lose a most serviceable, genial actor, whose *physique*, while no doubt it limited very closely the number and character of his assumptions, did likewise distinctly assist him in certain few parts. He was full often of quiet, and sometimes of boisterous *bonhomie*. He could act a character which is much laughed at—not laughed with—and is yet at bottom respected. Mr. Hill, though so exceedingly portly, was not actually an old man. His place in art was a smaller one than John Clayton's—the last high-class actor whose loss we mourn—but in its own way it will be as difficult to fill.

MR. AND MRS. EDMUND RUSSELL, who invited us to a performance of "Phèdre," done into English, and a performance of Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's once famous piece, "Ion"—neither of which was it possible for us to attend—are devoted followers of the method of Delsarte, an old Frenchman, who systematised expression by gesture and voice more thoroughly than, at least, any other professor has ever done. Though we were not able to see the Edmund Russells in their interesting, if curious experiment, we are probably among only a very few people in London who have seen Delsarte himself. Twenty years ago, provided with an introduction which was to be the means of giving us an entrance into some of the secrets of his *travaux*, we waited upon M. Delsarte, in his flat, in the north of Paris. How far his systematised gesture and the philosophy—almost the religion—on which it was founded have been of practical service to

the stage, it is not easy to say; but we perfectly well recollect that at the top of the staircase we came into contact with a somewhat inspired person, who uttered accents of grief, of love, of reverence, in an exceedingly sympathetic voice, and whose whole soul was, without doubt, in his theory.

AT Willis's Rooms last week Messrs. Poel and Berlyn's company—with some temporary additions such as, we believe, they are accustomed to receive—gave a much-appreciated entertainment of "drawing-room comedies" unattended by the vice of scenery. Miss Grace Latham recited between the comedies proper a monologue, "Beside a Cradle," which she gives with studied art, in a method wholly her own. The comedies were first, "Love and Halfpence"—of which, with the humorous performances in it of Messrs. Poel and Hinton Grove, Miss Hepworth Haydon, and Miss Mary Dickens, we were able to speak several weeks ago—and, secondly, "Chiromancy,"—a bright new piece of which Mr. Stanhope Forbes's big picture, at the New English Art Club, might conceivably stand as illustration. Mr. Poel and Mr. Cecil Thornbury were the gentlemen engaged in this performance. One of the ladies was Miss Mary Rorke, whose method is restrained and artistic, and whose voice manages to be very admirable—even without the application of M. Delsarte's theory. And the other lady was Miss Beatrice Lamb—a very promising and charming person, who has been seen hitherto, we believe, only in minor parts at the theatres of Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE programme of the third Philharmonic concert on Thursday, April 19, contained various features of interest. It commenced with Sir G. Macfarren's Overture, "Romeo and Juliet." This work, written so far back as 1837, and for a time associated with Shakspeare's drama, is bold in design, and effective in treatment. It is strange that it should have almost sunk into oblivion. It was admirably performed under the direction of Mr. F. H. Cowen. Mr. Prout conducted his own scena, "The Song of Judith," which was favourably received, although Miss Hilda Wilson, suffering from hoarseness, was unable to do justice either to herself or to the work. The boy pianist, Otto Hegner, was heard for the first time with orchestra, and played an Allegro from Field's second Concerto in A flat—a showy piece for the solo instrument, if not for the orchestra. Josef Hofmann appeared at the Philharmonic last season, so that the new wonder could scarcely be refused a hearing. It would, perhaps, have been wiser on the part of the society if it had avoided anything which savoured of sensationalism, and engaged neither of the boys; but this much may be said in favour of Hofmann's performance, that he selected a work—Beethoven's Concerto in C—which tested his mental as well as physical powers, whereas the Allegro given by Otto Hegner was simply a bravoura piece. The boy played remarkably well, and was of course received with enthusiasm. He was heard afterwards in an Etude by Chopin, and Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso.

The novelty of the evening was M. Widor's "Walpurgis Night," a symphonic poem for orchestra, in three movements. The Finale is dated February 26, 1888, and the work is dedicated to the Philharmonic Society; yet in Brown's *Biographical Dictionary of Musicians*, published in 1886, mention is made of a work bearing the same title. The composer

may possibly have reconstructed his earlier work. In the first movement M. Widor attempts a musical description of certain lines from Goethe's drama: night black with mist—grinding and cracking forests—an infuriate glamouring song; such is the poetic basis. To represent all this the composer employs a very large orchestra, including cornets, trombones, tuba, and many instruments of percussion. There was a great deal of noise, and, indeed, clever noise, but very little music in the true sense of the term. The Adagio, inspired by the appearance of Helena to Paris in the second part of Goethe's "Faust," was more to the taste of the audience; graceful themes with pleasing orchestration came as a welcome calm after the storm. In the Finale we were transported back to the Brocken, and listened to the sound of revelry by night in the palace of Sir Mammon; and here again, in his attempt to be realistic, the composer again appears to forget the true province of music. M. Widor himself conducted with much energy, and at the close was recalled. The second part of the programme included Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, well interpreted under Mr. F. H. Cowen's direction, and Weber's Overture to "Freyschütz."

Mr. Manns' annual benefit concert took place last Saturday afternoon at the Crystal Palace. Herr Carl Formes, who has not appeared for many years in England, sang "In diesen heil'gen Hallen" from "The Magic Flute"; and, if his intonation was not all that could be desired, he managed to show that even at the age of seventy-three he still possesses a voice capable of descending to the lowest depths. He afterwards gave the "Piff! Paff!" from "The Huguenots," with much vigour. He was encored, and sang "The Mill Wheel"—one of his successes in days long gone by. Mme. Recoschewicz—a lady with a strong, though somewhat hard, voice—sang songs by Meyerbeer, Lassen, and Peiser, with moderate success. Nikita made her first appearance at the Crystal Palace, and sang in an affected manner "Deh vieni," from "Figaro." Her voice is decidedly pleasing. For an encore she gave "The Last Rose of Summer"—plucking during the last verse the petals of a rose. One had to look at the programme-book to be sure one was at a classical concert, commencing with Beethoven's "Coriolan," and concluding with Mendelssohn's Scotch Symphony. Mr. Hamish MacCunn's clever ballad for orchestra, "The Ship o' the Fiend," some numbers from the third suite of Dvorák's Slavonian Dances, and a paraphrase for cello and orchestra on Härtel's "Abendständchen," were included in the programme. M. E. Gillet, a new violoncellist, was heard to advantage in solos by Chopin and Popper. There was a very large attendance.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE Popular Ballad Concert Committee, formed in 1882 for the purpose of giving cheap and high-class concerts in the East end of London, has laboured with considerable success in a good work, but, with a fluctuating income, finds a steady policy impossible. It is proposed, therefore, to reconstitute the association on a more self-supporting basis. Particulars of the new scheme can be obtained from the hon. secretary, Mrs. Ernest Hart, 38 Wimpole Street.

MESSRS. NOVELLO have just published Dr. Mackenzie's setting of Mr. R. Buchanan's Ode, "The New Covenant," written for the opening ceremony of the Glasgow International Exhibition; and also Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Song of Thanksgiving," written for the opening of the Melbourne Centennial Exhibition.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1888.

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LITERATURE.

The Long White Mountain; or, A Journey in Manchuria. By H. E. M. James. (Longmans.)

TILL recently the least known part of North-east Asia beyond Korea were the Shan-alin highlands, which form the main range between that peninsula and Manchuria, and which are continued under the name of the Sikhotalin between Manchuria and the Russian maritime province of Primorsk. These highlands, known to the Chinese by the name of the Chang-peí-shan, or "Long White Mountains," are described even by the careful M. Reclus as attaining in some of their peaks elevations of 10,000 to 12,000 feet, and consequently rising considerably above the snow line. They also present other points of interest associated with the legendary history of the Manchu conquerors of China, a reported "Dragon Lake" on one of their summits playing much the same part in the national myths as does Titicaca in those of the Peruvian Incas. In Manchu poetry the Shan-alin mountains figure as the sacred home of the race, in whose eyes it is the fairest land in all the world—a land of pleasant woodlands, flowery meads, and sparkling streams, all bathed in the bright atmosphere of perennial azure skies.

Here, then, were attractions enough for an energetic member of the Bombay Civil Service looking round for some useful piece of exploring work that might be accomplished during a well-earned furlough of two years. Mr. James, accompanied by Lieut. Young-husband of the King's Dragoon Guards, and afterwards joined by Mr. Fulford, of the Chinese Consular Service, accordingly set out in May, 1886, in search of these somewhat hazy snow-capped ranges and mysterious Dragon Lake. The result was another pretty bubble burst. The "Long White Mountains" were found where they are well known to exist; but they shrank to the proportions of an irregular border ridge, averaging probably little more than 4,000 or 5,000 feet high. Their whiteness, also, apart from a few streaks still lingering in some of the deeper clefts, proved to be due, not to "a spotless snowy mantle," but to the dazzling limestone crests, which, with some eruptive rocks, appear to constitute the prevailing geological formation of the Shan-alin system.

The Dragon Lake was also found; but, instead of rivalling the Bolivian Titicaca, it turned out to be little bigger than the "Devil's Punch Bowl" of the Killarney Purple Mountain. It is, in fact, merely the flooded crater of the highest summit of the Chang-peí-shan, which stands at an altitude of about 8,000 ft. above sea level, and has a diameter of a mile and a half, with a circumference of six or seven miles. Never-

theless, the Lung-wang-t'an or "Dragon Prince's Pool," as it is locally called, was well worth the trouble of a visit, owing not only to its legendary associations, but also to the peculiar geographical features and enchanting scenery of the surrounding district. It lies about the water-parting of three distinct fluvial basins, and is itself the source of the main eastern branch of the Sungari, the great waterway of Central Manchuria. The lakelet, which is remarkable for its intensely blue colour, is encircled by sheer rocky walls 350 ft. high, from the top of which a superb view is commanded of one of the loveliest prospects on the surface of the globe. The lower slopes of the White Mountain

"are covered with forests of birch and pine; but these gradually grew less dense until we emerged on a delightful grassy plateau dotted with trees. It was like being transported into the garden of Eden. The forests had certainly not been devoid of flowers, and some fine turn-cap lilies and orchids and blue-bells had lit up their gloom. But now we came upon rich, open meadows, bright with flowers of every imaginable colour, where sheets of blue iris, great scarlet tiger lilies, sweet-scented yellow day-lilies, huge orange buttercups or purple monkshood delighted the eye; and beyond were bits of park-like country, with groups of spruce and fir beautifully dotted about, and spangled with great masses of deep-blue gentian, columbines of every shade of mauve or buff, orchids white and red, and many other flowers. One gem of a meadow was sprinkled with azaleas, bearing small yellow flowers, which looked at a distance like gorse."

So, if the great lake and the snowy ranges 10,000 or 12,000 ft. high have vanished, we are at least spared the "pleasant woodlands and flowery meads" of the Manchu poets.

But the White Mountain and Dragon Lake, although forming the main object of the expedition, did not by any means absorb the whole attention of Mr. James and his party. They spent altogether nine months in the country, during which they visited almost every part of Manchuria except the northern and eastern regions skirting the frontier Amur and Ussuri rivers. The actual distance traversed was a little over 3000 miles, which, considering the rugged character of the land and the detestable nature of the roads in most parts, may be regarded as a sufficiently notable performance. The general impression derived from the author's graphic descriptions is that, barring the flowery meads, Manchuria is about one of the least desirable places wherein to spend a summer's holiday. Socially, it occupies that disagreeable transitional position between downright barbarism and true culture, which is in some respects much worse than the savage state itself. The gradual increase of comfort creates fresh wants, which there are no adequate means to supply, and the result is often a condition of things which by the passing observer cannot be distinguished from hopeless misery. When at one point of their journey our travellers crossed the frontier into the domain of the Mongol nomad, who is assumed to stand at a lower grade of culture than his Manchu neighbour, they found themselves in relatively much pleasanter surroundings—boundless rolling and grassy steppes, where locomotion was easy, and where they generally obtained "shelter at night in Mongol farms, which were very clean and comfortable."

But in Manchuria, where most of the arable land is under cultivation,

"the state of the track in places beggars description. The marshes were full of water, and eight or ten mules at a time might be seen floundering on their bellies and sides. Imagine a wet moorside in Scotland, with a boggy old birch plantation running down the burnside; choose the very uncanniest bit of it, and you have a Chang-peí-shan bridle-path in the rains."

And compare the comparatively clean Mongol camping-grounds with the indescribably filthy Manchu towns, where

"the streets are paved with wooden sleepers, which conceal hidden sewers; but as a rule there is no attempt at paving, nor any thought of sanitation. In the high streets the ruts are several feet deep, and during the rainy season the roadway is churned into a slough of fetid black mud, in which carts often stick for hours, and occasionally get overturned. Then the filthy habits of a great part of the population, combined with the accumulation of market and house sweepings in any corner which is handy, and the free flow over the streets of house sullage, which in other parts of China is economically preserved for manure, combine to render a Manchurian town in some respects a pigsty," &c., &c.

Other troubles peculiar to the rural districts are the winged pests, such as gnats, midges, mosquitoes, and wasps, whose capacity for inflicting torture seems to rival that of the officials attached to the local courts of justice. The midges, we are told,

"are worse at night and in the early morning, though they by no means object to the middle of the day also. They come out in countless millions, and bite like fiends. Mules and cattle are picketed at night to the leeward of fires, so that the smoke may protect them. At sundown all the doors and the windows of houses are shut tight, thought the smoke and summer heat are stifling. Often a fire must be kindled on the floor to fill the house with smoke; and when it is filled full with Chinamen also, the atmosphere in the early morning can be better imagined than described. Men at the plough wear circlets of iron on their heads, on which are stuck bits of burning touchwood, and they carry pieces of it in their hands as well! The gadflies were less annoying to ourselves than to our beasts, as they invariably selected any that were sick or tired. They did not appear till seven or eight in the morning, and retired at sundown; so, by marching before daylight a little respite was obtained from their attacks. They were huge fat insects, and, at this distance of time, they seem to me to have been as big as stag-beetles. There are several kinds—one striped yellow and black, like a giant wasp—and the rapidity with which they can pierce a mule's tough hide is inconceivable. In a few moments, before one could go to its assistance, I have seen a wretched beast streaming with blood."

A more dangerous if less irritating plague are the Chinese brigands, who for years have made Manchuria their happy hunting-ground. They are mostly the riff-raff of the northern and central provinces of China, who are banished to this outlying part of the empire, and thus correspond somewhat in the extreme north to the better organised "black flags" of the southern border lands. They hang about the skirts of the forest, where they can take refuge at a moment's notice. They infest all the main highways, and are often in league with the authorities themselves. Occasionally measures of a frightfully drastic character are

taken to abate the nuisance; but it still flourishes, thanks to official corruption and the general poltroonery of their victims.

"To hear all the stories, it is difficult to decide whether the people who are robbed, the brigands who rob, or the troops that pursue the robbers, are the most cowardly."

To the title as it stands at the head of this notice is appended the clause: "With some account of the history, people, administration, and religion of that country." But this "account," which is necessarily in the nature of a compilation, forms about half of the whole book, which thus really consists of two distinct works—the journey and the compilation. The latter, added under the impression that the former "would not warrant the production of a new book of travels," is of an extremely comprehensive character, and has on the whole been executed with much care and desire to be accurate. Its chief fault perhaps is its prolixity, and the introduction of subjects either not at all or only indirectly connected with the land of the "Long White Mountain." There are added several appendixes, some of which might also have been omitted without much loss to the value of the book. But the itinerary, with dates and distances carefully recorded, is a useful feature, as are also the copious index and accompanying map. The orthography of this map is not always in harmony with that of the text, the former giving, for instance, "Mukden" correctly, while the latter has invariably the French form, "Moukden." We have also "Sakhalin" and "Saghalien"; while the map unaccountably gives "Sihota-alin" for "Sikhota-alin."

A. H. KEANE.

Benjamin Franklin as a Man of Letters. By John Bach McMaster. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

MR. McMASTER has performed his present task with marked ability. His biography of Benjamin Franklin seems to me in most respects quite a model of what a brief biography ought to be. In works belonging to a series of this kind the space to be occupied is necessarily, for publishers' purposes, so strictly defined that writers are often almost compelled to resort to "padding" when their materials are scanty, and to curtail unduly when their materials are abundant. To secure the proper balance between material and space requires peculiar skill; and this skill is displayed here by Mr. McMaster. There is just a suspicion towards the end of the volume that the publisher has warned him that he must draw his work to a close; but, for the rest, the narrative is well proportioned and conveys to the reader not only a clear idea of Franklin himself but a very fair notion of the times in which he lived. Throughout, the signs of careful study and investigation are unmistakable.

The very excellence of Mr. McMaster's work makes more manifest than ever the barrenness of Franklin's career and character. When I say barrenness I mean, of course, not of a certain kind of success, nor even of service to his country and to mankind. Incidentally, Franklin served both; but he lacked those virtues and graces that render life worthy and make the contemplation of a career pleasant and a moral stimulus.

Franklin, as a man, offers nothing that either pleases or stimulates. His story is the story of one who was indifferent to everything but his own aggrandisement, and careless as to his methods; and who, in the long run, did secure his ends by unworthy means. He was lewd, self-seeking, and treacherous; and it never occurred to him to repent, for he knew nothing better. These are hard sayings about one whose memory his countrymen still delight to honour, and whose name they actually link with that of Washington as one of the saviours of his country. Nevertheless, the facts cannot be gainsaid.

Benjamin Franklin was born at Boston in the year 1706. He received little schooling, but early showed a love of books. At twelve years of age he was apprenticed to his brother James, a printer and, soon afterwards, the founder of one of the earliest American newspapers. In the columns of this paper Benjamin exercised his literary talents until, having quarrelled with his brother, he broke through an honourable understanding between them and left Boston. We then hear of him in New York, in Philadelphia, and in London, in which last-named city he hired himself to a printer, and "for a year toiled as compositor, earning good wages and squandering them on idle companions, lewd women, treats, and shows" (p. 40). Then he returned to Philadelphia and took service under Keimer, the printer,

"founded the Junto, wrote his famous epitaph, grew religious, composed a liturgy for his own use, and became the father of an illegitimate son. The name of the mother, most happily, is not known; but, as the law of bastardy was then rigidly enforced against the woman and not against the man, she was, in all likelihood, one of the throng who received their lashes in the market-place and filled the records of council with prayers for the remission of fines" (p. 45).

Leaving Keimer, Franklin commenced business for himself and grew rich, while his less astute and more scrupulous rivals, including Keimer himself, grew poor. He was always ready for whatever offered; in a low sense he was "all things to all men"—man of letters, man of science, printer, philosopher, politician, patriot, reprobate, or moralist—just as the occasion demanded. Of course, his schemes often miscarried; but his adaptability, and his entire freedom from scruples of conscience about the means he employed, gave him success in the long run. He was not a man of original mind. He possessed no genius except that of adapting himself tolerably well to circumstances, and of appropriating and using the work and talents of others. In his character of "Poor Richard," which gave him so much renown, he was only an adapter. He ranks among men of science on the strength of his experiments with electricity; but even here "more than one discovery for which credit has been given to him alone came to him in the shape of a very broad hint from Ebenezer Kinnersley" (p. 152). As Mr. McMaster says, "no one knew how to improve a hint better than Franklin."

At one time of his life and another, Franklin interested himself in politics. He posed as a patriot, and secured for himself various posts of responsibility and honour in the state. In these he displayed "great executive power mingled with traits

which cannot be too strongly condemned. The vicious political doctrine that to the victor belong the spoils he adopted in its worst form; and, though he never sought office, he never, in the whole course of his life, failed to use his office for the advancement of men of his own family and his own blood" (p. 153).

In 1777 Franklin was sent to France by the revolutionary government to try and enlist sympathy and assistance. How he attended to the interests of his country we know, for John Adams, who followed him in a few months, reported the facts to Samuel Adams:

"He loves his ease, hates to offend, and seldom gives any opinion till obliged to do it. I know also, and it is necessary that you should be informed, that he is overwhelmed with a correspondence from all quarters, most of them upon trifling subjects and in a most trifling style, with unmeaning visits from multitudes of people, chiefly from the vanity of having it to say that they have seen him. There is another thing which I am obliged to mention. There are so many private families, ladies, and gentlemen that he visits so often—and they are so fond of him that he cannot well avoid it—and so much intercourse with Academicians, that all these things together keep his mind in a constant state of dissipation" (p. 227).

Mr. McMaster adds that

"Strangers who came to see him were amazed to behold papers of the greatest importance scattered in the most careless way over the table and the floor. A few went so far as to remonstrate. They reminded him that spies surrounded him on every hand, and suggested that half an hour a day given to business would enable his grandson to put the papers out of the reach of prying eyes. To such his invariable answer was that he made it a rule never to be engaged in any business that he would not gladly have generally known, and kept his papers as carelessly as before" (pp. 227-8).

In short, everything must subserve his own self-gratification. Fortunately for America John Adams was a different kind of man, and turning himself "into a drudging clerk" performed the work that Franklin neglected.

Of Franklin's domestic relations the less said, perhaps, the better. The woman who ultimately became his wife he had, years before, seduced and abandoned. He was bound to his home by no ties of affection.

Persons who may freely concede that Franklin was no model of piety will still insist that, nevertheless, in his own particular sphere, he may be properly regarded as an example. He taught some valuable lessons of a practical kind; and, even though his mottoes and famous sayings were not his own invention, at any rate he fitted them for general use and made them popular. He himself, by his own exertions and thriftiness, in the face of many difficulties, rose from obscurity to a position of affluence and power. All this, it will be said, is surely in his favour. Surely it is, so far as it goes. He was energetic in business and enterprising. He was thrifty also; but his was the Jew-thrift that signifies, not self-control or going without, but self-aggrandisement; that puts out everything—money, affection, service, at usury; that observes the commandment—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, *that thy days may be long in the land.*" Franklin was thrifty in saving everything he could from others. His passion was for getting. He was,

all his life, more or less, what Mr. McMaster says he was in his youth, "saving even to meanness, yet a spendthrift and a waste-all" (p. 43). Thrift ranks high among the virtues, but only when it justifies itself to the moral sentiment, not as a means of gathering up material or of making provision for the future, much less as an aid to self-indulgence, but from the reverse side as a method of self-discipline. The rule of ethics on this point is not—save that you may have; but be self-reliant, independent of mere possessions. This is a very different thing from the thrift practiced by Franklin.

The attentive student of Mr. McMaster's book will be astonished and, perhaps, a little amused to find that the final judgment pronounced by the biographer is by means sustained by the facts so faithfully set forth in the earlier pages. Perhaps Mr. McMaster felt the damning character of these facts so strongly that he thought a little toning down was necessary. The English reader, however, is more than likely to reject Mr. McMaster's assurance that "fearless truthfulness" was "characteristic of the man" in favour of Capefigue's description of him as "one of the greatest charlatans of the eighteenth century."

WALTER LEWIN.

The First Nine Years of the Bank of England. By J. E. Thorold Rogers (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

THIS little volume, not two hundred pages in all, will rank as a far more valuable contribution to English literature than its title, taken by itself, would seem to indicate. In amassing the materials for his history of agriculture and prices Mr. Rogers came across a weekly register by John Houghton (a well-known London apothecary with a taste for collecting, in his hours of leisure, statistics illustrative of the commerce of his day) recording the prices of the Bank stock from 1694 to 1703. As there were some difficulties in this document which his own unaided knowledge could not authoritatively settle, Mr. Rogers made enquiries at the Bank, and found to his surprise that the authorities of Threadneedle Street possessed no information about the price of their stock before 1705. On discovering this strange defect in the documentary records of the Bank, Mr. Rogers determined upon reprinting for the enlightenment of the world at large the table of prices and rates which this assiduous apothecary had compiled, and upon composing a narrative to show the reasons for the fluctuations in the weekly prices of the stock. For this resolution most of the students of our history at this period will express their grateful acknowledgments. The republication for general information of Houghton's price list would have been a boon by itself; but the gift becomes doubly acceptable when it is made the foundation for a brief history of the changes in the financial world after the Revolution of 1688, and for a summary of the characters of the city magnates who prospered or who suffered by the rise and fall in the Bank's securities. The weekly price list of such stocks supplies a barometer of opinion, possibly the most faithful that could have been selected, on the durability or weakness of the governments

that ruled England. Most of the city magnates who aided in the establishment of the Bank of England employed their talents and invested their capital mainly for the promotion of their personal interests, but their operations contributed to the stability of the government under which they lived. The careers of many of the city men who thrived under the sway of the Dutch William are not devoid of interest by themselves, and the names of some still flourish in the ranks of the peerage or the country gentry. This work of Mr. Thorold Rogers has drawn to the city life of the age the attention which it deserved, but had long wanted.

The subscription of the necessary capital for the Bank began on June 21, 1694, and the stream flowed rapidly. Queen Mary, either from the dictates of her own shrewd sense, or through the persuasion of her advisers, entered her name as subscribing the handsome sum of £10,000. Within the limits of a week nearly a million of money had been subscribed, and on July 24 the charter of the Bank was granted. The new financial undertaking was planted by the Whigs, and by that party the plant was brought to maturity. The names of the first directors are printed by Mr. Rogers at the commencement of his work. Some of them, like the Houlblons, Sir Theodore Jansen, who married a daughter of the Whig family of Harley, and Samuel Lethullier, were either Protestant refugees from abroad, or the descendants of those who had migrated to England in search of civil and religious liberty. Gilbert Heathcote was Godolphin's staunchest ally in the city, and for one Parliament represented a constituency subservient to the wishes of the Godolphins. Scawen, a man "vastly rich," inherited a name which, during the civil war, was found among the most conspicuous Presbyterian opponents of Charles I. The new institution was soon met by an influential opposition composed of dissentient Whigs (for rarely, indeed, does the whole body of that political party march in time) and Tories. The first class dreaded the growth of the Whig merchants in the city, and feared lest their loans to the government might weaken the Parliament's hold over public affairs. The second division of opinion, as representing mainly the country squires and the rural clergy, distrusted the moneyed interest, and looked with jealous eyes on any proposal which might increase the influence of the town populations. For some time the Bank's operations prospered in spite of the obstacles which such opponents could interpose. Until November, 1694, the price of its stock ruled either at or above par, the lowest being £100 and the highest £103; but at the beginning of the month the value of each share in the Bank was fixed at £60, and with this perturbation in the market the price fell to 3 discount (£57). From that time values rose rapidly; and at the close of January, 1696, the price had advanced to £107. Troublous times were once more at hand, and within a fortnight the value of the stock had receded to £83, and nearly a half of the premium had disappeared. Two reasons are given by Mr. Thorold Rogers for this excessive depreciation. The coin circulating in England had become exceedingly debased, and the weight in many cases fell short by a

third of the nominal value. Amsterdam was still the capital of the financial world, and to it the moneys required for the goods supplied to the English army in Flanders or on the Rhine were remitted; but, in consequence of the depreciation in the English currency, the rate of exchange ruled against this country, and the profits of the English bankers, through the light or inferior gold in their coffers, shrunk heavily. Another and still more serious danger threatened the very existence of the Bank of England. Two millions of money were required for the use of the State, and the House of Commons deliberated in committee on the manner in which the loan should be raised. The Bank of England was ruled out; exchequer bills were proposed and rejected; and, finally, it was agreed that a national land bank should be started by subscription, and such was the jealousy imported into the matter "none concerned in the Bank of England should have anything to do with it." This scheme was projected by Hugh Chamberlain, an accoucheur of some repute, whose evidence in favour of the genuineness of the old Pretender has been recently reprinted in Mr. Percy Thornton's treatise on the Brunswick accession, and also a dabbler in such financial schemes as "banks of credit on land rents." Mr. Rogers doubts whether this charlatan in finance was identical with the physician who wrote the treatise of the *Manuale Medicum*; but the identity is assumed, and probably with ample authority, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The absurdity of this scheme is shown in his proposal to lend "at the yearly interest of only twenty-five shillings for every £100, to continue but 100 years," and, in his belief that a lease for a long term of years was worth many times the fee-simple. The land bank was founded, and for some time proved a thorn in the side of the governing body of the older corporation; but a scheme resting on such wild propositions as those just mentioned could not contain the elements of vitality, and it quickly died, with the result that its projector was forced to flee the country. A second Act, mainly for increasing the capital of the Bank of England, was obtained in 1697, and for several years afterwards its proprietors had the pleasing satisfaction of observing that the price of their stock stood at a considerable premium. The stability of the Bank was assured, and its enemies combated against it in vain.

There are many pleasing digressions in the narrative of Mr. Thorold Rogers. At one time he steps aside from his main subject into an account of the origin of the goldsmiths' banks; at another he tells of the price of house rent in the city in 1697, and of the attachment which the citizens then had for cockneydom; and at a third he breaks the thread of his narrative by a description of the general character of the London merchants, and their love of city honours. Everyone knows that Mr. Rogers is a warm party man, and plunges into the political contests of to-day with keen zest; and in the preface to this work he shows us that those feelings of admiration or intense dislike extend even to past ages. Towards Sir Charles Duncombe, a zealous Tory and a not over scrupulous enemy of the Bank of England, he feels "almost as

much loathing . . . as every right-minded person feels towards Oates and Fuller," the latter of whom I may point out is incorrectly indexed as "Thomas Fuller." In 1695 both Duncombe and Godolphin sold their effects in the Bank of England, the value of the former's interest amounting to £80,000, and Mr. Rogers speaks of it as an attempt to discredit the Bank. The transaction may have been carried out with that intention; but I am loth to associate Godolphin—a moderate man, never anxious to provoke animosity—with such a plan; and it is equally possible, I think, that Duncombe wanted the money for the estate of Helmsley, which was then passing into his hands. "The bank will outlive the designs of all the Sir C——s and Sir L——s in England" is a prophecy quoted by Mr. Rogers from a contemporary pamphlet. He recognises that Sir C—— is Sir Charles Duncombe, but the identity of the other passage baffles him. Sir L—— is probably, as is the case with Sir C——, the initial of the Christian name, and may, it is not unlikely, stand for Sir Lambert Blackwell.

W. P. COURTNEY.

Free Field. Lyrics by R. St. John Tyrwhitt. (Macmillan.)

MR. TYRWHITT tells us in his preface that it is unwise to publish verses at a late period of one's life, unless after special experiences; but he has at any rate fulfilled Horace's injunction, and had time, even if he has not had occasion, to correct them *decuss ad unguem*.

The greater part of this volume was written a quarter of a century ago. Readers of that forgotten book, Galton's *Vacation Tourist*, will recognise many of the sentiments which Mr. Tyrwhitt here poetically expresses in his picturesque prose essay on "Sinai." Nearly half the present volume, indeed, is devoted to Palestine and the East—a fact not surprising to those who have known the writer's definitely directed life. Yet the writer of *Hugh Heron* could hardly send out a volume of poems without some reference to things nearer home, and of these, especially to Oxford; and it is not until he speaks of England that he finds his own right harmonies:

"There is a certain English tomb
Where, if God will, I will be laid.
There are sweet waters and deep shade,
And a small weather-beaten church
With lichen'd wall and ivied porch,
And all around faint roses bloom.
'Tis winter storm and summer rain
Fall various, like the tears of men."

Yet of the Eastern verses, many are distinctly good, especially those headed "The Wells of Moses." There is a trope of the setting sun which, in a poem of the East (where, in the days of the early Church, if not still, the sun is regarded as the symbol of Our Lord), we think very happy and appropriate:

"Through the fringe of yon fair cloud
He spreads out radiant hands to bless."

Mr. Tyrwhitt is well known for his lectures upon *Christian Art and Symbolism*, and for his *Pictorial Art*; and, further, through the sincere friendship of Mr. Ruskin, which he has enjoyed for many years. "He has long been my friend," wrote Mr. Ruskin of him in 1872, "and in the early days of

friendship was my disciple." It was Mr. Ruskin who pressed him to deliver the lectures, and when they were delivered he told people to read them "as they would my own." It is not strange, therefore, to find an echo of one friend's views in the other's verses:

"Though . . . all the pleasant streams that run
Be clogged with mills and foul with dyes,
Yet falls the night, and morn doth rise
In glory over all things mean."

Though this is surpassed by a finer passage in "The Wells of Moses."

"Progress treads a narrow way
As strait as Faith's, and marked with graves.
With fiery speed and sick delay:
With sloth compelled, and feverish haste
Uncomforted, across the waste
Which man may pass, but never tame.
He turns not from his deadly game:
He toils from sea to boundless sea:
He prays to rest where he would be:
He leaves the sand-trace called a Name."

Yet Mr. Tyrwhitt has, as we have said, expressed the other side of his nature with equal felicity, in such pieces as "Tiny" (the prettily pathetic tale of a dog), in "The Glory of Motion" (8. Oxfordshire, 1878), and in "Penelope Ann." These represent his lighter muse. But we are instinctively attracted back to his more thoughtful verses, such as "Whitsun Eve," a fine religious poem, and a profound personal lyric of introspection called "Heautontimoroumenos," though his verse is not in these so tuneful as in the descriptive pieces. Who that knows the Cherwell and its "sister floods" will not acknowledge the beauty of this from "Bendmere Stream":

"The rose is faint, the rose-leaves fall;
They drift like tinted scented snow:
Still as the light airs come and go
The full-blown flowers droop, one and all;
The Summer hath stilled the sweet birds' call?"

Though Mr. Tyrwhitt deserves all the praise which we have given him, he yet is again and again guilty of the most heinous metrical crimes. His favourite offence is the introduction of the dactyl in an otherwise evenly flowing trochaic poem. His use of the genitive singular (e.g., "Tiberias' gate") is unpardonable. Again, he is often condensed, obscure, and even confused; and these are grave faults. Yet for them he makes, we think, ample atonement. His line imitative of the rush of the boulder seems to me very good—"And you heard their boulders pounding helpless down his whinstone bed"; as, also, the sense of desolation which he conveys to us in the following (again from "The Wells of Moses"):

"Where barren foam meets barren sand,
And Commerce leaves her wrecks exposed
'Twixt weary sea and weary land."

But I have quoted enough to show the general character of Mr. Tyrwhitt's sedate and rich volume of collected poems. He will win the heart of all who love children by these last:

"(The fountains of our eyes are dry
With care and labour all the years:)
But this we care not to deny,
That, be they shed by girls or boys
For love or pain, or broken toys,
Even idle tears—are always tears."

CHARLES SAYLE.

A Literary and Biographical History or Bibliographical Dictionary of the English Catholics, from the Breach with Rome, in 1534, to the Present Time. By Joseph Gillow. Vol. III. G—K. (Burns & Oates.)

MR. GILLOW's volumes follow one another with most praiseworthy rapidity, and there are many signs of improvement as the work goes on. The volume before us is certainly better than either of its predecessors. It is no easy matter to compile a biographical dictionary of any kind that shall be worthy of the name. English Catholics present an exceptionally difficult field of labour. The terrible pressure of the penal laws caused almost every ecclesiastic to live in secret, and made the adoption of secondary names an almost absolute necessity. It also in a great measure hindered the authorship of books being assigned to their right owners. In the last century, when the more cruel of the statutes were not enforced, the popular feeling against professors of the ancient faith was so strong that it is quite certain that many persons who had no thought of apostasy concealed their religion from the public, and, therefore, find no place in Mr. Gillow's catalogue. For country squires and professional men who dwelt in the provinces this was, of course, impossible; but it was quite easy of accomplishment in London, and a few other large centres of population.

As we remarked on a former occasion, the later portions of Mr. Gillow's biographies are the best. The martyrs and other sufferers for religion in the long and dreary period that elapsed between Henry VIII.'s breach with Rome and the conclusion of the "Popish Plot" murders have had something narrated concerning them in other books of authority. It is for the period beginning with the revolution of 1688 and extending to our own time that those collections are of the greatest interest. Here we find gathered together for the first time notices of men well known in their day, and who did incalculable good in their own communion, whose memory might well have faded away almost completely had not Mr. Gillow devoted his time to this most useful labour. Mr. Philip Hughes, the musician, for instance, whose death occurred in 1880, was certainly worthy of permanent record, although in the sense in which the word is commonly used he was not, we believe, an author. We are grateful to Mr. Gillow for the space devoted to him. The same must be said of John Holden, the Jesuit, one of the most picturesque personalities of that generation which is now becoming a memory only. Holden was, as he used to say, a Lancashire lad, born near Garstang. He was ordained in 1825, and officiated as priest successively at Thetford, Spinkhill, Lowergate, and Lincoln. We believe his only claim to be counted an author rests on a controversial pamphlet long since forgotten. None, however, who once met the hard-working, fearless man, will ever forget the impression he made. When serving at Lincoln so popular did he become that he was for several years successively returned as poor-law guardian by an almost entirely Protestant vote. It is for the short memoirs of persons such as these that we consider Mr. Gillow's pages especially valuable. When dealing

with the histories of persons who took a prominent position in the world of politics he is not always successful. The life of James II. is, from our point of view, not a little too favourable. On the other hand, that of his mother, Henrietta Maria, is an admirable piece of condensation.

As a matter of taste, and because it causes reference to be easier, we wish Mr. Gillow had entered all peers and their wives under the family names, with cross-references from their titles. Surely it would have been far more convenient if all the Howards had come in one place. Space, too, might have been saved by the omission, in the bibliographical portion, of paragraphs which tell well-known facts concerning books not written by the author treated of. For instance, because Edward Jerningham translated some of the orations of Bossuet there was not the least necessity for telling us what were Charles Butler's opinions as to his eloquence.

Mr. Gillow is to be praised in one particular where many have gone amiss. He is most careful in avoiding vituperative language. We have not met with an instance where a person who held strong opinions adverse to Mr. Gillow's faith could with justice complain of his treatment of the subject. In some instances, where it would have been easy to have drawn attention to matters of a painful nature, he has wisely abstained from doing so.

A curious example is given from the Lancashire family of Houghton of two half brothers, each of them bearing the name of Thomas (p. 328). This confusing habit of calling two children of the same parents by an identical name was not uncommon in former days. Two brothers, each named Robert Screwton, are mentioned in the North Riding Quarter Sessions Records of 1622. In Mr. J. Meadows Cowper's extracts from the registers of Holy Cross, Westgate, Canterbury, we are informed that in the year 1625 John Currier had two sons, each bearing the name of John. EDWARD PEACOCK.

NEW NOVELS.

The Devil's Dis. By Grant Allen. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

Miracle Gold. By Richard Dowling. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

In White and Gold. By Mrs. F. H. Williamson. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Golden Halcombes. By John Shaw. (Belfast: Olley.)

Doris Cheyno. By Annie S. Swan. (Edinburgh: Oliphant.)

The Golden Hawk. By Clive Holland. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.)

The Abbey Murder. By Joseph Hatton. (Spencer Blackett.)

The Devil's Dis is not so carefully written as *Babylon*; nor is it so fantastically clever as *For Maimie's Sake*. But it is certain to take with the circulating-library public better than any of Mr. Grant Allen's previous works, partly on account of the exhilarating rush and sweep of its style, but mainly because of the incidents, at once original and melodramatic, with which it is crowded. It sug-

gests, indeed, the possibility that its author—by way of ridiculing the successes achieved on the tragic stage by love, hate, and ignorance—had set himself deliberately to prove that, with the help of the discoveries of science, a daring playwright may produce incomparably more startling effects. Dr. Chichele, the "emancipated" scientist and professor of aetiology, does not trust to such antiquated weapons of murder as the knife or the phial of poison to accomplish his ends. He works with chills and cholera germs. But whether or not Mr. Grant Allen's new book be a satire on science—and perhaps also on America—it contains a larger menagerie of scoundrels than any novelist has exhibited to the public for many a day. Leaving out of consideration Chichele, who, moreover, is really the victim of Evolution, as, when he is at his very worst, he but gives effect to the murderous instincts he has inherited, Chapparall Bill and Monte Joe are the very pink of American ruffianism; and Lizbeth, Chichele's slum-reared domestic, who aids her master (he is the murderer of her mother, but that is a trifle) in his designs against his wife, is the *ne plus ultra* of impish wickedness. Then, surely, there never were such agonies as Chichele's when dying, except, perhaps, those of his friends Ivan Royle and Mohammad Ali, after they had been cast out of the company of Monte Joe and Chapparall Bill, to die of starvation. In fact, everything and everybody is on a fatiguingly tremendous scale. Mohammad Ali denounces the dying Chichele as Miss Cobbe might denounce Pasteurism in a public lecture-room: "In the vain endeavour to make yourself guiltily happy, you have covered with misery, and almost covered with endless shame, the two women who, each in her way, most truly loved you." One of these two women, Seeta Mayne, the eminent novelist, and physically superb as an ideal countess, scolds like a Lola Montez. "You cad! you cur! you miserable sneak, you" (it is her brother she addresses thus), "to take that man's money when you called him a baboo! Why he's worth ten thousand such limp parodies of a man as you are!" In short, when the language of the leading characters in *The Devil's Dis* is not taking one's breath away, their actions are making one's hair stand on end. None of Mr. Grant Allen's characters, moreover, can be said to show him at his best. The most notable of them all, of course, is Mohammad Ali, the Mussulman doctor, Chichele's best friend and worst enemy. But perfection of Arab chivalry, scientific culture, Bond-street, honour, truth, justice, and feline cunning, though he be, his everlasting "Kismet" and his habit of playing the stylist in ordinary conversation become tiresome. Ivan Royle, Chichele's rival, is a poor creature; and, as for Olwen Tregellas, really she ought to have a place in one of Mr. Black's, not Mr. Grant Allen's, novels. Mr. Grant Allen could hardly write ill, though he tried; and there are many passages—especially descriptive passages—in *The Devil's Dis* which are as good as anything he has ever published, being, in point of style, a happy medium between Macaulay's Essays and good unaffected club talk. He pleads guilty to one positive digression; but there are in *The Devil's Dis*

many pages—and these not the least delightful—which are really, though not nominally, digressions, and which seem to prove, among them, that he now loves England more than he does the United States.

Mr. Dowling's new book is singularly unsatisfactory, being tedious, badly constructed, laden with *quasi* philosophy and *quasi* philanthropy, and, in fact, totally uninteresting. There is in it a curious creature, who has a little of Quilp and Quasimodo in, or at least about, him; but he falls off, and becomes utterly intolerable before the end even of the first of Mr. Dowling's three volumes is reached. The love-making in the story—such as that is—which is contributed by two girls, Dora and Grace, and their common lover, is on a par with the rest of it. The only thing in *Miracle Gold* which at all reveals Mr. Dowling at his best is the plotting and counter-plotting of the two secondary scoundrels.

In White and Gold, though not remarkable in any way, is a straightforward story with a somewhat original plot. The heir to some money, which has mysteriously disappeared, suspects his nephew of being the thief, and his own widowed daughter, who ought earlier in her life to have married her cousin, of being his accomplice. She, too, believes in her cousin's guilt, and impulsively marries him in the confidence that the law will not permit her to give evidence against her husband. He is quite innocent, of course, and in due time the real thief confesses. This all takes three volumes, which is rather too much. At the same time, Mrs. Williamson writes agreeably; and though there may be a good deal of unnecessary detail in her volumes, there is nothing of the character of padding. A subsidiary love affair, which has a somewhat tragic ending, is skilfully developed.

Mr. John Shaw can tell a story vigorously, and he is evidently a firm believer in the doctrines of the United Kingdom Alliance. But he has attempted far too much, in the way both of plot and of preaching, in *The Golden Halcombes*. The interest in it shifts so rapidly from England to Australia, and from Australia back to England, and there is so much fighting and drinking, and lecturing against drinking, and quarrelling, and making it up again, and marrying, first between the wrong and then between the right folks, that had Mr. Stiggins met all the characters in one room he would almost have been justified in coming to his sweeping conclusion that "this meeting is drunk." Two things seem certain, that Stephen Halcombe, the exiled son of Squire Halcombe, was Tom Barton in Australia, where he drank too much—of course—but also proved too much for a number of scoundrels, and that he does not marry, as he ought to do, in the end. It would be in the last degree risky for anyone to venture offhand to dogmatise as to the other contents of *The Golden Halcombes*, unless he commits the fatal mistake of trying to read it a second time. This is at once a one-volume and a single-perusal novel, and, therefore, may be found profitable on a longish railway journey—say to Torquay. Whoever is unwise enough to try to read it a second time will learn to his cost that "the glossy blackness of Lady Margaret Halcombe's hair had not been impaired by

time, nor had her lustrous black eyes lost any of the brightness which had played havoc with many hearts before Stephen Halcombe had aroused so much wonder and envy by his successful wooing of the proud daughter of John Markham, Earl of Hayswood," and that "there was a whispered legend in the servant's hall that 'a black Halcombe was a bad Halcombe.'"

The squire and the most of his relations in *The Golden Halcombes* look unreal—as if they had been taken from old fashion-plates, or Mrs. Bray's novels. The Australian ruffianism and the English teetotalism, however, are modern and genuine.

Was *Doris Cheyne* written for the sake of the poor and faded views of the Lake District which appear in it? It is hardly possible not to entertain some suspicion of this kind, for the majority of the characters might quite as well have been placed in Portobello, Cork, or Scarborough, as in Keswick. This suspicion apart, *Doris Cheyne* must be allowed to be at once the most ambitious and the most successful book that Miss Swan has yet written. Her characters are few in number, but they are all drawn with the utmost care. Of Doris Cheyne's two lovers, the rough diamond of a squire is, perhaps, to be preferred to the doctor, for he understands his own feelings, which the other does not. Doris herself, who is compelled, by the death of her father, to become, in almost every sense, the head of a household that has been petted into selfishness, looks as if she had been drawn from life. Self-sacrificing though she is, she has yet strength of character and firmness of purpose. Her "Uncle Penfold," too, is a good example of the grave, sagacious man of business, in whom kindness is balanced, not blunted, by prudence. The plot of *Doris Cheyne* is good of its unpretentious kind. But there is one weak thing in it: the match-making at the end is improbably wholesale and school-girlish.

The author of *The Golden Hawk* says, in his preface, that should his pages "prove the means of pleasantly passing a weary or an idle hour, his object will have been accomplished." This object, at the very least, *The Golden Hawk*, an old-fashioned story—old-fashioned in style as well as in plot—of treasure-hunting, piratical craft, slaughter on a considerable scale, and a hideous black compound of "She" and Meg Merrilees, called Mima, does accomplish. It is a story, and does not pretend to be anything more. The hero does not marry the heroine in the end, as he ought always to do in a novel of the old-fashioned sort.

Mr. Joseph Hatton knows provincial England. He is, if not a remarkable historical romancer, a conscientious historical costumier; and he has a command of what is unhappily termed "nervous English." The Yorkshire scenery, the yeomen, the maids, and the highwaymen, in his *Abbey Murder* are quite up to his usual standard; and the plot moves on successfully till the murder of Squire Bellingham is reached, but after that crime is committed it falls off. Mr. Hatton has not the art of making a story end badly. The tragedy of poor mad Mary Lockwood and Jack Meadows is as unreal as it is painful. The two highwaymen, Parker and Foster—

the "gentleman" and the blackguard—are cleverly contrasted; and there is melodramatic power in the scene in which Mary sees her lover and his accomplice bury the body of the murdered squire. WILLIAM WALLACE.

SOME FOREIGN THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

Didascalia COCXVIII. Patrum pseudepigrapha, e Graecis codicibus re.ensuit Petrus Battifol, Coptico contulit H. Hyvernati. (Paris: Leroux.) More than a hundred years have passed since Mingarelli published, in 1784, the Greek text of the *Didascalia*; and more than two hundred years since Arnold, in 1685, edited from one single MS. the *Syntagma doctrinae*, which is in part identical with the *Didascalia*. M. Battifol has not availed himself of those editions for his work. He has made use of three Greek MSS., hitherto unknown, to which M. Hyvernati has added the readings of the Turin Coptic MS., omitting, however, to consult the Coptic Codex Borgianus at Naples. Although the materials for a new edition of the *Didascalia* have not been completely used, the present text appears to be far superior to that of the earlier editions. In some instances, quoted by Eichhorn (*Theol. Literaturzeitung*, 1887, No. 24), the true meaning of certain rules imposed upon the early monks, with respect to fasting and to food allowed in case of sickness (*Didascalia*, p. 15), has now, for the first time, been made clear. The *Didascalia* consists of two parts. The first contains the Nicene creed, as well as an interpretation of the same, very similar to *Athanasii interpretatio in Symbolum* (Migne, xxvi., col. 1232). The second part contains rules and regulations drawn up for the benefit of monks and clergy; and this, again, is identical with another so-called Athanasian work, the *Syntagma doctrinae ad monachos* (Migne, xxviii., col. 835). The text of the *Didascalia*, as it exists at present, is a Greek translation from the Coptic; but the Coptic text itself is not, as M. Battifol states (p. 21), a version of the Athanasian *Syntagma* as it exists at present. That treatise, as Revillout has shown (quoted by Eichhorn), formed part of the Acts of the Alexandrine synod 362. It was afterwards revised and made into the separate book which has come down to us. In Alexandria, moreover, those acts of the council of Nicea which had been lost were drawn up afresh. Because the acts of the Alexandrine synod contained those of the earlier council, they themselves were ascribed to the council of Nicea. The *Didascalia*, though evidently not drawn up at Nicea, speaks in the name of "the 318 holy fathers." The *Didascalia*, or rather the *Syntagma*, has drawn, as was first noticed by Prof. Harris, to a considerable extent on the *Didache*. Not only do we find the moral commandments contained in the first six chapters of that book again in the *Didascalia*, but some of the disciplinary rules of the latter—for instance, those enjoining monks not to observe the Jewish Sabbaths (p. 11); to regard the *τετράδα καὶ παρασκευὴν* as fast days (p. 12); to know a handicraft, or to work on the fields (p. 15); and to give the firstfruits to the priests (p. 16)—have been evidently taken over from the "Teaching of the Apostles." The *Didascalia* is a book of the greatest interest, for the information which it gives as to the origin and early growth of monastic institutions; and the manner in which the exhortations, addressed at the close of the first century by an unknown prophet to the primitive Christian congregations, have been in this book changed into rules and regulations imposed in the fourth century on the Egyptian clergy, is both instructive and significant.

Doctrina Duodecim Apostolorum Canones Apostolorum Ecclesiastici Ac Reliquae Doctrinae De Duabus Viis Expositiones veteres. Edidit Franciscus X. Funk. (Tübingen: Laupp. London: Trübner.) The author at first only purposed to include a critically revised text of the *Didache* in a series of the Apostolical Fathers which he is editing. The work, however, which he had undertaken demanded a more especial care and attention in regard to a book so recently discovered, and the result has been the publication of a complete commentary on the *Didache*. The prolegomena deal with the usual introductory questions (eleven chapters), the authorship, the genuineness of the book, and the relation which it bears to other works of the early Christian fathers. Dr. Funk is a very conservative critic. It cannot be said that he has made any fresh discoveries, or that his arguments (pp. 9, 10) have in any way shaken the position of Bryennius and Harnack, who maintain that the Epistle of Barnabas is prior to the *Didache*. He is driven by his theory to assert, that in the passage, "Thou shalt love thy Maker" (Ep. Barnab. xix. 2), the author of the epistle expunged the words, "God thy Maker," *quod absurdum est*. In this edition the text of the *Didache* is published by the side of the Ecclesiastical Canons, the Seventh Book of the Apostolical Constitutions, and the Epistle of Barnabas, chap. xviii.-xx., all of which contain portions of the old Jewish manual, *The Two Ways*; the references to that book are in every case marked by different type. The commentary on the text of the *Didache* is full, and in most cases exhaustive. It is, however, characteristic of the manner in which the investigation of this subject has been prosecuted that, since the publication of Dr. Funk's work, fresh light has been thrown on some of the obscure sayings of this book. The expression (x., 6) *ἡ ἀνὰ τὴν θεῶν δαβὶς*, where the author suspected a corruption in the text, has been almost conclusively proved to be the right reading from Justin Martyr (Dial. 277 B.) compared with Ep. Barnabas (xii.). The most difficult passage of all (xi. 11) where the true prophet is said *ποιεῖν εἰς μυστήριον κοσμοῦ ἐκκλησίαν*, has received light from the same quarter. To judge from parallel sentences in Justin, the passage should be translated, "And any prophet doing (what he does) for an earthly (sign of) mystery of the Church, shall not be judged of you." Altogether, the commentary is valuable, not so much by presenting any fresh elucidation of the text, as by carefully bringing together and comparing with one another the annotations of previous critics. Of these, Dr. Funk will, no doubt, be able, in a second edition, to record a still more recent series. He will also have an opportunity of correcting a number of misprints which we have noticed in this edition.

L'Origine du Péché dans le Système théologique de Paul. Par Prof. Auguste Sabatier. (Paris: Leroux.) In his large work—*L'Apôtre Paul*—published in 1881, the author touched upon the question which he now makes the subject of a monograph. He shows remarkable skill in dealing with the subject. We feel throughout, while reading his book, that we are listening to the argument of a trained controversialist. Prof. Sabatier repudiates emphatically the traditional view held by the Church; but he denounces also, on the other hand, the theologians of Hegel's school, who resolve "the workings of sin and grace into a dialectical process" (p. 32). He himself endeavours to steer a middle course. He confines himself practically to a consideration of the terms "flesh," "law," "spirit," as we find them in the Pauline Epistles, and of the relationship which these three bear one to another. The results at which he arrives are, in the main,

accurate so far they go; but they do not, in our opinion, cover the whole of St. Paul's theology. Whether true or not, the doctrine of the ancient church, which the author attacks with such animus, is co-extensive with the teaching of the apostle; but his own view falls short of either system. It is impossible to pass lightly, as the author does (p. 19), over the last and deepest question regarding the origin of evil; or to deny (p. 11)—in the face of passages like 2 Cor. xi. 3, and 1 Tim. ii. 14—that the Apostle did believe in a first transcendent and efficient cause of all sin. According to the system here propounded, evil is the natural and necessary result of the position in which the flesh, the law, and the spirit are placed towards each other from the beginning of the creation. Transgression is the last act but one in the drama which these three powers enact within the conscience of man, and which must be repeated in every human being, no matter whether his parents be sinful or sinless. If, however, the apostle does not believe that a state where the flesh acts in harmony with the law is conceivable—nay, that our first parents were actually in that state ere “they were deceived”—then the stress which he lays on the words, so often repeated—“by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin”—is entirely without meaning. The passages (Rom. v. 12 sq., and 1 Cor. xv. 21 sq) are clear and explicit enough. They acquire tragic force from the context in which they stand. According to the author, the conflict between the flesh and the law is overcome by the death of the flesh, “by humanity dying and rising again in Christ” (p. 24); and that part of the Pauline system which rests on the sacrificial ideas of the Old Testament (Rom. iii. 24, 25; 1 Cor. v. 7; Gal. iii. 13) does not in his book receive the position which is due to its importance. Prof. Sabatier endeavours to bring the views of which he treats nearer to modern consciousness. He alters and modifies them in doing so. It is his own system with which he presents us, not that of St. Paul.

M. SABATIER has also sent us a reprint from the *Revue de Théologie et de Philosophie* of his article, entitled “Les Origines Littéraires et la Composition de l'Apocalypse de Saint Jean” (Paris: Fischbacher). It deals with the novel theory advocated some two years ago by Dr. Vischer, with the approval of Prof. Harnack, that the Apocalypse is in its main substance a Jewish document (see ACADEMY, February 12, 1887). M. Sabatier agrees with this theory, so far as to recognise a Jewish kernel in the book, which he would assign to about A.D. 70; but he argues for a much larger share to be given to the Christian editor or adapter, whom he places in the closing years of the century. He refers to an important contribution to the question, from a more conservative standpoint, in the *Revue de Théologie*, of Lausanne, by M. Bovon.

Wissenschaftlicher und praktischer Commentar über den Ersten Petrusbrief. Von Joh. Martin Usteri. Erster Theil, die Auslegung. (Zürich: Höhr; London: Trübner.) “Much study is a weariness to the flesh, and of making many books there is no end,” says the Preacher. The truth of his observation is best borne out by the number of commentaries that have been written on his own short volume. Whoever wishes to add one more to the series of expositions of the Bible must have something more to offer than a compilation from earlier works. The only apology a commentary nowadays can make for its appearance consists in its being new in form or matter. It would be unjust to deny of the work under review that it is novel, at least, in form. Dr. Usteri has had the courage to reverse the order generally observed in books of this character. He gives us in the first part, just published, the exegesis of the

Epistle of St. Peter; and he promises to add in a second part, shortly to appear, the introduction. Such a transposition may be defensible in cases where the introduction deals mainly with the question of the authenticity of the book, and where the answer to that question is given on evidence largely supplied by the text itself. Here, for instance, the author tries to obtain all the information he can from a careful analysis of passages like i. 8, “Whom having not seen ye love,” or v. 2, “I . . . a witness of the sufferings of Christ,” in respect to the Petrine origin of the epistle. He has not overrated the evidential value of such passages. It can be determined, however, only when the second part appears whether the conclusions he draws from them are correct. The commentary itself is of the grammatical and historical type. Its material is largely taken from works that have appeared of late years by Huther, Hofmann, and Weiss. But the matter thus obtained seems well arranged. The arguments for and against the explanation of every important passage are balanced; and the results thus arrived at commend themselves to sound judgment. The author further endeavours to consider—what is so frequently neglected in commentaries of the exact and scientific kind—his subject in its religious and devotional bearing; and the hints which he occasionally gives to preachers in his comment, for instance, on (i. 1), “the elect, the sojourners in the diaspora,” will be found very suggestive. For this part of his work he has drawn largely on the well-known exposition of Archbishop Leighton. Characteristic also is the large and, in the main, happy use Dr. Usteri makes of the early patristic writers. The quotations which he adduces from the Epistle of Clement and the Apostles' Teaching with reference to 1 St. Pet. v. 2, are very much to the point. We are unable, however, to accept his conclusions. It is possible that “the elders,” *πρεσβύτεροι* (*ἐπισκοποῦντες*), in 1 St. Pet. v. 2 are identical with “the rulers,” *ἡγούμενοι*, 1 Clem. i. 3; but the difference the author makes between them and “those that speak the Word of God” is without foundation. The passages he quotes (1 Thess. v. 12; 1 Tim. v. 17; Hebr. xiii. 7) seem to us to prove, on the contrary, that one of the essential functions of the rulers, the elders (the bishops) was preaching.

Das Gespräch Jesu mit der Samaritanerin. Von F. L. Steinmeyer. (Berlin: Wiegandt & Grieben; London: Trübner.) This is one of a series of contributions which the author is making to the elucidation of the Gospel according to St. John. The first part of the series contains “the high priestly prayer” (John xvii.), noticed in the ACADEMY, July 9; this the second, “the conversation with the Samaritan woman” (John iv.), and the third will treat of “the resurrection of Lazarus” (John xi.). The part now under review possesses all the merits which we found in the first. Its style is clear, readable, and even elegant. It abounds with well-chosen similes and with pointed aphorisms. It is not quite free, however, from a certain mannerism, and from the affectation of introducing French words like *connivert*, *avançirt*, *aperçus*, &c., where German would have done as well. There is the same mastery of detail, the same avoidance of what is superfluous, and the same subordination of all the references and quotations, which are necessary to the elucidation of the text, to one leading idea. In his exposition of the conversation as recorded by St. John, the author starts from the right point. His endeavour, however, to work out his view in a thoroughly logical and consistent manner, and at the same time to discard the explanations hitherto offered by all commentators, ancient and modern, leads him eventually into a position which appears to us false. His emphatic asser-

tion (pp. 40 and 42)—that Jesus's purpose was to reveal himself fully as prophet to the Samaritan woman, and later on to her countrymen, but not to seek for them “as for lost sheep”—renders the first part of the conversation (v. 10), “If thou knewest the gift of God,” &c., practically void of meaning. And, according to this theory, the following verse 18, “whom thou now hast, is not thy husband,” was intended to display the supernatural knowledge of the prophet, not to touch the conscience of the woman (pp. 50, 56). Yet, as the author himself admits (p. 43), never have theologians of different schools agreed more cordially than on the fact that as Chemnitz puts it, “Ad agnitionem peccatorum et irae Dei Jesus eam ducere voluit.” In spite of this somewhat serious mistake, the book remains a valuable addition to recent expositions of the Gospel according to St. John.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE hear that Mr. Browning has gone anew through the whole of his translations from the Greek with their originals, revising them in accordance with the latest criticism. The new edition of his poems is a decided success. All the large-paper copies of it were at once taken by the trade.

PART IV. of Dr. Murray's *New English Dictionary* will be published in a week or two in two sections. Section I. will contain the remainder of the letter B (BRA-BYZ), together with the title-page, preface, &c., to vol. i.; and Section II. will include the opening portion of the letter C, extending to CASS. Mr. Henry Bradley is at work on vol. iii., beginning with the letter E; and there is good reason to hope that the publication of the successive parts will be considerably accelerated by the new arrangements.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD announce as in the press the long-promised work by Mr. Laurence Oliphant on *Scientific Religion*; or, *Higher Possibilities of Life and Practice through the Operation of Natural Forces*. It will have an appendix by a clergyman of the Church of England.

THE first two volumes of Mr. H. E. Watts's new translation of *Don Quixote*—vol. i. containing the *Life of Cervantes*, and vol. ii. a portion of the text—are announced by Mr. Quaritch to appear early in May.

MR. BERNARD BOSANQUET's new work, *Logic*; or, *the Morphology of Knowledge*, will be published very shortly in two octavo volumes by the Clarendon Press. The conception of logical science by which the author has been guided is that of “an unprejudiced study of the forms of knowledge in their development, their inter-connexion, and their comparative value as embodiments of truth.”

THE next volume in the series of “Philosophical Classics for English Readers” will be *Bacon*, by Prof. Nichol, of Glasgow.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will shortly publish a volume of selections from Lord Tennyson's shorter poems, edited for educational use by two English professors at the Presidency College, Calcutta. Among the pieces chosen are “Morte d'Arthur,” “the Lady of Shalott,” “Oenone,” “Ulysses,” The ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, the ballad of “The Revenge,” and “Dora.” Tennyson is probably the only living author whose works are used for examination purposes in India; and, if so, they certainly require notes. Only the other day we heard that the entire body of candidates at Madras was hopelessly puzzled by the line from “The Princess”:

“Was proxy wedded to a bootless calf.”

Messrs. GRIFFITH, FARRAN, OKEDEN, & WILSH are proposing this year to make a new departure in the manufacture of illustrated artistic gift-books. Instead of going to Germany for them, as heretofore, they are preparing a series to be called the "St. Paul's Series of Monotint Books and Booklets," which will be entirely home productions, designed and illustrated by English artists, under the editorship of Mr. George C. Haité, printed by English printers on English-made paper, and bound by English binders.

Messrs. APPLETON & Co. will publish immediately the fourth volume of their *Cyclopaedia of American Biography*. This volume will bring the work up to the letter P, and include articles on "Gen. McClellan," by Prof. Coppée; "Gen. Sir E. M. Pakenham," by the Rev. George Gleig; "John Lothrop Motley," by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes; "Longfellow," by Prof. C. E. Norton; and "James Russell Lowell," by Mr. C. D. Warner.

A NEW history of, and guide to, Trinidad, by Mr. J. H. Collins, Superintendent of the Port of Spain Model School, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock for early publication.

As a memorial of last year's Mary Queen of Scots tercentenary exhibition at Peterborough, it is proposed to print one of the MSS. from Losely there exhibited. This is an account of "The Examynacon and Death of Mary Queen of Skottes," signed by R. Wynkfield, which is of special interest as identifying Burghley's correspondent, "R. W.," and as differing in some details from the common reports. It will be published, by subscription, by Messrs. Taylor & Son, Northampton.

A CHEAP edition, being the third, of Mr. Holmes's *History of the Indian Mutiny* will shortly be issued by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co.

THE following will probably be the contents of the first number of the new *Universal Review*, under the editorship of Mr. H. Quilter: "Proem," by Mr. Lewis Morris; "The State of Europe and the Position of England," by Sir Charles Dilke; "M. Zola's *Idée Mère*," by Mrs. Lynn Linton; "Boulanger," by Mrs. Crawford; "The House of Lords," by the Earl of Pembroke; "The Medical Profession and the Medical Press," by Dr. Edward Berdoe; "A Roman of Greater Rome," by Dr. A. W. Verrall; "What the Skull spake," by Sir Edwin Arnold; "The Royal Academy and English Art," by the Editor; "La Musique dans Balzac," by M. Louis de Fourcaud; "English Investors and American Securities," "L'Immortal," by M. Alphonse Daudet; "The World in May," by the Editor. The chief illustrations will be typogravures executed by Guillaume frères, of Paris, from pictures and drawings by the following artists: Sir F. Leighton, Frith, Broughton, Aumonier, Perugini, Colin Hunter, Henry Moore, Logsdail, Waterhouse, Riviere, Poynter, David Murray, Herkomer, Alfred Hunt, Corbett, Blair Leighton, Willy Schlobach, T. Charlet, and Denby Sadler.

BEGINNING the May number, *Colburn's United Service Magazine* (founded in 1829) is amalgamated with the *Army and Navy Magazine*, published by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co.

DR. A. BAIN will open a discussion at the Aristotelian Society on Monday next, May 7, on the subject "What is the Distinction between Desire and Will?" dealing with some controverted points in recent ethical writings. Mr. W. R. Sorley, Mr. J. S. Mann, and the Rev. E. P. Scrymgeour, will take part in the discussion.

SIR WILLIAM WILSON HUNTER, late director general of statistics to the Indian government,

will read a paper on "The New Industrial Era in India" at the next meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, at the Whitehall Rooms, Hôtel Métropole, on Tuesday next, May 8. The chair will be taken at 8 p.m., by the Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, formerly governor of Madras.

Shakspeare and Bacon: the Facts and Fallacies of the Case, is the title of a lecture to be delivered by Mr. Gerald Massey on May 13, in the Cavendish Rooms, Mortimer Street, Langham Place, as the first of a course.

THE annual conversazione of the Royal Colonial Institute will be held at the Royal Albert Hall and the adjacent conservatory on Thursday, June 28.

MR. PERCY FURNIVALL has reprinted as a pamphlet (Iliffe & Sons) his paper read before the Society of Cyclists on "Physical Training for High-Speed Competitions."

THE Suomalaisen Kirjallisuuden Seura—which is, being interpreted, the Society of Finnish Literature—has sent us eight neatly printed and paper-covered volumes, each containing a play of Shakspeare, translated into Finnish by M. Paavo Cajander. They are published at Helsingfors, at dates ranging from 1879 to 1887. The excellence of the typography almost persuades us to the task of learning Finnish, which would certainly be more profitable than to search for cryptograms in the first folio. This is how Hamlet's familiar soliloquy—"To be, or not to be"—begins, in what looks like a word-for-word rendering:

"Ollako, vaiko ei, se kysymys:—
Jalompaa onko hengen kärsiä
Kaikk' onnen tuiman iästä sekä nuolet,
Vai käydä miekkaan tuskein tulvaa vastaan,
Lopettain kaikki?—Kuolla,—nukkua,—
Ei muuta;—luulla, uness' että päättyy
Tuhannet kiusat nuo ja sieluntuskat,
Nuo lihan perinnöt,—se loppu hartaast'
Ois halattava."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

AT an influential meeting held on Wednesday in Jerusalem Chamber, it was proposed—with general acceptance—that the memorial to Matthew Arnold should take the form of a medallion bust in Westminster Abbey, and a scholarship in English literature at Oxford.

CANON CHEYNE, of Rochester, Oriel professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford, has been appointed Bampton lecturer for next year.

THE senate of Dublin University has conferred the hon. degree of LL.D. upon the Bishop of Durham, who has also been appointed Lady Margaret's preacher at Cambridge for the ensuing year.

THE statute for lending from the Bodleian library "such printed works as in case of loss or damage can be replaced without difficulty" to certain university institutions will come on for acceptance in Congregation next Tuesday. Meanwhile, in default of Prof. Chandler, Mr. F. Madan, sub-librarian of the Bodleian, has issued a pamphlet containing his final protest against any lending whatever. At the end he has appended, *more suo*, a bibliography of the printed pieces to which this controversy has given occasion.

MR. JAMES BRYCE, regius professor of civil law at Oxford, was to deliver a public lecture to-day (Saturday) on "The Relations of Law and Theology as illustrated by the University of Al Azhar."

PROF. KENNEDY is lecturing this term, at Cambridge, on "The Histories of Greece and Rome compared as to their respective Influence on Language and Thought in Modern Europe and its Colonies."

MR. C. G. BOURNE, fellow of New College, has been appointed to take charge of the marine biological station at Plymouth, which will be opened in the course of the present summer.

DR. MARKBY has, we regret to learn, announced his intention to retire from the supervision of the Indian Civil Service students at Oxford.

THE Barlow lecturer on Dante at University College, London—the Rev. Dr. Moore, principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford—proposes to give a course of six lectures at Gower Street, London, at 3 p.m., on the following Wednesdays and Thursdays in May—16, 17, 23, 24, 30, and 31. The opening lecture on Wednesday, May 16, will be on "Dante and Sicily."

MR. W. MARTIN CONWAY, professor of art at University College, Liverpool, has been chosen to represent Victoria University at the commemoration of the eight hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the University of Bologna, to be held in June.

THE council of University College, Liverpool, propose to appoint a lecturer upon "Political Economy, the History of Industry and Commerce, and Commercial Geography." The appointment will be for a term of three years, at a salary of £200 a year, besides fees.

THE *Oxford Magazine* of May 2 contains an elaborate review of Mr. Margoliouth's "*Analecta Orientalia ad Poeticam Aristotelem*," signed with the initials S. R. D.; and also an article seeking to localise some of the descriptive passages in Matthew Arnold's "*Thyrsis*."

TRANSLATION.

ÆSCHYLUS IN ANAPAESTIC METRE.

Agam. 717-35.

As a lion's whelp she hath been,
A child of the house for a day,
Whom a man adventures to wean,
And 'tis tame and gentle at play,
The pet, while a summer runs,
Of the old and the little ones,
As it fawns with a hungry mien.

But the lion's heart doth rouse,
And 'tis quick to return his care
With a fierce and free carouse;
For never a knave will dare
To prevent the gory feast,
Or deliver his sheep from the priest
Whom the fool would hire and house.

Agam. 759-81.

For Violence, as a seed which was sown of old,
A creature doth surely breed, who is young and bold,
And she waxeth in woe upon men in the day of doom;
For the new-born beareth again, and the fruit of her womb
Is Lust and Defiance, a fiend who is stronger than man,
A demon whom men cannot bind nor Heaven shall ban.
And the dwelling accurst is afraid of the deadly twins,
For their visage is dark with the shade of the primal sins.
But Justice abideth bright in the smoky cot,
In the righteous is her delight, with the just her lot,
And she holdeth her eyes aloof from the smirched gilt,
From the pride of the sinner's roof, that his hands have built.
She disdaineth the power and praise that is miscreate.
With the just is her home, and her ways are the ways of fate,

GEORGE C. WARR,

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE Rev. S. Coode Hore contributes to the May number of the *Antiquary* some interesting gossip on vane and weather-cocks. The cock, on account of its connexion with the events leading to the crucifixion, has always been the most common form which the weather-vane has assumed in Christian lands; so common is it that a fox, an arrow, or a peacock always goes among rural people by the name of a weather-cock. Objects of this kind are very liable to destruction, and we do not suppose that there are many very old examples; but illuminations and engravings, to some extent, supply their place. The weather-arrow was and is a very common object; from its form it is more easily moved by the wind than representations of animals. There seem to have been many heraldic vanes in former times. Very few examples remain; but some modern ones of the same character have been produced in recent years. Mr. C. E. Plumtre's paper on "The Rise and Development of Philosophy during the Period of the Renaissance" is a good one. He enters into the reasons why the witchery madness was more terrible among those races which had accepted the Reformation than in Italy. We have no doubt that he is on the right track; but, at present, little is known as to Italian witchcraft and its allied superstitions. The late Mr. Westropp's essay on finger-rings is continued. It is illustrated by several interesting engravings, some of which we think we have seen in other books. Mr. Peacock communicates certain notes on holy bread, pointing out that uninstructed people have confounded the *panis benedictus* with the eucharist.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- ALEXANDRE, A. Honoré Daumier: l'homme et l'œuvre. Paris: Laurens. 80 fr.
 OROCHI, A. Fünf Jahre in Ostafrika. Reise durch die südl. Grenzländer Abessinien von Zeila bis Kaffa. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 15 M.
 DE BROGLIE, Le Prince Emmanuel. Mabilion et la Société de l'abbaye de Saint-Germain des Prés à la fin du 17^e siècle, 1664-1707. Paris: Plon. 15 fr.
 DÖLLINGER, I. v. Akademische Vorträge. 1. Bd. Nördlingen: Beck. 7 M.
 DUMESNIL, H. Troyen: souvenirs intimes. Paris: Rapilly. 5 fr.
 GRAND-CARTERET, J. Les Mœurs et la Caricature en France. Paris: Librairie illustrée. 80 fr.
 MEUSONIER, J. A. Peintre, Sculpteur etc., Recueil des œuvres de. Paris: Bouveyre. 80 fr.
 MONNIER, Marcel. Les Hawaï: un printemps sur le Pacifique. Paris: Plon. 4 fr.
 ROZAN, Ch. Petites ignorances historiques et littéraires. Paris: Quantin. 7 fr. 50 c.
 THULIER, L. Gentile Bellini et Sultan Mohammed II. Notes sur le séjour du peintre vénitien à Constantinople (1479-80) d'après les documents originaux inédits. Paris: Leroux. 8 fr.
 TONKIN, L'affaire du. Par un diplomate. Paris: Hetzel. 7 fr. 10 c.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- BAUMGARTEN, J. Die Lehre vom Versuche der Verbrechen. Criminalistische Studie. Stuttgart: Enke. 10 M.
 BERGAIGNÉ, A. L'ancien royaume de Campa dans l'Indo-Chine d'après les inscriptions. Paris: Leroux. 4 fr.
 BERTIN, G. Madame de Lamballe, d'après des documents inédits. Paris: Revue Rétrospective. 10 fr.
 BUSACK, G. Zur Bewaffnung u. Kriegführung der Ritter d. deutschen Ordens. Königsberg-1-Pr.: Koch. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 CODEX diplomaticus Silesiae. 13. Bd. Schleiens Münzschilder im Mittelalter. 2. Thl. Breslau: Max. 12 M.
 OBERTHAL, M. Die Stadt Würzburg im Bauernkriege. Würzburg: Weerl. 3 M.
 DUNCKER, M. Griechische Geschichte bis zum Tode d. Perikles. 1. Lfg. 1. Hälfte. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 1 M.
 ELLINGER, G. Die antiken Quellen der Staatslehre Machiavelli's. Tübingen: Laupp. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 FORCHUNG, zur brandenburgischen u. preussischen Geschichte. Hrg. v. R. Koer. 1. Bd. 1. Hälfte. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 6 M.
 GASQUET, A. L'Empire Byzantin et la monarchie française: études byzantines. Paris: Hachette. 10 fr.
 GRIER, K. Geschichte der bernischen Verfassung von 1191-1471. Bern: Böhler. 1 M. 60 Pf.
 HANDBUCH der alten Geschichte. 1. Serie. 4. Abt. Babylonisch-assyrische Geschichte v. O. P. Tiele. 2. Thl. Gotha: Perthes. 7 M.

- PLANTOL, M. L'Assise au comte Geoffroi. Etude sur les successions féodales en Bretagne. Paris: Larose. 8 fr.
 SCHMIDT, A. Echte Not. Ein Beitrag zur deutschen Rechtsgeschichte. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 4 M. 80 Pf.
 WELSCHINGER, H. Le Duc d'Enghien 1773-1804. Paris: Plon. 8 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- ARICH, H. Geologische Forschungen in den Kaukasischen Ländern. 3. Thl. Geologie d. armenischen Hochlandes. II. Oesthüte. 100 M. Geologische Fragmente. 20 M. Wien: Holder. 20 M.
 BILDES, v. den Lagerstätten d. Silber- u. Bleibergbaues zu Fribourg u. d. Braunkohlen-Bergbaues zu Brück. Red. v. F. M. Ritter v. Friesse. Wien: Holder. 18 M.
 BUCHHOLZ, G. Ekkehard v. Aura. Untersuchungen zur deutschen Reichsgeschichte unter Heinrich IV. u. Heinrich V. 1. Thl. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 6 M.
 KANT, L. nachgelassenes Werk; vom Uebergange v. den metaphysischen Anfangsgründen der Naturwissenschaft zur Physik. m. Belegen populärwissenschaftlich dargestellt v. A. Krause. Lehr: Schauenburg. 10 M.
 SCHMIDT, E. Anthropologische Methoden. Leipzig: Veit. 6 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- ABHANDLUNGEN. philologische. Martin Hertz zu seinem siebenzigsten Geburtstage v. ehemal. Schülern dargebracht. Berlin: Besser. 8 M.
 BASHNETT, René. Notes de lexicographie Berbère. Paris: Leroux. 15 fr.
 BRUCHMANN, K. Psychologische Studien zur Sprachgeschichte. Leipzig: Friedrich. 9 M.
 CORPUS inscriptionum latinarum. Vol. XII. Inscriptiones Galliae Narbonensis latinae ed. O. Hirschfeld. Berlin: Reimer. 90 M.
 DARMESTETER, J. Points de contact entre le Mahābhārata et le Shāh-Nāmā. Paris: Leroux. 3 fr.
 DELITZSCH, F. Assyrische Wörterbuch. 2. Lfg. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 80 M.
 DEMBKI, M. Montaigne u. Voiture, e. Beitrag zur Geschichte der Entwicklung der franz. Syntax d. XVI. u. XVII. S. Königsberg-in-Pr.: Gräfe. 3 M.
 GROSS, Florence. Contes arabes, extraits des manuscrits de la Bibliothèque Nationale. Paris: Leroux. 5 fr.
 KRECH, P. De Oratori φημισμένων συγγραφή et de locis aliquot Platarchii ex ea petitis. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 30 Pf.
 LIEBENBARTH, O. De Apollonii Rhodii casuum syntaxi comparata usu homerico. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
 SCHERFFIG, R. Beiträge zur französischen Syntax. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
 VERHANDLUNGEN des VII. internationalen Orientalisten-Congresses, geh. in Wien im J. 1886. Arianische Section. Wien: Holder. 8 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TWO MORE POEMS BY CHAUCER.

II.

Cambridge: April 30, 1883.

In my last letter I gave the text of the "Balade of Complaint," in three stanzas, from MS. Addit. 16165, fol. 266, back. If this Balade, so exactly in the style of "Troilus," is not by Chaucer, it is indeed difficult to point to anyone else who could have written it.

I found another similar Complaint in MS. Harl. 7333 (which also contains the "Canterbury Tales"), at fol. 136. This is too long for quotation, as it extends to seventeen seven-line stanzas, or ninety-one lines; but I shall include it in the appendix to my edition of *Chaucer's Minor Poems*, now in the press. It is an extremely ill-spelt and bad copy, with several interpolated expletives, and with (what is worse) several omissions of words that are as necessary for the sense as the metre. At the bottom of the preceding leaf is the absurd heading: "And next folowynge begynnith an amerowse compleynte made at wyndesore in the laste May tofre Nouembre." This mysterious date is beyond me. Even if we read *day* for *May*, we are little the better for it. Happily the poem dates itself, being meant for a valentine, as will appear; and we may accept the title—"An Amorous Complaint." The note that it was "made at Windsor" is, however, extremely interesting. As in the other case, the agreement with Chaucer's style is complete; and, as the poem is of some length, it is more easily appreciated.

In "Troilus," iv. 516, we have the line: "Of me, that am the wofulleste wight." In the "Amorous Complaint" *wofulleste* becomes

sorwfulleste, without any increase in the number of syllables, because Chaucer uses *sorw* or *sorwe* as equivalent to a monosyllable in many places. I now quote the first stanza in an amended spelling:

"I, which that am the sorwfulleste man
 That in this world was ever yit levinge,
 And leest recoverer of him-selven can,
 Beginne thus my deedly compleyninge
 On hir, that may to lyf and deeth me bringe,
 Which hath on me no mercy ne no rewthe,
 That love hir best, but sleeth me for my
 trowthe."

The word *recoverer* means "recovery." In l. 4 I omit an interpolated *right* after *Beginne*. The scribe (is it Shirley himself?) did not know that *Beginne* has usually three syllables. The ninth stanza (amended) is beautiful:

"Yit is al this no lak to hir, pardee,
 But God or Nature sore wolde I blame;
 For, though she shewe no pitee unto me,
 Sithen that she doth othere men the same,
 I ne oughte to despyse my ladies game;
 It is [hir] pley to laughen when men syketh;
 And I assente, al that hir list and lyketh."

The pathetic resignation, with a hint of humour, in the last line is inimitable; the poet has surpassed himself.

But the last stanza is, to Chaucer students, positively startling:

"This Complaint, on Seint Valentines day,
 Whan every foul [ther] chesen shal his make,
 To hir, whos I am hool, and shal alwey,
 This lital song and this complaint I make,
 That never yit wolde me to mercy take,
 And yit wol I [for] evermore her serve,
 And love hir best, although she do me sterve."

Are we to suppose that this is copied from the "Parl. of Foules," 309, 310—

"For this was on Seint Valentines day,
 Whan every foul cometh ther to chese his make"?

Not necessarily; for there is at least an equal chance that, conversely, the two lines in the "Parl. of Foules" were copied from the "Amorous Complaint."

WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE CODEX AMIATINUS.

Cambridge: April 18, 1888.

I find Dr. Corsen's interesting letter on the Codex Amiatinus on my return from the continent. My letter of this date last year was less ambitious in its scope than readers of Dr. Corsen's letter might suppose. Repudiating all idea of speaking of handwriting and parchment except as a mere amateur, I said that "an examination of the ornamental parts leads to [the conclusion] that at least the Ezra picture and the 'Solomon's Temple,' which is, in fact, the Tabernacle in full detail, are not copies made in England, but are the original pictures of Cassiodorus. This seems the sounder conclusion; but I am well aware that even from my own point of view there is a great deal to be said on the other side."

And, at a later part of my letter, I somewhat limited this by allowing that the Ezra picture and the first list of books must probably stand or fall together. I am not sure that I should allow that now.

But since that time I have attached increasing importance to the adverse fact of the stoutness of the parchment. Last year I expressed the opinion—as a mere amateur—that the first quaternion was somewhat stouter than the rest, that is, one degree further removed from the beautiful fineness of the earlier Italian parchment. Dr. Corsen thinks it is not stouter. This tends to remove my scruple, but does not remove it. My notebook adds that this parchment is more highly glazed than the rest.

As regards the "Temple" picture, there seems to be still the curious confusion which I pointed out last year. Dr. Corssen will look in vain in my letter for any authority for his statement that I was inclined to doubt Bede's having seen the picture of the Temple "because Cassiodorus, in his commentary on the Psalter, where he mentions his picture, and to which Bede is also referring, says nothing about the triple porticus"; and that there is no ground for his next sentence, too—"It is of no avail to say," &c.—a reference to my letter will show. This part of Dr. Corssen's letter, and his explanation of the position held in the quaternion by the picture, take it to be a picture of the temple. But it is the tabernacle. I would bow to Dr. Corssen's dictum without reserve if the matter were not so clear to my eyes. There is the second chapter of the Book of Numbers given in a graphic form: "Mosis et Aaron before the 'altare holocausti'; on the *dysis* side of the tabernacle 'Filii Gerson viid.,' on the *arctos* 'Filii Merari viic.,' on the *mesembria* 'Filii Cath viiic.; outside the porticus the tribes, three on each side, with their numbers, e.g., *anatot*, 'Zabylon lviicccc. Judas lxxiiiic. Issachar liiiicccc.'; the only difference, and it may well be that I have made a mistake in my hasty sketch, being 'Rfrain xliid.'" There are the ten spaces at each end and twenty at each side, between pillars, i.e., fifty cubits and one hundred cubits, with a pillar to each five cubits. The four central spaces at the east end are marked by a different colour and an exterior line of solid black. The colour is a deep lilac lake, and it will be remembered that at these twenty cubits of entrance the curtains were to be "blue and purple and scarlet" (Exod. xxvii. 16). And each of the altars has the four legs of which Bede makes such special mention as being shown in Cassiodorus's picture, though the Bible makes no mention of them.

Cassiodorus says of the tabernacle: "Quod nos fecimus pingi et in paucis majoris capite collocari" (Ps. xiv. i.). And in the same sentence he gives Josephus *Ant.* iii. 7 as the place where he had found a diligent account of the subject of his picture. Under present circumstances there is a certain point in Whiston's rendering of the heading of this chapter—"Concerning the tabernacle which Moses built in the wilderness, and which seemed to be a temple."

I have still not found in Cassiodorus's exposition of the Psalms the authority for Bede's statement as to the temple and the "triple porticus." Bede carries further than Josephus the confusion between Solomon's temple and the later temples. This very "triple porticus," which Dr. Corssen and de Rossi desiderate in Amiatinus, has no connexion with Solomon's temple, though Bede describes the court of the Jews, the court of the women, and the court of the gentiles, and—speaking always of Solomon's temple—says that in these porticoes Jeremiah and the prophets, our Lord and the apostles, preached to the people. If all these things were really shown in a picture of Solomon's temple by Cassiodorus, it is perhaps as well that the picture is lost. I still doubt its being necessary to understand that Bede had seen any such picture. What he does say that he had seen was the tabernacle: "Quomodo in pictura Cassiodori Senatoris, cujus ipse in expositione Psalmorum meminit, expressum vidimus." Of the temple he says: "Hæc ut in pictura Cassiodori reperimus distincta"; and his prefatory remark is: "Has vero porticus Cassiodorus Senator, ut ipse Psalmorum expositione commemorat, triplici ordine distinctit"; a very different statement from that respecting the picture of the tabernacle. I trust that de Rossi will not—as Dr. Corssen hints he is about to do—publish a condemnation of this

picture on the ground of the difference between it and "Beda's description of the temple."

With regard to the New Testament picture, I am unable to subscribe to Dr. Corssen's remark that my inference would only stand if it had been copied from Cassiodorus. On another point, I never had the slightest doubt that the writing of the contents is the same as the writing of the prologue; but when Dr. Corssen proves his case by describing them as the contents of the Codex Amiatinus, remarking that the contents of the Amiatinus could surely not come in before the MS. itself existed, I feel bound to ask how he knows that *in hoc codice continentur* means "are contained in the Codex with which this single leaf is now bound up."

Dr. Corssen's explanation of the phenomena presented by the arrangement of the first quaternion seems very startling. As I understand it, the modern binder—who still lives, and is still allowed to visit the Laurentiana—wantonly cut in two one of the huge sheets, and then pasted it together again on a guard. As a matter of detail, the "slight cut between ff. iii. and iv.," i.e. cutting the huge sheet in two at the folding, does not save the phenomena, for my note is that "the heel of f. 4 is carried through, on a guard, and f. 7 is pasted on to the heel and guard, covering a part of the heel." This means that f. vi. was cut out bodily, leaving a small heel. It explains, too, the smaller size of f. 7, whereas Dr. Corssen's explanation of the smaller size of f. 7 should—if I understand it—make 7 larger rather than smaller. The fact that 7 somewhat overlaps the heel of 4 made it impossible for me to determine whether the two pieces really fitted together accurately, as they would if they had originally been one piece; but it seemed in itself an argument against it. Dr. Corssen does not mention what struck me a good deal, namely, the worn appearance of the outer edge of f. 4, as though it had been an outside leaf.

Dr. Corssen's opinion on the difference between the handwriting of the lists and of the codex is of especial value to me. I had not ventured to express an opinion, though I did suggest that the somewhat untidy lists were not like copies made for a very special purpose. Dr. Corssen says that "one would strive in vain to recognise a difference of more than a century in the style of the two handwritings." If this means that the lists are conceivably a hundred years earlier than the codex, the difference between the time when Cassiodorus was having his picture—and, perhaps, copies of it—made, and the time when these lists may have been written, is reduced to a few years.

In case anyone refers to my letter of last year, and notices the remark that there are only sixty-six books recited in the contents, whereas Dr. Corssen says there are sixty-seven, I may mention that my statement is literally correct, St. Peter being credited with one epistle only, probably by a clerical error on the part of the sixth- or seventh-century scribe.

G. F. BROWNE.

NEWSPAPERS "IN WALPOLE'S DAYS."

London: April 23, 1883.

It would be difficult to imagine a less satisfactory piece of literary work than the chapter entitled "In Walpole's Days," which appears in Mr. H. R. Fox Bourne's recently published *English Newspapers*. So many futile attempts have been made to tell the story of the rise and progress of the English press, that the least an historian of to-day could do would be to verify the statements of previous writers, or to go to the fountain-head itself. It would have been bad enough if Mr. Fox Bourne had only given his

second-hand facts with a certain modicum of accuracy. But he has not done even this—so far, at all events, as the chapter in question is concerned. It may be as well to point out some of his blunders.

1. We are told that "Defoe contributed to the *Daily Post* during five-and-half years, his most notable contribution being the original of *Robinson Crusoe*, which ran through a hundred and sixty-five numbers." There is nothing like being precise, and so the numbers—"125-289"—are given in a foot-note. As a matter of fact the first volume of *Robinson Crusoe* was issued on April 23, 1719, and the story was not first published in a newspaper. Mr. Fox Bourne's *Daily Post* was neither a daily nor the "Daily Post." The paper in which *Robinson Crusoe* came out in piecemeal, after its appearance in book form, was *The Original London Post, or Heathcote's Intelligence*, which was issued on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. The first instalment of Defoe's masterpiece appeared in No. 125 (October 7, 1719), and the last in No. 289 (October 19, 1720).

2. It is implied (vol. i., p. iii.) that "Cato's Letters" were printed solely in the *London Journal*, and it is distinctly stated that they commenced in November, 1720, and were continued until December, 1723. A very small amount of trouble would have shown that these famous letters were transferred to the *British Journal*. The exact date I am not at the present moment able to give; but, by referring to the forty-fifth number of the latter journal (Saturday, July 27, 1723), Mr. Fox Bourne may read Cato's very admirable and dignified valedictory address. We are told that Defoe was nearly sixty years old, in August, 1719, when he started the *Thursday Journal*, called, after the first number, the *London Journal*; but we are not informed that there were, in consequence, two newspapers of exactly similar title, price, and date of publication being "run" at the same time. It should have been pointed out also that "Cato's Letters" first appeared in the older of the two papers, which, until the eighty-third number (February 25, 1720), was printed by J. Roberts of Warwick Lane, but was then taken over by J. Peele, of Locke's Head, near Temple Bar. In May—the earliest number I have had an opportunity of seeing—James Roberts was publishing the younger of the two journals.

3. Mr. Fox Bourne declares that Defoe's "Tory cloak had to be worn in the more important journal, *The Daily Post*, the only daily rival at that time of the *Courant*, which, on October 24, 1719, began to be printed by Meers, of Old Bailey."

Now the *Daily Courant* was printed by S. Gray, in Amen Corner, during the latter half of 1719, and the whole of the year following. There is just the chance that our author is referring to the *Daily Post*, but even in such a case confusion is only doubly confounded; for the *Daily Post* was published throughout by H. Meere, not "Meers," whose office was at first situated in "Black Fryers," not Old Bailey, to which latter place he did not remove for several months after the paper in question was started.

4. *The Grub Street Journal* was about the best weekly paper of the time. Mr. Fox Bourne dismisses it in a few words, in the course of which he manages to perpetrate many errors both of omission and commission. The paper, he says, "was started in 1730 by a Nonjuring clergyman named Russell," and it "had Pope for one of its early contributors." The paper was projected, or at all events edited, by Dr. Richard Russel and Dr. John Martyn, both men of considerable eminence, the former as a physician and the latter as a botanist. There is no proof that Pope was an

early contributor, or that he contributed at all. The statement, in, I believe, founded solely upon an assertion of Budgett (see *The Bee*, February 1733, p. 23) who "suspected" Pope's connexion, and whose opinion, for very obvious reasons, is not worth much in a question relating to the author of the "Dunciad." We are further informed that the *Grub Street Journal* was altered into "the *Literary Courier of Grub Street* in 1737, and lived long under that name." As a matter of fact, the first number of the *Literary Courier* is dated January 5, 1738, and the last, so far as I can find, July 27, 1738. The *Grub Street Journal* existed for over seven years, and its successor just as many months; and yet by way of contrast we are told that the latter "lived long."

5. The first number of *The Craftsman* was not dated December 7, but December 5. Drake and another authority both give it so, and a reference to the journal itself proves that they are right. Even the name of the *Craftsman's* projector is quoted in inverted commas as "Caleb Danvers, Esq.," when it should be "Caleb Danvers, of Gray's Inn, Esq."

6. Not the slightest reference is made to Eustace Budgett's *Bee*, which, although in form it resembled a magazine, was, to all intents and purposes a newspaper. A passing allusion is made to Concannon, but none to the *Speculatist*. In addition, Mr. Fox Bourne appears to be ignorant of the very valuable "catalogue" of the Hope collection of early English newspapers and essayists (Clarendon Press, 1863).

The ingenious errors I have enumerated all occur within thirty-four widely printed pages.

W. ROBERTS.

"PALINGMAN."

Wimbledon: May 1, 1883.

As M. de Beer informs us that "palingman" is the Dutch name for a seller of eels, the word ought, probably, to be struck out of our vocabulary as not being an English word at all. The context of the passage where it occurs suggests that it was used with reference to foreigners. The Act is dealing with alleged frauds in the packing of preserved and fresh fish—salmon, herring, and eels—brought to the English markets. We are told that the salmon came mostly from Scotland. We are not told whence the eels came, but we may gather that they came from Holland. The turn of the phrase "sellers of Elys, called Palingmen," suggests that the word was not vernacular. The Act is quite pathetic on the subject of their frauds. They

"daily pakk and medell . . . their good Ele with rede Ele, galbeton storven and pilled Elys; the whiche rede Elys ben verrey perilous and unholsume for mannys body, and in no wise merchaundizable" (Rot. Parl. vi. 221).

J. H. RAMSAY.

Leeuwarden, Holland: April 30, 1888.

In Dutch the words *paling* and *aal* are synonymous, the difference being that *palingen* (the Dutch plural) are popularly known to be both bigger and longer than *alen*. However, it would seem that the original difference lies in the fact that eels live in muddy pools, and *palingen* in fresh water. Both in Adelung's *Grammatisch-Kritisches Wörterbuch der hochdeutschen Mundart* and in Dr. Sanders's *Vollständiges Wörterbuch der deutschen Sprache* we find this difference stated. Sanders says, s.v. *Mooraal*: "Im Moor lebend, in Holland schlechthin *Aal*, im Gegensatz der im frischen Wasser lebenden *Palinge*." I do not venture upon a derivation of the word; but can *paling* be connected with English *peel*, and Dutch *pellen*, meaning the fish that may be stripped of its skin, in contradistinction to all other freshwater fishes? K. TEN BRUGGENCATE.

"MARAHUNA."

London: May 1, 1888.

In your review last week of my romance, *Marahuna*, you speak of the heroine as "a personage whom in all probability we should never have known had we not previously known the wonderful 'she.'" As elsewhere I have met with much the same criticism, would you kindly allow me through your columns to say that the idea and the plot of *Marahuna* were conceived before I had read or knew anything of *She*. Since I wrote the romance, several resemblances to other books have been pointed out to me; but in each case I proved unfamiliar with the incidents which were supposed to have influenced me. That in working out minor points in the story I have been influenced unconsciously by Mr. Haggard is possible; for it would ill become anyone to pretend to analyse the mental atmosphere in which he works.

In regard to the mistake as to the means of inoculation of Elsie Venner, I confess that my memory here played me false; but I cannot consider the slip, however inexcusable, as misrepresenting the central motif of that fascinating book, as your reviewer seems to think. The theme of Dr. Holmes's romance appears to me to be the portrayal of a life which has been poisoned; and the method of the poisoning I regard as but of incidental interest.

H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, May 7, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Decoration," II, by Mr. G. Aitchison, A.R.A.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Extent of Egyptian Conquest in Southern Palestine under Thothmes III," by Prof. Maspero.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: Symposium, "What is the Distinction between Desire and Will," by Dr. Bain, Mr. W. R. Sorley, and Mr. J. S. Mann.

TUESDAY, May 8, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Plant in the War of Nature," II, by Mr. W. Gardiner.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Decorative use of Colour," by Mr. J. D. Ormerod.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Tay Viaduct, Dundee," by Messrs. Crawford Barlow and W. Inglis.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "The New Industrial Era in India," by Sir W. W. Hunter.

8 p.m. Shakespeare Reading Society: A Dramatic Reading of "Romeo and Juliet."

WEDNESDAY, May 9, 4 p.m. Egypt Exploration Fund: Special General Meeting.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Looks and Sates," by Mr. Samuel Chatewood.

8 p.m. Geological.

8 p.m. Microscopical: "New Infusoria Flagellata from American Fresh-Waters," by Dr. A. O. Stokes.

9 p.m. Egypt Exploration Fund: "M. Naville's Recent Discoveries at Subastis," by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, illustrated by Lime-Light Views.

8 p.m. Gynmrodorion: "Taleslain," by Prof. John Rhys.

THURSDAY, May 10, 3 p.m. Society of Arts: Conference on Canals and Inland Navigation.

3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Chemical Arts," V, by Prof. Dewar.

8 p.m. Mathematical: "Some Theorems on Parallel Straight Lines, together with some attempts to Prove Euclid's Twelfth Axiom," by Mr. J. Cook Wilson; "Oyloclants, or Ternary Reciprocals and Allied Functions," by Mr. E. B. Elliott; "The Circulation of Two Spaces, each of Three Dimensions," by Dr. Hirst; "The Flexure and the Vibrations of a Curved Bar," by Prof. H. Lamb.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "The Risks of Fire Incidental to Electric Lighting," by Mr. W. H. Preece.

8 p.m. Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts: Conversations.

FRIDAY, May 11, 3 p.m. Society of Arts: Conference on Canals and Inland Navigation.

8 p.m. New Shakespeare: "The 1695 Quarto of Hamlet," by Mr. F. Marshall.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Some Curious Properties of Metals and Alloys," by Prof. Chandler Roberts-Austen.

SATURDAY, May 12, 11 a.m. Society of Arts: Conference on Canals and Inland Navigation.

3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Later Works of Richard Wagner," V, by Mr. Carl Armbruster, with Vocal and Instrumental Illustrations.

3 p.m. Physical: "The Condition of Self-Excitement in a Dynamo Machine," and "The Conditions of Self-Regulation in a Constant-Potential Dynam. Machine," by Prof. S. P. Thompson; "The Electrical Action of Light," by Mrs. W. E. Ayton; "The Theory and Practice of

Applying the Dynamometer to the Investigation of Transformers," by Mr. T. H. Blakesley; "Measuring the Electromotion Force of Dynamos and Motors," by Prof. W. E. Ayton and Prof. J. Perry.

3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

A *Latin-English Dictionary*. Printed from the unfinished MS. of the late T. H. Key. (Cambridge University Press.)

THE syndics of the Cambridge University Press may well have been somewhat puzzled to know what to do with the MS. of Prof. Key's long-promised Latin Dictionary. It represented the outcome of some twenty years of labour on the part of a scholar who brought to his work great freshness and enthusiasm, as well as wide and diligent reading. It would have been pitiful that all this toil should have been wasted; and yet the MS. was sadly fragmentary, and in no way fitted for the ordinary functions of a dictionary. The attempt was first made to secure its completion by another hand. But this proved impracticable; and now, more than twelve years after the death of the author, the volume is issued almost exactly as he left it. The letter A is tolerably complete, and extends over 179 closely printed double-columned quarto pages. The other letters, which, if the proper proportion had been observed, would have covered at least 1,600 more, are included within less than 600; and this is due, not to slighter treatment of the individual words, but to the omission of a large number of them. The words omitted are said to be those in the treatment of which Prof. Key did not think himself able to make any improvement, but they include many of the most interesting.

It is to be feared that only a very small number of students will find the work in its present form of any service; and that many of those who are most conscious of the debt which they owe to Prof. Key's excellent Latin Grammar will regard its publication as a serious mistake. On the one hand, its incompleteness makes it unfit for a work of reference, while, on the other hand, its bulk is swollen by a large number of unimportant articles which add little or nothing to the facts already collected in the standard lexicons. In the first page devoted to the letter R, for instance, there is nothing which is not to be found in Lewis and Short, except the form *rabia* for *rabies*, quoted, apparently in error, from "Serv. A. I. 204." It may be noted, however, that the funny blunder, by which in our standard dictionary a reference given by Freund to Manilius V. 207, is metamorphosed into "id. [i.e., Cic.] Imp. Pomp.," has been avoided.

But it is a much more serious objection to the issue of the book in its present form that it teems with etymologies of the type so lamentably frequent in Prof. Key's publications. In the present stage of philological science this is a matter which calls for plain speaking; otherwise serious injury might be done by the action of the official representatives of a university which has been so honourably distinguished for nearly twenty years by the encouragement it has given to scientific philology.

Prof. Key's etymologies are throughout based upon two or three assumptions. The

first is that there are no sound-laws characteristic of particular languages, but that a change established for one language by more or less plausible evidence may be forthwith assumed for another. The second is that these sound-laws act capriciously, so that the results following from them in one case need not be expected in another. A third is that primitive forms may be postulated without any evidence of their historical existence, and that they may be reduced conjecturally to the existing forms by arbitrary "decapitation" or contraction. A fourth is that of "ex-crescent" letters introduced by no necessary phonetic conditions. Now, if these assumptions are legitimate, it necessarily follows that the hundreds of graduates trained in the last few years by the Cambridge lecturers have been rewarded by university distinctions for their faith in cunningly devised fables. But if the teaching sanctioned by the university is anything better than a delusion, then the publication of this dictionary can only be compared to the issue of a treatise on the Ptolemaic system of astronomy in the generation following the appearance of Newton's *Principia*. We may open the volume where we like, and we come across statements like these:

"Uxor is for oous-or, and so implies a lost vb., oous-o = Gr. *οὖος* (i.e., *οὖος-ω*) marry; the -or of uxor dim. of affection, like -or of sor-or." "Ludo is for plugdo, and so akin to Eng. play, Germ. spielen." "Lucus perh. for solucus, a lost adj., of wh. sol is the root, analogue of Eng. hallow, Germ. selig." "Lux, prob. for goluc, cf. Eng. glow, gleam, Γλῶστος." "Luscus, older nuscus, stands for nucis-oc-us, night-eyed." "Libet for uol-ub-et, from vb. uol-wish." "Beo prob. for beno, and so from bonus." "Arx for car-ag, E. crag, and E. decap. 'rock.'" "Nubes shortened from on-ub, and so akin to umbra (= on-ub-era), and to infula (= en-ef-ula = *ν-εφ-ελ-η*)." "Nurus for genurus (elsewhere gonurus)" [to which last Prof. Key boldly adds = S. *snuça*, *nves*, O.G. *sohnur*, as if to show the wilfulness of his defiance of law]. "Sobrius (for sobrinus, and so = *σωφρων*, sound-minded; cf., too, e-brius, without mind)." "Pellex = *παλλας, παλος*, pullus, Sc. pollock, our fillic."

After instances such as these it is, perhaps, hardly worth while pointing out how Prof. Key repeatedly ascribes to the Greek accent a powerful influence in affecting the quantity of Latin words, ignoring altogether the difference between musical and tonic accent.

It is only fair to add that the etymologies are by far the weakest—or, rather, the most worthless—part of this dictionary. Prof. Key's wide knowledge of the usages of the Latin authors has often enabled him to throw fresh light upon the developments of meaning; and so has furnished valuable material to the future lexicographer. If something like a fifth of the present work had been published as "Contributions to Latin Lexicography" it might have been welcomed; though even then it would have required careful sifting, for one has more often to admire the writer's ingenuity than his judgment. On the whole, it cannot be said that his guidance is trustworthy; and though his suggestions often deserve consideration, they require to be received with great caution. The most meritorious part of the work is the care which has been taken to quote from the best editions, so far as they were accessible at

the time of compilation, and to give the evidence of the most important MSS. But it is with real regret that one finds the book so unworthy of the auspices under which it appears, and of the high reputation of its author.

A. S. WILKINS.

THE PRIMITIVE HOME OF THE ARYANS.

THERE are many objections to the theory which would make Northern Europe the home of the Aryan race; and also to the sub-theory which looks upon the dolichocephalic fair Scandinavians and North Germans as the modern representative of the original stock, and upon the Finns as the descendants of the earlier race from which the Aryans have been evolved, both physiologically and linguistically. As this sub-theory has been expounded twice in the ACADEMY, I need not enter into a detailed account of it.

Stress is laid on a similarity in shape of the skulls of the supposed descendants of the primitive Aryans and of the Tehuds or Finns. The dolichocephalic Aryans are compared to the mesocephalic or dolichocephalic Tehuds. As to the latter, I do not know where Canon Isaac Taylor has obtained his information, but surely it is not from Prof. Gust. Retzius, the chief authority on the subject. This scholar, in 1873 and 1874, accompanied by Prof. Christian Lovén and Dr. Eric Nordensson, travelled on foot through the country in order to study the original type of the Finns, and, in 1878, published his great work *Finska Kranier* (Stockholm, fol. and atlas), where he sets forth the results of his investigation. These show beyond controversy that the Finnic skull is brachycephalic. This is by itself a fatal objection to the theory of Canon Isaac Taylor. Prof. Retzius had not clearly established his conclusions, but Prof. A. de Quatrefages did so in reviewing his work in his book *Hommes fossiles et Hommes sauvages* (Paris, 1884), pp. 571-639. The few Karelian skulls, whose dolichocephalism is an exception to the rule, have proved to be Swedish.

The linguistic objection is no less destructive to the Finnic theory. I fail to recognise the primitiveness of the dubious identities pointed out by Canon Taylor. All that is Aryan in the Finnic languages is borrowed, and does not belong to the ground-speech of the family. This has been shown beyond controversy by such scholars as Alqvist, Budenz, and Donner. Moreover, the Finnic or Ugro-Finnic languages stand on a conception of the vowels which differs from that of the Aryans. Comparative ideology, in its turn, shows these two families of language to be framed on two different plans of thought. It would indeed have been a great help to comparative philology had this sub-theory proved true, and thus provided us with a ground upon which to base the Aryan *Grundsprache*. But I am afraid such is not the case. The various classes of objections mentioned are altogether fatal, and the theory of a Finnic origin for the Aryan languages will be forgotten unless its author can bring forward some new and stronger arguments to revive it.

The main theory of a European home for the Aryans is also open to strong objections, though of a different nature.

The finding of some of the phonetic and structural elements of the hypothetic primitive Aryan speech better preserved in the west than in the east does not prove, as remarked by Prof. A. H. Keane, that these elements were first necessarily developed where they are now found (*Ethnology and Philology of the European races*, § 5). We may say that it proves only that the physical circumstances of the

country and the physiological conditions of the speakers have been more favourable, either to their preservation there than was the case elsewhere, or to the recurrence of phenomena similar to those which are supposed to be primitively Aryan. As a matter of fact the Lithuanian, on which so much stress is laid in this theory, is only known to us as spoken and written during the last 400 years. And in connexion with this it ought to be remembered that the natural condition of languages is one of change. A comparison is made unfavourable to the Sanskrit; but it is not quite fair to do this without taking into account the difference of its circumstances. Though we know Sanskrit for 2,000 years or more, we are well aware, as I remarked twenty years ago (*Le Langage*, §§ 40-43), that the southern climes favour and develop broader vowels than do the northern ones. And Prof. Max Müller has lately pointed out that the imperfection of writing partly explains the apparent vocal poverty of Sanskrit.

I am afraid that the whole matter is more intricate than would appear from what has been written either for or against the new theory.

The Aryan family of languages, now spoken by several races, must have had a beginning; and this beginning, as shown by the narrow kinship of its members, in their two divisions, eastern and northern, must have been a protracted one, though not very remote in time, albeit it goes beyond the limits of written history. Now the formation of a linguistic nucleus, and the subsequent process of internal assimilation which must have taken place for an homogeneous family of languages to spring out of it, imply also the existence, at least temporary, of a homogeneous race of speakers. But this homogeneity need not have been more than social. Their physical types may have varied; fair or brown long-headed, fair or brown round-headed tribes may have entered into its formation. The brachycephalic character of the Galtchas on the slopes of the Hindu-Kush, who, as described by M. de Ujfalvy, are similar in so many respects to the Savoyards of Central Europe, might be explained in this way.

In the researches I have made into the comparative ideology of language and its relation to history, I was eventually led to admit a connexion of some sort between the ideology of the primitive language of a linguistic family and the characteristic form of the skull of its speakers. Applied to the Aryan primitive language, which had an inversive ideology, these views suggest that the Aryan cranial type, should such ever have existed, was probably composite, and that it was brachycephalic rather than dolichocephalic. And I venture to conjecture that an intermingling of tribes—allophylarian whites and Semites—may have produced the primitive Aryan ethnolinguistic nucleus.

The old views respecting the priority, in modern geological time, over a large area in Europe of a brachycephalic race have been modified by recent discoveries, which have shown the reverse to be the case. And it is very probable that the round-headed race which made its appearance in Europe later was that of the speakers of the Aryan languages. Naturalists look to the direction of the Caucasus, between the Caspian and the Black Sea, as its probable centre of emigration to the West. Comparative ideology discloses an important connexion as a counterpart, and, therefore, confirmatory of this view. The builders of the megalithic monuments—as shown by their skulls, from Scandinavia to Algeria, where they are represented by the dolichocephalic and fair Berbers or Kabails—were long-headed. Their ideology was direct (types

iv. and vi. of my classification) as it is still in the Berber languages. It has left a permanent impression on the non-Aryan ideology of the Celtic languages (type iv.) and a temporary one on the old Norse and ancient Spanish, where the same ideology has been found. And it is probable that the direct ideology which has taken the lead in Central Europe, and which has survived like a spot of oil among modern languages, Aryan and non-Aryan, through the reaction of the people over the higher classes, and which is neither Turanian nor Aryan in character, has resulted from the survival of the same pre-Aryan and pre-Finnic race, or, perhaps, another race similar to it. These arguments would require much longer explanation than space permits here; but I hope they will prove sufficient to show that the theory which makes the long-headed and fair Scandinavians the ancestors of the Aryans has no sufficient ground to stand upon.

Another class of objections into which I cannot make it my business to enter belong to natural history. Specialists are now satisfied that the Arctic regions and the North of Europe were once subject to a hot climate at a time later than the arrival of man. This implies changes in the distribution of the fauna and flora which do not seem to have been taken into account by the authors of the theory, inasmuch as it would require more precise notions about the antiquity of the Aryan formation than we now possess.

There is also the important question of the allophylian branches of the white race and their possible relation with this formation which have been left out of the discussion. And yet those branches are not a few. Eastwards they have gone as far as Corea, and southwards through Western China to Indo-China. We may some day know more of their movements. Many migrations which have occurred in historic times, but are unknown to written history, are slowly being disclosed by modern research. The prejudiced view that human migrations have always followed the path of the sun from east to west, and the correlative saying *Ex Oriente lux*, are simply misleading. They have blinded or led astray many clear minds. The region of the Persian Gulf, which in Western Europe we call the East, and where the Biblical traditions have been fostered, is partly responsible for this prejudice. As a fact, it is neither east nor west, but merely south-central with regard to Europe+Asia. On the other hand, extensive studies have shown, as stated by Prof. A. de Quatrefages, that the earth is now populated only with colonists.

I may mention only a few of the migrations eastward in ancient times. There are overwhelming proofs which show the migration of the Pre-Chinese Bak tribes from the west of the Hindu Kush to North-western China in the twenty-third century B.C.; but these did not belong to the white race. The same thing cannot be said of the Tek tribes which appeared on the north-west borders of China in the thirteenth century B.C., nor of the Tok, afterwards Tchou, who conquered the Chinese states and established the well-known dynasty of their name. They had certainly some Aryan elements, and these apparently were derived from the Aryan tribes who had migrated to Kwarism, east of the Caspian Sea, in 1304 B.C. I have already alluded to other white races who have migrated towards the east. Moreover, the campaigns and conquests in the east of Tiglathpaleaser II. (733), Sargon (713), Sennacherib (699), Cyrus (540), and Alexander the Great (330), were certainly no encouragement for independent populations to migrate westward; and we are certain that they caused some movements of tribes to the east. The Tukhari, the Dahae, and others

whom Sennacherib vanquished in the neighbourhood of the Caspian, were found by the Chinese in the second century B.C. close to the Tsung-ling range. The Gwetti—better known as Yueh-ti, a fair race like the Wusun and very probably Aryan—migrated eastward, and were found on the north-west borders of China in the third century B.C., or perhaps earlier. In the following century they were compelled to retrace their steps to the west.

Some of my criticisms and remarks cut both ways against the new as well as against the old theory of the origin of the Aryans. The seat of their formation, though cold, must have been sufficiently attractive to allow a long sojourn; and it must have been secluded enough to permit the great work of internal assimilation which has taken place. Should the former changes of climate and soil have permitted it some five thousand years ago, the region bordering the Caspian north and west may have been the seat of the Aryan formation, and therefore the primitive home of the race.

TERRIEN DE LACOUPERIE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FINNISH NUMERALS.

Settlington, York: April 30, 1888.

I do not understand why Mr. Abercromby finds it so difficult to connect the suffix *-tesa* in the Esthonian *kat-tesa*, eight, and *ut-tesa* with the Permian *das*, ten, and the Magyar *tíz*, ten, which reappear in the Permian *sissim-das*, seventy, and the Turkic *ol-tus*, thirty. Since, according to Scholt, the numerals eight and nine are "ten less two" and "ten less one" in all the Ural-Altaic languages, the accepted explanation of *kat-tesa* and *ut-tesa* seems more reasonable than to suppose that the suffix *-tesa* is merely a privative meaning "without." The usual explanation is also supported by the analogy of the Roman numerals IV and IX.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

OBITUARY.

WE regret to learn from the German newspapers that Prof. Gerhard Vom Rath, of Bonn, died suddenly at Coblenz, on April 23. This distinguished savant had for many years held the professorship of mineralogy in the University of Bonn, and was at one time director of its mineralogical museum. He was born on August 20, 1830, at Duisberg, in Rhenish Prussia, and studied at Bonn, Geneva, and Berlin. Possessed of an ample private fortune, he devoted much time to travel; and in 1883 he undertook a long journey through the United States and Mexico. The results of his travels were the subject of numerous papers published in the transactions of various learned societies. He was on his way to Italy, accompanied by his wife, when he was seized by a fit of apoplexy which terminated fatally.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE centenary of the Linnean Society occurring this year, a special celebration will take place in connexion with the annual meeting on Thursday, May 24. The occasion will be marked by two interesting features. (1) The presentation of the Linnean gold medal, instituted by the society on the occasion of its centenary, to Sir Joseph Hooker and Sir Richard Owen; in subsequent years a medal will be presented to a botanist and a zoologist alternately. (2) The delivery of eulogies on "Linnaeus" by Prof. Fries, the present occupant of the chair of botany at Upsala, and on the following deceased members of the society: "Robert Brown," by Sir Joseph Hooker; "Charles Darwin," by Prof. Flower;

and "George Bentham," by Mr. Thiselton Dyer. On Friday, May 26, the president, Mr. W. Carruthers will hold a reception in the rooms of the society at Burlington house, when the Linnean collections and relics will be exhibited.

At a meeting of the council of the Royal Geographical Society, the awards for the year were settled. The Founders' medal has been given to Mr. Clements R. Markham, on his retirement from the hon. secretaryship of the society, after twenty-five years' service; the Royal medal to the German explorer, Lieut. Wissmann, in recognition of his achievements as an explorer in Central Africa, which he has twice crossed from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, and especially for the arduous journey in which he traced the course of the river Kassai, from its upper waters to its previously unknown confluence with the Congo; the Murchison grant to Mr. James M'Carthy, superintendent of surveys in Siam; the Gill premium to Mr. Charles M. Doughty, for his *Travels in Arabia Deserta*; the Guthbert Peak grant to Major Festing for his services as cartographer on the Gambia river and in the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone. As hon. corresponding members have been selected Dr. G. Radde, of Tiflis; Dr. H. Rink, of Copenhagen; and Dr. Rein, professor of geography at Bonn.

MR. LEWIS, of Gower Street, will publish immediately *Physiological and Pathological Researches*, by the late T. R. Lewis, edited by Sir W. Aitken, Dr. G. E. Dobson, and Mr. A. E. Brown. The volume contains five maps, forty-three plates, including chromo-lithographs, and sixty-seven wood engravings.

M. E. CARTAILHAC opens the current volume of his *Matériaux pour l'histoire de l'homme* with an article entitled "L'incinération des morts à l'âge de la pierre." An interesting discovery of the relics of cremation in certain neolithic settlements in Italy had led M. Castelfranco to assert that this mode of disposing of the dead in the stone age had not been previously recognised in Europe. The object of M. Cartailhac is to prove, by citing a number of cases from various parts of France, that cremation was practised, perhaps exclusively, during the neolithic period—a conclusion which he had already announced when discoursing, to the French Association at Nancy, on the funeral rites of the stone age.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

A SECOND instalment of the Rev. D. Silvan Evans's *Welsh Dictionary* has just been published by Messrs. Trübner. This part, which comprises about two hundred pages, brings the work to the end of the letter B.

APPARENTLY, Volapük is not to remain the sole claimant to the position of an international language, for already two opposition schemes are announced by Messrs. Trübner, and we believe several others have appeared in Germany. *World Speech*, by Mr. Alexander Melville Bell, advocates English spelt as pronounced as by far the best medium for international communication, and as superior to any artificial language. *Lingua*, by Mr. G. J. Henderson, while holding that the formation of an international association is absolutely necessary for the making and controlling of any really efficient common medium, suggests as the most expedient basis a language the vocabulary of which is almost entirely classical Latin, while its grammar is modern—mainly English simplified.

THE following resolution has been received by some of the scientific societies of Great Britain:—

"That the President of the American Philosophical Society be requested to address a letter to all

learned bodies with which this society is in official relations, and to such other societies and individuals as he may deem proper, asking their co-operation in perfecting a language for learned and commercial purposes, based on the Aryan vocabulary and grammar in their simplest forms; and to that end proposing an international congress, the first meeting of which shall be held in London or in Paris."

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, April 14.)

Mrs. C. I. SPENCER, president, in the chair.—In a paper on "The Poems of Shakspeare," Mr. G. Munroe Smith said that, as in Shakspeare's own time his poems were popular and now they are little cared for, the question arises whether the people of the Elizabethan or of the Victorian age are to be considered the better judges. The power of describing scenery is now much greater than in Shakspeare's time. Also, for nearly three centuries we have had bequeathed to us poetry which universal testimony has declared to be of supreme excellence. And appreciation grows with knowledge. On the other hand, the advance of science and the exact methods of thought it inculcates tend to destroy the imagination and spoil the poetic taste. Yet weighing the gain against the loss, the verdict must be that we are more qualified to pass judgment on Shakspeare's poems than his contemporaries or those who immediately followed him, and that our neglect of the poems (leaving the sonnets for the present out of the question) may thus be justified.—Mr. S. E. Bengough read a paper, entitled "The Music of Language as illustrated by 'Venus and Adonis,'" in which he said that the elementary sounds of language are an undeveloped music; and, after dwelling in detail on the differences between the various vowel-sounds which had been ascertained to have towards one another an invariable ratio of vibrations, went on to show that to the cultivated English ear there is an association between certain sounds and certain ideas. Illustrations of this view were adduced in great numbers from the poem.—A paper by Mr. J. W. Mills on "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" was read, calling attention in the first place to the need of remembering, when we form a judgment upon the ethics of Shakspeare's handling, that it was then the fashion to so treat such themes. Even Spenser, the grave and pure, at times wrote in a way that grates upon modern nerves. But morality is not outraged, or even in question; it is only a matter of fashion. It may be difficult for a modern reader to discover those merits of "Venus and Adonis" on the strength of which it gained at once a great reputation. But if it be read in connexion with the plays, it is interesting to note how strong is the resemblance of thought and diction in many passages. Many apparent parallelisms were then quoted. "Lucrece" in style is a much riper production than "Venus and Adonis." The blemish, however, of an inordinate, although popular, classicism is irreparable. There is also in it a frequent want of naturalness, and it is loaded with laboured conceits.—Dr. J. N. Langley, in a paper on "A Few Obsolete Words in 'Venus and Adonis,'" taking "ear" (to plough) as a text, dwelt mainly on the almost inexhaustible derivatives of the prolific root *ar*. Comment was also made on some other rare words.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, April 23.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. P. Daphne read a paper on "Some Conscience Theories." Following an analysis of the notions involved in the contrasted terms "Fact" and "Right" he drew attention to the two independent questions involved in any inquiry into the genesis of "Conscience," viz., that of the genesis of the various existing rules of conduct (which could often be traced), and the genesis of the partly intellectual, partly emotional, state called conscience, which was not so capable of demonstration. He considered the view taken by Dr. Bain in his book on *The Emotions and the Will*, that its germ is fear induced by punishment, unsatisfactory, since it involved the assumption that

disinterested and even self-sacrificing acts, from the prompting of which both fear and hope of praise were admittedly absent as motives, nevertheless arose from a germ of which fear was the sole characteristic. He doubted whether any satisfactory scientific theory of the genesis of conscience was to be expected; but he inclined to consider it more akin, so far as feeling was concerned, to the discomfort felt at being out of correspondence with surrounding relations.—The paper was followed by a discussion.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, April 24.)

FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., president, in the chair.—A paper, by Dr. Venn, on "Recent Anthropometry at Cambridge" was read, and was followed by a communication by the president, on "The Head-growth of Cambridge Students." During the Health Exhibition at South Kensington over 9000 persons were measured in Mr. Galton's laboratory; and a comparison of these measurements with those of the Cambridge men gives a result strongly in favour of the latter, as the following table shows:

	Height	Weight	Breathing Capacity	Pull	Squeeze
Cambridge ...	68.9	153.6	254	83	87.5
S. Kensington 67.9	143.0	219	74	85.0	

These figures point to the high physical condition of the upper educated classes; and a comparison of these figures with those derived from the statistics collected by the anthropometric committee of the British Association show that the average Cambridge student is distinctly above, and the average visitor to the exhibition about as much below, the mean of the general population in these particulars. The comparative brain capacity was calculated by multiplying together the maximum length, maximum breadth, and height above a plane passing through the *meatus auditorius* and immediately beneath the superciliary ridge. The men were divided into three classes: (A) first-class honour men; (B) all other honour men; (C) "poll" men and failures. It was shown that the heads in class A were distinctly larger than those in class B; and that, while both gradually increased in size from the age of nineteen to twenty-five, the superiority was steadily maintained. In the case of class C, which started with a smaller head than either A or B the size increased with much greater rapidity than in either of the other classes up to the age of twenty-two and a half, when the curve was found to cross that of class B; and at the age of twenty-five the size of the head of the average "poll" man, although considerably less than that of the "first-class" man was slightly larger than that of the ordinary honour man.—Mr. Galton also read a paper on the answers he had received from teachers in reply to questions respecting mental fatigue.

FINE ART.

A Season in Egypt—1887. By W. M. Flinders Petrie. (Field & Tuer.)

MR. PETRIE has done well to break with that time-honoured tradition which requires the scientific traveller to be strictly dull. To a book brimful of hieroglyphic inscriptions, pyramid measurements, tables of weights, and the like, he gives us the liveliest of gossiping introductions, detailing his adventures on land and water—the former in a tent round which hyenas prowled by night and thieves by day; the latter in a small boat with a deck-cabin measuring 12 ft. by 7, "having scarce room for a bench on either side to sleep on, and a passage up the middle." Such being the limited nature of the accommodation (which he shared, by the way, with Mr. F. Llewellyn Griffith), one is scarcely surprised to learn that "a table was out of the question," or that it was found necessary to devise a substitute for that piece of furniture in the shape of a swinging shelf, suspended from the roof of the cabin by two loops of string. "It

kept up its character well for swinging," observes Mr. Petrie; "and, if there was any wind, we had continually to steady it and save our plates. A vigorous carver would have made short work of it; but, as we readily dissected our fowls in Arab fashion, the firmness of the dinner-table was not so needful." In this minute craft, with a crew consisting of two boatmen and a boy, they went in six weeks from Minieh to Assuân.

At Assuân they explored the desert valleys, the riverside cliffs, and the islands of Elephantine, Konosso, and Philæ, in quest of rock-cut inscriptions, of which they copied no less than 356. Hence they went northwards, crossing a low plateau of broken-up sandstone above Assuân, and following the path by the Nile as far as a place called Hosh, nearly opposite Silweh—i.e., about forty miles below the first cataract. Here, in an almost unknown valley, called "Shuter-regâl," they found a still richer harvest, consisting of Egyptian, Phœnician, Greek, Cufic, and Arabic inscriptions, some of which are historically valuable. Of the 291 which they copied (filling three of the plates at the end of Mr. Petrie's volume), nine-tenths at least are now published for the first time. At a point some three or four miles lower down they found yet more inscriptions, and a vast number of most curious and interesting graffiti of men, horsemen, giraffes, camels, elephants "with tusks and trunks, and large African ears," besides ostriches and boats of various build. Some of these designs are of extreme antiquity, "being almost as dark as the native surface of rock of geologic age." Others underlie inscriptions of the XIth and XIIth Dynasties. Others, again, are perhaps comparatively modern. As Mr. Petrie very truly says, these figures, though so numerous, have hitherto been disregarded by travellers, probably because they have had no suspicion of their antiquity. I remember to have seen many such rude "counterfeit presentments," of boats and men and animals; but I took them all for the idle scrawls of dragomans and Arabs. A few minutes' careful examination of the surface of the rock and the colour of the graffiti would doubtless have given one matter for reflection; but that was precisely what they did not appear to be worth.

"There is a great range of colour of the surface by which to judge," says Mr. Petrie. "The fresh sandstone is of a slightly brownish white, while the ancient weathering is of a very dark brown, the absolute loss of the rock-face being probably not the thickness of a single grain of sand during thousands of years in most parts. Hence, while on the average we might say that the inscriptions of 4,000 years ago are but perhaps a quarter, or half, as dark as the old face, the oldest of the animal figures are, perhaps, three-quarters of the way toward the colour of the primitive surface. . . . It seems probable that many of these figures date from a time when the elephant and ostrich lived in Nubia and Southern Egypt" (chap. ii., p. 16).

In other words, they may be ranked, perhaps, in the history of primeval art as next in succession to the bone-carvings of prehistoric man. The subject is one of extreme interest, and the traveller who would follow Mr. Petrie's route for the express purpose of copying or photographing these graffiti would render a service to science.

At Silsileh, and in a quarry near the "Soba Rigaleh," Mr. Petrie transcribed the quarry-marks which there abound; and at Kom Ombo, Esneh, and Denderah, he actually identified the sources of the building material used in the construction of the temples by these same marks. At Thebes, he copied about forty very interesting graffiti, including some royal cartouches (pl. xviii.), of which there appears to be no mention in the letter-press. From the recurrence several times of the title "Setem Ash As-t Pa Ma"—i.e., attendant in that quarter of the great necropolis now known as Draḥ Abu'l Neggah—it would seem as if some of these antique scrawls had been found on the rocks thereabout. In his next edition, Mr. Petrie will, perhaps, tell his readers more about them. It was at Thebes that he took his long series of paper-casts and photographs of "Racial Types," shown last year at the Manchester meeting of the British Association. These precious ethnological records form no part of the present work; but something is said as to the methods employed when photographing in the depths of subterranean tombs, and of the conditions under which the paper-casts were occasionally taken. Many processions of foreign captives, battle-scenes, and tribute-offerings are sculptured on the faces of walls so high that a lofty scaffolding would be needed were any attempt made to reproduce them by means of the camera; so Mr. Petrie, emulating Shakespeare's sapphire gatherer, took paper casts of these subjects at the imminent risk of his neck.

"By hanging a rope-ladder over the wall," he says, "weighted down at the top by Muhammed (enjoined not to move) I could scale up, holding the paper and brush in my teeth; and then, hanging on by an elbow, beat the paper on to the sculpture. Altogether nearly two hundred sheets were done, including about two hundred and seventy heads" (p. 4).

It is well that Muhammed did *not* move, and that he was heavy enough to keep that rope-ladder in its place!

Still going northwards, Mr. Petrie journeyed from Thebes to Dahshur, in order to make a trigonometrical survey of the four Dahshur pyramids. The necessary government permit was, however, so slow to arrive that he had but time to complete a survey of two—namely, the large southern pyramid, which is remarkable for being built in two different slopes, and the small one adjoining. Of the history of these structures, their date, their builders, nothing is known; but Mr. Petrie's quick eye detected part of a royal cartouche on one of the blocks of the large southern pyramid, of which he says that "among all possible names, this would correspond only to Rama (Khernu), Amenemhat IV." (p. 27). Here, too, he discovered two ancient roads, one leading from Sakkarah to the oasis of Ammon, and the other from Sakkarah to the Fayûm. The former is very interesting, being not only bounded by two parallel ridges of swept-up pebbles about 5 feet wide and 1085 inches from crest to crest, but measured off at stated intervals by means of road-side way-marks. These way-marks consist of stone socket-blocks cut to receive a square pillar, and occasionally a stela. The socket-blocks measure about 20 cubic inches, and the pillars

9 inches each way. The stela sockets are oblong, and cut to support tablets about 20 inches wide by 10 inches thick. Fragments of both pillars and tablets were found near various socket-blocks; and one tablet, nearly perfect, gives the height of the rest—namely 35 inches. Unfortunately, the surface of the stone is so ploughed up by the sand-blasts of the desert that no trace of the inscription remains. The stelae were erected at distances of 12,000 Egyptian cubits apart, the pillars at distances of 1000 cubits; and 12,000 cubits, as Mr. Petrie points out, is the accepted value of the Greek schoenus. The ruins of a little guard-house on the crest of the ridge marks the first half-schoenus from the point whence the road starts at the mouth of the valley near Sakkarah. The oasis road, though departing from the same point, is marked out by two lines of swept flints only, and shows no remains of way-marks.

At Thebes, Mr. Petrie collected more than 250 funerary cones; and, while camping for five weeks at Dashur, he bought some 500 weights, ranging in ponderosity from a few grains up to 25 lbs. These are of many different substances, as basalt, haematite, granite, limestone, quartz, gneiss, serpentine, diorite, alabaster, flint, felsite, jasper, and glass; and he has tabulated them according to various standards, as the Egyptian "kat," the Memphite bi-uten, the Assyrian shekel, the Attic drachma, the Phœnician shekel, the Aeginetan drachma, the eighty-grain standard, and the Persian silver standard. He also gives a plate showing the forms of twenty types. Two plates and part of a third contain copies of the inscriptions stamped on 107 funerary cones, dating from the XIIth to the XXIVth Dyna-ty. These inscriptions, as translated in chap. v. by Mr. Petrie and Mr. Griffith, read like an extract from an ancient Egyptian directory. They contain many of the official titles enumerated in Prof. Maspero's paper on "The Egyptian Hierarchy" (see the ACADEMY, No. 833, April 21), and some—as, for instance, the "Head Sealer of the Jars of Amen"—which do not appear in that very curious list. The inscriptions will be very useful to collectors for purposes of comparison; and so, also, will be Mr. Petrie's suggestions for the classification of these interesting objects, which occur in every museum of Egyptian antiquities, and of which most travellers bring home a few specimens. They are found only at Thebes, and always outside the tomb, buried either in the sand and débris which mark the entrance, or in the sand in front of the entrance. Archaeologists have differed as to their meaning and uses; but there can be no doubt that they are, as Prof. Maspero supposes, imitations in baked clay of a certain kind of sacrificial cake made with flour and salt, the flour being represented by the whitened surface of the clay. A familiar hieroglyph, figuring an outstretched arm and hand with a conical object supported in the upturned palm, stands for *ta*, meaning "give," or "offer," and is commonly employed in funerary inscriptions when oblations of food and drink are in question; and the conical object is clearly one of those cakes for which the clay cone is an enduring substitute.

If Mr. Petrie is not a professed Egyptologist, he at all events knows enough of the

language and writing not only to decipher inscriptions, but occasionally to suggest new readings. That *Neb-t Pa* means "Lady of the House," and is a courtesy-title pertaining to the wife of the master, has long been an accepted commonplace; but a careful analysis of certain of the Assuan inscriptions has led Mr. Petrie to conclude that *Neb-t Pa* is the equivalent of "widow." He finds, in fact, that where the husband is described as *Makheru* (i.e., "true-voiced," and therefore deceased), the wife is styled *Neb-t Pa*; whereas, if the husband is yet living, she is simply *Hem-t*, or "wife." Mr. Petrie points to some five or six inscriptions in support of his theory, which appears so far to be fully borne out; but it will be necessary to glean a much larger field of funerary records before any final verdict can be pronounced. I may, however, observe that I find a striking confirmation of Mr. Petrie's argument in a stela in the Peel Park Museum, Manchester, where a certain Maa figures as the wife of one Meshi, with the title of *Neb-t Pa*, and reappears further on as the wife of one Uau, and designated as *Hem-t* only. Here we have a clear case of widowhood and second marriage. Much more important, and supported by a weightier body of monumental evidence, is Mr. Petrie's remarkable argument on the Horus-names of Egyptian kings, in chapter iv. He had already shown, in his memoir on *Tanis* (Part I.), published by the Egypt Exploration Fund, that the so-called "banner" on which the Horus-name appears is in truth no banner, but the abridged representation of a false door, and that the supposed fringe of the "banner" is the pannelled ornamentation of the earliest type of doors of the kind. This false door is essentially sepulchral. It was always placed on the west side of the outer chamber of a tomb; and it was supposed to be the door through which the *ka*, or "double," of the deceased passed to and fro between the place of sepulture in which the mummy reposed, and the outer chamber, or chapel, in which friends assembled and oblations were offered up. Mr. Petrie gives a series of examples of these "banners" (plate xx.) of various periods, showing how some are elaborate and unmistakable representations of a pannelled doorway, with folding-doors, bolts, and the accustomed "drum" above, which is invariably found in tombs of the ancient empire. One example, from the "banner" of Queen Hatshepsu at Dayr-el-Bahari, shows not only the double doors, but the lintel, door-sill, and pivots, the cross-beams of the door, and the two bolts. The two bolts are also seen in the "banner" of Ptolemy II. at Kous, and in that of Ptolemy XIII. from Kom Ombo. In short, Mr. Petrie demonstrates the exactness of his conclusions by giving seventeen illustrations of "banners" from the monuments, ranging from the earliest to the latest periods of Egyptian history; namely, from Seneferu of the IIIrd Dynasty down to one of the most recent of the Ptolemies. For the further development of his argument, he shall speak for himself:

"What does this connexion mean? The square in which the Horus-name is written must be the exact equivalent of the square panel over the false door in the tombs, and the name is the equivalent of the figure and name of the deceased written on those panels. It is the

name of the king as deceased; the name as owner's name, written over the doorway. But it was the *ka*, or double, or ghost of the deceased person which possessed that doorway. It was solely for the *ka* to pass from the burial vault beneath (the shaft of which was supposed to pass behind this false door) into the upper chamber, where its food of funereal offerings was provided for it (see Prof. Maspero's *Archéologie égyptienne*, p. 115, &c.). The name, therefore, must be the name of the *ka*. Private persons had but one name, and their *ka* was of the same name. But a king, who took a second name on ascending the throne, took also a third name for his *ka*. This *ka*-name alone occurs on the doorway in the step-pyramid of Sakkara. Under the Empire, as he [the king] had many *ka*-statues, so he had many *ka*-names. Now observe what the monuments show us. Behind the actual fleshly king there is often shown his double, or *ka*, making offerings with him. Sometimes the *ka* is of the same size as the king, sometimes lesser. And on his head he bears the Horus-name embraced between the *ka*-arms. For fear even this was not sufficient, an inscription nearly always accompanies him, reading 'The king's *ka*, life of the lord of both lands (Upper and Lower Egypt) within the chamber of the sarcophagus and within his chamber of offerings; all life, happiness, and stability, all health to him, all joy of heart to him, like Ra.' The word 'within' (*khent*) may mean 'presiding over,' but the sense is unchanged. It could not be more explicitly stated that the *ka*, which bears the Horus- or *ka*-name on his head, is to pass from the body to the offerings, by means of the very doorway which is represented beneath his name. . . . Another form of the same idea is where the *ka*-name appears to act and live of itself, provided with *ka*-arms, which hold a feather and a staff, surmounted by the head of the king's *ka*. This is known as late as Tiberius. The *ka* was young when the king was young; Amenhotep III. as a child, at Luxor, is borne by a nurse, and has also his *ka* borne by a nurse behind him; the *ka* wearing the *ka*-name between the *ka* arms, on a stand upon his head. It is needless to multiply examples, or to describe them further. The *ka*-name of the king was always associated with the doorway of the tomb by which the *ka* passed to and fro; and the *ka* itself, whenever represented, from Amenemhat I. down to Vespasian, always bears the *ka*-name on his head as his special name. Let us henceforth, then, recognise what is so simply and carefully explained to us on the monuments, and write of the *ka*-name as we do of the throne-name and personal name of each king" (chap. iv., p. 22).

The monumental references in the foregoing extract are reproduced in plate xx., at the end of the book—false doors, inscriptions, *ka*-figures, &c.; and they fully confirm Mr. Petrie's argument. It would be rash to conclude that his theory is of universal application before it has been tested by all accessible monuments; but thus far it seems to betray no flaw.

Meanwhile, I am tempted to suggest that we have not yet, perhaps, fathomed the full meaning of that mysterious offspring of Egyptian metaphysics—the *ka*. Was it really no more than a mere *simulacrum*—a double, a ghost, an appearance? And is this view of the *ka* compatible with the sense of those bas-reliefs to which Mr. Petrie refers when he points to the *ka*-images of living kings, and to the infant *ka*s of the infant Amenhotep III? Plates xxviii. and xxix. of Rossellini's *Monumenti Storici* give various scenes from the celebrated series of tableaux

in the Great Temple of Luxor which relate to the birth and bringing-up of the founder. In one of these we see the queen-mother, Mauteus, who kneels on a kind of dais, having just given birth to the infant king. Hathor kneels facing her, with the royal babe in her arms; and a second Hathor, with a second babe in her arms, kneels behind the first. Over the head of the first child (the actual Amenhotep III.) are engraved his royal ovals, while the space above the head of the infant "double" is vacant. But the remarkable feature of this bas-relief is the *ka* of the queen-mother, which stands behind her, with the *ka*-arms on its head, while from each of these *ka*-arms is suspended an *ankh*, or sign of life. The meaning of this symbol is obvious. The child is but just born, and the maternal *ka* presides over the lives of both mother and child. Below the dais, we see the child Amenhotep and the child *ka*, both in the act of being suckled by Hathor in the shape of the divine cow. In plate xxxix. the child-king and the child-*ka* are presented by Ra to Amen-Ra, king of the gods; while behind Ra stands a Nilus, carrying the child-king and the child-*ka*, the former with his two royal ovals above his head, the latter crowned with the *ka*-banner, and *ka*-name. Behind this Nilus stands another Nilus, carrying three *ankhs* tied together in his right hand—an *ankh*, evidently, for each of the royal names, i.e., the family name, throne-name, and *ka*-name of the infant Pharaoh.

But why this close association of the *ankh* with the *ka*? And why does the *ankh* (and especially the bull, also called *ka*, and expressive of vital energy) recur so persistently in *ka*-names, especially of the Rameside Dynasties? If I permitted myself to hazard a guess upon this difficult and obscure subject, I would ask whether it may not be possible that the *ka* represents, not only the "double," but something answering to the vital principle? The *ka*-inscriptions expressly define the *ka* as the "life" of the king, and this expression might perhaps furnish the key to a more exact apprehension of the part played by the *ka* in the Egyptian conception of the universe. Man, according to that conception in so far as it is known to us, consisted of a body, a soul (*ba*), an intelligence (*khau*), and a *ka* or double; but unless the *ka* stands also for the "life," the vital principle is not represented. Were the conception of the *ka* susceptible of this interpretation, a more powerful motive than any yet suggested would be discovered for the mummification of the body, and a more satisfactory solution not only of the functions of the *ka*, but of the urgent need which existed for providing for its material nourishment by means of pious foundations in perpetuity.

I am anxious to add that I offer this conjecture purely for what it may be worth, and, thus far, as a guess only. I hope to return to the subject at some future opportunity.

A Season in Egypt is well printed on excellent paper, and is illustrated with no less than thirty-two plates.

AMELIA B. ELWARDS.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

PEOPLE say that this is the best "Old Society" show they remember. Perhaps one reason for the remark may be that it is less monotonous than usual. There are a few surprises. Here, for instance, is the president suddenly turning his back on romance and "streakiness," and presenting us with a Velasquez-like "Spanish Infanta" (73), admirable in grouping and colour, and very humorous in conception—observe the preference of the infanta for animals that do not fawn, and the exquisitely pompous air of the little spaniel, rendered in a manner worthy of Caldecott. Perhaps the best figure in the picture is the girl behind the infanta; the stooping woman seems to be out of drawing, but possibly this may be the result of the stiff brocade dress. In "After the Battle" (126) we have a rather fine specimen of Sir John Gilbert's old style, though why the wounded horse in the foreground should have developed such a tapir-like prolongation of the nose is mysterious. Turning to another well-known member of the society, Mr. Herbert M. Marshall, we are again startled with a new departure. This skilful artist has discovered that subjects are to be found beyond the Thames. In "Mevagissey" (61) he gives us a clever study of a Cornish village after sunset, in which blue smoke takes the place of the familiar London black smoke. The proper point of view for this picture, by the way, is rather difficult to find; and, until it is discovered, no one will understand the delicate harmony of the work. But it is in his "Dordrecht" (249) that Mr. Marshall has most distinctly gone afield. There does not seem to us to be a more charming piece of colouring in the room than this exquisite little sketch. Of his old class of subjects we have a fine example in "From Waterloo Bridge, looking East" (94)—a Venetian London, with a marvellously glorified St. Paul's. Mr. Albert Goodwin, who is always original, has, as usual, a very wonderful exploit in romance and colour, "The Enchanted Island" (70), mainly remarkable for the extremely unsuccessful reflections in the water; but he also sends a powerful and impressive picture of "Lincoln" (143)—to our thinking, the finest landscape in the room. Mr. J. W. North sends only one work, "Sir Bevis and the Woodwoman"—in Memory of Richard Jefferies" (131), characterised by all the charm of colour and accurate delineation of interlacing trees of this accomplished artist. Mr. E. A. Waterlow has an exceptionally good study of "A Cornish Harbour" (16)—very striking and truthful in colour; but we do not understand why the foreground in this, as in so many of the pictures of this artist, should be rendered by a series of "dabs." Among other works of more than average merit, we may notice Mr. A. W. Hunt's "Wind of the Eastern Sea" (36); Mr. Collingwood's "The Matterhorn" (154); and Miss Clara Montalba's "Gondola Race" (204). Returning to the figure-subjects, one of the most elaborate is Mr. Otto Weber's "A Big Haul" (184)—a careful and admirable study of a group of fishermen hauling in their nets. The drawing of the figure of the man on the left and of the boy in the middle of the picture is excellent; the colour is pleasing, and, above all, the men are not posing for a picture, but are all directing their attention to a common object. It is the lack of this quality which seems to detract from the success of Mr. Tom Lloyd's ambitious "Ferry Boat a-hoy" (25). Several of the figures are graceful and well grouped, but they seem to be sitting for their portraits. Of Mr. Walter Crane's drawings, "Sunrise" (178) is probably the most successful; and Miss Edith Martineau has two well-drawn figure pieces.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TURNERIAN TOPOGRAPHY.

Autun: April 30, 1888.

In the *Portfolio* for April Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse reverts to this subject, which will retain its interest as long as Turner's name is remembered; and he refers to the criticism of Turner's "Kilchurn Castle" in my biography of that artist. Since the biography was published a little more light has been thrown upon the subject. I am inclined now to believe that Turner never sketched Kilchurn Castle from nature, and, I think, it is scarcely even probable that he ever saw it from the river Orchay. The landscape—or the mountainous part of it, which is nearly the whole—is a sketch from Cladich with modifications, and Cladich is a long way from Kilchurn. The castle is not Kilchurn at all, but some other building; and Mr. Josiah Gilbert told me, in the year 1885, that he believed himself to have found the original in Bolton Castle in Wensleydale. On opening my *Life of Turner* when he returned home Mr. Gilbert found his guess confirmed. Turner modified his sketch of Bolton Castle by leaving out one of the great towers and by making the small intermediate tower round instead of square. It seems evident, therefore, that on passing by Loch Awe Turner made for himself a slight sketch from Cladich; but perceiving that the subject would not make a picture, he then inserted Bolton Castle, probably because he had not a sketch of Kilchurn.

With regard to the morality of this I should say that the public, rather than the artist, is to blame. The public will not endure topographic accuracy (i.e., correct drawing) in landscape; while, on the other hand, it wants a local name, and does not like to be told that a picture is a composition out of the artist's own head or from loose sketches in his portfolio. The artist supplies the two demands at the same time—a local name and an artistic composition. The people wish to be deceived and they are deceived according to their desire—surely, then, it is not for them to complain.

P. G. HAMERTON.

THE BABYLONIAN TABLETS IN THE BOULAQ MUSEUM.

Queen's College, Oxford: April 30, 1888.

I have just received from M. Grébaud, the director of the Boulaq Museum, the following letter, which he asks me to forward to the ACADEMY. It will be seen from it that the Babylonian tablets acquired by the Museum were after all safely deposited in an accessible part of the building, and not locked up in the private house of the director. I am exceedingly sorry that the misinformation I received should have led me to commit an act of injustice to M. Grébaud, and I hasten to repair it as soon as possible. If I am again in Cairo I hope I shall not be so unfortunate as to miss him again, or to lose the chance of copying inscriptions which throw light on Nebuchadnezzar's campaign against Egypt, and possibly also on his campaign against Judah.

A. H. SAYCE.

"Boulac: April 22, 1888.

"MY DEAR COLLEAGUE,—

"The Assyrian tablets collected, with some difficulty, at the Boulac Museum towards the end of last year have never left the offices of the building, where they were under the hands of the curator when you arrived in Cairo. You were misinformed when you were told that they were locked up in my house. Not being able to read Assyrian, but thinking you would come to Egypt this winter, before I departed to Upper Egypt, I had requested that the existence of the tablets should be made known to you, and that you should be asked to leave at the Museum some notes which would assist us in compiling our catalogue. I am doubly vexed at what has happened: vexed on

account of the annoyance you have experienced, and vexed because I am deprived of the information I had congratulated myself I should obtain from an authority like yourself.

"As regards the impediments put in the way of the discovery of antiquities by the *fellahin*, I assure you, my dear colleague, that the information given to you is not less erroneous than that regarding the sequestration of the Assyrian tablets. I will ask the ACADEMY to offer me the hospitality of its pages in one of its next numbers; and, with your permission, I will point out the real facts, which, I hope, will appear to you to be reassuring.

Yours, &c.,

"E. GRÉBAUD."

THE HYKSOS KING RA-IAN.

Queen's College, Oxford: April 22, 1888.

Mr. Tomkins's letter induces me to send three short notes.

I possess a scarab which seems to read Set-an. I bought it at Cairo a few years ago under the impression that it represented the name of the Hyksos king Staan.

In spite of the names Ra-set-nub, &c., I feel doubtful whether a name like Ra-ian, compounded with that of the sun-god Ra, can be of Hyksos origin. On the other hand, the Arab historians make Rayan or Er-Reyan the Pharaoh of Joseph and the son of El-Walid the Amalekite. As is well known, the Amalekites of the Arab writers represent the Hyksos of Manetho. El-Walid, the son of Duma', corresponds to the Salatis of the Greek lists.

Light will be thrown upon *Janua* as an explanation of *Tharatha*, "in connexion with the great sanctuary Mabog," by a passage in my paper on the "Monuments of the Hittites" (*Tr. Soc. Bib. Arch.* 1881, p. 257). Here I say: "Babia, from *Bab*, 'gate,' was the Semitic translation of the name of the great goddess of Carchemish." A. H. SAYCE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. W. J. LINTON, the veteran wood-engraver, poet, and Chartist, is at present on a visit to this country from his home in America, in order to see through the press the important work on which he has been engaged for several years past. This, which will be entitled *The Masters of Wood-Engraving*, consists of a history of the art from the earliest times, illustrated by photographic facsimiles of the choicest examples, and combined with careful criticism. Both the library and the print room of the British Museum have been thoroughly searched to obtain the purest impressions of the engravings reproduced, while others come from unique proofs in the author's own collection. All the reproductions will be of the same size as the originals. The book will be in one volume, of the form known as short royal folio, containing 229 pages of text, with nearly 200 cuts interspersed, and 48 page-subjects. It will be issued, to subscribers only, in an edition of 500 copies, at the price of ten guineas; while an extra edition, limited to 100 copies, will also be issued on paper large enough to give the whole of such masterpieces on wood by Dürer as "The Triumphal Car of Maximilian" which measures more than seven feet in length.

A SPECIAL general meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund will be held on Wednesday next, May 9, in the large room of the Zoological Society, 3 Hanover Square, W., in order to pass the articles of association. At 9 p.m. of the same day, and at the same place, Miss Amelia B. Edwards, the hon. secretary to the Fund, will deliver a lecture on "M. Naville's Recent Discoveries at Bubastis," illustrated with limelight views.

THE exhibitions to open next week include the Royal Academy, The Royal Society of British Artists, and Messrs. Hollander & Oremetti's summer exhibition at the Hanover Gallery, New Bond Street.

THE Queen has consented to become patron of the exhibition of pictures and objects of interest connected with the royal house of Stuart, to be held at the New Gallery during the winter season of 1888-89. The following is a list of some of the objects which it is proposed to collect:—First will come authentic portraits of the members of the family, painted in oil or in miniature, or drawn in pastel. The royal palaces and the great houses of England and Scotland, not to speak of collections of recent formation, possess large numbers of pictures by Janssen, Van Somer, and Mytens, by Jamesone and by Vandyck, by Lely and Kneller. Second only to these in interest are the miniatures painted in the great period of miniature art—the works of Hilliard, the Olivers, Samuel Cooper, &c. Then there are original documents without end, some of them of the highest interest—letters of Mary Queen of Scots, and of all her descendants down to the time of the Cardinal of York, papers directly referring to the family, and so forth. It is intended to make the autographs a special feature of the exhibition. Next will come personal relics of all sorts; and these are so numerous that the chief difficulty will be to select those of unquestioned genuineness and greatest intrinsic interest. Coins, medals, and seals will be another department; sculptured portraits, &c., another; needlework from the hands of the many princesses will form another, and not the least attractive, part of the display. The president of the committee is the Earl of Ashburnham; and the secretary is Mr. Leonard C. Lindsay, New Gallery, 121, Regent Street.

DURING the whole of next week, from Monday to Saturday, Messrs. Sotheby will be engaged in selling the duplicates from Mr. H. Montagu's famous collection of English coins and medals. Mr. Montagu, it seems, has been ambitious that his cabinet should contain not only a specimen of every English coin, but also the finest example of such coin; and with this object he bought up the entire collections of the late Mr. Addington and the late Mr. William Brice. Having thus been able to satisfy himself that the specimens he retains are those in the highest state of preservation, he is now parting with all his duplicates, which are often scarcely less choice, and in a few cases the only other examples known outside the British Museum. We may specially mention the penny of Aethelbald (of which the vendor retains the only other known example), a pattern crown of Henry VIII. (which has before sold for £165), the "Oxford" crown of Charles I., Simon's "petition" and "reddite" crowns of Charles II., and the series of pattern pieces of George III.

We have received somewhat late, but none the less welcome, a double number of the *American Journal of Archaeology* (London: Trübner), which completes the quarterly issue for 1887 and the third annual volume of the work. Among the more important articles are—"The Portraiture of Alexander the Great," by Mr. Alfred Emerson, who urges special consideration for a small terra-cotta bust at Munich, of which two phototype plates are given; an ingenious attempt by Mr. W. H. Goodyear to prove, with many illustrations, "The Egyptian Origin of the Ionic Capital and of the Anthemion"; and the first of a series on "The Antiquities of Southern Phrygia and the Border Lands," by Prof. W. M. Ramsay (not "of Glasgow"!). The valuable section entitled "Archaeological News" fills just 100 pages in this double number, while the total number of

plates given in the whole volume is thirty-three. We are promised that, in the future, this abundant scale of illustration will be continued; and that a series of papers will deal with the recent expedition to Southern Italy undertaken by Mr. J. T. Clarke and Mr. A. Emerson, under the auspices of the Archaeological Institute of America.

AN interesting "Preliminary Catalogue" of Mr. Ruskin's St. George's Museum at Sheffield has been compiled by Mr. Howard Swan. (Sheffield: W. D. Spalding & Co.) The descriptions of the objects are in most cases accompanied by illustrative extracts (which appear to be very happily chosen) from Mr. Ruskin's works, together with references to other passages treating either of the objects themselves or of the principles which they are intended to exemplify. The present catalogue deals only with the portions of the museum which relate to architecture, sculpture, and painting, the collections of coins, of minerals, and of drawings illustrative of natural history being reserved for a separate catalogue. The quotations are not too short to be read with pleasure, and form an epitome of Mr. Ruskin's teaching with regard to the leading principles of art, and the relation of art to the other interests of life. Altogether, this little pamphlet will be found well worth reading, even by those who have no opportunity of visiting the unique collection to which it relates.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

MISS GRACE HAWTHORNE has entered into an agreement with Mr. Wilson Barrett to produce "Ben my Chree," the dramatised version of Mr. Hall Caine's novel, *The Dreamer*, at the Princess's Theatre, on Thursday, May 17.

THE Shakspeare Reading Society—of which Mr. Irving is president, and Mr. Frank Marshall and Prof. Henry Morley are among the vice-presidents—will give a dramatic reading of "Romeo and Juliet," under the direction of Mr. W. Poel, at the London Institution, on Tuesday next, May 8, at 8 p.m. The part of Juliet will be taken by Miss Gertrude Giles.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MISS ALICE GOMEZ, previous to her departure for India, gave a farewell concert at Prince's Hall on Thursday afternoon, April 26; and the large audience assembled showed that this talented lady has many admirers. Some songs suit her extremely well. This was the case with "O Fatima," from Weber's "Abu Hassan," and Gounod's "Entreat me not to leave thee," which she gave in a way which thoroughly satisfied her hearers. Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Glenn, Messrs. Piercy, and Mr. H. Thorndike, added to the success of the afternoon. The last named sang an interesting song by Miss M. Carmichael, "The King of Denmark's Ride," in which he was accompanied by the composer. Mr. W. Coenen and Herr Meyer contributed piano and violin solos.

Mr. Orton Bradley gave a concert at the Steinway Hall on the following afternoon, and the whole of the programme was devoted to the music of Brahms. So far as we are aware, this is the first time the composer has been so honoured, at any rate in London. The Piano-forte Quartet in A (Op. 26) and the Trio in C major (Op. 87) afforded interesting examples of a comparatively early, and of a late, period. The Liebeslieder waltzes, which have become so popular, were suitably included in the scheme.

Mr. Bradley was unwise in giving the Sonata in C (Op. 1) without head or tail: he only played the two middle movements. If he considered the whole too long for his programme he could easily have selected one or two numbers from the Ballade (Op. 10) or from the Eight Pieces (Op. 76). He rendered the Andante with feeling, but he was not so successful with the Scherzo. The vocalists were Miss Marriott, Miss Damian, and Messrs. Lane and Brereton.

Mdme. Frickenhaus gave a pianoforte recital at the Prince's Hall last Saturday afternoon. Her rendering of the Sonata Appassionata, if not all that was requisite in feeling and dignity, was good and evoked hearty applause. In a pleasing Zadumka, by Noskowski, and a lively Bourrée, by E. Shute, the lady was heard to advantage. The programme included pieces by Weber, Brahms, Chopin, and other composers.

Otto Hegner gave an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon. Beethoven's Concerto in C major of course recalled the performance of Josef Hofmann last season. Hegner's playing was unequal, but there were many moments in which he surpassed his rival. There is more brightness, vigour, and soul in his playing. He afterwards gave Chopin's Etude in A flat, and the Valse (Op. 42). Both pieces are beyond his powers, yet in the latter he played remarkably well. He was also heard in Mendelssohn's Capriccio in B minor. An excellent rendering of Schubert's unfinished Symphony, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Cowen, added to the interest of the concert. There was a large attendance.

Mr. Theodore Werner, violinist, gave the first of three orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall on Monday evening. His technique is good, but his tone is weak and his intonation not always pure. He played Beethoven's Concerto in D, and proved himself a worthy pupil of Herr Joachim; but there was nothing exciting or characteristic about the performance. The Finale, indeed, was tame. He afterwards gave two movements of a Vieuxtemps Concerto, and finished with a movement from Paganini's first Concerto. Paganini's music requires to be given with all possible dash and daring, but both were lacking. Mr. Werner was encored after the Vieuxtemps, and played with much effect a transcription of Chopin's Nocturne in E flat (Op. 9, No. 2). Why are so many violinists guilty of this artistic error? An excellent band, under the able guidance of Mr. A. Manns, played Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon," Schubert's delightful Entr'acte and Ballet Air from "Rosamunde," and the Introduction to the third act of "Lohengrin."

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE prospectus of Mr. Harris's opera season at Covent Garden has just been issued. Thirty-two subscription performances will be given during eight weeks, commencing Monday, May 14. The list of operas includes however, no novelties. Engagements have been made with Mdme. Albani, Mlle. Arnoldson, Messrs. Jean and Edouard de Reske, and many other distinguished singers. Signor Mancinelli and Mr. Randegger will be the conductors.

A FUND is being raised by subscription for the purpose of founding a scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music supplementary to "The Liszt Scholarship," and to be entitled "The Walter Bache Scholarship." Mr. Alfred Littleton, of Berners Street, is the honorary treasurer.

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LITERATURE.

Merchant and Craft Guilds: a History of the Aberdeen Incorporated Trades. By E. Bain. (Aberdeen: Edmond & Spark.)

As one who long filled the office of Master of the Trades' Hospital at Aberdeen, Mr. Bain has enjoyed special opportunities of becoming familiar with the well-preserved records of the seven incorporated trades, which, after playing so great a part in the history of the borough as it gradually advanced to self-government, have still, in all probability, an important task to fulfil in the war of competition by which our commerce is menaced in the future. The title of the work seems to promise a general account of all the trading associations which anciently existed at Aberdeen; but the author has in fact confined himself, with the exception of a short essay on the history and nature of guilds in England and on the continent, to giving an exact account of the seven craft-guilds or trades, at first in relation to their long and successful struggle with the privileged merchant-guild, and afterwards in connexion with the causes which led to their peaceful development after the memorable treaty between the burgesses and the artisans established by a common indenture in the year 1597.

The trading community at Aberdeen, as in the other royal burghs in Scotland, was established on a foundation of oligarchical privilege. The country being in a very poor state, King David I. (1124 to 1153) obtained a willing crowd of settlers from England and Flanders by giving them very important powers over the poorer classes of townsmen, and by securing to them a nearly complete immunity from the royal jurisdiction, with the exception of the greater pleas of the crown. The leading regulations of the burghs appear to have been copied from the customs of Newcastle. Mr. Robertson tells us that the original burgesses were, with few exceptions, of foreign origin, and that it was long before the native element entered largely among the civic population; and that this was especially the case in the North, "where the towns must have long stood out like commercial garrisons in a disaffected, and not unfrequently a hostile, country." Mr. Bain shows us that the earliest charters granted to Aberdeen had reference only to trading privileges, and especially to the protection and regulation of the market. The first of these charters was granted by William the Lion in 1196, who gave the liberty of holding a "free hanse," as peaceably as in the days of his grandfather King David, to his burgesses of Aberdeen and Moray, and to all his burgesses dwelling north of the Mounth. Mr. Bain considers that the privileged class of burgesses was intended to include the craftsmen as well as the merchants; but, as a

matter of fact, the merchant-traders long continued to maintain the monopoly of buying and selling raw materials, and to confine the artisans to dealing in their own wares, except so far as they were authorised to use the market. Dyers and weavers, or "websters," were excluded from the merchant-guild, as was usually the case throughout Scotland; and it seems to have been a general rule that a craftsman could only become a member of the superior body by giving up working with his own hands and assuming the dignity of a "master." In some burghs it was even forbidden for foreign traders to sell their wares to any but members of the merchant-guild, with certain exceptions as to fair-time and as to goods, such as salt and herrings, which might be sold on board ship to all comers. Alexander II. granted a charter to the traders of Aberdeen in the year 1224, which affords a great deal of valuable information as to the wide monopolies belonging to the leading citizens, and the stinted and scanty benefits which were thought sufficient for the "foreigner" and the ordinary inhabitant. The principal passages of this important record are as follows:

"Know all men present and to come that I have granted, &c., to my burgh and to my burgesses of Aberdeen the rights and privileges that my predecessors granted to the burgh and to the burgesses of Perth, that is to say, to hold their market on Saturday in every week; and I have rightly given my sure protection to all good men who shall come to that market, and I forbid anyone wrongously to inflict injury or annoyance or inconvenience upon them while coming to market or while returning, on pain of my full forfeiture. I also strictly forbid any stranger merchant to buy or to sell anything within the Sheriffdom of Aberdeen outwith my burgh of Aberdeen in despite of my protection. But stranger merchants are to bring their merchandise to my burgh of Aberdeen, and there sell the same and receive their money. If, however, any stranger merchant shall, in despite of my protection, be found within the Sheriffdom of Aberdeen buying or selling anything, he is to be apprehended, and kept in custody until I shall have declared my pleasure regarding him. I likewise strictly forbid any stranger merchant to cut his cloth for sale in the market of Aberdeen, save from the day of the Ascension of our Lord to the Feast of St. Peter ad Vincula—between which terms it is my will that they cut their cloth for sale in the market of Aberdeen, and there buy and sell their cloth and other merchandise in common with my burgesses, in like manner as my proper burgesses, saving my rights. I likewise ordain that all who dwell in the burgh of Aberdeen, and wish to take part with my burgesses in the market, take part with them in paying my dues, whose men soever they be. . . . I likewise grant to the same my burgesses of Aberdeen that they have their Merchant Guild, the waulkers and weavers being excluded. I likewise strictly forbid anyone dwelling outwith my burgh of Aberdeen within the Sheriffdom of Aberdeen to make or cause to make cloth, dyed or shorn, within the Sheriffdom of Aberdeen, save my burgesses of Aberdeen who are of the Merchant Guild, and who take part in paying my dues with my burgesses of Aberdeen, with the exception of such as had hitherto their charter securing this privilege. Wherefore I strictly forbid anyone within the Sheriffdom of Aberdeen to presume to make cloth, dyed or shorn, on pain of my full forfeiture. If, however, any person's dyed or shorn cloth shall be found made in despite of this protection, I command my Sheriff

to seize the cloth, and to do therewith as was the custom in the time of King David, my great grandfather. I likewise strictly forbid any stranger outwith my burgh at Aberdeen to buy or to sell hides or wool, save within my burgh of Aberdeen. All these privileges and usages, however, I grant, and by this my charter confirm to them, without prejudice to the privileges and free usages which before this grant were bestowed on other burghs and burgesses within the bailiwick of Aberdeen."

Mr. Bain notes that the exception as to the weavers and dyers, or "waulkers," was also contained in the charters granted to Perth and Sterling; and that we have here the first indications of the conflict between the wealthy merchants and the "plebeian crafts" of weavers and dyers, who seem to have been the first associations of artisans in England as well as in Scotland who endeavoured to break down the barriers of the original monopoly.

The power of the craftsmen gradually increased with the growth of the population, and in the course of the fifteenth century several Acts were passed with the object of placing them under wardens appointed by the governing authorities of the towns. The customary election of "deacons" was forbidden, and the gathering of the fraternities or associations was denounced as being "a meeting of conspirators." "Very severe punishment was imposed on craftsmen when they ventured to act independently or in any spirit of antagonism to the town council." Even the payment of entrance fees for the benefit of the trades union was declared to be an interference with the privilege of the governing body as to charging dues or compositions for making freemen, although it seems that at Aberdeen no special rule had at first existed as to the exaction of any payment for the taking up of the civic freedom. "A freeman was simply bound to pay scot and lot, and to watch and ward the town." During the wars with England these quarrels were somewhat abated; but when peace was established the craftsmen began to urge their claims again, especially upon the ground that they had contributed as much in proportion as the merchants to the common necessities, and were therefore entitled to a corresponding representation in the town council. By a statute of James III. it had been provided that every artisan should "either forbear his merchandise or else renounce his craft"; but each craft contended that even under the terms of the disabling Acts they were entitled to deal in the materials used in their respective trades. "The wrights claimed the right to import timber, the shoemakers to deal in leather, the skinnors and gloves to deal in hides and skins, and so forth." At last, when the affairs of the burgh were at a deadlock an agreement was made by the common indenture—which lasted as a charter of rights till the passing of the Burgh Reform Acts—whereby the mode of admitting craftsmen to the freedom was defined and the composition for dues fixed at an easy rate, the trading privileges of the two classes of burgesses were regulated, and the craftsmen were empowered to elect two members of the council, while six of the trade deacons were allowed to vote at the election of burgh magistrates and officers. The deacons had previously obtained a very full jurisdiction over all members, journeymen, servants, and appren-

tices. Mr. Bain considers that these classes, taken at a moderate computation, would represent about two-thirds of the whole community, so that the history of the craft-guilds "ought in no small measure to reflect the conditions of life among the great bulk of the industrial classes." It must be remembered that each of the seven trades included a great number of associated crafts. The incorporated hammermen, for example, comprised the cutlers, pewterers, glovers, saddlers, glaziers, engineers, and all kinds of smiths, besides claiming jurisdiction over the watch-makers as users of "hammer and forge"; the shoemakers included the curriers and dealers in bark, and claimed rights over the skimmers which they were forced to yield to the hammermen; the wrights, coopers, and furniture-makers were included in one craft; the tailors governed the mantua-makers; and the "baxters" and "fleshers" had control respectively of all kinds of bread and cakes, and the sale of all meat and fish respectively.

When the municipal corporations were reformed, all these monopolies came to a sudden end, somewhat as it appears to the surprise of the craftsmen, who had hoped that they would "enter on a new era of extended trading privileges," and would gain increased powers of regulating the commerce and industry of the burgh. Their exclusive rights were indeed spared to some extent by the first reforms, but were afterwards abolished by the Act passed in 1846 against trade monopolies in Scotland. Since that time the members of the incorporated societies have turned their attention to "provident and educational objects," and Mr. Bain shows that in this useful course the Aberdeen trades have gained a remarkable success.

C. ELTON.

Glen Dessaray, and other Poems. By John Campbell Shairp. Edited by F. T. Palgrave. (Macmillan.)

RICHER than Latin though the English language is in most ways, yet it is poorer in this—that it has only one name in general use for those who express their ideas in verse. We want a distinction such as may be drawn between the words "vates" and "poeta," to mark off the poets who teach great truths, the real "pii vates et Phœbo digna locuti," from those who do little more than soothe or charm; a Shakspeare and a Goethe from a Tasso and a Scott. If poetry is "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge," and that only, then the latter class are not poets at all; but so much that the world rightly loves has been written by the soothers and the charmers in verse that it is best to amplify Wordsworth's definition so as to include their work. It is among them that the late Principal Shairp takes his place. His poetry is obvious, inasmuch as it does not deal with intricate soul-problems. It moralises, certainly, now and again, but constantly on one theme, which may be shortly put—"the generations pass, the hills remain"; yet to anyone who is not well stored with impressions derived from his own observation of mountain, tarn, and glen, it is a cause of effort in conjuring up the mental images of the scenery which he describes with suchoving detail.

Shairp's successor in the chair of Poetry at Oxford, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, has written a graceful preface to this selection from his poems which is the best review possible, if due allowance be made for the two facts that the edition is a "labour of love entrusted to him by those most nearly connected with the poet," and that Mr. Palgrave is his successor. But readers of the ACADEMY expect to be informed whether it is worth their while to look into a book or not, and, therefore, an account of it in these pages will not be superfluous. Shairp's poems are healthy as the air they breathe, the air of Ross and Inverness; but pervaded by a spirit of soft regret, in no wise morbid, for a lost past, when the Highland glens were still uncleared, and the peat-smoke curled along them from many a "bothie" which is now levelled to the ground. They are saturated with a passion for wild and mountainous scenery; they smell of the heather. In a heart which is open to the full influence of such surroundings they would arouse reflections such as greater poets express. Shairp wisely stops short, as a rule, at the description, being, as Mr. Palgrave says, an "objective" poet.

"Glen Dessaray"—the title-poem of this volume, occupying one-third of its pages—is rambling in its story, if it can be said to have a story. Its alternative title, "The Sequel of Culloden," shows that it deals, among other things, with the wanderings of Charles Edward, the Young Chevalier, after his defeat; and, indeed, its best passages are those which treat of that episode and the glamour which the Highlandmen threw around him and his cause, with a love which will always remain incomprehensible to the average Southron. Here is the description of the effect of the news of the coming of the young prince:

"It wakened mountain, loch, and glen,
That cry—'Lochiel comes back again';
Loch Leven and Loch Linnhe's shore
Shout to the head of Nevis Ben,
The crags and corries of Mamore
Rang to that word, 'He comes again.'
High up along Lochaber Braes
Fleeter than fiery cross it sped,
The Great Glen heard with glad amaze
And rolled it on to Loch Askaig-head.
From loch to hill the tidings spread,
And smote with joy each dwelling-place
Of Camerons—clachan, farm and shiel,
And the long glens that interlace
The mountains piled beneath Lochiel.
Glen-Mallie and Glen Camgarie
Resounded to the joyful cry,
Westward with the sunset fleeing,
It roused the homes of green Glenpean;
Glen Kinzie tossed it on—unbarred
It swept o'er rugged Mam-Clach-Ard,
Start at these sounds the rugged bounds
Of Arisaig, Moidart, Morar, and Knoydart,
Down to the ocean's misty bourn
By dark Loch Nevis and Lochurn."

Was ever family so loved or so unworthy of love as these Stuarts? This lengthy quotation is typical of the whole piece, and makes it unnecessary to give any further extracts.

There is one poem in this volume which ranks with the work of the greatest of Scotland's poets, and only one, "The Bush aboon Traquair," well known already, we fancy, to Shairp's fellow-countrymen, having been published nearly twenty-five years ago. It is an exquisite work of art, short, but too long for quotation here, and it rather "kills"

its neighbours that precede and follow it. One values this poem most of all after reading Robert Crawford's lyric with the same title which supplied the words for the air with a "blithe lilt," to which Shairp refers as the inspiring motive of his composition. Crawford, who wrote at the beginning of the eighteenth century, has got the eighteenth-century malady badly, with his "amorous flame" and "languishings" and "rural powers." "The Hairst Rig" is another dainty poem of the same kind as "The Bush aboon Traquair."

The note of regret, to which reference has been made, sounds through "A Cry from Craig-Ellachie," which dwells on the results of the invasion of the Highlands by the "iron horse," and ends with a pretty passage which recalls memories of Heine, especially in the last verse. The regret gives way to this self-solacing reflection:

"Yet I know there lie all lonely
Still to feed thought's loftiest mood,
Countless glens undesecrated,
Many an awful solitude.
"Many a burn, in unknown corries
Down dark rocks the white foam flings,
Fringed with ruddy berried rowans,
Fed from everlasting springs.

"If e'en these should fail, I'll get me
To some rock roared round by seas;
There to drink calm nature's freedom
Till they bridge the Hebrides."

Material civilisation is responsible for much; but is it the natural enemy of poets, that so many of them flee from its approaches with instinctive horror, or is it only the landscape-poet who dreads it?

Leaving the tumbled panorama of mountains, with Schibhallion ever prominent towering above the rest, the headlong rivers and the desolate glens, all dear to many a Scotchman besides Shairp, we come to what his editor calls his "Character Pieces." "Balliol Scholars" is a series of portraits of the poet's Oxford contemporaries, "to the faithfulness of which" Mr. Palgrave "can bear witness" from personal acquaintance at Oxford with the originals. We have Clough brought before us here "with forehead high and broad" and "eyes dark-lusted"; the Lord Chief Justice of England "fair-haired and tall, slim, but of stately mien"; the Bishop of London "broad-browed, with open face, and frame for toil compacted"; and most interesting of all, at the present time, for a most sad reason, Matthew Arnold,

"So full of power, yet blithe and debonaire,
Rallying his friends with pleasant banter gay,
Or half a-dream chaunting with jaunty air
Great words of Goethe, catch of Béranger."

It is the Oxford of the great ferment in the "forties" that Shairp is describing as many another poet has described it, fascinated by all the circumstances of its awaking from its long sleep of stagnation. "Highland Students" is a series of reminiscences of promising St. Andrews men who died too soon, and is written in well-managed blank verse—Wordsworthian blank verse it may be called. The poem again takes us to Schibhallion, and lovingly lingers round about its spurs in describing the homes and burial-places of the three students—men, unlike the Balliol scholars, not known to general fame. One feels in reading "Highland Students" that

there is something lacking, that the point of each narrative is the sadness of a premature death, and yet the lump will not rise in the throat, for the master-charm, which only the greatest have, is absent. There is detail, simple and winning, but not the art which comes by nature and knows instinctively what touches carry pathos with them and what are touches only.

There are no sonnets in this volume. There are three poems of fourteen lines, which, in the eyes of many, will pass for sonnets. One of these ("Prayer") begins with two lines which refuse to fit into the framework prepared for the others. Another ("Relief") contains much solemn beauty in the lines :

"Be still, sad soul ! lift thou no passionate cry,
But spread the desert of thy being bare
To the full searching of the All-seeing eye."

The volume ends with several short poems of a devotional character, which do not need special notice here. A reviewer should respect, and pass on tip-toe by, the inner sanctuaries of a writer's heart.

HERBERT B. GARROD.

The War of the Succession in Spain. By Colonel the Hon. Arthur Parnell. (Bell.)

THIS is a military history in the truest sense, and, though scarcely a work of a high order, is a valuable and well-informed book. The principal interest of the mighty conflict, known as the War of the Spanish Succession, centres in Germany, Italy, and the Low Countries ; and the eye of the student of the time turns to the campaigns of Marlborough, Eugene, and Villars, to Blenheim, Turin, Denain, and Malplaquet. Yet Spain itself was the scene of a contest on which Englishmen might especially dwell ; for it foreshadowed the Peninsular War of this century ; it illustrated, in a remarkable way, what, in a great European struggle, England can achieve as a maritime power, and it bestowed on the nation a glorious possession, of supreme importance until a few years ago, and even now of the very highest value. The fame of Ramillies has been eclipsed by Waterloo ; and the poet may have been right in saying that Blenheim is now known only "as a great victory," though that memorable spot marks the farthest limit of the advance of a British army in the wars of the continent. But the Rock of Gibraltar, won in 1704, still bears on its heights the standard of St. George. The repeated efforts of two great monarchies have failed to reconquer the famous prize ; and the mistress of the seas still retains a citadel which, even now, commands the Mediterranean portals, and forms an outpost of her distant empire in the East.

One cause, doubtless, of the comparative neglect shown by Englishmen towards this phase of the contest is that we do not possess a good history of it. Lord Stanhope's book is a poor performance, composed largely from unsound data ; Mr. Wyon passes lightly over the war in Spain ; and there is no remarkable contemporaneous account except a part of the memoirs of Berwick. In this dearth of information Col. Parnell has tried to reconstruct this chapter of events ; and, if his work is not of transcendent merit, it deserves high praise from an impartial critic. The industry

of the author is truly admirable. He has exhausted all available sources of knowledge ; and he has collected an enormous store of materials from the archives of continental states, and from all kinds of records of the eighteenth century. We have seldom read so conscientious a work ; and, though not without faults of method and judgment, this history of the War of the Succession in Spain is infinitely the best military description of it to be found in any of the tongues of Europe. Col. Parnell has brought into clear relief parts of the contest before unnoticed ; he has thrown fresh light on its better-known passages ; and he has woven his copious store of facts into a work which, if not free from defects, has the great merits of research and freshness. His judgments, too, upon men and things are, for the most part, impartial and true ; and he has, we think, completely exploded the undeserved estimate made of Peterborough and Rooke, while he has done justice to the military skill and heroism of the great Huguenot, Galway. On the other hand, he has failed to combine his narrative into a dramatic whole. It is too much a series of detached scenes ; and we cannot agree with his judgment on Berwick—a really great chief, whose remarkable exploits he endeavours throughout the book to depreciate.

The War of the Succession in Spain presents three widely distinct phases. The interest of the contest in the first of these mainly centres in events on the seaboard ; and the failure at Cadiz, the triumph of Vigo, and the surprise and the defence of Gibraltar, are the principal scenes of the stirring drama. The second passage chiefly consists of the advance of Galway into the heart of Spain, and the temporary success of the Austrian cause ; and, whatever Col. Parnell may say, Almanza, won by the skill of Berwick, threw a decisive weight into the scale of fortune. In the third phase, Philip V. regains authority that had appeared lost ; and the arms of the Bourbons, owing more to the triumphs of Villars in distant lands than to the ability, great as it was, of Vendôme, completely reconquered the Spanish monarchy. We cannot follow Col. Parnell through the vicissitudes of this varying conflict ; but we shall attempt to point out the truths it teaches clearly indicated in his thoughtful narrative. In this, as in the Peninsular War of Wellington, the command of the sea was of the first importance ; and, though it was bravely challenged by France, it was maintained by England and her ally Holland. Owing to this immense advantage, England possessed a moveable base along the coast, was able to occupy points of vantage, to send expeditions far inland, and to draw enormous supplies from home ; and, while the French armies were weakened and wasted by long marches through a difficult country, and the French fleets proved a doubtful aid, the power of the English arms was formidable in the extreme, though our forces were always small in numbers. This superiority would have secured Cadiz but for the incapacity of the timid Rooke. It made victory at Vigo certain ; it gave us Gibraltar, and baffled the attempts of a great army to retake the fortress ; and it compelled Tessé to draw off from Barcelona at a critical moment, when the sails of Leake

were desecrated on the waters. On the other hand, the inferiority of the French at sea, though they struggled hard to redress the balance, was evidently attended with disastrous results ; and, had Tessé been successful at Velez Malaga, Gibraltar would have assuredly fallen.

As a specimen of Col. Parnell's narrative, we transcribe his picturesque account of the appearance of the fleets before this memorable fight :

"At ten o'clock, almost motionless on the rippling waters, lay a semi-circle of wooden castles, with the iron muzzles of their guns peering from their numerous port-holes, and at their lofty mastheads in relief against the sky the white ensigns and golden lilies of the Bourbons. Slowly approaching them in a line of echelon was an equal number of gallant warships, displaying the red cross of St. George. Leading them on the right was a fine three-decker, carrying at the fore the blue flag of Sir John Leake, who was destined to have the honour of opening the engagement. Not far distant at his left rear was the *Barfleur*, bearing at the main the broad white pennant of Sir Cloudesley Shovel. No sound was heard until Leake's ship was brought to within pistol shot of Villette's. Then the two fleets began their deadly struggle, and the air was rent with the thunder of their guns."

A country, however, of the extent of Spain was never conquered by mere coast attacks, and this is well illustrated in the work before us. Two great invasions were required to subdue the Peninsula and to transfer its crown ; and these are described at length by the author. Col. Parnell, though somewhat too vehement in his language, has very clearly shown that Peterborough was a worthless chief ; and that Ruigny, better known as Galway, was the real hero of the advance from Portugal, which brought the archduke victoriously to Madrid. From some reason, however, that we cannot understand, he is thoroughly hostile and unjust to Berwick. The alleged timidity of that renowned soldier, in the campaigns of 1706-7, was obviously due to the fallen fortunes of Louis XIV. at this conjuncture, to the necessity of husbanding the only army which upheld the cause of Philip V., and to the distance of Berwick from his base in France ; and it is ridiculous to asperse the memory of a not unworthy successor of Turenne in the glorious traditions of the French Army. Col. Parnell, too, has slurred over Almanza, as decisive a victory as that of Blenheim ; he has not indicated that the results of the day were due to a charge directed by Berwick, not unlike that ordered by his kinsman at Blenheim ; and, whatever he may say, Almanza proved the turning-point of the contest in Spain. The battle restored the power of France in the East. From that moment the cause of the archduke went on in a course of rapid decline ; and though many fortresses bravely held out, the throne of Philip V. was practically assured. The invasion afterwards conducted by Vendôme merely confirmed a conquest already certain ; and though Villa Viciosa was nearly a drawn battle, it consummated a triumph no longer doubtful. Vendôme, in our judgment, though a very able man, in the intervals of a life of debauchery, was, upon the whole, inferior to Berwick ; and we cannot comprehend how Col. Parnell shows

such animosity to the Marshal of France—an Englishman of the great Churchill breed—unless it be, perhaps, that Berwick displayed more than once contempt for the craft of the engineer, Col. Parnell's statue in the British service. For the rest, Col. Parnell describes very well—though in a somewhat dry and technical way—the remarkable sieges of the war in Spain. Unlike those in the Low Countries, they were characterised by the stubborn constancy ever shown in defence by the Spanish race, and they form an interesting episode in this work. His book, we have said, deserves high praise, though we have pointed out some defects and shortcomings.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

Shakespeare, and other Lectures. By George Dawson. Edited by George St. Clair. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.)

THIS second, and probably final, collection of George Dawson's lectures will be welcome to a large class of readers—a class comprising those older men and women who remember the spoken utterances, and many members of a younger generation who knew not Dawson in the flesh, but who have been attracted to him by the report of their seniors or by making personal acquaintance with his posthumous works. I have no authority for the words "probably final" in the preceding sentence; but I have been led to use them by observing that Mr. St. Clair has not merely reaped his field, but has apparently gleaned it also. Personally, I make no complaint of the inclusiveness of the editor's labours, for while my admiration of Dawson is not, I hope, indiscriminating, it is enthusiastic enough to induce an interest in all Dawson's sayings; but the general reader will perhaps feel that some of the lectures and addresses in this volume are too slight in substance or too obviously extempore in expression to be worthy of the permanence here conferred upon them. In their original form as spoken they may have been—probably were—quite worthy; but what we have here are mere reprints of newspapers, and who does not know the fiendish facility with which the newspaper reporter can so "condense" the material with which he deals as to make it seem utterly undeserving of the labour of condensation? True, these palpably and irritatingly inadequate reports are not numerous, but it is unfortunate that the majority of them are to be found among the discourses dealing with Shaksperian topics; and as George Dawson had that vital comprehension of Shakspeare which comes of a large enjoyment one cannot help feeling specially regretful for the mischance which has consigned to oblivion all but the mere skeleton of such discourses as those on "Romeo and Juliet" and on the Sonnets, which in their present form cannot be said to be of much value. I would not overrate or praise in the wrong way even those lectures upon Shakspeare which have been reported with the greatest fullness. The introduction into discourses intended for a popular audience of the subtleties of esoteric criticism would have been an impertinence, and such criticism lay outside of George Dawson's range. He was not so much a critic—in the sense in which most people understand the word—as

a guide, an expositor for those who need guidance and exposition; and his power lay in his shrewd penetrating common sense, which was saved from the prosaic hardness and blindness of much that is called common sense by rare gifts of imagination and humour. Drawn by a natural wholesomeness of taste to that in literature which is permanently valuable, he inspired his hearers with a strong desire to enjoy what he enjoyed: to listen to him was to be initiated into the art of enjoyment; and it is a significant fact that the first Shakspeare library in England was established in that midland town where Dawson's influence was most powerful. Separate expressions of opinion in these lectures may fail altogether to win the assent of the most competent judges. To mention a trifle by way of illustration, Dawson sanctions Mr. C. Armitage Brown's extraordinary punctuation of Shakspeare's sonnet beginning

"The expense of spirit in a waste of shame,"

which, by the introduction of a semicolon at the end of the second line, entirely destroys the obvious meaning of the poem. Things of this kind are, however, of small account, for George Dawson was an inspirer and a stimulator rather than a mere propounder of opinions; and, unlike the utterances of many men who are speakers rather than writers, his words lose astonishingly little of their peculiar quality when deprived of their accompaniments of voice, expression, and gesture. To say more would only be to repeat what I said of the former collection of lectures (ACADEMY, February 13, 1886). The two volumes are a treasury of homely wit, and of wisdom which is not the less wise for being expressed in the language of the marketplace.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

Manual of Biblical Archaeology. By C. F. Keil. Translated from the German (chiefly) by the Rev. Peter Christie. Edited by the Rev. Frederick Crombie. Vol. I. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.)

THERE are orthodox Germans as there are Conservative working-men, and Dr. Keil is one of these. His adherence to the traditional theology would satisfy even Mr. Spurgeon. For him, every statement handed down to us in the extant remains of ancient Hebrew literature is literally true. The extent to which we share Dr. Keil's opinions in this respect cannot but affect our estimate of him as an authority on Biblical archaeology. A treatise on Roman antiquities which should assume the historical accuracy of every statement in Livy's first decade would be valueless to the disciple of Lewis or Mommsen. Dr. Crombie does, indeed, assure us that this "must long remain the standard treatise in a scientific form on biblical archaeology, irrespective altogether of Dr. Keil's views on the dates and origin of the books of the Bible." But here he has against him the authority of Dr. Keil himself, who warns us at the very outset that the science which he professes to teach is based on "a belief in the reality of the biblical revelation," and expressly repudiates the standpoint of such critics as Ewald, Reuss, Graf, and Wellhausen (p. 5).

It is indeed obvious that if the Levitical code was first drawn up in the time of Ezra,

it cannot have the same significance for an archaeologist as if it were the work of Moses. If we believe that the tabernacle never existed except in the imagination of the later priests, we shall be apt to grow rather impatient over a long disquisition concerning the exact number of oxen required to drag it through the wilderness (p. 160), which, by the way, quite unintentionally throws still further discredit on the narrative it strives to elucidate. Nor shall we be much edified at hearing that the oblong shape of the tabernacle was meant to prefigure the advent of a more perfect dispensation (p. 128). Much of Dr. Keil's space is devoted to such displays of what must, on any theory, be regarded as rather futile ingenuity. Thus it is explained that the altar of burnt offering was constructed of earth and unhewn stones

"with a view to indicate that the earth forms the real (material) ground on which the kingdom of God had to develop itself here below, and that in this altar the earth was to be regarded as being raised from the ruin into which it had fallen in consequence of man's sin, and once more restored to God through the power of His grace. This lifting up of the earth into the kingdom of God was further indicated by the fact that the stamp of the kingdom of God was impressed upon the altar in the quadrangular shape of its enclosure, which, besides, was made of wood and brass (copper), the latter being of the colour of the earth, and having something of the nature of the earth about it" (pp. 140-141).

This, however, is almost reasonable compared with the theory of Kurtz, who holds that,

"it is just earth and stone in this state that best represent the curse which in this their natural condition is supposed to rest upon them. Now man, with all his skill and all his industry, has been unable to free them from this curse. He is, therefore, commanded to abstain from his chiselling and dressing of them altogether. With all his efforts he need never hope to be able to sanctify the altar that has been made from the accursed earth" (quoted by Keil, p. 141).

It is quite natural that writers of this school should try to extract all sorts of symbolical and typical meanings from the prescriptions of the Levitical law; that, being debarred from using the new method of historical criticism, they should fall back on the old method of mystical interpretation. Unfortunately their exegesis finds no support in the Old Testament, and very little in the New. One might suppose that the prophets would have felt called on above all other men to set forth at large the spiritual lessons embodied in the public worship of Israel, had such lessons really existed. Yet such an application has no place in their teaching; and Dr. Keil's references to them in this connexion (p. 344) are as far as possible from proving his contention. The whole theory is, in fact, founded on the Epistle to the Hebrews, and stands or falls with its infallibility. Theologians cannot tell us when or by whom that epistle was written, but they have ascertained by their own peculiar methods that it was supernaturally inspired. Nevertheless they must admit that the anonymous author was permitted to use a faulty translation of the Old Testament, to misquote the Pentateuch (Keil, p. 359), and to base an important argument on an utter misunderstanding of the term *δαθήκη*. Yet, perhaps,

it would have staggered even him to find the separation between the fat and the lean in certain sacrifices made symbolical of "that separation between the old and the new man which is brought about in the life of the justified" by the Holy Spirit (p. 303).

The English of Dr. Keil's translator is frequently awkward and sometimes ungrammatical. One does not expect idiomatic elegance in a work of this kind; but Mr. Christie and Dr. Crombie might between them have known that a German *Meile* is not the same as an English mile, and thus avoided the absurdity of making the Dead Sea only thirteen miles distant from the Lake of Genesaret—a pleasant morning's walk.

ALFRED W. BENN.

NEW NOVELS.

Herr Paulus. By Walter Besant. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

The Blacksmith of Voe. By Paul Cushing. In 3 vols. (Blackwood.)

The Chequers. By James Runciman. (Ward & Downey.)

The Bohemians of the Latin Quarter. By Henri Murger. (Vizetelly.)

In Glenoran. By M. B. Fife. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.)

A Lombard Street Mystery. By Muirhead Robertson. (Bartholomew.)

A Burmese Maid. By the Author of "Reginald Vernon." (Tribner.)

MR. BESANT'S new novel is a story of the rise, the greatness, and the fall of a gentleman with a mission. That mission is his own glorification as the prophet of a new faith, or rather as the herald of a new development in spiritual life and knowledge, though to unprejudiced eyes he is nothing more than an exceptionally skilful mesmerist, ventriloquist, and conjuror. There is a certain amount of originality in the fundamental conception of the book, which is the evolution of a badly balanced nature, afflicted with an irresistible itch for notoriety—a species of mania exceedingly common in real life, but by no means overworked as a guiding motive by novelists. The hero—Herr Paulus as he calls himself, though his real name is Ziphion B. Trinder—suddenly appears in the midst of the "spiritualistic circles" of London, and is hailed as a prophet worthy of all acceptance. The young man is not dishonest in any pecuniary sense; he is fraudulent only in his claim to supernatural powers. His beauty, refined manners, and general winsomeness, fascinate most people with whom he comes in contact, even when they are incredulous as to his pretensions; and particularly among women his ascendancy is of swift growth. Very early in his career as prophet-guest in the house of the noted spiritualist leader, Mr. Cyrus Brudenel, he is discovered by the lover of that wealthy gentleman's daughter, Mr. Tom Langston, to have been deceitful as to his nationality. For though Tom Langston has no idea that the mystic who is the promised exponent of what lies "behind the veil"—the deputy of the occult Abyssinian Brotherhood, who are the depositaries of the supreme wisdom of the ages—is no other than the ambitious son of a Yankee store-keeper, he has not failed to

detect that "Herr Paulus" occasionally speaks with an accent impossible to anyone not bred to transatlantic English. Later on Tom discovers more serious discrepancies between assertion and fact, though the fall of Herr Paulus is brought about more by inevitable causes than by the action of any suspicious individual. Among other successes of the young man is the conquest of the heart of a beautiful girl named Hetty Medlock, the daughter of a once famous medium. Miss Medlock detests spiritualism, mainly from her own bitter experiences of the degradation of its seamy side, and so her love for Herr Paulus is in spite of, rather than in any way fostered by, his miraculous powers. When disgrace is imminent, when the prophet is left of his greatness, when Herr Paulus has subsided into the shamed, repentant, and downcast Ziphion B. Trinder, Hetty Medlock (the only exceptionally fine character in the story) proves the power of unreasoning love; she not only throws in her lot with her unworthy lover, but believes in him still, not as a gifted being but as a man capable of honest work-a-day endeavour and reputable life. Mr. Besant could hardly write a story that was not interesting; but I admit that I find *Herr Paulus* the dullest, or, it would be fairer to say, the least engrossing of all his tales. It reads like a satire upon certain phases of credulity cast into the form of fiction, not as a novel wherein these phases are incidentally derided. In a word, it is as if Mr. Besant had felt "a call" to denounce spiritualism, esoteric Buddhism, and all allied "isms," and had proceeded to act up to this call by writing a perfunctory romance on the subject. But, in addition to this fundamental weakness, the novel has another obvious flaw, which will be fatal to it with many readers, though possibly imperceptible to others: this is, that Mr. Besant not only fails to substantiate his case, but weakens it by making Herr Paulus accomplish certain acts entirely outside of trickery or deception, in view of which the foolish persons would be those who laughed at the manifestations, and not those who, whether too easily credulous or not, eagerly examined them. No man could exercise the subtle powers, hypnotic or whatever they be, such as Herr Paulus occasionally displayed through genuine faculty as distinct from acquired art and practised trickery, without reaching a position which would demand earnest attention from any thoughtful man. There is no phase of human belief that is wholly ridiculous; and it is this curious imperceptiveness to anything save broad facts that has again (for it is a characteristic feature of Mr. Besant as a novelist) led the author of *Herr Paulus* to stultify the full force of his satire. Moreover, it is open to doubt if he has not made a mistake in so strongly enlisting the sympathies of readers in Herr Paulus when his aim has simply been to throw discredit upon all who believe in anything beyond the common grooves of knowledge. To the reader the result is apt to be as if he were perusing a prolonged series of contradictions in terms. Although the novelist who would deal with such a story as that of Herr Paulus could not lay claim to absolute originality, there would be ample scope for one of subtler discriminative faculty than Mr. Besant to write an enthralling

romance. Those who have read *Elsie Venner*, or Mr. Howells's *The Undiscovered Country*, or Mr. Browning's "Sludge the Medium," are not likely to desire any new insight into the ways of spiritualists; but neither Dr. O. W. Holmes, nor Mr. Howells, nor the author of *Fools of Nature*—a book to which *Herr Paulus* is closely akin—would have betrayed any confusion between mesmerism (a word, by the by, which savants no longer use save in the licence of conversation) as an irrefutable natural process and as the subterfuge of tricksters. Mr. Besant's talent is of so robust a nature, so genial and kindly and generally sunshiny, that those who admire his writings cannot but regret his desertion of a field where his place is undisputed for the barren waste of controversial fiction.

Mr. Paul Cushing is nothing if not original, in diction and nomenclature as well as in subject and treatment. In his preceding romance, *Dr. Caesar Crowl: Mind-Curer*, there was enough to startle the ordinary novel-reader accustomed to the proprieties of fiction; but in the *Blacksmith of Voe* the author surpasses his former eccentricities. Strange names are those we meet with: Dame Cowlishaw, Miller Duckmanton, Nathan Wass, Ann Ende, Balthasar and Janoca Phythian, Violet Chalk, Christopher Kneebone alias Abel Boden, and so forth. And Voe itself is a strange village, and the Voese a strange folk, though they be worthy yeomanry and peasantry of the hill-districts of Derbyshire. As a novel *The Blacksmith of Voe* is a distinct advance upon either *Misogyny and the Maiden* or *Dr. Caesar Crowl*—it is, in fact, a thoroughly interesting and wholesome story, without a dull page, and is, moreover, the means of introduction to several very pleasant people. The hero is worthy of that much-abused designation, and acts like a high-natured man from the time of his quarrel with his sullen brother, Luke Boden, to his advent, twenty years after the tragic event narrated in the prologue, as Christopher Kneebone, the blacksmith (and "unknown millionaire") of Voe. The love episodes are delightful; and, at the end, the reader must not only be pleased at the good fortune that comes to the two Abels and to Janoca and Ruth, but must also wish that his or her lot might be cast in renovated Voe, with its many improvements and its Memorial Hall, after the fashion of Mr. Besant's People's Palace. Entertaining, and very frequently brilliant, as is Mr. Cushing's quaint style it is occasionally strained to excess; and one wonders not so much at its cleverness as at its obvious manipulation for effect and even its dire obscurity. If an understanding of the following sentence, for example, be any test of mental calibre the present writer must admit the possession of "the stony heart of central stupidity."

"Grim, too, is the reflection that below the wafer of rationality are the seething *magna*, the twin pulps of fiery madness, enclosing the stony heart of central stupidity. Sparks of madness and particles of stupidity would have been seen in great streams and clouds if one-half the ideas suggested by Janoca's act had been visibly embodied in fire and rock."

Still this and more (and more there is) can be forgiven to the creator of Abel Boden alias Christopher Kneebone alias "Job Else &

Co.," and of that delightful Phythian couple, Brother Balthasar and Sister Janoca.

The Chequers purports to be the natural history of a public-house, as set forth in a loafer's diary. It is, as a matter of fact, a record of ruined lives. Of the baker's dozen of narratives here brought together there is not one that as a story is not deeply interesting. But *The Chequers* is something more than a collection of temperance tales. The trail of the teetotal stump-orator is nowhere visible, nor is there any hint of that debauchery of sickly sentimentalism in which so many temperance advocates delight. There is not a page of Mr. Runciman's book that is not only in dead earnest but intensely true to life; hence it is one of the most impressive volumes of its class which have been published. Like the Billy Devine of one of his stories, Mr. Runciman, in a different way, illustrates a sordid chapter of England's history, and wishes such illustration had been impossible. The terrible world he draws is impressive, because one feels that nothing is overdone, that the chronicle is true in fact as well as honestly set forth—a world of sordid misery so appalling that it is impossible not to agree with him that "the popular conception of hell is quite barren and poor compared with the howling reality." *The Chequers* is, in a word, a thoroughly manly book in every respect, and preaches a more forceful and exigent message than a whole library of ordinary temperance tractates. In the story called "Jim Billings" there is a fine tribute to the now well-known sea mission and the quite unknown sea missionaries, a passage from which I may quote as not only admirably just but as affording an index to the straightforward honesty of the writer:

"Some blathering parsons say that this blessed mission is teaching men to talk cant and Puritanism. Speaking as a very cynical loafer, I can only say that if Puritanism turns fishing fleets and fishing towns from being hells on earth into being decent places; if Puritanism heals the sick, comforts the sufferers, carries joy and refinement and culture into places that were once homes of horror, and renders the police force almost a superfluity in two great towns—then I think we can put up with Puritanism."

What a contrast between *The Chequers* and the translation of Henri Murger's famous masterpiece, *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*! It is like passing from a conventicle in some Northern manufacturing town to the gay *corso* of a Mediterranean health resort in time of carnival. The romance of the strange vicissitudes of Rodolphe and Mimi, and all their motley company of friends in the old Quartier-Latin, is by no means wholly or even greatly fictitious; the incidents are mainly actual records, and the personages but thinly disguised. Murger himself was Rodolphe, and experienced some of the extraordinary ups and downs in the career of that typical Bohemian. So the reader may learn from the preliminary account of Henri Murger and his associates, which adds considerably to the value and interest of this exceptionally well-translated version of the *Scènes de la Vie de Bohème*. The story is full of laughter-provoking episodes, and there is no lack of pathos for those who can see beneath the surface of wild heedlessness. But Bohe-

mianism such as described is now a thing of the past. The Bohemian spirit is not vanished, nor are the eccentricities and aberrations of youthful men of talent merely fictitious; but the true Bohemian life, distinct as that is from mere looseness of manners and habits, combined with paucity of cash, now exists only in the imagination of the romancist.

In *Glenoran* is a pleasant, but sedate, story of Scottish country life. The writer seems to have modelled herself—I think I am right in using the feminine pronoun—upon the popular author of *Carlourie* and *Aldersyde*; at any rate it is easy to imagine Annie Swan's having written this tale as a piece of 'prentice-work. Miss Fife has a quick eye for what is essential whenever she attempts to render local colour; and her affection for the place and people whom she describes is unmistakably of the heart, and not merely of the pen. Love runs its usual devious course throughout this tale; but, in the end, the difficult ways become easy, and the chief personages have their heart's desires. If the author may be considered to have any underlying purpose, it is to draw attention to the unjust and grossly selfish usurpation of the crofters' and small farmers' fields by the owners or creators of deer-forests. But it will need a very different book than *Glenoran* and a much stronger pleader than its writer to bring any measure of conviction to those who look upon the sheep-farmer and hereditary crofter as of no account against their lust of depopulated soil.

A Lombard Street Mystery is certainly not without some originality, but it is the originality of *naïveté* and inexperience, not of literary skill and understanding. The plot and its development are alike old-fashioned, and the probabilities are violated in a manner that almost recalls the sophistication as to fact displayed by Victor Hugo in *L'Homme qui rit*. In style the author has much to learn. Passages such as the following read like echoes from a time that is no more:

"He had been accustomed to regard the sex in general with prejudiced eyes, placing to their credit an unfair proportion of the artificial and superficial phases of life. Too apt to take for granted that a gay and sprightly temperament and love of external display were sure indications of shallow, aimless minds and inconstant, insipid hearts, he had come to the conclusion that nine-tenths of womankind were only intended to be the charming and expensive playthings of his own sex. A far too common error among his sex!"

The short story called *A Burmese Maid*, issued in the guise of the ubiquitous shilling-shocker, is sub-titled "A Tale of Pathos and Incident." Notwithstanding the comparatively recent obtrusion of Burmah upon the attention of the British public, there have already been two or three excellent stories dealing with life and incident in the Land of the Golden Umbrella, notably Mr. George Manville Fenn's exciting tale *One Maid's Mischievous*; so the author of *A Burmese Maid* is not exactly first in the field. On the other hand, his story is not cast at the present time, but just before the second Anglo-Burmese war, about the middle of this century. Broadly speaking, it consists of an account of the captivity of an English officer named Dick Alister, of the ministra-

tions and love for him of a fair Burmese known as Mah Shway, of the triumph of the British arms and consequent escape of Alister, and of the somewhat unromantic but very sensible conclusion to Mah Shway's young dream. There is something rather comical in the way in which that damsel accepts the marriage offer of her Talaing lover. Having explained to him that she loves another, she is taken aback by the news that Alister neither could nor would marry her; whereupon she is "actuated" by "an electric impulse," and throws her arms around the philosophical Bo Kwet in a rapture of passionate affection. The tale ends with this touching "union of two souls," though the author, as well as Bo Kwet, seem oblivious to the fact that the shrewd Mah Shway gladly accepts the Talaing as king when the ace has disappeared from the pack.

WILLIAM SHARP.

SOME BOOKS ABOUT THE COLONIES.

Incuadi Yami; or Twenty Years' Personal Experience in South Africa. By J. W. Matthews. (Sampson Low.) Dr. Matthews has had a long and varied experience of South Africa, having practised as a medical man first in Natal and then in the diamond fields for over twenty years. He represented Kimberley in the Cape House of Assembly, and was at one time vice-president of the Legislative Council of South Africa. His book would have been better for some pruning, and he certainly does not sufficiently consider how much we have already heard and read of South African questions great and small. Readers may be inclined to grumble at having it all over again; but, at least, it comes from one who, in spite of having taken a part in Cape politics, has preserved a fair mind, and is temperate and unprejudiced in his judgments. His sympathies are with the natives, whether their oppressors be English or Boers. He says, indeed, that the subject of the Zulu war has been worn threadbare by each party, yet he cannot resist giving his own views; and we must say that, with regard to Sir Bartle Frere, the war, and Sir Garnet Wolseley's settlement, they are sound enough. Dr. Matthews visited the scenes of the Boer war, and conversed with men who took part in it, and his account, as far as it goes, tallies with Mr. Carters. A large part of the book consists of a very full account of Kimberley and the diamond fields. The trade in diamonds is regulated by a whole code of laws, and many are the ingenious shifts to which the illicit traders resort to get the stones bought from thieves out of the country. The heels of boots are made hollow, the tails of oxen and wings of fowls are made use of, and carrier pigeons, instead of messages, convey valuable diamonds to the neighbouring states. The dishonest traders are themselves occasionally the victims of cheats still more acute, and find what they thought a cheap diamond a very expensive piece of glass. Dr. Matthews pronounces intemperance to be, though not now to such an extent as at first, the curse of the diamond fields. He is confident that seventy per cent. of the cases he treated during an extensive medical practice of fifteen years could be traced directly or indirectly to excessive indulgence in alcohol; while the name is legion of the natives who have been poisoned by the vile preparations passing under the name of brandy. He writes with deep veneration of Bishop Colenso, and remarks on the power and vitality of his preaching. Of the Roman Catholic missionaries he also speaks highly. They abstain entirely from politics, and are, in that respect, favourably distinguished from the Protestants. Those who already know some-

thing, but not too much, of South Africa will find Dr. Matthews's recollections instructive and amusing.

Digging, Squatting, and Pioneering Life in the Northern Territory of South Australia. By Mrs. Dominic D. Daly. (Sampson Low.) The writer of this pleasant book has seen more than most people of Australian life. She was brought up at Adelaide; and, when her father was appointed Government Resident of the Northern Territory of South Australia in 1870, she accompanied him to Port Darwin, the first permanent settlement in the tropical portion of South Australia. She gives an excellent account of the scenery and of the manner of life in the infant settlement. So remote was it from the outer world that the whole Franco-Prussian war had been fought, and the deadly struggle over, before it was known at Port Darwin that there was any prospect of war at all. Mrs. Daly has some thrilling stories of voracious alligators; but abundant as snakes were, their only victim was a pet dog. She returned to Adelaide to be married, and the young couple settled in Narracoorte, 300 miles from the capital. Young and active, they thought nothing of a sixty miles drive in order to go to a dance; but in this they were not singular, for they frequently met others who had come, either on horseback or in buggies, over a hundred miles for the same purpose. The discovery of gold in the Northern Territory took the Dalys back to Port Darwin, now in regular communication with Adelaide by means of the overland telegraph. The diggings were not a success. Gold there certainly was; but it was too far inland, and cost too much to raise. The climate also would not permit the same hard work that could be endured in the more temperate parts of Australia. With regard to the future of the tropical part of South Australia, Mrs. Daly writes:

"There is no doubt that one day we shall see Malay villages, or Kampongs, all along these wild northern shores. The race has spread all over the Eastern Archipelago, and their language is the lingua franca of the East. One cannot believe in any great success being attained in colonising tropical Australia until it has become the home of the Chinese and Malay races, and not a mere dépôt where labour can be engaged for a time. When the entire coast-line becomes a sea of waving palms, with Chinese and Malay villages fringing the shores, which are at present mere barren wastes of mangroves, with plantations of pepper, of gambier, and of tobacco and rice, the Northern Territory, backed by the unswerving energy of the Australasian squatter, miner, and planter, will present a spectacle almost unknown in the scheme of British colonisation."

Near and Far: an Angler's Sketches of Home Sport and Colonial Life. By W. Senior. (Sampson Low.) Most of these sketches have already seen the day in different papers and magazines, and certainly there is nothing in the first part of the book—the accounts of angling in English waters—to have made it worth while to reprint them. They are verbose, and throw no fresh light whatever upon angling, whether fish or the modes of catching them be considered. Commendable enough as padding, they make a poor show now when rustling as cloth of gold; and book-buyers may well resent old essays on fishing being offered them, especially from one who can write as sensibly as Mr. Senior. Such papers as "A Grayling Expedition" and "The Mill Pool" are specimens of a style of writing on sporting matters common enough in every periodical devoted to outdoor sports. With the many books already lying heavy on the world, it seems a pity to add another having so few distinctive merits of its own. It is different with the second part of this book. This records a good many pleasant aspects of

life and sport at the Antipodes. Mr. Senior has travelled in Australia, and here reproduces its scenery, bird-life, and farming in several well-written papers. There are three good chapters on wild horse hunting, 'possum shooting, and that singular product of Moreton Bay, the dugong. Supposing, what we fear is the case, that all these wild creatures have diminished in numbers considerably since the author's visit to Queensland, it is useful to have the methods used in taking them in the days of their abundance put upon record. There is more fishing, too, and a couple of chapters, not devoid both of amusement and information, on "camping-out" and "kangaroos." An account might have been added with advantage of the rabbits which have recently become the scourge of some parts of Australia, demanding even the skill of M. Pasteur for their extermination. Life at a Queensland farm carrying 7000 head of cattle is a paper which might be put into the hands of an intending emigrant to show him what Australia was in its palmy days. The prospects of farming there at present do not look quite so rosy. There are many descriptive passages on the timber and scenery of the country which, at all events, still hold good; and, altogether, Mr. Senior has thrown power and good writing into the second part of *Near and Far*. More of his colonial experiences brought up to date would be welcomed by a large circle of friends who only know the genial author by his *nom de guerre*, "Red Spinner"; and the man who sits in the editorial chair vacated by Mr. F. Francis should have many striking narratives to tell of English fishing.

Antipodean Notes, collected on a Nine Months' Tour round the World by Wanderer. (Sampson Low.) "Wanderer's" notes are pithy and pleasant. He begins with Adelaide, Melbourne, and Hobart Town, but the larger portion of his book relates to New Zealand. He tells us that he had more and better opportunities of studying the practical, commercial, and social aspects of that colony than are obtainable by the majority of "globe-trotters"; and his stay in the middle island was sufficiently long for him to strengthen or correct views taken on first landing. The author makes a good case against the severe remarks often passed on "globe-trotters'" books. Superficial in some sense they must needs be, but not necessarily incorrect, and the value of first impressions is apt to be underrated. They are generally more vivid than later ones, and a person just arrived from England will probably be able to convey to his readers a far more lifelike picture of the Australian bush than one who has spent years in it. The latter will have forgotten the effect which it originally produced on his mind and habit will have made him familiar with what was once startling and strange. That this is so "Wanderer" testifies from his own observation. More than once he mentioned the strangeness of certain views, and the weird impression produced on him by the trees and shrubs of the New Zealand bush, and called his companion's attention to the striking difference between antipodean forests and those of his own country. In every case, if the companion was an old colonist, the truth of the remark was doubted, or acquiesced in without enthusiasm; if, on the other hand, he was a "new chum," it nearly always happened that he had made the same observation himself, or anticipated the author in making it. But, after all, much more depends on the powers of the writer than on the length of time he spends in the country he describes. "Wanderer," however, while defending "globe-trotters" in general, is severe on *Oceana*. Mr. Froude, he asserts, was made too much of to see things in their true colours. A man, he thinks, cannot help taking

a more favourable view of a place if he contemplates it after an excellent dinner, reposing on the soft cushions of a well-horsed carriage, than if he visits it on foot, hot, tired, and thirsty, with very poor hotel accommodation to fall back on, and no great friend's home to go to. We may ask, is the poor man necessarily right? May he not err in the opposite direction? "Wanderer" himself holds an even balance, and, so far as we are able to judge, paints things in their true colours.

Auretanga; Groans of the Maoris. Edited by G. W. Rusden. (Ridgway.) In this stout pamphlet Mr. Rusden pleads, with much knowledge and ability, the cause of the Maoris against their oppressors. Out of a great number of instances of oppression and wrong he singles out, and especially dwells on, the story of the reserve at Dunedin, and the sack of Parihaka, with the persecution of Te Whiti. Have the Maoris, then, no friends? Not at all—almost every Secretary of State for the Colonies, with the exception of Lord Kimberley, has been on the side of justice, and has endeavoured to uphold treaties which the Colonists upset as soon as they find it inconvenient to abide by them. Men of the first position and influence, chief justices, such as Sir W. Martin, bishops, like Selwyn, governors, like Sir Arthur Gordon, have striven, and striven earnestly, against oppression and robbery. The press has not been entirely on the side of land-grabbers. There are societies which make it their business to befriend the aborigines, yet there is hardly an instance in which the wrong-doers in New Zealand have not gained the day. Such is the power of greed and covetousness! Mr. Rusden justly observes that exposure of past wrongs may be a warning to those who may be tempted to sin hereafter. May this be one effect, at least, of his present publication! We are not sure that it is in the form most likely to attract readers, and the matter, in truth, is painful enough, yet we trust no one into whose hands it may come will put it aside on that account.

Lights and Shadows of Melbourne Life. By John Freeman. (Sampson Low.) Mr. Freeman states in his preface that some of the papers of which his book is composed have already appeared in the *Melbourne Daily Journal*. All of them, however, bear the marks of having been written for newspapers, and we have seldom met with an instance in which the republication of fugitive pieces was less defensible; nor can we for a moment agree with him that what is worth reading once may in all cases be read with profit twice. We will not go so far as to say that his papers were not worth reading in the journals in which they first appeared. They are sufficiently smart to have secured for them a place in the columns of a newspaper, and readers while there; but we can find nothing in them to warrant their reproduction in a permanent form. Mr. Freeman deals principally with the shadows of Melbourne life, and we learn from his book that there is no less misery and squalor in Melbourne than in the cities of the old world.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE first volume of Prof. Schipper's *Englische Metrik: a History of English Rhythms*, will be published in a fortnight by Strauss, of Bonn. It will treat: (1) the origin of modern English rhythms, their structure, and the relations between word accent and rhythmical accent; (2) the early English metres continued in modern verse, including the offspring of alliterative metre—doggerel; (3) the fresh metres introduced in the modern English period, blank verse from Surrey to the latest writers, imitations from classical writers, &c. Volume ii. is in the press, and will probably appear next

year. It will contain the history of the stanza and the sonnet, and other imitations from Italian and French poetry.

We learn that all the "hand-made paper" copies of the new edition of Mr. Ruskin's *Modern Painters* have already been subscribed for, though the work itself cannot be issued until October. In addition to the original five volumes, there will also be published a companion volume, containing a complete index, and a detailed bibliographical account of the different editions of the work from 1843 to 1873.

We hear that Mr. Holt Hallett, the fellow explorer with Mr. Colquhoun of the Indo-Chinese peninsula, is writing a new book, to be called *A Thousand Miles on an Elephant in the Shan States*.

MR. C. G. LELAND, together with a staff of American contributors, is engaged upon an elaborate Dictionary of American Words and Phrases, with special reference to their origin. The work will contain much folklore in the form of popular songs, proverbs, and anecdotes; and also an account of the different dialects of the Union, including Pennsylvanian Dutch, Chinook, Creole, and Gumbo.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce a new volume of sermons, by Canon Westcott, on the Atonement.

The next volume in the series of "Epochs of Church History" will be *The Arian Controversy*, by the Rev. H. M. Gwatkin, of St. John's College, Cambridge.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW will publish in the course of this summer the authentic biography of Henry Ward Beecher, written by his son and son-in-law, with the assistance of his widow, and largely based upon his diary and other autobiographical materials. The book will be profusely illustrated.

UNDER the title of *The Music of the Waters*, Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. will publish immediately a collection of the sailors' chants of all maritime nations, boatmen's, fishermen's, and rowing songs, and water legends, by Laura Alexandrine Smith.

THE June volume of the "Camelot" series (Walter Scott) will be the Autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, edited by Mr. W. H. Dircks.

MESSRS. DEAN & SON have in the press a work, entitled *England's Battles in the Peninsula*, by Mr. Roscoe Morgan.

MESSRS. TILLOTSON & SON have made arrangements for publication in English newspapers of M. Zola's forthcoming novel, *The Dream*, which they guarantee to be "a story of absolute chastity, written for girls."

No. 10 Downing Street, the official residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, is the subject of an illustrated article in the forthcoming number of the *Leisure Hour*. Miss Macirone contributes her "Recollections of the Philharmonic Society," including the times of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. "The Story of the Armada" is "told from the state papers," by Mr. W. J. Hardy, and illustrated with portraits and facsimiles.

THE *Nation*, of New York, thus begins a long review of the posthumous volumes of Thring's Addresses and School Lyrics:

"By the death of the Rev. Edward Thring, the distinguished headmaster of Uppingham School, England has lately lost the most conspicuous figure which has appeared in her school world since the time of Arnold. He is the only English schoolmaster of the present generation who can be said to have exercised a distinct influence on educational thought outside of England. His *Theory and Practice of Education*, reviewed in these

columns five years ago, has had a wide circulation in America. Though based on English experience, its vigorous dealing with the fundamental problems of education appealed to earnest thinkers everywhere, and many an American teacher would acknowledge a deep debt of gratitude to Mr. Thring's pages for stimulus and inspiration. What he preached about school work and organisation in his books, Thring tried to realise in actual fact in the great school which he created, and over which he ruled for more than thirty years. Of the scope and direction of his work at Uppingham not much has hitherto been known in America; but an article on the subject is, we understand, soon to be published by one of our foremost popular magazines, and doubtless in due time some record of his strenuous life, with its aims and accomplishments, will be given to the public."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE Royal Commission appointed "to enquire whether any, or what kind of, new university or powers is, or are, required for the advancement of higher education in London" is composed of the following: Lord Selborne; ex-Lord Chancellor Ball, of Ireland; the Hon. G. C. Brodrick, warden of Merton; Justice Hannen; Sir William Thomson, of Glasgow; Prof. Stokes, of Cambridge; and the Rev. J. C. Weldon, head master of Harrow.

PROF. ARTHUR SCHUSTER has been appointed to the Langworthy Professorship of Physics and Directorship of the Physical Laboratory at the Owens College, Manchester, in succession to the late Prof. Balfour Stewart.

MR. MADAN won a signal victory at Oxford on Tuesday, when the statute for lending books from the Bodleian to certain university institutions was rejected in Congregation by 126 votes to 37. The result is that no book or MS. can now be lent from the Bodleian under any circumstances, except by a special decree of Convocation.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE, Clark lecturer at Trinity College, will give two lectures at Cambridge this term: (1) on "Matthew Arnold"; (2) "Hints for the Study of Eighteenth-Century Literature." The latter may be regarded as an anticipation of the volume he will shortly publish on the same subject with Messrs. Macmillan, in continuation of Mr. Saintsbury's *Elizabethan Literature*.

MR. VILLIERS STANFORD, the lately appointed professor of music at Cambridge, is delivering a course of four lectures this term upon "The String Quartett, from the Early Italian School to Haydn," with examples.

DR. HICKSON will give a lecture in the museum at Oxford on Monday next upon "The Myths and Legends of Celebes," illustrated with a series of photographic views, taken during his recent visit to that remote island.

MR. PERCY GROOM, of Trinity College, has been elected to the Frank Smart studentship in botany at Cambridge. The term is for two years, and the holder must apply himself to original investigation.

CHRIST'S COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, has elected Mr. John Ball, F.R.S., best known for his scientific guide books to the Alps, as an honorary fellow.

AMONG the subjects selected for the second part of the classical tripos examination to be held in 1890 are the following: "The Argument from Language on the Authorship of the Different Parts of the Iliad"; "Existing Doric Temples"; and "The Campus Martius."

THE funds at the disposal of the trustees of the Eldon testimonial at Oxford allow of the creation (at least, for the present) of an addi-

tional scholarship, which will be awarded this summer.

THE general annual meeting of the Cambridge University Scholastic Agency, of which Prof. Lewis is hon. secretary, will be held on Tuesday next, May 15.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

MAY AT ST. MORITZ.

WHERE marble forms of ice and snow
Lay chiselled, now the waters flow,
And breath and life so warm and sweet
Are round the ancient mountains' feet.
The crocus o'er the fields will roam,
Until the golden age has come
Of glist'ning king-cups shining far
From the green earth, as many a star
From blue-black sky shall shine to-night
And quench the flowers' softer light.
Far up the hills the browsing goats
Ring tiny bells with treble notes,
And climb and play, from rocks they leap
And climb again where narrow, steep,
And rough the path leads on. What joy
To follow now the gay herd boy!
The long dark winter nights are o'er,
And cattle in their stalls no more
Need linger, in the flower-strewn grass
They ring their bells and lowing pass
With dark moist nostrils snuffing air
That fresh and cool from pastures fair
Brings tidings sweet. The foaming streams
Rush down anew, and murmur dreams
That haunt them from their winter's rest
While hushed they lay with sleep oppressed.
Ah, would that we might sometimes taste
This joy of waking life! We haste,
As goaded on by hope and fear,
Through every season of the year,
Nor pause enough to gather strength;
"Our life is all too scant a length,"
We cry; "no time to us is given
For peaceful thoughts, but onward driven
We toil for pleasure or for gain;
Nor pause, lest others should attain
The prize we seek, and thus till death
We strive. Can we take breath
And look around with calmer thought?"
Ah, fools! in winter's rest is wrought
A needful work. No life may cease,
But rather grow in that still peace,
And hidden germs enclose the power
That later opens out in flower.

B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

IN the current number of *Mind*, which, by the way, is the fiftieth issue, Mr. Shadworth Hodgson opens the series of closely reasoned articles by a new statement of his view of the conditions of a true philosophy. Mr. Hodgson has reached that stage in the development of his system of philosophy at which its method has grown perfectly clear to him; and so he sets himself to formulate it in a fuller and more exact manner than he has before attempted. The fundamental principle of this method, he tells us, is "in analysing experience to subordinate the questions of *how* anything comes, and *how* behaves, to the question *what* it is known as, what it is for us in our present knowledge of it." This principle is developed at length, and the whole field of philosophy and science mapped out by help of it. Next to this article there comes a very clear account of the "Nature and Functions of a Complete Symbolic Language" from the pen of Mrs. Bryant. Here mathematics and logic are put in their right relative position, and the extension of the symbols—first worked out in the former—to the latter explained and justified. This article would serve as an excellent introduction to the study of symbolic logic. Next to Mrs. Bryant's study we have an appreciative criticism of Dr. Martineau's ethical theory by the Rev. H.

Rashdall, whose mind seems exercised by an equal admiration for two writers so far apart as Dr. Martineau and Prof. H. Sidgwick. Lastly, we have an ingenious criticism of the Kantian position that knowledge presupposes the unity of consciousness, by Mr. A. F. Shand. But the ingredients of the number which are likely to please the popular palate must be sought not in the principal articles, but in the contents of the subordinate sections, and more particularly that devoted to discussion. Here Prof. J. Royce throws out the ingenious suggestion that many of the so-called instances of telepathy, collected by Messrs. Myers and Gurney, may be explained away as the outcome of hallucinations of memory. He starts from the well-known experience that on visiting a place for the first time we seem to have been there before. This suggested to his mind that many of the cases in which persons attest that they had premonitory apparitions announcing the death of distant relatives, and in which such "impressions" were not registered in a written form at the time, might be due to a similar illusion of memory. With this idea in his mind he proceeded to enquire in a very careful way whether there were any pathological instances of this illusion, in which the false memory manifests itself in a more daring and definite form; and at last he discovered such cases. By the help of the facts thus acquired, the writer is able to make out a plausible case for the co-operation of this source of error in the production of the stories relied upon as to the frequent occurrence of "phantasms of the living." The paper is likely to do good, if in no other way, at least in this, by suggesting that in a question of this kind, even if the greatest care has been taken to secure veracity of statement, hidden causes of self-deception may be at work, a knowledge of which would instantly destroy the evidential value of the testimony proffered.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- COUBERTIN, P. de. L'Education en Angleterre: collèges et universités. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
 CURETON, H. de. La Maison du Temple de Paris: histoire et description. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
 GRAD, Ch. Le Peuple allemand: ses forces et ses ressources. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
 HADJI-MIRZA. Ianshallah: Les Anglais jugés par un Indien. Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50 c.
 HAYARD, H. Dictionnaire de l'ameublement et de la décoration depuis le 18^e siècle jusqu'à nos jours. T. II. Paris: Quantin. 55 fr.
 KRUKENBERG, O. F. W. Die Durchforschung d. Isthmus v. Sues in chorologischer, hydrographischer u. historischer Beziehung. Heidelberg: Winter. 7 M.
 MACRI-LEONE, Fr. La Vita di Dante scritta da G. Boccaccio. Testo critico con introduzione, note e appendice. Milan: Hoepli. 10 fr.
 VARELL, le Comte Paul. La Société de Paris. 2^e Vol. Le monde politique. Paris: Nouvelle Revue. 6 fr.
 ZENKER, R. Die provenzalische Tenzone. Leipzig: Vogel. 2 M.

THEOLOGY.

- FABRE D'ENVIEU, J. Le Livre du prophète Daniel. T. I. Introduction critique. Paris: Thorin. 15 fr.

HISTORY.

- BARRIOS ARANA, D. Historia general de Chile. Tomo VIII. Santiago: Jover. 21 pes 50 c.
 BROGLIE, Le Duc de. Marie-Thérèse Impératrice, 1744-1765. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 15 fr.
 CAMPANER Y FURETAS, A. Boquejo histórico de la dominación islámica en las Islas Baleares. Madrid: Murillo. 8 pes.
 CAMPOREALE, Solerti, Luigi, Lucrezia e Leonora d'Este. Turin: Loescher. 6 fr.
 CERVALLIER, U. Répertoire des Sources historiques du moyen âge. Supplément. Paris: Lib. de la Soc. Bibliographique. 10 fr.
 CHEROUB, A. Untersuchungen über die langobardischen Könige u. Herzoge-Urkunden. Graz. 4 M.
 DE HARVALDIE, G. Memorie storiche del tre ultimi secoli del patriarcato d'Aquila. Udine: Gambiassi. 6 fr.
 MEHL, A. Die historische u. territoriale Entwicklung Krains vom 10. bis ins 18. Jahrh. Graz. 4 M.
 MEYER, M. Geschichte der preussischen Handwerkerpolitik. 2 Bd. Die Handwerkerpolitik König Friedrich Wilhelms I. (1713-1740). Minden: Bruns. 10 M.

- PLATANIA, S. Le lavasioni barbariche. Vol. I. Rome: Bocca. 5 fr.
 PORT, Célest'n. La Vendée angevine: les origines. l'insurrection. Paris: Hachette. 15 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

- KRUKENBERG, O. F. W. Wissenschaftliche Ergebnisse meiner Reise vom Stang de Barre ab. Marselle u. Triest nach Suakin u. Massana. 2 Thl. Heidelberg: Winter. 7 M.
 SAUBURN, H. de. Spicilegium entomologica Genavensta. II. Tribu des Parnaphagiens. Basel: Georg. 8 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- ASMUS, R. Quaestiones Epictetiae. Freiburg-L.B.: Mohr. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 BLAAS, H. Geschichte d. Irrthums im Lateinischen, zugleich e. Beitrag zur Kenntniss d. afrikanischen Lateins. Erlangen: Deichert. 2 M.
 BOLZ, A. Hellenisch die allgemeine Gelehrtensprache der Zukunft. Leipzig: Friedrich. 6 M.
 EVRAS, R. W. Beiträge zur Erklärung u. Textkritik v. Dan Michael's Aynbite of Inwy. Erlangen: Deichert. 2 M.
 GRAF, A. Das Perfectum bei Chaucer. Colberg: Warnke. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 HENTZE, C. Die Parataxis bei Homer. I. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 KERN, O. De Orpheo, Epimenidis, Pherecydis theogonias quaestiones criticae. Berlin: Nicolai. 3 M.
 ΠΑΣΠΑΤΗΣ, Α. Γ. Τὸ χιανὸν γλωσσίδιον. Athens: Beek. 15 fr.
 PROBST, A. Beiträge zur lateinischen Grammatik. 3. 11. 1. u. 2. Hft. Leipzig: Zangenberg. 8 M.
 STRASSENBERG, J. N. Babylonische Texte. Inschriften v. Nabonidus. . . 3. Hft. Leipzig: Pfeiffer. 12 M.
 WARFCKEN, H. Metrische u. sprachliche Abhandlung über das dem Berol. handschriftliche Tristan-Fragment. Erlangen: Deichert. 1 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A POEM BY HOCLEVE.

Cambridge: May 9, 1893.

Whenever we can definitely date and assign to its author any of the numerous poems ascribed to Chaucer, it is a clear gain.

In Bell's Chaucer (ed. 1878, iv. 424) is a poem headed, "To the Kings most Noble Grace, and to the Lords and Knights of the Garter"; this title is so cumbersome that I shall call it "Garter" for short.

It consists of eight eight-line stanzas, skilfully written. The first four stanzas have but three rhymes—viz., -esse, -our, and -alle; and the last four stanzas have also but three rhymes—viz., -ame, -aunce, and -ee. Moreover, the lines are fairly smooth and free from Lydgate's jerks; and the imitation of Chaucer is fairly good. These considerations at once suggest Hoccleve for the author of the poem.

But the tone and subject-matter effectually clinch this. No one can compare it with the poem against Sir John Oldcastle—written by Hoccleve in 1415, and printed by Miss Toulmin Smith in *Anglia*, v. 23—without at once perceiving the strong resemblance between the two poems. In the *Garter*, st. 1, the "Cristen king" is addressed as being "heir and successor Unto Justinians devout tendernesse." In *Oldcastle*, st. 63, we find the phrase "oure Cristen prince," and in st. 24 we are told how Justinian made a law against disputing about the faith. In both poems the king is called "liege lord"; *Garter*, st. 2; *Oldc.*, st. 63. Next, in the *Garter*, st. 2, we may note: "O liege lord, that have the liknesse Of Constantine"; where *have* is plural and dissyllabic, being the complimentary form. In *Oldc.*, st. 28, is an apostrophe to Constantine, and in st. 30, we are told that our liege lord, our faithful Christian prince and king, follows in the steps of Constantine. It now becomes clear that the Christian king who, in the *Garter*, is praised as being the successor of Justinian and Constantine for the way in which he puts down heresy, is precisely the same person as the Christian king in *Oldcastle*, who is praised for following Justinian and Constantine in the very same matter. Even

verbal resemblances between the two poems are not wanting. Compare:

"Again of heresies the bitter galle" (*Gart.* st. 2)

(which means—against the bitter gall of heresies) and the following:

"Than thou, that dronke hast heresies galle."
Oldc. st. 1.

Miss Smith quotes (*Anglia*, v. 20) a similar line, also from a Balade by Hoccleve:

"The feend hath maad us dronke of the poison
 Of heresie, and lad us a wrong weye."

Another curious point is the use of the somewhat rare verb to *thrulle*—i.e., to enthrall, of which Strattmann gives only three examples, viz., from Layamon, Romaunt of the Rose, and Mandeville. Yet both of these poems contain it; see *Garter*, st. 3, and *Oldc.*, st. 41. I forgot to observe that *Oldcastle* is likewise in the ballad-metre of eight lines, with the same order of rhymes, viz., *ababbcbe*.

But the argument can only be appreciated after a perusal of both poems, which can hardly be other than convincing.

I conclude that this "Garter" poem was certainly addressed, like the other poem, by Hoccleve to Henry V. It is worth while to add that there is a passage in *Oldc.*, st. 6, where Dr. Grosart actually proposed to turn the English word *lame*, i.e., defective, into the French *lame*, simply because he did not know what *lame* meant! Had he known the other poem, he might have found in it, st. 6, that "a heap" of the English were "halt and lame" in the faith.

Can we date the poem still more exactly? I think we may, by the help of Fabyan's Chronicle.

The address to the "Lords of the Garter" agrees well with the great feast of St. George celebrated by Henry V. with unusual splendour to welcome Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, in 1416. This will account for the sentiments being so nearly the same as those which the same author had expressed in 1415. That is to say, both poems belong nearly to the same period. Sir John Oldcastle met his end in 1417. It is sad to think that Hoccleve may have lent his aid to this; but Miss Smith shows clearly that he was a very staunch (I would say even a bigoted) adherent of the old faith, and that Walsingham was utterly wrong in accusing him of heresy.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

IRISH ITEMS.

London: May 1, 1893.

The second number of the *Archæological Review* (April 1) contains a "tentative translation" of sixteen out of forty-three quatrains that constitute an Irish poem, written in Queen Elizabeth's time, upon the Day of Judgment: its certainty; the signs that shall precede it; the advisability of due preparation. The theme is, and has always been, common to all Christendom. There is nothing distinctively Irish about it. To the readers of the *Archæological Review*, who, it is to be hoped, are numerous, may be left the question whether to them, as to educated speakers of and thinkers in English, the version in question is to any appreciable extent intelligible. If the answer be negative, then that version must be held to have missed the only conceivable final end of all translation. The following is offered as an alternative, italics and [] denoting that which has been added to convey ideas not expressed in the original by so many words, but clearly enough set forth by order and construction:

"Here is a poem by Philip, son of Conn Crossach,* in

* A sobriquet, not a patronymic.

which is shown the awful description of the Judgment Day, with the manner in which Christ shall come to the office of Judge and the words which He shall then speak.

"(1) God's Patience is but presage of impending wrath; be this to you as a preparation against the Day of Testimony: that against every man His displeasure is growing, neither will He show mercy at the last. (2) The slow anger it is that is the worst; the not having come under His Will will rise up against them for Evil may not go unavenged. (3) The gentleness that now he uses with us is but Sunshine in proximity to a deluge; he will yet sue for the penalties due and his present treatment of us is not what it most behoves us to discuss. (4) Were reproof to pass by their death-sin, then he would have refuted the ancient saying; † though God's power be absolute over all men, His bare Justice it is that is most fearful. (5) Near to its being kindled is His Wrath; nor may we make it matter of doubt but that the Day of Summons will *ones* come, of the which they are the foretokens that *even now are in process* of taking place. (6) If it be true that Time must have an end [and true it is], then was the World yesterday sensibly more remote than to-day it is from the Monarch's anger: a warning this to him that may understand it. (7) The various weather will occur perverse, *constituting* seasons that may not be trusted: that God's Sanctions are *hard* upon our track is being revealed by His indications. (8) Snow that may not be suffered; Wind most boisterous of utterance; shower of Fire poured out thereafter; at the poor world's last all there shall be. (9) Marvellous to tell, the trees and the clay shall in the Day of Testimony be enkindled; tribulation will seize the stones, of which the flames will not be less. (10) But many as be the extremities that from cold and from fire she shall suffer yonder, yet will the Earth never have endured utter ignominy [punishment] until the stripping of his rays from the Sun. (11) Of every plain the plants shall drip drops of right red blood: of which crimson blood the cause is our father's sin[‡] that lies upon us. (12) Farther than the range of sight which from us shall extend into the firmament the Sea out of her own natural consistence will mount upwards with a bound. (13) O ye that deserve the Fire! before you shall be witnessed the hardest [most incredible, or, direct] portent that was ever heard of: the mouth of all tombs set a-gaping. (14) Every Soul (for such is its original constitution) shall come (there is yet time to take note of it) to meet its body on the Day of Exaction: Matter will soon be in conflagration. (15) At the time of the Separation—Eve and all her Seed being assembled—Michael, Steward of the Lord, will not leave a man of them that he will not awaken. (16) He [the Almighty] will high above the Angelic Orders sit in the clouds of Heaven: upon every troop will be made a hosting-call[§]; the having to meet him is indeed a cause of terror."

The foregoing lines contain perhaps not six vocables, and certainly not a single inflection, idiom, or construction, outside of present common use and wont—in the province of Munster, at any rate. Such difficulty as there is in understanding compositions of this sort arises from extreme compression of style, neglect of transitions, use of verbs without expressed subject, licenses *metri gratia*, abundant employment of homonyms, and so forth. It was ever a favourite feat to construct sentences admitting of more than one interpretation. The men that wrote

* Immediately preceding.

† *The soul that sinneth it shall die*, or some such text. There is another, and perhaps, a more obvious rendering of this passage, but that would require an accentuation very detrimental to the metre.

‡ Than that of more combustible things.

§ Original sin.

|| *Tobach*, a technical term for the levying of tribute, &c.

¶ Another technical expression. *Sluaightheadh* was a chief's "mobilisation" of his forces for an expedition, and its literal equivalent "hosting" became a legal term in English.

in these complicated metres were long and specially trained for the task; so also (practically if not formally) were their auditors, as to ear and mind, besides which the poet was in the first instance there to explain; so also, again, must be their Irish readers in the present. But for a Highlander to attempt the task of interpretation *unprepared* is as hopeless as it would be for a Neapolitan or a Genoese, confiding in an absolute possession of his native dialect and in that alone, to tackle an ode of Horace. That is not the method pursued by the Rev. Alexander Cameron of Brodaig: would that we could speak in the present tense of Dr. Thomas MacLauchlan as well.

STANDISH H. O'GRADY.

"STEERMAN."

London: April 25, 1888.

In answer to an enquiry in the ACADEMY (December 17, 1887) as to whether the Latin *sternmannus* may not represent an English "steerman," Prof. Hart replies (ACADEMY, January 21) that it clearly does, and he supports this statement by a quotation in which the Anglo-Saxon *steorman* occurs.

In *La Vie de Saint Gile*, an Anglo-Norman poem by Guillaume de Berneville (written about 1170) I find the word *esterman*. St. Giles is on a voyage from Athens to Rome, his ship is stout, the breeze is fair, and in full confidence, being weary, he lays himself down to sleep by the "steerman" alongside of the windlass:

"Bons fud li tref e la nef fort,
E unt bon vent ki tost les port.
Tute nuit current a la lune
Le tref windé très k'a la hune:
Ne lur estat muver funain
Trestute nuit ne l'endemain.
Lur aire vunt od la mer pleine,
Kar isel veit cil ke Deus meine.
Gires se dort, car mult fud las
Od l'esterman lez le windas" (vv. 899-908).

It is open to doubt whether it was from the Latin *sternmannus*, or directly from the Anglo-Saxon *steorman*, that the French word was derived. A reference to the Latin *Vita Sancti Egidii*, upon which Guillaume de Berneville based his poem, might throw light upon the question, though the episode related in the passage quoted from above has every appearance of being an amplification, if not an invention, of the poet's own. Much depends upon the date at which the Latin word made its appearance. The latest edition of Ducange knows nothing of *sternmannus*, nor does *esterman* occur in the *Glossarium Gallicum* appended to that edition.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

London: May 5, 1888.

Since the above was written I have found, in the *Roman d'Eneas*, a second instance of the word *esterman*. It occurs in a passage describing the storm sent by Juno to overwhelm the ship of Aeneas:

"Et ciels et mers lur promet mort.
Ne velent lune ne estelles;
Lur cordes rumpent, chieient velles,
Brisent et mast et guernall:
Mult vunt a hunte et a travail.
Ne eschipse ne *esturmain*
De lur dreit cors n'erent certain."

(Bartech et Horning, *Lang. et Litt. Franc.*, p. 190, vv. 1-7.)

Further, in the *Lai d'Eliduc* by Marie de France, I have met with the word *estiere* used in the sense of rudder. Eliduc is sailing from Totnes with a lady who is not his lawful spouse. A great storm arises, and one of the sailors hints that it is a visitation on account of the *amie* Eliduc has brought with him, and he suggests that she should be thrown into the sea. Eliduc thereupon hits him over the head

with an oar and throws him into the sea, after which he steers the ship himself:

"Puis qu'il l'ot lancé en la mer,
A l'estiere vait gouverner." (vv. 865-6.)

It is a noteworthy fact that all the three poems quoted from above are of Norman or Anglo-Norman origin; indeed, the *Vie de Saint Gile*, and the *Lai d'Eliduc* were almost certainly written in England. There can be scarcely a doubt that *estiere* represents the Anglo-Saxon *stēor* ("a rudder or paddle to steer with," Skeat), independently of any Latin intermediary; and it may therefore with equal probability be assumed that *esterman* in the same way comes directly from Anglo-Saxon *steorman*, not from Latin *sternmannus*.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, May 14, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Decoration," ILL. by Mr. G. Aitchison.
8.30 p.m. Geographical: "A Journey across Central Asia, from Manchuria and Peking to Kashmir over the Mustang Pass," by Lieut. F. E. Younghusband.
TUESDAY, May 15, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Plant in the War of Nature," ILL. by Mr. W. Gardiner.
7.30 p.m. Statistical: "Condition and Occupations of the People of East London and Hackney, 1887," by Mr. Charles Booth.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Duty of the State towards Emigration," by Mr. James Rankin.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Tay Viaduct, Dundee," by Messrs. Crawford Barlow and W. Inglis.
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "A Collection of Birds made by Mr. L. Wray in the main Range of Mountains of the Malay Peninsula, Perak," by Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe; "Four New Species of Ophiroids," by Prof. F. Jeffrey Bell; "Some Rare Species of *Phasianus* from Central Asia," by Mr. H. Seebohm.
WEDNESDAY, May 16, 8 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "Dante and Sicily," by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.
4 p.m. College of State Medicine: "Soil in its Influence on Health," by Prof. H. G. Seeley.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Electric Lighting from Central Stations," by Mr. R. E. B. Crompton.
THURSDAY, May 17, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Chemical Arts," VI., by Prof. Dewar.
8 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, II., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.
8 p.m. University College Literary Society: Solrée, "Sophocles and Shakspeare," by Mr. J. Churton Collins.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
8.30 p.m. Historical: "The Commercial Policy of Edward III.," by the Rev. W. Cunningham.
FRIDAY, May 18, 8 p.m. Philological: Anniversary Meeting. Address by the President, Prof. Bayce.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "La Reproduction Artificielle des Roches Volcaniques," by M. Alphonse Renard.
SATURDAY, May 19, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Later Works of Richard Wagner," VI., by Mr. Carl Armbruster, with Vocal and Instrumental Illustrations.

SCIENCE.

A ROMAN SCHOLAR OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

La Bibliothèque de Fulvio Orsini: Contributions à l'histoire des Collections d'Italie et l'étude de la Renaissance. Par Pierre de Nolhac, ancien membre de l'École française de Rome. (Paris: Vieweg.)

(First Notice.)

Most students of Latin philology are familiar with the name of Fulvio Orsini, and many are aware that our modern editions of Festus are mainly based on his. And this is as much as the majority even of professing philologists in England probably know about him. Yet he was a man of whom Joseph Scaliger could write, speaking, too, of a work now almost forgotten, in these terms: "Fulvii Uraini Familiae liber divinus, ex quo multa didici." In effect, Orsini was, perhaps, the most marked figure in that eminent circle of archaeologists and scholars who formed the glory of

Rome in the middle and latter half of the sixteenth century. How great that epoch was as a period of classical research, how much was then commenced which subsequent ages could only develop and carry further, is nowhere more clearly set forth than in M. de Nohac's interesting volume.

Fulvio Orsini, a bastard scion of the great family of Orsini, was born in 1529, in the pontificate of Clement VII. Nine years old he became a chorister at S. Giovanni Laterano. One of the canons of the Lateran, Gentile Delfini, an antiquary and a collector of books, became his patron. Angelo Colocci, Bishop of Nocera, gave him the *entrées* to his house and gardens on the Quirinal, much frequented by the *savans* of the time. The archaeological collections of these two men, Delfini and Colocci, were Orsini's first introduction to the study of inscriptions and medals. His first appearance as an author was in Greek. Some laudatory Greek distiches—*Φουλβίου Οὐραίνου*—are prefixed to Benedetto Egio's *editio princeps* of the *Bibliotheca* of Apollodorus (1555). Egio mentions in his preface some of the *eruditi* who formed the circle in which both he and Orsini lived. They include the poet Zanchi, the later cardinal and librarian Sirleto, Giovanni Cessari (Janus Caesarius), Antonio Possevino, Gabriel Faerno, Latino Latini.

Orsini was made Canon of S. Giovanni Laterano in 1554. His canonry placed him above want, and left him leisure for study; but he was not yet in the full light of that exalted patronage which was needed to make him known. This he obtained when Delfini introduced him to the powerful family of the Farnese, which a few years earlier had given to the papacy Paul III. At this time (1557-8) two cardinals represented the Farnese at Rome—Alessandro and Ranuccio. Ottavio Farnese was Prince of Parma. Orsini was specially attached to the household of Ranuccio, who made him his librarian and secretary. The two brothers resided in the summer, Alessandro at Caprarola, Ranuccio at Capranica di Sutri, not far off, and Orsini would accompany them in this *villeggiatura*. In 1565 Ranuccio (he was called the Cardinal Saint Angelo to distinguish him from his brother, Cardinal Farnese) made a long stay at Bologna. Orsini availed himself of the opportunity to work in the Laurentian library at Florence, and to make the acquaintance of the great Vittori (Petrus Victorius); from Bologna he visited Pinelli, with whom he was afterwards in constant correspondence at Padua. At this time he added to the list of his friends Carlo Sigonio (Sigonius) and the lexicographer, Nizolio. The death of his patron, Cardinal St. Angelo, in 1566, did not sever Orsini from the family of Farnese. Alessandro transferred him to his own library, and made him his chief agent in buying up works of art, medals, gems, pictures, and antiquities. Alessandro, who had been a pupil of Vettori and of Romolo Amaseo, liked to surround himself with men of distinction; one of his secretaries was afterwards the Cardinal Bernardino Maffei, another became Pope Marcellus II. He liked to have his library at Rome considered a public school for all workers (*scuola pubblica del mondo*). Another notable ecclesiastic, the Spanish Cardinal

Granvelle, figures often in Orsini's correspondence. He also was an amateur in works of art; and Orsini could render him valuable service in advising him what to buy. In return he used his influence to secure antiquities for Orsini, to procure the restoration to him of stolen articles, inscriptions in the possession of the Augsburg Fuggers, &c. It was through him that the publication of Orsini's *Virgilius illustratus* by the Antwerp printer Plantin was negotiated.

The Catholic revival which set in with the Council of Trent, and which tended more and more to concentrate learning on the Scriptures and matters ecclesiastical, naturally claimed some share of Orsini's time for less secular pursuits. In 1583 he published his edition of Arnobius and Minucius Felix, with a dedication to Gregory XIII. His commissions on this score were indeed not slightly trying to his temper and patience. M. de Nohac quotes a letter found among the papers of Cardinal Sirleto, in which Orsini complains that after spending three hours of the morning over proofs, he had been obliged to revise a commentary on Joshua, Judges, Ruth, and that a further examination of the Vatican MS. was necessary in order to settle some points still left doubtful. He makes this an excuse for deferring his task of translating the "Decrees of the Reformation"—i.e., of the Council of Trent—into Greek; a work which had been confided to him and Matthew Devaris, and which appeared in 1583. Probably, he was very half-hearted about the Catholic "Reformation"; at least, in one of his latest works, the *De Triclinio*, published in 1588, he more than hints in his dedication to Sixtus V. that his favourite line of study no longer occupied the supreme position it had long enjoyed in Rome, and that some apology was due to his Holiness for laying before him a work only remotely connected with sacred studies. In fact, classical learning was rapidly passing into the condition in which we find it in the seventeenth century, Jesuitic on the one side, Protestant on the other. Orsini and his brother Italian philologists belong in the main to the earlier, in some senses, the happier period, when philology had passed, indeed, from the perfect and untrammelled freedom of the Renaissance, yet had not definitely committed itself to anything like absolute submission to a religious creed.

His fame, meanwhile, was steadily rising. In 1577, Stephen, King of Poland, wishing to found a university at Wilna, and an academy at Cracow, sent his secretary, Zamoyaki, to Italy, with tempting offers to the most eminent *literati* of the time, notably Sigonius, Muretus, and Orsini. None of them accepted the proposed honour, which, indeed, would have been an exchange very like Ovid's banishment from his Rome to Tomi. For at that time Rome was not only the religious centre of the Catholic world, but almost the only school of art and archaeology in Europe. There, as in no other city of that time, all that had been and was being discovered of antique, whether in art or MSS., was not only laboriously collected, but religiously studied and exactly described. The religious rites and manners of pagan Rome, its edifices, its roads, its coinage, its law, were illustrated by countless relics preserved

in a hundred museums and explained by scholars and philologists drawn from every part of Europe.

On the death of Cardinal Alessandro Farnese in 1589, his palace passed to the young Odoardo Farnese, son of the Duke of Parma. Orsini continued to live in it, and directed the young man's studies. Even after Odoardo had ceased to be regularly in Rome he would, when he returned thither, pass whole evenings with Orsini conversing on history and literature. Odoardo became a cardinal in 1591. In the frequent conclaves which followed the death of Sixtus V., Farnese is believed to have been considerably guided by the letters of his preceptor. Orsini lived through the successive pontificates of Urban VII., Gregory XIV., Innocent IX., on to that of Clement VIII. In January, 1600, he made a will by which he left the greater part of his books and MSS. to the Vatican, and various legacies to his friends, including four valuable medals which he begged the Pope (Clement VIII.) to accept. In the following May he died, and was buried in a chapel which he had founded for that purpose in the Lateran.

The list of Orsini's works is as follows:

- (1.) *Virgilius collatione scriptorum Graecorum illustratus opera et industria Fulvii Ursini.* (Antwerp, 1567.)
- (2.) *Carmina novem illustrium feminarum et lyricorum.* (Antwerp, 1568.)
- (3.) *C. Iulii Caesaris Commentarii.* (Antwerp, 1570.)
- (4.) *Imagines et elogia virorum illustrium et eruditorum ex antiquis lapidibus et nominibus expressa.* (Rome, 1570.)
- (5.) *Familiae Romanae quae reperiuntur in antiquis numismatibus ab urbe condita ad tempora divi Augusti ex bibliotheca Fulvii Ursini.* (Rome, 1577.)
- (6.) *Sex Pompei Festi de verborum significatione fragmentum, ex vetustissimo exemplari bibliothecae Farnesianae descriptum.* (Rome, 1581.)
- (7.) *Fulvii Ursini in omnia opera Ciceronis notae.* (Antwerp, 1581.)
- (8.) *Ἐκ τῶν Πολυβίου τοῦ Μεγαλοπολίτου ἐκλογαὶ περὶ πρεσβεϊῶν.* (Antwerp, 1582.)
- (9.) *Amobii disputationum adversus gentes libri septem. M. Minucii Felicis Octavius.* (Rome, 1583.)
- (10.) *Antonii Augustini Archiepiscopi Tarraconensis de legibus et senatus consultis liber. Adiunctis legum antiquarum et senatus consultorum fragmentis cum notis Fulvii Ursini.* (Rome, 1583.)
- (11.) *Notae ad M. Catonem, M. Varronem, L. Columellam de re rustica.* (Rome, 1587.)
- (12.) *Petrus Giaeconius Toletanus de Triclinio Romano. Fulvii Ursini appendix.* (Rome, 1588.)
- (13.) *Fragmenta historicorum collecta ab Antonio Augustino, emendata a Fulvio Ursino.* (Antwerp, 1595.)

In countenance Orsini was grave and dignified, with regular features, and not without an air of distinction. His contemporaries were unanimous in lauding his modesty and the sober regularity of his morals. The only allegation which could be brought against him—plagiarism—is discussed and rebutted, if not refuted, by M. de Nohac. It is interesting to know that his habit was to concentrate himself on only one study in the

same day—a good rule, which many modern students would do well to follow, and by which he made up for the frequent calls upon his time that his notoriety not only as a collector of MSS. and works of art, but as a *cicerone* to other collections, necessitated.

ROBINSON ELLIS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FINNISH NUMERALS.

London: May 5, 1888.

The difficulty of connecting *-tesa* in Dorpat Esth. *kat-tesa*, *ut-tesa* (better *kaheksa*, *kadiksa*, *katesa*, *iikeksii*, *iiteksi*, for the double *t* is a mistake, see Wiedemann's *Phet. Gram.*, p. 414), with Perm. *das*, Magy. *tiz*, Nogai Turk. *ol-tuz*, is, at least, fourfold.

(1) *Das* is a loan-word from the Russ. *desyat*, and probably *tiz* has a similar origin, while the Finns have a native word *kymmenen*, Esth. *kümme* 10.

(2) *-tesa*, *-tesii* are modern forms of an older *-teksa*, *-tekaii*, so the *k* must be accounted for.

(3) In Finnish compounds the first member is always in the nom. or gen., never in apocopated form like *kat*, *kah*, *iit*, *ii*, and the vowels of the two members are not harmonised. Suffixes are attached to the root or root + stem, found in the illative sing., and their vowels are harmonised. The ill. sg. of *yksi* 1, *kaksi* 2, is *yhte*, *kah*, *kah*, which shows that *-tesa* is a wrong division of the word; it should be *ka(t)te-sa*, *iit(t)te-sii* with harmonised vowels.

(4) Böhtlingk in his Yakut grammar (p. 262) does not think anyone can be satisfied with Schott's explanation of *ol-tuz* by dividing in into two independent words. Besides, *-tuz* does not appear in the other numerals up to 90, while a Yakut *otut*, 30, makes it highly probable that *z* stands for an older *t*.

If *kaheksa* really means "without 2," it stands, of course, for *kymmenen kaheksa(n)*, "10 without 2," and the word for 10 has been dropped, just as it is omitted in *yksitoista* (11), *kaksitoista* (12), &c., which are used instead of *yksi (kaksi) toista kymmentii*, "1 (2) of the second 10."

If Canon Taylor will look at my last letter he will see I did not say *-tesa* was a privative, but that *k*, as I believe, has that meaning.

JOHN ABERCROMBY.

A SUGGESTION.

Gosport, Hants: April 33, 1888.

While reading again after many years the speech of Demosthenes *De Falsa Legatione*, it occurs to me that a legitimate interpretation of a disputed passage may have been overlooked.

The place is 444-5, § 323, Bekker, vol. i., small edition. The Athenians had sent (according to Demosthenes) a fleet to Pylæ to watch Philip's movements. "What artifice here again shall be called into existence respecting this? [*Botheias*]: deprive you of the time for action, and checkmate you by bringing on matters with a rush."

The sense of *ἐπιστῆσαι*, "to bring to a halt," appears to me to be unobjectionable, and to fit in well with the underlying thought, viz., warlike manoeuvres. An objection which might be urged, I suppose, would be that this meaning of *ἐπιστῆσαι* is not quite discernible from the context, the Athenian forces not being in motion, so to speak, at the time; but this is, I think, obviated by the following words *ἵνα μὴδὲ δυνάσθῃ ἐξελθεῖν* which show that this thought may have been in the mind of the orator. Again, *οὐκ* supplies itself naturally, *οὐκ* having just occurred. To supply this, at least, is far more simple than to supply

"Philip," as Mr. Shilleto seems seriously to have done in a passage which he says is "perhaps mutilated"; in the sense, "set Philip at the head of affairs." The use of this verb by Xenophon in the above sense is well known. The proper force of the verb may be, "to bring to a sudden stand," "to a dead lock."

In a sentence of oratorical vehemence such as this, I think the emphasis and point are improved by the above rendering.

WILLIAM LEE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE following fifteen candidates have been selected for election by the council of the Royal Society: Mr. T. Andrews, Mr. J. T. Bottomley, Mr. C. V. Boys, Prof. A. H. Church, Prof. A. G. Greenhill, Sir W. F. D. Jervois, Prof. C. Lapworth, Prof. T. J. Parker, Prof. J. H. Poynting, Prof. W. Ramsay, Mr. T. P. Teale, Mr. W. Topley, Mr. H. Trimen, Prof. H. M. Ward, and Mr. W. H. White.

MR. J. H. COLLINS has recently published an interesting work "On Cornish Tin-Stones," containing observations made during a long residence among the mines of Cornwall. The work consists of a series of papers which were contributed by him to the *Mineralogical Magazine*, and are now reprinted with additions and corrections. The illustrations include several coloured plates, showing the microscopic structure of tin ore.

Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. Vol. LVI., Part II., Nos. ii. and iii. (1887). Edited by the Natural History Secretary. (London: Trübner.) The contents of these two parts show that very satisfactory work in different branches of physical science is being performed in India. In zoology we have (1) a memoir on the chiroptera of Nepal, by Mr. J. Seully, containing careful descriptions of nineteen species of bats ascertained to be inhabitants of Nepal, with proper references to the writings of Hodgson, Dobson, and other recent authors on those creatures; (2) description of a new Crustacean belonging to the *Brachyura* (Raninidae), by Mr. J. Wood-Mason; (3) on six new Amphipoda from the Bay of Bengal, carefully figured in six coloured plates, by Dr. E. J. Jones; (4) Notes on Indian Rhynchota Heteroptera, by Mr. E. T. Atkinson, containing descriptions of seventy-eight species of Linnean Cimices; (5) *Etude sur les Arachnides de l'Asie méridionale faisant partie de la Collection de l'Indian Museum, Calcutta*, par M. E. Simon, de Paris—seven species described, including a new genus of bird-spiders—*Avicularidae*. In other branches of science we have (6) Notes on some recent Neolithic and Palaeolithic finds in South India, by Mr. R. B. Foote, superintendent of the Geological Survey, with a map; (7) Notes on some Nodular Stones obtained by trawling off Colombo in 675 fathoms of water, by Commander A. Carpenter, with a plate; (8) on the Mean Temperature of the Deep Waters of the Bay of Bengal, by the last-named writer, with a plate; (9) on the Effects produced by small Quantities of Bismuth on the Ductility of Silver, by Surgeon-Major Scully, assay master, Calcutta; and (11 and 12) two mathematical memoirs, by Asutosh Mukhopadhyay, communicated by the Hon. Mahendralal Sircar, M.D., with woodcuts.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

PROF. MAURICE BLOMFIELD, of the Johns Hopkins University, has sent us a reprint of two papers in the *Proceedings of the American Oriental Society*, both dealing with the interpretation of certain hymns of the Atharva

Veda. In one of these he contends that the hymn (vii, 76, 3-5) on the *jāyānya* charm, and also the three *apacit* hymns (vi. 83; vii. 74, 1, 2; vii. 76, 1, 2), are all remedial incantations directed against various kinds of skin-disease, being the earliest record hitherto discovered of this prevalent Indian complaint. In the other paper, he argues that the well-known hymn (ii. 12), which has hitherto been explained as an incantation accompanying a fire-ordeal, is in reality an incantation against an enemy who is attempting to thwart some pious work by unholy practices.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.—
(Monday, April 23.)

THE president in the chair.—Mr. H. Frank Heath read the first of two papers upon "John Lyly and the other Elizabethan Fiction Writers." There is, perhaps, no man who has had so much said about him in praise and blame, by those who know nothing of him at first hand, as John Lyly; and, after all, it is chiefly his style, the casing into which he put his matter, rather than the matter itself which makes men study him to-day. Of the man himself we know very little. In 1579, *Euphues, or the Anatomy of Wit*, was published, and next year, the sequel to it, *Euphues and his England*. Between 1584 and 1594 eight court comedies of his were acted, of which one, "Mother Bombie," is so different in style and superior in workmanship to the others that we can scarcely believe it to be his. As to the origin of his style, there are three theories: (1) that it is sprung from the conceits of the Petrarchists; (2) that it is due to the "Alto Estilo" in Spain, the introducer of which was Antonio de Guevara; (3) that it was an adaptation of the style of the "Rhetoriciens," Chastellain, Robertet, Crétin, and others. After an examination of the *Anatomy of Wit* and its sequel (1) from the standpoint of aesthetic criticism, (2) from that of its style, it becomes evident that in so far as any of these three theories are true, the second is the most reasonable. Lyly was not so greatly indebted to Guevara for his style as Landmann supposes; but, having read some of the many English translations of his work, he was led to study Plutarch, and to an imitation of the style of the Silver Latin writers, such as Seneca, Apuleius, and others. And, inspired by them, he elaborated the peculiar style of Guevara, which had been imitated by his translators—Lord Barners and Sir Thomas North, and also by Pettie, in *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleasure* (1576)—and thus launched Euphuism upon the world. The fact is, that in the sixteenth century there was a general tendency to Latinise and to imitate the Silver Latins, so much more read then than now, in the attempt to get rid of what was thought to be a rude method of expression. For the scheme of his novel, and even for some of his details, it was proved that Lyly was largely indebted to Guevara's *Relos Principum*; and the conclusion is reached that, though he was earnest, ingenious, scholarly, and had satire, yet that his power of telling a story was elementary in the extreme. He was far surpassed in it by his successors, whether adherents to his form of writing or not. "The very qualifications which won him popularity when he wrote make him almost unreadable to-day, while the gospel he preached is another man's, and can be better studied in the 'plaine Englishe' of Ascham, which those of his time could not appreciate."

BROWNING SOCIETY.—(Friday, April 27.)

DR. BARDON in the chair.—Miss Whitehead read a paper upon "Robert Browning as the Poet of the Nineteenth Century." The paper began by pointing out that the poets of the early part of this century—Byron, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge—had an easier task than those of its later half. They left to Browning the task of dealing with its deeper problems. Life is complicated now with a thousand different claims. Great questions have to be decided by us from day to day. Every hour we are imperatively called upon for action. We are obliged to be actors when we should be students. It is the poet's function to

sanctify this practical life, to realise for us the presence and hand of God in our common work, to hold up a standard which arrests and invigorates the workers. Browning meets and satisfies our need. His influence is twofold: first, on the practical questions of our time; secondly, on those deep metaphysical elements which bear on our life and character. He directly treats many of the burning practical questions of our day. Witness his indignant sarcasm on the subject of vivisection, pointing out how the whole race barter its highest good for an uncertain advantage. No doubtful scientific gain can compensate for our loss in moral vigour when we betray the trust reposed in us by those feeble creatures who depend on our mercy. Vivisection extends the scalpel into other regions. In this age it is applied to brain and heart and soul; and here, too, the poet maintains the right of every soul to reserve. A tyrannous criticism not only fetters art, but kills all grace and spontaneity of action. Such tyranny of mind over mind Browning records in "My Last Duchess" and "The Flight of the Duchess." In the latter, too, he gives a blow to conventionality, to the use of fashions for their own sake, not for their value or beauty. "Pictor Ignobis" claims the soul's right to be set free, unblinded and untrammelled; and from the lips of "Fra Lippo Lippi" we hear the right function of art. The trading of to-day is rotten to the core, its education a mere passing of examinations. To all such shams Browning calls: "Stand and deliver." To the mediocrity and conceit of our time he teaches the lesson of humility, the only real means of estimate and elevation. The conception of brotherhood, with its attendant self-sacrifice, he immortalises in "Luria," "The Patriot," "A Soul's Tragedy." He wastes no words on the position of women, but accords them their true rank from the beginning—not inferior souls to be tutored, guided, patronised by men, but correlative and often guiding souls; and for this he has the deepest gratitude of women. How healthy his view of past happiness, not meaning over its transitoriness, but glad of its enjoyment; and how healthy too his view of love, with a firm hand upon himself, understanding the humility of true love! In "The Ring and the Book," he reveals the hideousness of loveless marriage—a daily circumstance of our time. Dealing with deeper questions, he answers, "Is life worth living?" with "Thanks that I am a man." "Do," he tells us, "and nowise dream." He warns us against the hurry and impatience of the age. Concentration seems beyond our power; every life is a tangled skein of many threads. "Sordello" warns us against such dissipation of mind. And, as if to complete the cycle of truth, he gives us a poem now and then which seems to contradict the lessons on which he has insisted, as in "Bifurcation," where his great lesson of self-sacrifice is shown to be foolishness when it is carried into practice for the mere sake of self-sacrifice.—The chairman expressed his hearty thanks to Miss Whitehead for her paper, both on account of its intrinsic merits and of the proofs it gave of her study of Browning. He wished to ask what is required of a poet of the century? He must be in sympathy with its aspiration, work, and needs. How far is Browning in sympathy with these? The aspirations and hopes of this age are combined with a passionate longing for truth and a rare purity of intention. It is an age of science, but also an age of faith at its sublimest. It is an age of destruction, if you will, but only to lay the solid foundation of a greater religion—that of humanity. Its work is to help the weak, to counteract the cruel law of nature that only the strongest shall survive. It is an age of humanism. Its needs, how great they are! Uprising millions are asking for mental food—what a field for scattering great thoughts! We want a purer faith, a nobler philosophy, more reality, less sham; and with all these Browning helps us. Is poetry to be got out of work and aspirations? Walt Whitman says so, while Ruskin says we are crushing all poetry out of life. But the Channel Tunnel and the St. Gothard Railway are full of poetic suggestion. What we need is more humility, more reverence and love, in addition to our knowledge.—Dr. Furnivall felt extremely obliged to Miss Whitehead for her very good paper, bringing Browning into relations with

the present time. Too many of his topics are in far-away life, questions dealing with people all over the world. The paper was most valuable; but it had not proved that Browning is in close relation with the chief problems of the age. Scientists are much more likely to side with vivisection than with Browning. On the political side of modern life, he treats very few things, but it is true that in respect of the progress of women he is splendidly superior to other poets. He goes back to Shakspeare and gives woman the pre-eminent place. With regard to trade, he says very little. In art, his message is clear. He (Dr. Furnivall) had no sympathy with those who see no poetry in modern life. Let each and all work, and there is poetry enough. We stand at a higher level and do better work than ever.—Mr. Revell expressed his great pleasure in listening to the paper. He felt, however, its want of definiteness in dealing with the subject. It was scarcely made plain enough how Browning speaks to the nineteenth century. His poetry dealing with soul-development is for all time. What is his teaching in relation to scientific modes of thought? He was eminently intellectual, sane and reasonable. He was certain of soul and so was J. S. Mill. Browning has done nothing to meet the need of a philosophy that J. S. Mill and Herbert Spencer have not done better. But Browning has helped us in the determination to face the truth at all costs. One thing stamps him above all other poets—his power to influence human lives, and form high and noble character. His optimism in no way meets the pessimism of to-day, and as to scepticism, what has he to say to it?—Mr. Gonner criticised Mr. Revell's comparison of J. S. Mill with Browning. The philosophy of the former is strictly described as utilitarian. It is illogically materialistic. When he makes an attempt to rise above materialism, he is crushed back by the influences of his early training. Both Mill and Spencer are hopelessly incapable of being logical according to the German and later philosophers. It is not fair to treat Browning as if he ought to be an encyclopaedia, and provide answers to every question. Why should he touch on politics? Politics are not in any sense the strongest aspect of an age, except when they grow out of its deeper life. Browning and the poet we have just lost understood our age. In Matthew Arnold's poetry we have the reflection of its passionate uncertainty. Browning sees that that will not endure. The age is passing from shams and conventions to reality, and must be content to wait for a time. Honesty and sincerity are of first importance; and the outcome will be a religion of self-sacrifice, in which the human element must be strongly developed. Browning is in no doubt about that.—Mr. Slater was surprised at the logic which had been used by one or two members on the subject of vivisection. If superior animals might torture the inferior for profit, it followed that superior races of men might do the same to inferior races; and as for the sweating system, it grew perfectly allowable in that light. There is poetry in the present age, but far more that is not. Money-getting and pleasure-getting are its chief aspects, and the money-getting is so fatiguing that its pleasures are less and less simple and worthy, more and more frivolous, if not degrading.

ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY (MANCHESTER BRANCH) —
(Saturday, April 28.)

THE REV. F. F. CORNISH in the chair.—Dr. Kuno Meyer delivered an address on Joseph Charles Mellish, one of the first of the small band of Englishmen who in those days took an intelligent interest in German literature, and whose efforts to interest their countrymen in it likewise have hardly met with the recognition they deserve at the hands of historians of German literature. Mellish was born in 1768. About the year 1795 he went to settle in Weimar, married there, and built for himself a house on the esplanade, which house Schiller bought from him in 1802. Schiller describes him as an educated, learned Englishman, thoroughly familiar with ancient and modern literature. Small wonder, then, that he was soon at home in the literary circles of Weimar and Jena. In order to counterbalance the success which translations of Kotzebue's plays had had on the English stage,

Mellish planned a translation of the "Wallenstein" trilogy for Drury Lane Theatre, and wrote to Sheridan about it, but Sheridan never replied. Schiller's MS., which he had sent to a London bookseller, found its way later on into Oleridge's hands. Not discouraged by this rebuff, Mellish made a second attempt with "Maria Stuart." He translated each act as it was finished by Schiller, and the English version appeared before its original. But it had no success in London. The critics received it badly, its representation on the English stage was out of the question, and Schiller renounced for ever his cherished hopes of seeing his dramas acted simultaneously in England and in Germany. In 1798 Mellish translated Goethe's "Hermann und Dorothea," and in 1801 "Palaeophron und Neoterpe"; but it is doubtful whether these versions were ever printed. Soon after, probably in 1802, Mellish left Weimar and settled in Hamburg. He died on September 18, 1823.—Dr. Meyer then read an interesting passage from the *Annalen*, describing the visit of a son of Mellish in 1820. To this young man, his godchild, Goethe gave, in 1816 [when father and son seem to have visited Goethe together, see *Annalen*], a copy of "Hermann und Dorothea," which Dr. Meyer showed to the meeting. In it is written boldly and clearly in Latin characters:

"Meinem theuren Pathen,
Richard, Carl, Emil,
Wolfgang, Gottlob
v. Mellisch,
dem der Vater der beste
Dollmetsch des Gedichtes
seyn kann,

"Weimar,
d. 2. May
1816.

"treumelnd
Goethe."

—The chairman, in a few remarks on the paper, mentioned that he had seen in a Manchester second-hand bookseller's catalogue a copy of an edition of the "Faust Fragment" bearing the date of 1787. This date is, according to Hirzel, a misprint. The full title runs: "Faust: Ein Fragment. Von Goethe. Aechte Ausgabe. Leipzig, bey Georg Joachim Göschen." Of the first edition of the "Faust Fragment" (1790), only one copy is known to exist. It belonged to Hirzel, was bought by him from a London bookseller, and bequeathed to the Leipzig University Library. The hon. secretary referred to Goethe's short poem, "An Freund Mellish," alluding to the pleasant time they had spent together in Mellish's country house in Dornburg.—Mr. H. Preivinger then read an interesting paper on the "Urfaust" lately brought to light by Dr. Erich Schmidt. After giving a brief account of its finding and a few words on its importance as throwing light on the Goethe of the pre-Weimar period, Mr. Preivinger went over this version scene by scene, pointing out where it differed from the first part of "Faust" in its final form, and drawing attention to the wonderful tact with which Goethe in the revision pruned away everything trivial and of passing interest, without touching anything really powerful and likely to live. Only with regard to the closing prison scene is there room for doubt whether the terse intense prose of the first version, with its terrible pathos, may not be more effective than the softened and harmonised poetic form in which Goethe recast it in 1798. The lecturer then touched on the bearing of this discovery on the theories of "Faust" composition propounded by Profs. Scherer and Schröder. While feeling that on the whole, the chances are that there never were any other prose scenes than those of the Gochhausen copy, Mr. Preivinger pointed out in favour of Scherer's theory of a prose "Faust" (1) that the language of the prison scene seems to point to a comparatively early date of composition; (2) that the Dom scene is of less decided rhythmical character in the older form; (3) that the example of the Auerbachs Keller scene and its subsequent transformation into verse render it at least possible that other scenes may also have existed in a similar immature form. Schröder's theory of an older form for almost all the scenes of the present first part receives but little support from the new discovery, which, on the whole, in Mr. Preivinger's opinion, invaluable as it is, propounds nearly as many riddles as it solves. The reading of some scenes from the oldest version had to be postponed on account of

the indisposition of the Rev. Ph. Quenzer.—The hon. secretary read a short note on the earliest performances of Marlowe's plays in Frankfurt and in Graz, and on Chr. Aug. Vulpius's highly improbable story that as early as 1588 a German comedy, "Dr. Faust," was performed in Nuremberg, with a woman acting the part of Gretche.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—(Annual Meeting, Tuesday, May 1.)

SIR FREDERICK BRAMWELL, hon. secretary, in the chair.—The annual report of the committee of visitors for the year 1887, testifying to the continued prosperity and efficient management of the institution, was read and adopted. The real and funded property now amounts to above £81,000, entirely derived from the contributions and donations of the members. Forty-one new members were elected in 1887. Sixty-three lectures and nineteen evening discourses were delivered. The books and pamphlets presented amounted to about 283 volumes, making, with 463 volumes (including periodicals bound) purchased by the managers, a total of 746 volumes added to the library in the year. The following were elected as officers for the ensuing year: president—The Duke of Northumberland; treasurer—Henry Pollock; secretary—Sir Frederick Bramwell; managers—George Berkeley, Sir James Oughton Browne, Vicat Cole, Frank Crisp, William Crookes, Warren de la Rue, Sir Henry Doulton, John Hall Gladstone, Col. James A. Grant, Sir William R. Grove, the Rev. John Macnaght, Sir Frederick Pollock, William Henry Preece, Dr. John Rae, Sir Henry Thompson.

FINE ART.

GREAT SALE of PICTURES, at reduced prices (Engravings, Chromos and Photographs), handsomely framed. Everyone about to purchase pictures should pay a visit. Very suitable for wedding and Christmas presents.—GEO. REES, 115, Strand, near Waterloo-bridge.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I.

ONCE more, if we lend ear to the pronouncements of those who aspire to direct the taste of the public, we find ourselves very generally asked to accept the judgment that the exhibition of the Royal Academy shows a decided advance upon its immediate predecessors, and is of considerably more than average excellence. This is not, it is true, very audacious praise; yet it may, perhaps, be permitted to enquire what are the results which are deemed to justify the opinion thus generally expressed. To play the part of the *advocatus diaboli* on such an occasion is a sufficiently ungrateful task; since it is far less irksome to follow the lead of official orators and chauvinistic partisans through thick and thin of native art, and to see things in the roseate atmosphere of artificial and ephemeral brightness which they would create for us. Let us leave out of the question for the moment the four or five first-rate productions, all of them portraits, contributed to the exhibition by those masters of technique, the Frenchman, M. Carolus-Duran, the American, Mr. J. S. Sargent, and the Belgian, M. Emile Wauters; as we must in fairness do, seeing that these works constitute an entirely fortuitous element, with which it is not fair to reckon in estimating the artistic value of the English contributions to the art of the year. To what paintings, apart from these, can the optimist point as absolutely complete and satisfying works of art from a technical point of view? How often, in the performances of the year, has incompleteness of technical achievement been redeemed by genuine passion, by real artistic vision, by the striving after a true ideality firmly based on nature, or by a fiery and unshrinking realism, emphasising and vivifying the individual instance until it acquires an intensity of physical and spiritual life which adequately takes the place of the generalised ideal? We prefer to leave these questions unanswered, or rather to let the

earnest student of contemporary art, after a careful examination of the collection brought together at Burlington House, answer them for himself.

Mr. Burne-Jones, apparently oblivious that he has acquired an official immortality by admission to the anti-chamber of the sacred Forty, contributes nothing to enhance the glory of his new home. Mr. Watts sends a single oil picture, "Dawn"—an almost nude female figure, drawn and modelled in the painter's latest and least satisfactory fashion. He is, however, far more worthily represented by a pastel drawing (1878), which it may be convenient to mention here, though a little out of its proper place. This is the head and bust of a young lady of regular and nobly moulded features, wearing a hat and summer walking-dress, and seen with half-averted, vanishing profile. The slight work is treated with an admixture of classic elegance and modern living grace, which impart to it a peculiar and delightful savour. The President shows an important and already much described work, "Andromache Captive" (227), which is a typical specimen of his latest and most mature style, and shows more clearly than ever the limits and self-imposed barriers of the so-called ideal which he has laboriously evolved for himself. The widowed consort of Hector is shown in the moment of that bitter captivity foreshadowed by her lord—when she has become the prisoner and slave of Pyrrhus. Clad from head to foot in diaphanous veils and robes of black, she moves slowly to fill her pitcher at the well, the centre and point of division of two frieze-like groups of beautiful youths and maidens, wearing garments of the brightest red, blue, pink, purple, and sulphur-yellow, these groups being again broken and diversified by more detached figures and groups in the foreground. The painter once more reveals his well-known capacity for taking infinite pains with each individual element of his composition; isolated figures, especially two beautiful studies of semi-nude athletic youths—which are rather fine sculptural designs than motives belonging to painting proper—are thoroughly satisfying in draughtsmanship and genuinely classic in conception. The colour, too, shows local hues both gay and beautiful, but it lacks transparency, vibration, and expressive power. The gravest charge, however, which can be brought against the picture is a certain lack of triviality of conception, a lack of that true and sustained ideality, of that generalised truth and real vitality of expression and gesture, which the adequate exposition of so high and noble a theme imperatively calls for.

On a lower level must be placed "The Roses of Heliogabalus" (298), the canvas of unusual magnitude and exceeding elaboration, by which Mr. Alma-Tadema is this year represented. The crazy boy-emperor appears in the background on a raised dais, with the empress-mother and some ignoble male and female parasites. They recline on magnificent couches, and, while sipping from priceless myrrhine vases, gaze with a languid curiosity on the strange scene which is being enacted below. On the assembled guests is being rained from above, by an invisible agency, a terrific avalanche of roses—deep red and pink of varying hue; the wave of cloying sweets has already risen so high that it threatens to overwhelm and stifle those who participate in the splendid feast; only the heads and occasionally the arms of the surprised courtiers emerge, and they appear either stolidly unconscious, or wearing a complacent and half-amused expression. Here shows the profile and elaborate headgear of a beautiful Roman dame, unaccountably serene and unruffled; there protrude the myrtle-crowned brows of a puzzled reveller; while beyond peers

forth a red-bearded Teutonic or Danubian chieftain. Everywhere there are signs, in isolated passages, of the Dutch master's consummate skill in the realisation of detail; yet, neither if we take the whole as a dramatic scene, having its *raison d'être* in a dominant motive of passion or action, nor if we prefer to consider it primarily as a decoration, can it be pronounced successful. As a dramatic picture it has, indeed, no existence; for its component parts are bound together neither by rhythmic harmony of line nor by the vivifying power of a connecting human interest. From a purely decorative point of view, the smallness and consummate elaboration of the execution are not consistent with breadth and unity of effect, while the predominance of the heavy and all-pervading tones of the roses, which are the chief motive of the picture, creates a fatal obstacle to well-balanced harmony or artfully contrasted brilliancy of colour. Such a subject is, perhaps, not of the highest order, yet its adequate treatment, from a dramatic point of view, requires the fervour of a Delacroix; while, if we are contented with a more purely scenic interpretation, we can imagine that such might have been supplied by painters not altogether of the first rank, such as Rochegrosse, Pradilla, or Benjamin Constant.

Mr. Poynter's sole contribution in the domain of ideal art is a charming classic study, "Under the Sea-wall" (814), learnedly drawn and beautifully lighted—not unworthy, indeed, to be placed beside the "Proserpina" and the small "Andromeda" of the same artist. It is almost inconceivable that the same hand should have produced this little work and the laboured characterless portraits to which we shall have to return hereafter. Not less ambitious than heretofore is Mr. Solomon J. Solomon; and, as on former occasions, his ambition has spurred him to a task for the realisation of which his technical acquirements do not at present afford him adequate means. Nevertheless his "Niobe" (712) is, in virtue of the true dramatic energy which it displays, and the real power of conception which it foreshadows, one of the notable performances of the year. Only a portion of the catastrophe which the artist seeks to portray is revealed to the beholder, the implacable deities who are its authors remaining invisible. The stricken mother is shown as, heavily burdened with the lifeless body of a child, she descends a long flight of steps, midway along which lies prone the nearly nude body of another of her offspring, a female child—while yet another and more mature female form lies—her lyre still grasped in her hand—at the base: huddled up in a corner is a terrified group of still-living victims soon to be overwhelmed by the same avenging fate. It would be easy to point to many technical faults in the vast canvas—to dwell upon the defective draughtsmanship of some figures; the inexpressive monotony of the colour, which hardly exceeds the limits of a monochrome; and a certain flimsiness of execution, especially in the draperies. But we may, on the other hand, find compensation in some fine points, and more particularly in the noble head of the "Niobe," in which a passionate despair is well expressed without loss of dignity. It is something in these days to have grappled with a great subject, and not to have altogether failed. Mr. Armitage must always count as one of our most careful and learned draughtsmen, and as one always ready to sacrifice purely pictorial qualities in the attempt to attain chastened perfection of outline. His "Juno" (152)—a heavy, fully-draped figure of the goddess rising into mid-air—cannot, however, be commended. Truth compels us to state that it is only saved by a certain naive simplicity from absolute vulgarity. The artist is, however, more suc-

cessful with his embodiment of the "Siren" (95), who appears in his version under the form of a nude nymph of sculptural proportions, seated on a rock, and seeking to lure by her song the companions of Ulysses. In the drawing and modelling of the half-averted head and the undraped form there is much to admire; but of dramatic import the work is altogether bereft.

It is difficult to speak of the large and ambitious canvases which have been contributed by Mr. Frederick Goodall. So much enterprise, so large a measure of enthusiasm and self-confidence in a veteran, seeking year by year to enlarge the scope of his art, is in itself worthy of admiration; but beyond such praise candour forbids us to go. In "David's Promise to Bathsheba" (189) we may admire—more particularly in the figures of the kneeling Bathsheba and the nearly nude handmaid, who reclines in an attitude of indolent repose at the head of the aged king's couch—much fine and learned draughtsmanship in the arms and extremities of the personages. Rarely, indeed, has the suppleness of joints working under their muscular envelopment been expressed with more truth; but, on the other hand, how vacuous, how inexpressive are the heads of the king and his women, how crude and chalky the flesh-tones, how jarring the juxtaposed tints in the draperies! Still less is it possible to find any reason for the existence of a so-called sacred work such as "By the Sea of Galilee" (329), to which the painter has appended the text: "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses." The crowded composition emulates in dimensions the cartoons of Raphael, and attempts on a similar scale a subject of as profound a significance. Here, however, the lack of appropriate character and meaning in the heads of the chief personages, their imperfect modelling, their inexpressive and misleading movement and gesture, render the work practically non-existent as the pictorial exposition of a theme so mighty and so dramatic.

We have been accustomed on these occasions to seek refuge and consolation in the exquisite subtlety of observation, the sympathetic power, and the technical mastery of Mr. Orchardson. Though his latest creation, "Her Mother's Voice" (286), is not lacking in these precious qualities, it is, as a pictorial whole, far less successful than have been of late years this eminent artist's contributions to the exhibitions of Burlington House. In a room of that formal and charming fashion of the very end of last century which Mr. Orchardson so persistently affects even when his personages are of to-day is seated, in the artificial glow of lamplight, an isolated figure—that of an English gentleman of advancing years; in the farther corner of the apartment a young girl is seen sitting at the piano in the very act of singing, while her well-matched lover bends over her in an attitude of rapt attention. Much is here worthy of admiration, and especially the infinitely touching expression of melancholy without bitterness which passes over the face of the old man as he listens, half-dreaming, to his daughter's voice; her head, too, is realised with great skill and charm, under the most difficult circumstances, where to be realistic is often to be grotesque. But, on the other hand—to say nothing of the prevailing hotness of colour and the mannerism of touch, which are defects familiar to the master's admirers—the figures are bound together by no linear harmony, and do not make a complete picture; moreover, the group of the lovers seems too small in relation to that of the old man, seeing how inconsiderable is the distance in depth which separates the two. Is it not time that so great a pillar of the native school as is Mr. Orchardson should break new ground, and seek to bring his technical mastery and his delicate sensibility of

temperament to bear on some fresher material? It is difficult to mention this master without associating with him another painter who possesses most of his mannerisms—with some very pronounced additions of his own—but with little of his power of observation or his genuine aspiration to present pictorial truth in a new form. Mr. Pettie sends this year, among other things, a large melodramatic composition of little interest, "The Traitor" (220), and a three-quarters length of Mr. Charles Wyndham in his favourite part of "David Garrick" (1065). In this performance the contrast of colour between the bluish greens of the rococo furniture and the dark violet court-suit of the player gives rise to an excruciating discord. What a Japanese craftsman, a Whistler, or an Alfred Stevens might have done with the combination we can easily guess; but in Mr. Pettie's hands it is not excusable. He has, however, succeeded in imparting to his counterfeit presentment much of the restless energy, much of the peculiar individuality of the original.

Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Lady of Shalott" (500) appears to us to contain evidence of a certain change of technique and standpoint on his part. Whereas, up to the present, his leaning has rather been towards the manner and the colour-harmonies of Mr. Alma Tadema, he now shows an evident appreciation of the searching modelling and the intentionally crude freshness of Bastien-Lepage in his rustic phase. However this may be, Mr. Waterhouse is too true and too enthusiastic an artist to give way unduly to the deliberate imitation of any master, and his painted poem is certainly among the most earnest and satisfactory works at the Academy. His woeborn "Lady" is seated all solitary in a barge lined with the rich tapestried quilt which her own hands have worked; her eyes, tearless, though red with weeping, fix themselves on vacancy, as her hand mechanically unlooses the boat from its moorings. Her blown hair, and the wan flames of the candles placed in the prow—violently pressed down as these are in a horizontal direction—would seem to indicate the stirring of a great wind, but this effect is very imperfectly suggested in the green landscape of tall flags, smooth water, and wooded pasture which frames the central motive, and appears to extend itself round it unruffled and almost airless. The fresh tones of an English summer are somewhat out of relation to the chromatic harmonies of the figure and its accessories; but this is drawn and modelled with searching skill and precision, and conceived with a restrained pathos which constitutes the chief charm of the picture.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

A VISIT TO EL ÂRÎSH.

Cairo: April 17, 1898.

[THE following report has been received from Mr. F. Llewellyn Griffith, whose expedition to the north-east frontier district was noted in the ACADEMY, Amelia B. Edwards, Hon. Sec.]

I have just returned from a visit to El Ârîsh, the little town on the coast near the north-east frontier of Egypt where the tolls are levied on merchandise and animals coming from Syria. It had been visited by the Archduke Salvator von Toscana in 1878, by Prof. Ascherson last year, and this winter by Prof. Sayce. Each of these travellers reported the existence in the town of a sarcophagus, or, as Prof. Sayce more correctly termed it, a naos; but no copy of the long inscriptions was brought back. A hieroglyphic monument at this spot promised to be of unusual geographical and historical interest; and I therefore obtained leave of absence from the excavations at

Zagazig for a fortnight and undertook this tedious journey through the desert.

Unfortunately, the geographical information afforded by the inscription has no bearing on the locality in which it was found. There is, however, something to compensate the journey in the fragments of mythical history that may be gathered from it.

The shrine is of black granite, about four feet high and pointed at the top. It has been used for ages as a drinking-trough for animals, and is, consequently, much damaged. The interior, which was sculptured with figures and inscriptions, is much worn or covered with lime incrustations, one side is scaled off and the front has been worn down to the depth of an inch all over; thus the whole of the dedication is lost. However, one side and the back have each thirty-seven lines in fair condition; and, thanks to the good nature of the governor, from whom I feared an unconditional refusal, I was allowed to roll it over "if I could," with the stipulation that I should turn it back in the evening for the camels to drink from. It was no easy job to turn one and a half tons without destroying the rubbishy pedestal of stone and dust on which it was laid; but our practice at Zagazig in rolling the stones of the temple gave us courage, and the pedestal was strengthened and widened, so that the stone might be turned without letting it down. The stone was then turned, but the high wind spoilt the squeeze, and I had to lay it down again and beg the governor to let me repeat the process next day. The wind continuing, I did not attempt to squeeze the inscription, but copied it in a most painful position. I was told that forty men would be required to lift the stone. Myself and my two men accomplished the job by ourselves at a cost of six piastres for the loan of two rude crowbars and some logs of wood. The text relates the history of the temple of Goshen under the reign of the gods, evidently in order to give it with all its adjuncts a respectable genealogy. It was visited by the god Ra; and, as the inscription on the back ends with a list of temples in Upper Egypt built by this god, it seems that the sacred localities at Goshen were to be put on a level in point of antiquity with those of the most celebrated cities in Upper Egypt. The local god, Sepd, is identified with the warlike Shu or Ares, in order to bring him into relation with the myth of the god-kings; and the other gods of the district are the spirits of the East who protect Ra (the sun) at his rising from the children of Apep. The temple is the eastern horizon on which the sun rests. The order of the god-kings mentioned on the shrine is

1. Râ=Harmachis=Atum? the organiser of the country and founder of the temple.
2. Shu=Sepd, who made it his favourite residence.
3. Seb.

This is the order of all the lists.

There are some curious details and a description of the temple, which I reserve for the present.

Of the later kings of Egypt, M. Naville found monuments at Goshen of Nectanebo II. and Philadelphus. From the style I should attribute the El Ârîsh shrine to Philadelphus.

In going from Zagazig to El Ârîsh I followed the railway line as far as Salehieh. At Faqûs, I found that where-ever a cutting had been made through the rubbish mounds, they were found to rest on sand at a slight depth, and appeared to be entirely of Roman date. Thus there cannot well have been a second ancient Ptacussa here. From Salehieh, following the caravan route, I passed within sight of Defeneh, crossed the Suez Canal at Qantarâh and passed Tell abu Sêfe on my right. This route to El Ârîsh, which can now be accurately laid down from

the survey of the telegraph line by an Italian engineer Signor Paoletti, is perhaps ancient. In fact, down to the Saite epoch, it was, perhaps, the most frequented route to Syria. It is now the principal land route, and is well supplied with herbage for camels and with brackish water. There is, however, no place for an extensive settlement; and, though heaps of pottery are found at the wells, there is little appearance of the permanent occupation of any spot except Qatye, where there are some mounds of Arab date, with small marble columns and a granite millstone. The sites of ancient guard-houses and post stations are also found along the route.

El Arish stands two miles inland up the Wady. The ruins of the ancient city of Rhinocolura are immediately south of it, and are partly buried in sand-drifts. A large Christian building, of which I have made a plan, was discovered this year, and cleared of the sand.

The pottery of the settlement and of the caravans seems to cover about one square mile, but the solid nucleus of stone buildings was much less. A firm basis for building had often to be made by mixing limestone dust from the Wady and lime with the sand, and, no doubt, by assiduous watering.

The rush of water down the Wady has not formed any new ground recently at the mouth. Pottery is found on a piece of high ground at the very centre of the Wady, and at the edge of the sea, marking, perhaps, the site of a harbour now silted up.

Returning, I followed the route of the ancient itineraries and of Herodotus by the coast to Pelusium, and thence to Port Said. I could not find a trace of Ostracine. The opening of Lake Serbonis into the sea seems to have moved eastward, since it is now found at the east end of the lake, while in Strabo's time it was half way to Casius. Ostracine probably lay on the east side of the opening at the end of the first day's journey from Rhinocolura.

I heard of a ruin called Berdawil, after the crusader Baldwin, between the sea and the telegraph line, about ten miles west of El Arish.

El Qels is unmistakably Casius; but, unfortunately, it consists of shifting sand, in which the temple and Pompey's tomb may be buried 150 feet. On the south side are large quantities of pottery. There is no likely tumulus either east or west of Casius on the shore. Pompey's tomb should be towards the east end from Strabo's order.

I think it probable that Gerrha, Pentascino, and Chabrii Castra are all to be identified at El Mehemdiyeh, where the sea is wearing away a piece of high ground and exposing a number of stone walls. *Χαβριον* *χάραξ* was probably a ditch cut in front of this fort along the edge of the low ground, and filled with sea water. There is, of course, no trace now of such a work.

I did not visit Pelusium again, as it lay off the direct road, and I had examined the whole surface carefully two years ago. I passed two Arab forts between it and Port Said, one circular, and the other rectangular and without any visible entrance. The first is visible from Tell Farama; and the Arabs told me two years ago that it was built by the French, I suppose under Bonaparte. But, notwithstanding the extraordinary rapidity with which the Arab mortar is destroyed here, it must be earlier, as well as the small rubbish heaps round it, which probably made the site of Tineh. There is no sign of pre-Arab remains.

The salt and barren shore along the whole line from a mile west of El Arish is evidently a modern formation of sand and shells banked up by the waves a foot or less above the sea, and filling up the bay from El Arish to El

Mehemdiyeh, and another from El Mehemdiyeh to the projecting alluviums formed at the mouths of the Nile west of Pelusium. The first bay includes Serbonis, &c. Casius forms an island enclosed between the Mediterranean and the lake. On the south it protects from the wind and spray a good tract of rather firmer ground covered with excellent pasture for camels. Strange to say, the rainfall supplies a small amount of perfectly fresh water in a well near the east end. This is rightly passed over by Strabo, since it could not supply a caravan.

At El Mehemdiyeh, the higher ground at last runs sharply down to the sea, which is wearing away both it and Casius. It is at this point that the boundary of Gerrha was placed, and where I suppose that the trench of Chabrias was dug to protect it, and to check the Persian advance into Pelusium. The ruins of Gerrha seem to consist of a square fortress built not on the crest of the rise, but apparently at the base of it on the east, and no doubt overtopping it. The foundations of some of the walls are carried down to the sea level, and all inside is made ground.

West of this is the second silted-up bay, which must have included the mouth of the Pelusiac branch in its sweep. The soil in the eastern portion consists not of alluvial mud, but for ten miles inland, as far as the telegraph line near Tell Habw (south of Tell el Hér), of shells and sand. This has clearly not been formed after the silting up of the Pelusiac mouth, for there are ancient Arab remains even north of Tell Farama; and one of the Greek authors states that Pelusium was twenty stadia from the sea, as now. The *ῥαπίδια* of Herodotus, and the *βάρατρα* of Strabo were therefore salt marshes, and pools, and channels left in the half-silted bay. Such exist still in the more alluvial district between Pelusium and Port Said, ready to entrap the luckless explorer among the Arab forts. They form generally broad channels of dry salt or sea water parallel to the sea north-east of the Tell.

F. LL. GRIFFITH.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TARATHA AND BABIA.

Christ's College, Cambridge: May 8, 1888.

Before we are called upon to accept a new theory of the name Tar'athā (Derceto, Atergatis, Palmyrene *ܬܪܬܐ*), I hope that Dr. Neubauer will tell us whether the rendering *Janua* rests on any better authority than a mere conjecture of Assemani (*B. O. i.* 327), which was excusable 170 years ago; and that Prof. Sayce will tell us his grounds for identifying Babia with the goddess of Mabbog. I know the goddess Babia only from Damascius (*Vita Isidori*, §76), as a deity worshipped by the Syrians, especially in Damascus.

W. ROBERTSON SMITH.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

It is to be hoped that the authorities at the National Gallery may see their way to buy the famous and desirable Sir Joshua which will be sold this afternoon at Christies. The picture is the well-known "Pick-a-back"—in other words, a portrait group of Mrs. Payne Galway and child. By its acquisition, the particular side of Sir Joshua's art which this remarkable picture represents would be expressed in the national collection in much greater force than it is at present; and an accepted masterpiece of the painter would be retained in England, and in public view, as it should be. Unfortunately, however, the authorities in Trafalgar Square will have no important sum of money to spend, unless they shall have been fortunate

enough to persuade the Chancellor of the Exchequer that an exceptional occasion has arrived—an occasion on which the grant which has been for some years suspended may be for the time being renewed. No small, or even relatively unimportant, sum will buy for the country the Sir Joshua of which it is now question; but if it was desirable to expend about £70,000 on a very important Raphael—though not a Raphael of quite the highest charm—it is, we should think, at least equally wise to expend say a tenth part of that amount (some £7,000) if necessary, on the acquisition of an admitted masterpiece of the English School.

THE following exhibitions will open next week: (1) the Nineteenth-century Art Society, in the Conduit Street Galleries; (2) paintings on china by lady amateurs and artists, at Messrs. Howell and James's, Regent Street; and (3) a collection of Japanese "Kakémonos," or hanging pictures, at Messrs. Dowdeswell's in New Bond Street.

ADMIRERS of Jean François Millet should not fail to visit the rooms of Messrs. Obach in Cockspur Street, where one of the most powerful and grandly executed of this master's pictures is at present on view. Its subject is of extreme simplicity—the commonest of all subjects—a mother and her child; but it has never, perhaps, been treated as Millet has treated it here. The woman is a peasant of the poorest class, to judge from the roughness of her wrapper or coat of thick woollen stuff. The infant is swaddled, and rests like a mummy between its mother's knees, stiff and almost erect, with its calmly sleeping face on her breast. Her large, strong hands are folded in front of it; and her coarse-featured face, with lips fallen apart and eyelids swollen as with recent tears, wears an expression of almost tragic pathos. Two little pictures of Meissonier, of the finest quality, are also to be seen here, with two or three good examples of Troyon, and others of Diaz, Daubigny, Decamps, and Corot, of a high class.

MR. G. BERTIN will deliver a course of four lectures at the British Museum upon "The Social Condition of the Ancient Babylonians," on Fridays in June, at 3 p.m., beginning on June 8.

THE sixth annual meeting of the Society for Preserving the Memorials of the Dead will be held at the Mansion House on Wednesday, June 13.

THE congress of the Société française d'Archéologie will open at Dax on June 12, and later at Bayonne, under the presidency of the Comte de Marsy. It will be followed by an excursion to Pampeluna in Spain. To all who are interested in Roman architecture, the visit to Dax (the *Aquæ Tarbellicæ* of the Romans) will be specially attractive. For tickets and general information as regards lodgings, &c., application should be made to M. Georges Camiade, at Dax (Landes).

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS have issued this year, somewhat more promptly than usual, the two illustrated volumes of *Academy Notes* and *Grosvenor Notes*, compiled by Mr. Henry Blackburn; and also the companion work, on a larger scale, for the Salon, which contains more than 300 facsimile sketches. This last is, perhaps, the most interesting for those of us who have not been able to run over to Paris, though we cannot pretend to admire the studies of the nude model which are conspicuous in it.

MESSRS. W. A. MANSSELL & Co., of Oxford Street, have commissioned Mr. Robert A. Clouston to engrave in mezzotint portraits of five eminent physicians and surgeons. We have seen proofs of those of Sir William Gull and Sir Henry Thompson, which are certainly

effective as likenesses, though somewhat coarse in execution. On comparing them with the plate of Principal Sharp by the same engraver, recently noticed in the ACADEMY, it becomes evident how much the latter owes to the original painting by the late Mr. Herdman.

MR. WARWICK WROTH has reprinted from the *Numismatic Chronicle* his paper on "Greek Coins acquired by the British Museum in 1887," with a plate of illustrations. Included among them is a Jewish shekel, and a hemi-drachm of the Indo-Scythian King Maues. The total number of acquisitions during the year was 176.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES requests us to state that he has resigned his membership of the Royal Society of British Artists.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

TIME and space will next week permit us to say something in detail about Messrs. Wills and Grundy's "The Pompadour," which—produced at the Haymarket quite lately with a result that seemed at first uncertain—has already settled down into at least a moderate success, so that the piece is likely to be played throughout the remainder of the season. Whenever it is withdrawn, it is understood that it will be followed by a new piece by Mr. H. A. Jones, which was long ago accepted by the management.

MR. WILLARD's performance of Macbeth—which was given at the Olympic one afternoon last week, and which was at once recognised as containing points of note—was yet presented under such unsatisfactory conditions that it had hardly its fair chance of appealing to even the critical public. The Lady Macbeth of the occasion was Mrs. Bandmann—known long ago to the playgoer, and especially to the provincial playgoer, as Miss Milly Palmer. The lady has of late years been acting in Germany, where she has at least gained some experience. But it appears to be conceded that Lady Macbeth is not the rôle for which either nature or art has intended her. It has been suggested that she would make a good queen in "Hamlet." But good queens in "Hamlet" have not been so rare since Mr. Wilson Barrett happily bethought him that there was no occasion whatever for them to be elderly. At the Princess's Miss Margaret Leighton was a very good queen.

THE Gaiety Theatre is, after all, not forsaken of laughter. Mr. Fred Leslie, Miss Nelly Farren, and those charming actress-dancers, Miss Silvia Grey and Miss Letty Lind, having started for Australia, their place is taken by a regular comedy-company of great repute—the American company managed by Mr. Augustus Daly, which, during its stay in England, Mr. William Terriss does us the service to supervise. The Daly Company plays pieces of very unequal merit; and "The Railroad of Love," which it is playing now, is quite inferior to "Nancy." Indeed, it requires a good all-round company, and two or three actors of the finest art, to make it succeed at all. Fortunately, it is such actors who interpret it. Mr. John Drew proves himself, in it, a most finished comedian; and bad as her part may be, from a literary point of view, Miss Rehan is yet enabled to convince us through her performance that her range is more extensive than had previously appeared. Her comedy and that acting of hers which is so serious that it cannot be called comedy at all are alike admirable. Though we could desire some change in the playbill before the company leaves us, there is no doubt that "The Railroad of Love"—interpreted as it is at the Gaiety—is quite worth seeing.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

WHEREVER there is a voice the songs of Grieg are sung, and wherever there is a piano his pieces are played. Yet some have expressed surprise at the cordial welcome given to the composer at the fourth Philharmonic Concert on Thursday, May 3. When he first appeared on the platform applause broke out such as is seldom heard at St. James's Hall. Grieg has acquired European fame, not by pandering to vulgar tastes, nor by any fantastic tricks. His compositions, like those of Chopin, owe much of their form and colour to the land which gave him birth; but, in spite of their quaint rhythms and harmonies, the music is from the heart, and so it makes a genuine appeal to musicians. There is all the difference between a man who adopts, for some particular effect, certain peculiarities of national music, such as Mendelssohn, who at one time borrowed the Scotch snap, at another the hop of the Italian Saltarella, and one who, like Grieg, from his youth upwards, has given himself up to home influences. Grieg's music has a *cachet* of its own, and so it has made its mark.

Mr. Grieg played his Pianoforte Concerto in A minor (Op. 16)—a work first performed in this country by Mr. Danureuther at the Crystal Palace in 1874. The printed notes can give little idea of the charm and character which the composer infused into the music by his sympathetic reading and delicate touch. He also conducted his two "Elegiac Melodies" for stringed orchestra: two simple yet characteristic pieces which Mr. Henschel introduced at his last season of concerts. As he made the piano sing, so was it with the fine Philharmonic orchestra of strings under his *baton*. Mr. Grieg possesses the rare art of communicating his feelings to the players. He also accompanied Miss Carlotta Elliot in two songs—"Erebes Begegnen" and "Farewell to Tvindehougen." Neither of them, however, in our opinion, represented the composer at his best in a department of musical literature in which he has so distinguished himself; nor did Miss Elliot sing in her best manner. The *encore*, "Guten Morgen," was far more satisfactory, both as regards choice and rendering. The rest of the programme must be briefly described. A "Petite Suite" of Bizet's, entitled "Jeux d'Enfants," was given for the first time in England. The five movements of which it is composed are but trifles, but they are pretty, graceful, and charmingly scored. Mr. Cowen was a little too ready to yield to the demand for an *encore* of "Petit mari, petite femme." Mozart's Symphony in C, supposed to have been written at Linz in 1783, and Mendelssohn's "Ruy Blas" Overture were also included in the scheme. Mr. Cowen conducted both works with skill and judgment.

Mdlle. Juliette Folville, a young artist, gave a recital at Prince's Hall on Thursday of last week. She has strong fingers and fair execution, and was heard to advantage in some showy *morceaux de salon* of her own composition. But she played part of the fugue which concludes Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 110) in a hurried and confused manner. She had no right to detach it from the last section of the Sonata, nor even from the Sonata itself—and still less right to play only the beginning and end of the fugue. Her Chopin pieces showed more power than poetry; and she also appeared in the second part of the programme as a violinist, but we must take another opportunity of judging her in this capacity.

Last Saturday afternoon the eminent violinist, Señor Sarasate, gave the first of a series of four concerts at St. James's Hall. There was nothing in the programme which calls for detailed notice. The performance of the

Beethoven Concerto, as usual, pleased the audience; but the violinist, with all his skill, does not make one feel the grandeur of the music to the same extent as Herr Joachim. Señor Sarasate is heard to the best advantage in works in which technical difficulties form the chief attraction, or in which gracefulness rather than grandeur is the prevailing feature. In Raff's showy Suite, in a Moszkowski "Ballade," and in Saint-Saens's "Rondo Capriccioso," he fairly electrified his audience, and roused them to a high pitch of enthusiasm. At the close of the last piece, he gave his own "Boléro" by way of *encore*. The hall was crowded in every part.

On Monday afternoon Miss Florence Menck-Meyer gave a pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall. She comes from Melbourne, and is said to be a grand-niece of Rubinstein. Though young, she has written an opera—both music and libretto. Her programme commenced with a dreary "Bellini" Fantasia by Liszt, which she played with some skill. Two pieces of Chopin were then given in a manner more eccentric than pleasing. The test piece of the afternoon was Beethoven's "Waldstein" Sonata. After hearing the first movement, we came to the conclusion that the young lady had better—for the present at least—confine herself to drawing-room music. Beethoven should be approached with respect and reverence.

The first Richter concert was held at St. James's Hall on Monday evening. There was an unusually large gathering. The programme, including the names of Liszt, Berlioz, Wagner, and, last but not least, Beethoven, was a genuine Richter one. A brilliant rendering of the Kaiser-Marsch gave good promise of what was to follow. Mr. Henschel sang with declamatory power "Das schöne Fest" from "Die Meistersinger," and "Hagens Wacht" from the "Götterdämmerung." The second excerpt was introduced for the first time; and those who could not fully appreciate it thus taken from its surroundings, could at any rate admire the masterly orchestration with its sombre and weird tones. Berlioz's lively "Carnival Roman" and Liszt's well-worn fourth Hungarian Rhapsody were rendered with great spirit. The performance of Beethoven's C minor Symphony was—from first note to last—highly impressive.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Organists' Quarterly Journal. Parts 77 and 78. (Novello). Part 77 commences with an Adagio (second movement of a Sonata in G), by Mr. E. T. Driffell, light and not unpleasing. Mr. F. L. Crompton's "Pastorale" is dull. A "Postlude," by Mr. J. Thomas, is scarcely more than a sketch. Mr. R. B. Moore contributes a light and graceful Minuet. Mr. G. Minne's "Postlude" is lively, but not particularly interesting. Dr. Spark, the editor, commences Part 78 with a "Descriptive Fantasia" in Memoriam Sir G. Macfarren, in which the restless activity, the sudden illness and death of the composer, and his welcome to the celestial regions are depicted—a curious, if not altogether satisfactory, piece of programme-music. Mr. O. Thomas's "Fantasia" is well written, and shows much skill. But why in the middle line of the last page does he write wrong notation, and thus hide consecutive octaves? The last piece is an "Andante" by Mr. W. Blakeley, very Mendelssohnian in character.

Messrs. E. Ashdown send five Romances for violin and pianoforte by the late Sir G. A. Macfarren. Three of them (Nos. 1, 3 and 5) are in slow time; and the last, with its flowing theme and well-contrasted middle section, is

attractive. No. 2 has a showy part for the violin; but the pianoforte does little more than accompany. The number of good and comparatively easy pieces for these two instruments is limited, so these Romances, skilfully constructed and pleasing as to melody, ought to meet with a large welcome.

From Messrs. Hutchings & Co. we have: *Ask me no more*, by W. H. Cummings, a graceful setting of words by Thomas Carew, and one in which the old and new are pleasantly mixed; it is written for a mezzo soprano voice. *Oak Tree Farm*, by Annie E. Armstrong, a simple song and simple music. *Soul-Music*, by A. S. Gatty, begins well, but soon falls into the commonplace. *The Dove and the Raven*, by M. W. Balfe, in the composer's usual style. The same may be said of Pinsuti's *The morning smiled, the evening wept*. H. Smart's *The Farewell of the Swallow* is an easy and pleasing little duet for soprano and contralto. *The Lover's Prayer*, by Mrs. B. Bomer, is a feeble production. J. Edward's *Message of the Swallow* is melodious, though not original. *Hush thy sweet sounds, O river*, by W. H. Cummings, is a quiet, smoothly-written song, with an accompaniment for violin or violoncello. *Once in Royal David's City*, by J. A. Macmeikan, begins rather well; but in the middle the tonality is confused, and the conclusion is weak. May Ostlere's *Bourrée and Gavotte* for pianoforte has some good points. Both sections commence well, but one's interest soon flags. The short introduction to the *Bourrée* is quite out of place. A *Gavotte Fantastique*, by Ridley Prentice, is an effective little piece, but one which requires neatness in notes and phrasing. *At the Forge*, *Jeannette*, *Boat Song*, *Phyllis*, by J. C. Beazley. These four easy sketches for the pianoforte are exceedingly clever; there is plenty of taking melody, and the harmony and rhythm are both interesting. Teachers will find them useful. *Ivanhoe March* for pianoforte, by J. B. Calcott, is a spirited and pleasing duet; the time-signature is 6-8, somewhat unusual for a March. *Sextuor de Lucie de Lammermoor*, by J. Romano. This is a difficult and commonplace arrangement of Donizetti's well-known concerted piece for the left hand. Such transcriptions cannot be too strongly condemned. *Romance*, *Mazurka*. For violin or violoncello. By J. Cotrufo. Both of these are simple; the first is somewhat diffuse, but the second is neat and nice. *Danse Moresque*, arranged for organ by Dr. Westbrook. This light and elegant dance by Kilner is effectively arranged; but we do not like the final chords.

From Messrs. Ascherberg, the following: *Six Songs*. By A. W. Marchant. The melodies are smooth and flowing, and the accompaniments for the most part tasteful; but the composer's writing is not deep. *Beyond the Shadows*, by C. Ducci; a simple but effective song. *Third Bourée*, for pianoforte, by L. B. Mallett. Like other pieces of the kind mentioned above, it begins extremely well, but gets common; the passages in triplets do not suit the *Bourrée* form. *Moto Perpetuo*, for the pianoforte, by L. Godowsky. A difficult but not attractive piece; an excellent exercise for reading at sight. *A Toi*, by S. Smith. A good specimen of a class of composition, which is going out of fashion. *My Darling's Album*. Twelve silhouettes for pianoforte, by G. Lamothe. These are very small pieces, for quite beginners, in very large type, and with an outside page covered with silhouettes. *Revoir and Réverie*, by M. Bourne. Transcribed for violin by G. Papini. These pieces are easy and melodious. We prefer the second.

From Messrs. Patterson & Sons: *I'll tend thy Bower* and *To Julia weeping*, by Hamish MacCunn. The recent success of this young

composer makes one peruse with interest anything new from his pen. These two songs, forming a set of six, are, however, but trifles; the main interest lies in the ingenious accompaniments. *Frihling's ed*, by A. Gallrein. A pleasing, unpretending little song, with accompaniment for violin or violoncello. *The Skye collection of Reels and Strathspeys* (book iii.) will suit all who are interested in genuine Scottish dances.

Messrs. Marriott & Williams send a batch of ballads of a sentimental type. Musically, they are not of importance. We give the titles of two or three of the best—*Love, I am watching*, by C. Hoby, with viola accompaniment; *My love of long ago*, by S. Larkcom; and *To Thee*, by L. Barone.

From the London Publishing Company: *My Gentle Swallow*. By E. Allon. A very good song with a showy pianoforte accompaniment. The want of variety in tonality renders it, however, slightly monotonous. *Who is Sylvia?* Duet for contralto and baritone, by the same composer, is simple, yet—if well sung—would prove highly effective.

From Messrs. Weeks & Co.: *Technical Exercises* for the pianoforte. By C. A. Ehrenfechter. These exercises are said to be on the Deppe principle. Herr Deppe, popular in Germany as a teacher, and well-known, also, to all who have read Miss Amy Fay's charming book, *Music Study in Germany*, has certainly peculiarities with regard to finger and arm action. The technical exercises given by Herr Ehrenfechter are all good, but the very scanty letterpress renders them of little service to anyone wishing to understand or follow the system. *Compositions for the Organ*. By Dr. Chipp. This volume contains a selection from a large number of MS. compositions left by the composer. Dr. Chipp held a leading position among English organists; and the editors, Messrs. G. M. Garrett and J. Higgs, justly speak of his organ music as "solid in style and legitimate in effect."

Musical Notes. By Hermann Klein ("The Stage" Office). Last year Mr. Klein started his Annual, giving a critical record of all musical events of importance. This year the notes are more numerous, and the record more complete. It is a reading as well as a reference book. Some of the notices—e.g., those of Mr. Corder's "Nordica" and Mr. F. H. Cowen's "Ruth"—are of considerable extent; and Mr. Klein has a fluent pen. The new productions and other matters are carefully arranged in alphabetical order at the end of the volume. The present issue contains no portraits, but, on the other hand, it is offered at a lower price.

MUSIC NOTES.

DR. MACKENZIE gave his first address to the students of the Royal Academy of Music last Saturday afternoon. After alluding to the extraordinary gifts of his predecessor, which enabled him to raise the Academy to its present state of prosperity, and referring in touching terms to the death of Mr. Walter Bache, one of the teachers, Dr. Mackenzie proceeded to indicate the lines on which he was about to work. He did not believe in standing still. He proposes to make the study of English Church music a special feature—so as to turn out competent organists and choir-masters. The opera class, too, is not to be neglected. Modern musical works are to be put before the students to a larger extent than formerly. And, lastly, the Royal Academy of Music library is to be increased. The concert-room was crowded, and the new principal met with a hearty reception.

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LITERATURE.

The Character and Times of Thomas Cromwell: a Sixteenth Century Criticism. By Arthur Galton. (Birmingham: Cornish.)

It is certainly not a very easy task to form a strictly impartial estimate of either of the two great statesmen who bore the name of Cromwell. Each rode upon the whirlwind of a great political, social, and religious revolution; and how far it may be said of each (especially of the earlier one) that he directed the storm, or, if he did direct it, how far it was for good, and how far for evil, are questions that will doubtless be variously answered in the future as they have been in the past. We may, however, not unreasonably entertain a hope that the progress of historical research will do something in either case to narrow the grounds of controversy; and that, as the public mind is gradually educated to a clearer appreciation of both the great movements out of which the modern history of England has been developed, it will be possible to speak of both of the Cromwells without political or religious bias.

The present little book is avowedly an essay, not a history or a biography, though the author throws out some indication that he may be led to favour us one day with a more elaborate work. It is to be hoped he will; but, at the same time, let us say at once, we trust he will not do so prematurely. For, though we are happy to acknowledge that the present is a work of considerable study and some original thinking, we believe that more deliberate reflection will modify not a few of the author's judgments, and lead to more valuable results. Indeed, when he honestly confesses, at the end of the book, that, "after all, he hardly knows what to say of Cromwell," it is evident that he cannot harmonise even his present knowledge of the man with his general conceptions of history. Under these circumstances, he should take a wider range, and ask himself, in the light of more extended reading, whether his own conceptions have been sufficiently emancipated from mere conventional opinion. For it is clear that there are some rather essential things which he has not yet thought out. He declines, for instance, to discuss the rather marked characteristics of the master whom Cromwell served, referring timidly to what has been said on that subject by Bishop Stubbs, as a view which it would be presumptuous in him to question. But, surely, an original estimate of Thomas Cromwell can hardly go well with a mere secondhand estimate of Henry VIII., however good the authority may be from which the latter is derived. For in truth, secondhand acceptance is not genuine approval; and it is clear that Mr. Galton, however much he bows to Bishop Stubbs's authority, has

not read the history of Henry's life and reign from Bishop Stubbs's view at all. Let him look into the matter for himself; and when he has really found the key of Henry's character, he will be less at a loss with regard to that of Cromwell.

Bishop Stubbs, for instance, will hardly, I think, endorse Mr. Galton's opinion that Henry's statesmanship was second rate, and that his foreign policy, in particular, was a proof of it. Nor is it altogether credible, as suggested on p. 187, that Cromwell saw a means of increasing his master's power which a regard for the future liberties of England restrained him from laying before Henry. That was certainly not the impression of the men of the North, who considered him the king's evil genius, and clamoured for his punishment. Neither was it the opinion of Cardinal Pole, who some years before his elevation to the cardinalate left his native country, as he tells us, simply and solely because he perceived that with Cromwell's growing ascendancy in the king's councils he could no longer hope to speak his honest opinion without danger to his neck. For, indeed, Cromwell had told him pretty frankly the principles on which he conceived a wise councillor ought to give advice: none of your scholastic disquisitions as to what was just or honorable; the true, practical philosophy was to study what was in the mind of your prince and then devise all means for carrying it out. This was the line suggested by Cromwell's favourite author Machiavelli, of whose famous treatise he had a copy in MS. and showed it to Pole some years before it was published.

Mr. Galton has not taken notice of this incident. If he had he could hardly have regarded Cromwell as the real statesman of the time, and Henry as only following his guidance. The truth, in fact, was exactly the reverse. Henry VIII. was a king who, whatever else may have been deficient in his character, always knew his own mind thoroughly; and Cromwell saw, and saw quite truly, that the only road to preferment was through complete subservience. Machiavelli was the best instructor to a man whose great object was to get on. But whatever Cromwell effected, it was not based on grand schemes for the good of England. It was based on the policy declared by himself to Pole, of endeavouring to find out what was in his sovereign's mind, and then devising methods for carrying it into effect.

I should be sorry, indeed, if these remarks had the effect of blinding either myself or anyone else to a possibly higher view of Cromwell's policy. But I must say that this view is the natural interpretation of what, unless Pole has belied him, were the principles of conduct confessed by Cromwell himself; and applying it to the facts of his life, it seems to me a perfectly adequate explanation. He was simply a consummate man of business, who had a very clear appreciation of the sort of world in which he lived, and saw, up to a certain point at least, the way to make the best of it for himself. He perhaps even saw—indeed he could hardly but have seen—that the course he was pursuing had its perils as well as its reward; but having once embarked on the sea of politics it was not in his power to recover a sure haven.

And let it be said, as really a redeeming point, that he does not seem to have been a "vile politician" from the first. It is clear that he had sown some kind of wild oats in youth, that he had gone abroad in consequence, and become a soldier in the French service in Italy. Reduced to beggary by the fortune of war, he is said to have been assisted to return to England by the Florentine banker, Frescobaldi; and there seems no reason to doubt the fact, though dates are a little puzzling. He applied himself to business, and soon became wonderfully prosperous, combining a singular variety of occupations, as those of a lawyer, cloth-merchant, and money-lender. He was employed by Wolsey in the work of suppressing some small monasteries with a view to the foundation of the cardinal's two colleges in Ipswich and in Oxford. This suppression, although authorised both by royal and papal authority, was unpopular in the country; and the cardinal's agents were undoubtedly guilty of something like peculation, for which Cromwell very nearly got into serious trouble. He was, however, shielded till the cardinal's fall by the fact of being in the cardinal's service. But on his master's disgrace he stood in the utmost possible danger; and then, as he said, he determined to "make or mar" by going to court and saying a word for himself. His facile tongue won the day; for it so happened that Henry was at the moment almost checkmated in his pursuit of a divorce, and his councillors rejoiced in the belief that he had really given it up. But Cromwell suggested that Henry's councillors were too timid. The king was really head of the Church in his own country; and if he met with any obstacle he could force the clergy to acknowledge his supremacy, cut off all appeals to Rome, and make it treason in anyone to oppose his wishes.

Henry saw from that moment that Cromwell was the man to serve his turn, and from the danger of imprisonment Cromwell stepped at once into the sunshine of royal favour. He knew too well after that that his safety depended on carrying still further the policy by which he had risen. He never thought of crossing the royal will, but rather of anticipating it at every turn. He was a master of the art of pleasing, and soon eclipsed all the old nobility at the council table. For he could do what they could not—take a regular pommelling from the royal fist, and look as comfortable after it as if he had received the highest honour. (Mr. Galton does not tell us this by the by.) He was callous as to all the enormities of the times, and even justified them boldly. He fell because the Anne of Cleves marriage seemed the only way to get the king out of difficulties, and when the Anne of Cleves marriage had served its purpose it was set aside.

But he did great things? Yes, undoubtedly. It was he who made the Church of England a State Church in the sense in which it has been so ever since—a spectacle alike to Dissenters and Roman Catholics, who despise it for succumbing to a power from which the Pope was unable to protect it. It was he who was mainly instrumental in setting up the royal supremacy, and in administering it as the king's vicegerent. That the Church was purified by the galling tyranny to which it was subjected we may

admit without saying, like Mr. Galton, that the clergy were "decidedly unpopular," or the monks exceedingly corrupt. Many things have been reformed since that day; and we in this later age inherit the blessings of a great revolution of which we have not endured the penalties. The papacy itself has been reformed, and, as Mr. Galton truly points out, stands no longer on the same basis that it did. Nor is this the only shrewd remark in Mr. Galton's book; but it certainly exhibits several crudities and deficiencies as well, and I have been led to part company with the author more, perhaps, than a reviewer ought to do in order to supply a few of his omissions.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

Greek the Language of Christ and his Apostles. By Alexander Roberts, D.D. (Longmans.)

FOR full a quarter of a century Dr. Roberts has been trying to convince the world that Greek was the language of Christ and his apostles; that in that language, at least, they delivered their public discourses, though they might in familiar intercourse make occasional use of Aramaic. But, though he is able to mention one "great scholar" who, so far back as 1862, wrote in the *Saturday Review* that the evidence adduced was such as could "hardly leave a doubt in the mind of unprejudiced readers," he does not seem to have made many converts since among those qualified to judge. Is it possible, however, that the learned world is clinging to a mere prejudice, reluctant to look facts in the face? It cannot be denied that scholars are sometimes as obstinately tenacious of their opinions as less enlightened people, and it may be so in the present instance. No doubt it would be a great and very difficult confession to make that on such a point the world has been wrong for eighteen centuries, and that it has been reserved for Dr. Roberts to set it right; but the world has been in error before, and whatever the truth may be it must be allowed free course. I am not, indeed, going to say just yet "almost thou persuadest me to believe" that Christ spoke Greek; but, after attentively reading Dr. Roberts's volume, I cannot say less than this—that he has, in my judgment, made out a very strong case, and has shown cause why the whole question should be carefully reconsidered.

That Greek was generally understood in Palestine in the time of Christ, and was the common medium of intercourse between the Jews and men of other nationalities, or between the Palestinian Jews and their brethren of the dispersion, cannot, perhaps, be disputed; and, on the other hand, Dr. Roberts does not deny that Aramaic was in daily use among the natives in conversing with one another. What he maintains is that the Galileans and, indeed, all the Palestinian Jews were at this time, and had been for a century or two past, bilingual, and that while clinging to their native *patois* among themselves, they were perfectly able to understand and converse in a language that passed for Greek. This being so, it really does not seem so improbable—and the question after all is much more one of probabilities than might at first sight be imagined—that in addressing large multitudes, in which there

could scarcely fail to be numbers of foreigners, Jesus should have employed the language which would be most generally understood. If Dr. Roberts had not gone beyond this, there would be less difficulty in following him; but, apparently, he would not be satisfied unless it were admitted that all the recorded sayings of Jesus, with only, perhaps, some very trifling exceptions, have come to us in the very words in which they were uttered.

It is certainly strange that there is so little direct evidence upon the point in question; but the fact that the evangelists never hint that they are throughout translating what was spoken in another tongue is, at least, not unfavourable to Dr. Roberts's theory. Not much, at least, can be inferred from the reproach to Peter, "Thy speech bewrayeth thee," since that would apply to a peculiarity of accent even better than to difference of language; nor from the surprise of the chief captain in the case of Paul, since he did not yet know what nation he was of; nor yet from the address of that apostle immediately afterwards, seeing it is noted as something exceptional or, at least, not necessarily to be expected, that he spoke in Hebrew. Still, Dr. Roberts should admit that this last piece of evidence is rather against him; for it is certainly apparent that to the mass of the people, even in Jerusalem, their native tongue was more welcome than the language of the foreigner, however much it may be implied that the latter was perfectly intelligible to them. But it is Josephus who is generally considered to decide the point; and yet, when the statements of Josephus are fairly weighed, it will be found that they are not so entirely irreconcilable as is generally assumed with the supposition that he may have been familiar from his childhood with such Hebraistic Greek as would be spoken in Palestine. It is clearly one thing to be able to speak a language intelligibly, and another to have a command of it for literary purposes; and the Greek of Josephus is sufficiently far from that of the Sermon on the Mount to account for the difficulty he experienced in acquiring the style of which he eventually became master. Still, it may be suspected that most people will think that this is rather a forced construction to put on the well-known passage in the *Antiquities*. Dr. Roberts achieves a less doubtful success in dealing with those cases in the Gospels in which the Aramaic words are actually given, and here it seems to me he distinctly turns in his own favour a point which is usually thought to be decisive on the other side; for why should attention be drawn to those instances unless they were wholly exceptional? We can understand it, of course, in the cry from the cross, because the "Eli" is required to explain the mistake of the bystanders; but, if Jesus constantly used Aramaic, it really does seem strange that we should be informed that he did so in addressing Jairus's daughter, or that the words themselves should be given, as if they were some charm. This is an argument that should tell powerfully with those who accept the tradition about Mark's gospel having been written at the dictation of Peter; but it will naturally have less effect with those who agree with Baur in regarding Mark's minute touches as simply a feature of his literary

style. That at least Christ could on occasion speak Greek can scarcely be denied, considering the number of persons of different nationalities with whom he must have come in contact. His trial before the Roman governor would presumably be conducted in Greek, and I am not aware that it has ever been maintained that his silence upon that occasion was caused by his ignorance of the language in which he was addressed.

The testimony of Papias as to the original language of Matthew's Gospel is one of the most serious obstacles in the way of Dr. Roberts's hypothesis, and is felt by him to be so. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should make the most of Eusebius's disparaging estimate of Papias's intelligence, and so try to set him aside as an untrustworthy witness. The statement of Papias is assuredly not free from difficulties, and many have thought themselves justified in rejecting it. That our Greek Matthew is not a translation will be so generally conceded that it was hardly necessary for Dr. Roberts to dwell at such length on the subject; neither can the suggestion, so often made, that it is a duplicate Gospel written at a later period by the same apostle, claim to be anything more than a mere guess in the interests of orthodoxy; but there seems to be no reason why it might not be a free composition by a different hand, founded on the original Aramaic of Matthew. At any rate, the existence of the Nazarene Gospel, which, whatever may have been its relations with our Matthew, is known to have been written in Hebrew, would seem of itself to show that the knowledge of Greek was hardly so universal as we are invited to believe. We must, however, I think, agree with Dr. Roberts that the report about Pantaenus having found the Gospel of Matthew in Hebrew letters in India, left there by the apostle Bartholomew, is too vague to count for very much. Whether he is altogether wise in trying to discredit Papias, considering his importance as a witness to Peter's connexion with Mark, I will not stop to inquire.

The use made of the LXX. in the New Testament is justly considered by the author as a point in his favour; but it is surely too much to assume, with Isaac Vossius, that that version was commonly read in the synagogues of Palestine. I am not aware that there is a shred of positive evidence for such an opinion; and if there is no reason to doubt that the Scriptures were read in the original Hebrew and then translated into the popular dialect, whatever that may have been, there is no force in Dr. Roberts's question as to what has become of the Aramaic version.

It may be that there are passages in the Gospels inconsistent with this view, and Dr. Roberts does not fail to urge them; but it need not be said there is an alternative way of getting over the difficulty they present. Nor is it necessary to follow the writer into his discussion of other points of interest. It may suffice to say that he has not, so far as I can see, evaded any difficulty or missed any point which could be urged in favour of his theory; but many of his arguments depend for their force on assumptions as to the strict authenticity of the books of the New Testament and the historical accuracy of their contents, which will not now be allowed to pass undisputed.

That the Gospel question would be somewhat simplified by dispensing with the necessity of assuming an Aramaic source or sources for our Greek Gospels will probably not be denied. Dr. Roberts is sanguine enough to believe that if his hypothesis were accepted, no doubt would remain that we have the *ipsissima verba* of the Lord in the reports of his discourses, parables, and conversations, as we find them in our four Gospels. May I be permitted to say that this seems to imply a very innocent view of the present state of New Testament criticism? That something—indeed, much—would be gained in this respect may, perhaps, be conceded. But, if there are solid grounds for believing that the discourses in John's Gospel, for instance, are the free composition of the writer, or at least deeply coloured by his cast of thought, they could not be shaken by any change in our judgment as to the language which Christ habitually spoke. And in all the Gospels there are passages—more or fewer—which a rational criticism will refer to a later period than the lifetime of Christ. Still, the question is, in itself, one of great interest; and Dr. Roberts need not be dissatisfied if he is admitted to have shown that Greek was more commonly understood in Palestine than, perhaps, has been hitherto believed.

ROBERT B. DRUMMOND.

Song-Tide: Poems and Lyrics of Love's Joy and Sorrow. By Philip Bourke Marston. Edited, with Introductory Memoir, by William Sharp. (Walter Scott)

MORE, alas! of love's sorrow than its joy are the poems of Philip Bourke Marston, for surely upon no brow has been written "a mortal sentence, a hieroglyph of sorrow," more stern than upon his.

There are few of us, I should think, still unacquainted with that life of persistent sadness of which these poems are the outcome; but for any such Mr. William Sharp has told the story with manly tenderness and fine insight in the introductory memoir prefixed to this volume, which seems substantially the same as that accompanying the recent collection of stories by his dead friend. How far removed, however, from puling and puking was Marston's attitude readers of that memoir will be aware, though even his poetry alone, rightly read, cannot surely give that impression. Sad to monotony, to absolute pain, indeed it is, but the sorrow is manfully borne; and never does it lead the poet into blasphemy against joy. Far removed indeed is it from the pessimistic honey-poison of much of our modern song, which, with all its charms and graces, it would be well for us to have burnt by the common hangman; for the strongest of us have struggle enough to keep our faces to the dawn without such sapping of our faith. If these singers could but realise how miserably selfish is their wailing, surely they would keep silence; or, if they "do but sing because they must"—as they all declare—they might wait for the midnight, and then from the top of some high tower let the murder out, like poisonous chimneys, where there are none but the angels to weep, or be harmed.

If Marston had been of their disposition, he would have found a malignant vocation in embittering those waters which he might not drink, and striven his utmost to affright the happy security of lovers by some materialising philosophy of the vanity of living and loving. But how different was his endeavour! Because he is in the dark himself, must he declare the sunlight a myth?

"Because my life is dark and desolate,
Would I make your lives sad, all ye who say
'Bright are the skies above, and fair the way,
Darkness may come, the present is the sun's!'
Love knows I would not; fear not then my song,
I speak strange words; ye know not yet the tongue."

And the same tender solicitude moves him in another sonnet, which I am sorry to miss from Mr. Sharp's selections, the first of the "Preludes" to *All in All*, beginning

"Oh! ye whose hearts on happy things are set."

But it is time I was considering the volume in hand more curiously. In coming to such a selection from work one has loved, one always expects, like Mr. Halliwell-Phillips, to "sigh the lack of many a thing we sought"; but I am glad to say at once that I have been quite surprised at the fewness of such disappointments in the present instance. Mr. Sharp has chosen to represent Marston's sonnet work by a hundred examples, and the most enthusiastic lover of the poet could hardly ask more. Indeed, to my mind, such a number, however selected, must include some that one hardly cares to remember; and, moreover, I am quite of Mr. Sharp's opinion that, with the exception of two or three supreme examples—such as "Not Thou but I," "Desolate," and "No Death"—Marston's best work must be sought, not among his sonnets, but among his lyrics. He has too little invention and fecundity of thought to save the stress of his sad music from becoming a strain, and many of his sonnets are solely dependent on that music driven by the strength of his emotion. The paucity of images is surprising, though he frequently rings the changes to weariness on those he possesses; while jarring metrical irregularities, prose words, and even bathos, are all too frequent. The lack of "fundamental brain-work"—as Mr. Sharp says, quoting Rossetti—must be admitted. But, nevertheless, all this confessed, some few of his sonnets are exceedingly fine; and, surely, those I have mentioned are beyond praise. Mr. Sharp is right in thinking that he has missed few that are noteworthy. At the same time there are one or two unincorporated which I had hoped to meet with again; and though I am aware it is more than likely that in doing so I but give expression to individual preference, it will be as well to mention them. I should have liked the "Greeting" from *Song-Tide*—

"Rise up my song, stretch forth thy wings and fly"—

if but for the sake of artistic arrangement; the sonnet containing the fine image of the lake; "Love's Shrines," and "Finis." From *All in All* I miss "Spring's Return," "Sad Dreams," "Thy Voice," and "In Heaven"; and from *Wind Voices* "My Love" and "Man and Spring." And surely that fine address to his song called "Beyond Reach," with its

exquisite figure of the lark, should have been included:

"What time the lark soars singing to the skies,
We know he falters, know the poor song dies,
That fain would reach Heaven's gate sustained
and strong.
But angels bending from the shining brink
Catch the faint note, and know the poor song fails,
Having no strength to reach their heavenly
height."

There are several sonnets included in the selections which, in the weakness of the flesh, I feel might give place to those I have mentioned.

Coming to the longer poems, though I miss but little I sought, I feel that that little might have been included by the omission of some which, it seems to me, most of Marston's lovers would not be sorry to lose. The foolish "Medley," for instance, or "Sir Launcelot's Song to Guenever," which is hardly more than commonplace, the turgid "Vision"—how well could we have spared these for the "Ballad"—

"O! mother the wind wails wearily"

—or the delicate "Garden Reverie." Surely there are verses in "In the November Night" which one would care to read again; and coming to *Wind Voices*, I personally could well miss the ballads of "Brave Women" and "Monk Julius," both of which seem to me most commonplace, and in the latter of which the poet is capable of such lines as

"The monk sprang up and he cried 'Oh, bliss!'
His lips sought hers in a desperate kiss."

To speak disrespectfully of "Caught in the Nets" is, I suppose, contempt against high authority; but the subject has always seemed to me too out of the way and fantastic for artistic treatment. Stronger than its predecessors in many ways as Marston's last volume was, there is no dramatic attempt in it, in my judgment, at all comparable to the "Christmas Vigil" which he printed in *Song-Tide*, and which, of course, Mr. Sharp includes. In none of his poems does he gather up his powers with firmer grasp, and in none is he more free from his besetting sins; while a power of dramatic imagination is displayed which is especially remarkable, as Mr. Sharp points out, in a youth of nineteen. For the ballads above mentioned I think we could have well exchanged the "Two Burdens" and "Ungathered Love," while it seems a pity that two or three verses at least from the "Lament" to Oliver Madox Brown should not have been included somewhere in the volume—this, for example, such appropriate moral from his life:

"O men and women, listen and be wise;
Refrain from love and friendship, dwell alone,
Having for friends and loves the seas, the skies,
And the fair land, for these are still your own.
The sun is yours, the moon and stars are yours,
For you the great sea changes and endures,
And every year the spring returns and lures;
I pray you only love what never dies."

But the work which makes this little volume chiefly precious is undoubtedly to be found in its later pages, where Mr. Sharp prints the "Garden Secrets," and brings together "Eleven Lyrics." In speaking of the former it is difficult to avoid hyperbole, though it would seem almost equally difficult to write any praise that should exceed justice, especially when we remember that Rossetti and Mr.

Bell Scott united in declaring them "worthy of Shakspeare in his subtlest lyrical moods," and that Mr. Theodore Watts has pronounced "The Rose and the Wind" a lyric that is absolutely perfect, perfect in conception and perfect in form." Indeed, so closely and musically does the form wed the conception, so alert is the fancy, so subtle the imagination, that were one unaware of the truth we could hardly suppose them the work of the sonneteer. Perhaps their ultimate power lies in the manner in which the poet has succeeded, without any suspicion of moralising, in winning from these trees and flowers of his garden what among men and women we call the human note, but what is really the one pathetic note of all life—as, for instance, in the grim concluding line to "The Rose and the Wind"—

"Roses must live and love, and winds must blow."

As to the "Eleven Lyrics," one can but repeat that they surely come nearer to the bird-note of the Elizabethan song-writers than perhaps any others of our day.

Altogether, this volume is one for which we cannot offer Mr. Sharp gratitude too warm, though the sweetest seal of his work will be the consciousness of having so lovingly, and yet so wisely, taken care for the fame of his friend. He says rightly that there is not room for all Marston has written. There is much, as I have said, in his three volumes that but obscures his true worth, and a judicious selection of the treasure from the dross was a true service to his name. Such, despite the few differences of opinion I have ventured to express—trivial indeed in relation to the whole selection—is Mr. Sharp's volume. To those who loved the poet in life on the footing of personal friendship, or to those, by no means few, who loved him from afar (for his personality was such as to make a friend of every kindly reader), this volume will carry a fragrance of sanctity. Many an hour this coming summer, when "birds besiege the twilight time with song," in such garden haunts as were so dear to Marston's heart, will this little volume be the companion of such lovers—not always for its "heard sounds," but for those still sweeter "unheard," which fill the soul when one's hand clasps a dear shut volume, and we feel it as another hand within our own.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

IN AND ABOUT AMERICA.

The Land of the Pink Pearl; or, Recollections of Life in the Bahamas. By L. D. Powles. (Sampson Low.)

A Fight with Distances: the States, the Hawaiian Islands, Canada, British Columbia, Cuba, the Bahamas. By J. J. Aubertin. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.)

THE Bahamas, like the rest of the globe, have been a good deal written about, and sometimes, as in the case of Messrs. Ives' and Drysdale's volumes, with no small measure of rather vulgar vigour. However, these remote outliers of the Antilles are still sufficiently unfamiliar to the world at large to secure a welcome for the very readable chapters in which Mr. Louis Powles has given us the impressions of his eight months' residence in the colony. It

is not an exhaustive or a scientific book, and is none the worse for being neither; but it is never dull, and often extremely entertaining, though it is well to add that the entertainment is likely to be confined to this side of the Atlantic. In New Providence it is not calculated to afford much pleasure, except to the black people, whose champion the author, in opposition to his early prepossessions, found himself compelled to become.

Mr. Powles held a judicial appointment in the islands. But he does not seem to have got on very well with the Methodist oligarchy which governs it; and very early in his career found it convenient to seek a more congenial sphere of usefulness. However, during his stay he managed, as circuit justice, to visit nearly all the principal islands, and to pick up a great deal of useful and, we believe—though Nassau will, no doubt, loudly deny this assumption—trustworthy information regarding the condition of the population. The account he gives is not flattering, for though the climate of the Bahamas is perfection, the spirit of men is far from divine. On the contrary, the colony is a nest of corruption, oppression, and wrong doing. The legislature is simply one large family. There is not a bank in the islands, the one which was established a few years ago having failed with half the officials in its debt, while

"some persons, whose positions render it especially desirable that they should be independent, are so handicapped by their indebtedness to Nassau merchants that they cannot call their souls their own."

The coloured population, we are told, hate the whites, and were it not for the presence of the soldiers would massacre them to-morrow. But they have not learnt the art of organisation, and are consequently powerless.

"The result is that the House of Assembly is little less than a family gathering of Nassau whites, nearly all of whom are related to each other either by blood or marriage. Laws are passed simply for the benefit of the family, while the coloured people are ground down and oppressed in a manner that is disgraceful to the British flag" (p. 41).

Mr. Powles loudly demands that panacea for every evil—a royal commission, for the purpose of investigating the state of the colony. Before this tribunal he is prepared to prove that within twenty years

"men have been sold into actual slavery to Surinam, that men of colour are denied equal justice before the law when their opponents are white, and have even been punished as misdemeanants for daring to enter the house of God by the door reserved for the white man" (p. 302).

This is the serious aspect of Mr. Powles's book. But he is not always so severe; and in the chapters treating of Bahaman society he supplies some very amusing, if rather acrimonious, descriptions of the manners of the "Conchs," or native whites; of the long-lived negroes; of the pomposity of the petty vice-regal court; of the legislature and the upper house, the members of which are prone to regard themselves as peers of their little realm; of the life of the different islands, of some of their industries, with notes on a variety of other topics. These accounts are

throughout coloured by an unconcealed dislike of the dominant race; and Mr. Powles's personal grievance, as might have been expected, seems to have occasionally affected his otherwise judicial estimate of the country, of which he gives so candid an account. On the whole, he appears to have liked the negroes best. His description of them is certainly the least caustic in the book. Many of them, having been landed on the islands within the last thirty years, still retain their old African tribal names. But all alike are vehemently loyal to "the good missus," their Queen; and in the names they apply to their children they are fully abreast of the latest ebbs and flows of political popularity. There are innumerable Prince of Wales's, Prince Alberts, and Prince Alfreds with black faces. There is a man named Tiberius Gracchus, a boy on whom his enthusiastic parents inflicted the name of Thaddeus de Warsaw Toot, while a third bears the title of the Duke of Wellington. Granville Sharp is a common name; and of late the negroes have begun christening the children "Randolph Churchill," a signature not quite so burdensome as "John Barbadoes and the Windward Islands," which, in a fit of pro-episcopal fervour, a black baby was decreed to sign. Partisan politics, however, run high in the Bahamas; and in an age of Gallios it is refreshing to hear of a certain old lady who is prepared to dispose of her worldly goods in order to have the pleasure of assisting at the execution of an eminent English statesman, whose trimming ways have aroused her patriotic indignation.

Mr. Powles's volume would have been of more lasting value had he possessed some scientific knowledge, and so been able to supply precise information about many of the natural features of the islands which he visited. An index would also be an improvement. However, taking his book as a whole, it deserves praise for the general interest it preserves throughout. Assuredly, it leaves little to be desired so far as pungent language is concerned. The author tells us of "Blue-beard wells" in the Bahamas of which if any man drink he will never leave the enchanted isles; but he assures us that he avoided the temptation to quench his thirst at these springs. And, we confess, after reading his book, that, in resisting this impulse, the circuit judge would seem to have displayed a most commendable discretion.

Mr. Aubertin also has visited the Bahamas. But he reached them after a roundabout journey which took him two and a half times across the North American continent, and once down its entire length, in addition to a voyage to Hawaii and several other places. A tour so extensive, undertaken in the course of less than ten months, could, at best, be only a series of glimpses. It was not only a "fight with distances" but a fight with days, and, no doubt, with dust also. Mr. Aubertin has, however, made the most of his time and space. He is no tiro in foreign parts, and is already favourably known in literature as the translator of the *Lusiads* and the "Seventy Sonnets" of Camoens into English, and by several books of travel. The result is that, having seen men and cities, he writes with none of the rawness of the novice, whose only model for comparison is London or that part of Great Britain with which

he happens to be more or less familiar. It is true that he did not leave the well-trodden tracks. But what he saw he describes with excellent effect, great good humour, and not infrequently with a keenness of penetration which gives his book a distinct value above the many volumes of a similar character written by less experienced appraisers of their species.

Provided with the best of introductions, he met all the men worth meeting, and saw all the places worth seeing, so that the reader has an excellent opportunity of putting himself abreast of the latest information on a great many points. Indeed, poor though many of the tourist narratives are, they are not without a purpose; for the New World is so changing that it is never certain whether the man who has "read up" a region or a city or an "institution" in 1887 is in 1888 quite in possession of the latest facts. It is, in truth, to a middle-aged *laudator temporis acti* (in even a moderate way), a little depressing to read of the Far West of to-day, and compare it with the romantic region of his youth. Corn fields wave where the buffalo roamed, and noisy railway stations stand on the spot where, twenty years ago, he pitched his tent, while cities are rising in the woods where he shot deer or trapped beaver; and the worst of the reflection is that, while he might have owned the entire site, he failed to secure so much as a town lot! Nor do the citizens seem ever to remember the pioneer by naming a street after him. It is, for example, a little curious to read in Mr. Aubertin's pleasant volume (p. 114) that Kicking Horse Pass was named from an accident which happened to "a certain Dr. Hector." In the blithesome days of 1863, Hector and Palliser were familiar names. Palliser is gone; and the Pacific Railroad people do not appear to have remembered either him or his companion amid the swarm of commonplace politicians and other passing nonentities after whom they have named their railway stations. New Zealand, however, is happily still well acquainted with Sir James Hector, the director-general of its geological survey.

Mr. Aubertin's volume, we ought to add, is illustrated by some excellent photographs, though, in common with that of Mr. Powles, *A Fight with Distances* would be improved by an index, when the dignity of that second edition, to which its merits so well entitle it, is attained.

ROBERT BROWN.

A Treatise on Money and Essays on present Monetary Problems. By J. Shield Nicholson. (Blackwood.)

MONEY is not only the "root of all evil" in practice; it is also prolific of vicious theory. First appearances—what the man in the street thinks—are almost always wrong; and the corrections of vulgar error which have been achieved by economists too often call for a second approximation. Prof. Nicholson is alive to all the dangers and difficulties of the subject; his comprehensive design covers both the first principles which are a stumbling-block to beginners and the controverted questions which puzzle specialists. The treatise is directed to the first object.

The author restates the portions of monetary theory which have been acquired for all time, which have been placed beyond controversy. As he observes, this body of science is larger than might be expected by those whose impressions are derived from newspapers and periodicals. The general reader hears only of the cases on which currency doctors disagree; the universally accepted principles are consigned to the text-books. Among such stores of ordered knowledge Prof. Nicholson's *Treatise on Money* deserves to occupy a high place. Less crowded with details than Jevon's manual on the same subject, and equally clear, it may with advantage be read by the student before, or even instead of, that justly popular work.

In the second part of the book we plunge into more contentious matter. The first essay is on John Law. It may be surmised that the flavour of economic heresy which attaches to the schemes of the notorious financier had some attraction for our author, himself, as a pronounced bimetalist, the proponent of monetary theories which appear paradoxical to many. He certainly makes out that Law was not so black as he has been painted. His advocacy is enhanced by the happy art of investing technical details with a literary form and human interest.

In subsequent essays he grapples with his monetary opponents more directly. The advantages of bimetalism, its practicability, its morality, the stability of the bimetallic ratio, are set forth in a series of brilliant chapters. Blow following blow discomfits at least the minor champions and auxiliary forces of the monometallist cause. The victor has not much mercy for the prostrate antagonist. "With many people," he sneers, "the mere mention of a general international agreement makes them quite deaf with their own volubility."

Many of the episodes in this contest are of extreme theoretical interest. The question is raised, What is the effect of improved methods of production upon the general level of prices? There is deduced the paradoxical, yet, we think, irrefragable, conclusion that the effect may be a rise of prices on an average. We emphasise the potential mood, suspecting that this consideration, like other bimetalist arguments, applies rather to conceivable cases than to the actual facts of modern commerce. Of course, much turns on what we mean by a "rise in the general level of prices." Prof. Nicholson is prepared with a definition of his own. He has propounded a new mode of measuring variations in the monetary standard. In our judgment upon this method we should, probably, differ from its author only by an article. What he regards as the method appears to us only a method—one of the many modes of measurement which have been proposed, though, no doubt, one of the best. His parental partiality seems to us very venial. We may say of originality in this abstruse subject what Lamb said speaking generally, that great respect is due to a man of one idea, for he has one more than most people.

Especial attention is due to the last chapter on "the causes of movement in general prices." Prof. Nicholson happily illustrates the character of the problem:

"Suppose that a number of yachts are racing

with a steady breeze—then, to explain the greater speed of some compared to others, we should look to the build, to the sails, to the seamanship, and so on. . . . But, if the wind gradually and equally declined in force, or if the tide began to operate in a uniform way . . . surely there is no need to point out that we could not discover the strength of the tide, or of the wind, by examining the build of the various yachts and the seamanship of their crews."

Yet this is the spirit in which the variation of general prices has been investigated by persons more conversant with the details of commerce than with the principles of probabilities. The interest of the chapters culminates in the concluding section on the interaction of gold and silver prices. The complicated analysis is elegantly expressed in algebraic symbols, and translated into the vulgar tongue for the convenience of "those who are unfamiliar with, or distrust, symbolical reasoning."

The following is the most important of the "present monetary problems" discussed in this section. Suppose that there occurs in gold-monometallist countries—say, for brevity, the West—a "prior depreciation of silver," that is, a drop in the gold price of silver, while "there is otherwise nothing to change the general level of prices." Then, according to Prof. Nicholson, one at least of two consequences tends to occur. Either silver prices will rise in the (silver-monometallist) East, or gold prices will fall in the West. At present the first alternative has not occurred; it is maintained that we are experiencing the second. The moral seems to be that the monometallist, who has fancied himself secure in selfish isolation, may find that he is—in consequence of the accidental cheapening of the white metal which he has persisted in regarding as a mere commodity—exposed to all the disturbance and loss incident to a variation in the value of his monetary standard. Before accepting this corollary, we should like the theorem to be more fully expounded. Revert to the proposition that either silver prices in the East will rise, or gold prices in the West will fall. The horns of this dilemma, in spite of their specious appearance of symmetry, are not equally sharp. Silver prices in the East may rise in consequence (perhaps partly in anticipation) of silver being exported from the West. But how do gold prices in the West fall? What is the *modus operandi*? If we were dealing with the rank and file of the bimetalists, we should suspect the existence of a confused idea that the exchange with India may act like a *perpetuum mobile*, whereby a continual stream of uncompensated exports is poured "from the exhaustless East." But Prof. Nicholson is quite above such a suspicion. Perhaps he will clear up this little difficulty on some future occasion, correcting by some original "second approximation" the conception which has hitherto satisfied economists, that international trade is virtually barter.

Whatever the issue of Prof. Nicholson's contentions, and even if the cause which he has so ardently supported is doomed to failure, it will still be true that he has made a splendid fight for it; and that, if bimetalism could have been defended, it would have been by him.

F. Y. EDGEWORTH.

NEW NOVELS.

Joyce. By Mrs. Oliphant. In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

Sylvia Arden. By Oswald Crawford. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

Miser Farebrother. By B. L. Farjeon. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Bonaventure. By G. W. Cable. (Sampson Low.)

Joan Vellacot. By Esmè Stuart. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

A Cloud on St. Angelo. By Cyril Bennett. In 2 vols. (Fisher Unwin.)

Paula. By O. Heller. (Berlin: Deubner.)

Joyce is, we think, for five-sixths of it at least, the best novel that Mrs. Oliphant has written for some dozen years. That fatal determination to stint the public, if not of, yet to, its sizings, which has been so noticeable in all her later work—that apparently tradeswomanlike resolution to give just as much interest, just as much art, just as much literary skill, as will put an ordinary novel reader through three volumes and not one pennyworth more—is nowhere evident until quite the end. This end is so unsatisfactory in every way that we only imagine Mrs. Oliphant to have said to herself—"This really will not do, I shall be giving them another *Salem Chapel* for their money if I go on like this"; and then to have botched the finish anyhow lest she should commit an unbusinesslike extravagance. But the ends of novels concern the critic of new books less than any other part, because he may not tell them; though they, perhaps, concern the critic in his purely critical capacity most of all. Almost all the rest of *Joyce* is capital. Mrs. Oliphant might, perhaps, have made her good Indian colonel a little less of a simpleton, his wife not quite so near an approach to a shrew, her heroine a little fuller of colour, and her heroine's unsuccessful lover, Norman Bellendean, a good deal less of a stick. But it is only the fatal and unreasonable love of perfection which dictates such hypercriticism. The plot until its unravelling, or rather cutting, hinted at above, is simple enough, but quite sufficient. "*Joyce*," as she is at first simply named, a foundling, or all but foundling, schoolmistress, is discovered accidentally by her father, Colonel Hayward, and his really amiable, but brusque and managing, second wife, and transferred from her Scotch home to the life of villadom, as some persons say, at Richmond. In her chrysalis state she has suffered, rather than accepted, the addresses of Andrew Halliday, a respectable, but pragmatical, person of her own profession; and in this entanglement, and the unsuitableness to her unsophisticated and dreamy nature of the Richmond life, lie such "motives" as are needed. The charm of the book, however, lies in the rapid and skilful dialogue and business which carry the reader along, and in the profusion of Mrs. Oliphant's favourite types of character—types not very deeply struck or in very lasting material, but curiously vivid and workmanlike. Andrew Halliday is capital, and all the minor personages not yet noticed (and they are many) without exception good, the best being a certain Canon

Jenkinson and his rebellious district-clergy-woman, Mrs. Sitwell.

Mr. Oswald Crawford has tried his hand at novel writing not a few times and in not a few ways, and though perhaps never with complete success, yet never without some measure of it. But we do not think he has ever done anything so good of its kind as *Sylvia Arden*. It is something between a pure romance and an enlarged Christmas story, is full of hair-breadth 'scapes from imminent deadly Greeks and others, pilots the hero and the readers through them with speed and skill, and comes to a satisfactory and striking end. So far as it is necessary to say anything about the story it is easily told. Gregory Morson, a rather original villain (at least his most characteristic point—a sort of philosophic scoundrelism—does not remind us of anybody except Restif's Gaudet d'Arras, whom it is very improbable that Mr. Crawford should have copied) and Sylvia Arden are not only betrothed persons but joint owners of a certain auriferous tract of country "on the western coast," and, as its name is Scarfell Chace, we suppose rather on the north-west than the south-west. Morson, leasing Sylvia's share, has turned the whole into a sort of wilderness, guarded by a walled pass through the hills and a steam yacht manned by a crew of Levantine desperadoes. He invites his old school comrade Julian Bearcroft to prospect for gold. But whether Bearcroft finds it or not, and what he finds else, and what Morson's notions of proper behaviour to a friend are, and so forth, we utterly decline to say. Let it suffice that there are assassinations (attempted at least), druggings, fights by land and water, and all manner of good things. One situation is so extremely agreeable that we almost feel inclined to tell it. To sit upon a pile of small squared blocks in a dark cavern and agitating circumstances with a very agreeable and affectionately disposed young person could never be otherwise than pleasant; but to find that the small squared blocks are —. This, however, is telling, and we shall not go on. We have hardly more than one unfavourable criticism to make. Caverns are nothing, anybody may use caverns. But it is really a pity that Mr. Crawford, whose story is quite strong enough to stand on its own legs, should have, by prefixing a frontispiece map of Scarfell Chace and by certain remarks of Bearcroft's (who tells the story) on his own character, have given just the handle which raisers of the silly cuckoo-cry of plagiarism or imitation are sure to seize.

Mr. Farjeon's style is by this time quite a well-known one, and no doubt it has, like the styles of other practised writers, audiences ready made who appreciate it. To the casual critic it may seem to savour rather too much of Dickens, or rather of that school drawn from Dickens which flourished some five and twenty years ago. Thus, Jeremiah Pamflett, the villain of the present story, certainly seems like a compound reflection of Uriah Heap, Noah Claypole, and Jonas Chuzzlewit. Tom Barley, the good orphan boy, is at least suggestive of Kit Nubbles, and so on. Again, unkindly folk might say that the amiable Lethbridge family, and even their

fascinating niece and cousin, Phoebe Fair, brother, are just a trifle vulgar. But this kind of criticism, we repeat, is, in the case of an established writer, rather superfluous. The book shows, in its kind, practised craftsmanship enough.

A very different kind of praise can be given to Mr. Cable's *Bonaventure*. Though dealing, as usual, with the author's beloved Louisiana and its Creole and Acadian population, it is not in the least devoid of freshness; and it has that air of originality which, curiously enough, is as common in the small bulk of the literature of the Southern States as it is rare in the considerable bulk of the literature of the Northern. It cannot be said to have much story; and its title-hero, the schoolmaster, Bonaventure Deschamps, is not particularly interesting, except in his central scene, where his invincible sincerity gets the better of a plot which has been started by some of his enemies to ruin his reputation by a sham "inspection" of his scholars. The intended instrument of this plot, G. W. Tarbox, a book-cannasser of the familiar benevolent Yankee type, is also not extraordinarily enticing, though he is a good fellow enough in his way. The charm of the book lies rather in its succession of bright and masterly sketches of manners, dialogue, and scenery, than in any sustained interest of character or story. Only we wish Mr. Cable would not, according to an obliging, but extremely irritating, habit of his countrymen, translate perfectly intelligible, if sometimes slightly "dialected," French phrases: *jarretière de la vierge*—"virgin's garter"; *vieille*—"wife" (as if there were no such term here in English as "old woman"), and so forth, are, as Mr. Cable would put it, *agaçant*—"teasing."

Joan Vellacot is a book of which it is not easy to say much. If the author, with that illegitimate readiness to revert to *les grands moyens* against which we always protest, had not killed off one of her heroines in a sudden and tragic manner her book would be a kind of "Much Ado About Nothing." *Joan Vellacot* is a flirt—which is sad, perhaps; and she does not entirely discontinue the practice when her partner in the game has married someone else—which is sad, of course. Hector Duncan, a hero in battle but not altogether a saint, marries someone he does not love, because the someone whom he does love, or thinks he does, is engaged (or he thinks she is engaged, for there is much misunderstanding) to somebody else. There are minor characters showing capability rather than accomplishment. The really central figure, Margaret Duncan—a girl who might have been perfectly happy but for her own mistake and other people's faults—is better imagined than carried out. If the criticism did not seem rather too curious and carping, we should say that *Joan Vellacot* has the general plot of a French novel worked out on the lines of an English one, and that the combination is not happy. The violent ends without the violent delights somehow do not suit. Yet the book is readable enough in parts.

The same common fault of beginners—the tendency to squander and abuse death and unhappiness—appears in Mr. Cyril Bennett's

book. If you take a very beautiful, clever, amiable, and virtuous young woman, accumulate on her all the worst ills of life—poverty, orphanhood, the necessity of being a school-mistress, an ungrateful family, a worthless lover, an apparently triumphant rival, a tragical and heroic death—of course you can make a story pathetic after a fashion; but in that case you are only the cook who makes a dinner with a great deal of money. Mr. Bennett, however, is so obviously a novice, and there are touches in his book of such promise, that we bear not too hardly on him. Madie Willoughby, the heroine's innocent rival, is decidedly good.

In *Paula*, a very short story, Herr Heller has given a good example of the theatrical novel—or at least the novel with continuous relations to the stage—of which Germans have long been fond, and which is now not unpopular in England. Although the story is short, it has various turning-points, which are managed with considerable skill. The heroine, a dancer in her first youth, and of an old stage family, makes a love match, is left a young widow with one child, gets on but ill with her husband's family, is drawn back to the stage as a singer this time and with great success, and meets at her highest fame the son whom she has practically abandoned, without at first knowing him, and without others—including her teacher and impresario, who has a desperate passion for her—knowing him either. What follows may be read or guessed or both. It is a well-managed and well-told story.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

"EMINENT WOMEN." — *Hannah More*. By Charlotte M. Yonge. (W. H. Allen.) "Hush, hush!" said Dr. Johnson; "it is dangerous to say a word of poetry before her. It is talking of the art of war before Hannibal." It seems extraordinary that Dr. Johnson should have spoken thus of Hannah More, even in jest; yet the fact remains that this author, whose plays are now without a reader, was for a season at least, and in the lifetime of Sheridan, considered the first dramatic writer of the day. The reason of this was that the world was still unaccustomed to women writing at all, and was not disposed to be hypercritical of their dramas or verses. Hannah More was also a member of a mutual admiration society, composed of Garrick and Horace Walpole at one end, and Bishops Lowth and Porteus at the other. This was without question a very strong combination; and the result of this conspiracy to applaud was eleven volumes, which no one of this generation—except Mrs. Buckland and Miss Yonge—has read. Hannah More is only referred to once in Boswell, and then the reference is far from complimentary. "I was obliged," said Dr. Johnson, "to speak to Miss Reynolds, to let her [Hannah More] know that I desired she would not flatter me so much." Somebody now observed that she (Hannah More) also flattered Garrick. To which Johnson replied:

"She is in the right to flatter Garrick. She is in the right for two reasons: first, because she has the world with her, who have been praising Garrick these thirty years; and secondly, because she is rewarded for it by Garrick. Why should she flatter me? I can do nothing for her. Let her carry her praise to a better market."

We quote this, as Miss Yonge does not, and expresses a doubt whether Dr. Johnson ever was

guilty of such plain speech as Boswell records. We see no reason to question Boswell's accuracy, and find, in the remark of the sage, a clue to Hannah More's ephemeral but undoubted popularity. Wilberforce said he would rather present himself before heaven with Hannah More's *Shepherd of Salisbury Plain* in his hand than with *Peveril of the Peak*. This "literary lady" (as Boswell calls her) lived to see her work judged on its literary, and not its religious, merits. The blow, too, came from a clergyman. Sydney Smith, in the *Edinburgh Review*, held up to ridicule *Coelebs in Search of a Wife*, the novel of this very worthy lady. Miss Yonge is qualified by sympathy to write this brief biography. She is, however, in error in speaking of Garrick as having "worked as an assistant master in Dr. Johnson's school at Edial, in Leicestershire." David Garrick was one of Dr. Johnson's pupils at Edial, and in some sense remained such to his life's end.

Grundriss der Geschichte der Englischen Literatur. Von Gustav Körting. (Münster: Schöningh.) Dr. Gustav Körting is better known as a Romanic than as an English scholar, and a work by him on the history of English literature is something of a surprise. To a certain extent, the book may be heartily commended. We know no other volume which contains so complete and serviceable an abstract of the chronology and bibliography of English writers and their works. The brief biographical notices of the authors indicate a large amount of careful research. Dr. Körting, however, knows the facts about English literature better than he knows the literature itself; and his literary criticisms, when they are not mere repetitions of the safe commonplaces usually current, are indescribably funny. One of his original discoveries is that of the existence of a peculiarly close affinity between Coleridge and Poe! If an English literary historian were to couple together Lessing and Chamisso as having a great deal in common, Dr. Körting would probably smile; but the blunder would not be one whit more grotesque than that which he has himself committed. It is almost as amusing when we are told that Mr. Froude and Mr. Freeman are learned specialists rather than artists in historical narration, though at the same time they both write in a very attractive style. However, faults of this kind can do the English student no harm, and the volume supplies a real need by its condensed information respecting dates, editions, and (in the case of the older literature) MSS. The references to modern books and articles (naturally in most cases German) treating of the several authors and their works are also of great value. A few important writers seem to be unaccountably omitted. The divines in particular, appear to have escaped the author's attention, as we find no mention of Tillotson, Sherlock, Atterbury, or South. The author of the "Rehearsal" is another overlooked name. Apart from obvious misprints, which are rather frequent, we have observed extremely few errors in matters of fact. The only one worth mention is that two of the MSS. of Langtoft's French chronicle are enumerated in the list of MSS. of Robert Manning.

Essays. By the late Clement Mansfield Ingleby. Edited by his Son. (Trübner.) Dr. Ingleby's name will always be honoured by Shaksperian students. It is to him that we owe that interesting collection of early allusions to Shakspeare, *A Century of Praise*; and it was his detective skill that first discovered the fatal pencil marks in the Perkins folio. In the present volume the pious care of his son has collected a number of his miscellaneous essays, most of which have already been published, but a few now appear for the first time. Among these last, "A Voice for the Mute

Creation" and "Romantic History" have pleased us by their moderate and thoughtful treatment of subjects which others have discussed in a very different temper. But the earlier articles, on prominent names in English literature, represent Dr. Ingleby as he was best known to the public.

Six Lectures introductory to the Study of English Literature. By G. C. S. Southworth, Professor of English Literature in Kenyon College, Ohio. (Cambridge, U.S.) While English universities and colleges are discussing whether English literature is or is not a fit subject for professorial teaching, American colleges solve the question practically. Prof. Southworth's six lectures are intended as a first introduction or direction to a young American student as to what authors he had better read in a first historical or chronological survey of English literature and style. They are an excellent guide to this end. The author shows, perhaps, a greater fondness for elegance and propriety than for strength and vigour of language; but in such a matter the personal preferences of a lecturer must always appear.

Hermesenda, or Bishop, Husband, and King. From the Spanish of D. M. Fernandez y Gonzalez, by J. R. and J. A. G. (Sotheran.) Don Manuel Fernandez y Gonzalez, who died in Madrid on January 6 of the present year, was one of the most prolific of Spanish novelists and dramatists. His dramas are superior to his novels. In the latter he followed closely the style of the elder Dumas, though without his highest qualities. He was a good copyist, but his works can never be mistaken for those of the master. The period of Spanish history which he chiefly illustrated is that from Peter the Cruel to Philip II. The present novel, however, deals with Aragon in the twelfth century, and with the reign of the monk and king Ramiro II. The final catastrophe is that of the celebrated "Bell of Huesca." The materials are to be found in Zurita's *Annales*. They are here treated in a melodramatic spirit. It is not the favourable side of the middle ages which the author presents to us. The translation seems carefully done, and improves as it proceeds, its slightly archaic turn of phrase and vocabulary being well suited to the theme.

Spanish Idioms with their English Equivalents. Collected by Sarah Cary Becker and Federico Mora. (Boston, U.S.: Ginn.) This is a book the real value of which can only be ascertained by trial and experience. It is not a collection or explanation of grammatical idioms, but of the current phrases, dictions, proverbs, to be found in ordinary authors. Merely technical or vulgar slang is not admitted. We do not think that the authors have quite kept to their own rule that "proverbs not containing idioms are excluded." Several of those given have word for word equivalents in English, and are regular in grammatical construction, e.g., *Alzar los ojos, ó los manos* "to raise the eyes or hands"; but it is, perhaps, better to err by excess than by defect. The arrangement of the book is (1) to give the Spanish verbs in alphabetical order, if the saying includes a verb; (2) if there is no verb, the alphabetical order is that of the principal word. Nautical phrases are particularly well explained, though it might have been more useful to have made a separate list of them. To those who have not the opportunity of consulting the larger Spanish dictionaries, and as a supplement to ordinary bi-lingual lexicons, this work will be very useful; and to the beginner in either language it may save a great loss of time.

Giunte e Correzioni inedite alla Bibliografia Dantesca del Visconte Colomb de Batines. Edited by Dr. Guido Biagi. (Florence: Sansoni.)

This volume consists of additions and corrections to the invaluable *Bibliografia Dantesca* of the Visconte Colomb de Batines, which were made by the distinguished author himself in an interleaved copy of his great work. He announced his intention, when issuing the first volume in 1845, to append a supplement "per le Giunte e Correzioni" at the end of the completed work. This, however (as will be seen by those who possess the work) was not done. Instead of this, the author continued the work of collecting materials for such a supplement until the time of his death, at the early age of forty-three, in the year 1855. The editor, Dr. Biagi, who seems to have performed his work with great care and skill, states that the "additions and corrections" now published amount to more than four hundred. They relate to all the various parts and sub-divisions of the original work, and the passages or articles to which they belong are indicated by references to pages and lines in the margin. It is to be regretted that the utility and convenience of the work is not still further increased (as it would be very greatly) by a good index. Those students who possess the original *Bibliografia* will find this supplementary volume indispensable to its completeness.

Ein Pessimist als Dichter: W. M. Thackeray. Von H. Conrad. (Berlin: Reimer; London: Williams & Norgate.) We have often been irritated by the German affectation of using "Dichter" indifferently for poet and prose writer of fiction, and this is especially annoying in Herr Conrad's very silly treatise on Thackeray. We do not often use such strong expressions as this, but we do not think that anyone who reads the tractate will quarrel with us. The total want of critical insight in this excellent Teuton will be seen at once when it is mentioned that he sets down the high value now put on Thackeray to the influence of "Naturalist" tendencies. Now, we happen to know pretty intimately some of the chief living Thackeray-worshippers, and we can answer for it that they are anti-Naturalists to a man. To exemplify Herr Conrad's complete failure to get at the point of view in detail would be tedious; it is enough to say that he takes quite seriously, and is much shocked by, Thackeray's frequent assertions that the man of letters is a workman like other workmen, &c. In short, a man totally destitute of humour, without even a conception of what humour is and what it is not, has undertaken to judge one of the greatest humourists of all time. The result is, and could not but be, a ludicrous and disastrous failure. It is laborious, earnest, inspired, we doubt not, by the highest and most virtuous sentiments; but it has the initial defect of invincible ignorance and blindness. Now, a blind man really should not undertake to tell us that purple is an immoral colour.

Some Hobby Horses and How to Ride them. By C. A. Montresor. (W. H. Allen.) We venture to affirm that no one would describe correctly the contents of this book from its title, at a first guess. A "hobby-horse" is generally regarded as the harmless, if somewhat selfish, amusement of mature or declining age. It is here understood to mean the unreasoning instinct of collecting that is so common among children hardly in their teens. For such, the author has written an interesting and not uninteresting volume, dealing with such matters as architectural scraps, coins, postage stamps, and crests. Her object has been rather to illustrate, by means of historical anecdotes, than to supersede authoritative books of reference. And, despite a few slips in matters of fact—e.g., the statement (p. 126) that the copper pennies of 1797 resembled in every particular those now in use—we think that she is to be congratulated on a large measure of

success. The illustrations of coins form a distinctly valuable feature.

A Far-away Cousin; a Story for Children. By K. D. Cornish. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) Parents ought to welcome gladly this new tale of child-life. Among the many literary caterers for the little ones none exceed Miss Cornish in pleasant dialogue, natural incidents, and, above all, in a cheerful elevated tone. A whole family of children has read this book with rapt interest from cover to cover, so that the author, it may be safely taken, is sure of the children's suffrages. It is well illustrated by G. M. Stoddart, and contains stories of adventures and pranks outside the nursery which will occasionally strike a responsive chord in the heart of an older reader.

Five Little Peppers, and How They Grew. By Margaret Sidney. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This is a story of five little American children, who are left with their widowed mother in very straitened circumstances. In describing the sunshine of their home life, the writer teaches a lesson in a pleasant way to the small inmates of wealthier homes. Polly and Phronsie are charming characters, and show that the author both knows and loves children. The fault of the book is its length and its improbable dénouement. We wish that writers of children's books would copy Mrs. Molesworth in her brevity.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co. have made arrangements for the publication next season of a set of half-crown books to be entitled *English Actors: Ten Biographies*. The series will be under the general editorship of Mr. William Archer, and will include lives of Betterton, Cibber, Macklin, Garrick, the Dibbins, the Kembles, Elliston, the Keans, the Matthews, and Macready. Mr. Joseph Knight will deal with Garrick, Mr. R. W. Lowe with Betterton, Mr. E. R. Dibdin with the author of "Tom Bowling," and the editor himself with the Keans. The subjects have been selected so as to cover as completely as possible the whole field of English acting from the Restoration to our own time.

MESSRS. FIELD & TUER have issued the prospectus of a handsome book which they propose to publish by subscription in the autumn, entitled *Kensington Picturesque and Historical*. The letterpress is written by the Rev. W. J. Loftie, the historian of London, and himself an inhabitant of the old court suburb. The illustrations have been specially drawn on the spot by Mr. W. Luker, Jun.; they will be more than 300 in number, of which some will be printed in colours. Kensington, with its palace and historical houses, as well as its modern artistic residences, lends itself particularly well to such a publication. For collectors—to whom Messrs. Field & Tuer generally offer some curiosity—a few proof copies of the book will have a couple of views painted in water-colours in front, under the gilt edge of the leaves, so as to be invisible until the leaves are bent back at an angle.

MR. GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE has a new work in the press which Messrs. Sonnenschein & Co. will shortly issue. It is a history of remarkable schemes for "improving the condition and increasing the comforts of the poor," put in practice at the end of the last century by certain social reformers, of whom the most distinguished were the Bishop of Durham, Sir Thomas Bernard, and Count Rumford, under the special patronage of George III.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co., will issue early next month a volume of selections from Sir

Edwin Arnold's poems, with the addition of some new pieces. The following—taken from the preface—will explain the purpose of the publication of the new volume:

"As it has been sometimes thought and said—inaccurately—that the author is exclusively devoted to oriental subjects of verse, and as he may yet again recur to these, he has here complied with the desire that a selection should be made from his non-oriental poems."

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co. will publish immediately *The Banshee, and other Poems*, by Dr. John Todhunter. Among the poems are two founded on the first and third of the Bardic Tales of Ireland, known as "The Three Sorrows of Story Telling."

The Blarney Ballads is the title of a new volume of political squibs on the Irish question which will shortly be published in a handsome quarto volume by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. Some of the ballads have already appeared anonymously in the columns of the *Spectator*, *Saturday Review*, *Scotsman*, &c.; but Mr. C. L. Graves now assumes the responsibility of authorship. The book will appear with cartoons by Mr. G. R. Halkett, the illustrator of the *Irish Green Book* and other political brochures.

The Moderate Man, and other Verses, is the title of a volume which will be published next week by Messrs. Ward & Downey. It will contain a dozen original illustrations by Mr. Harry Furniss. The poems are from the pen of Mr. Edwin Hamilton, author of *Dublin Doggerels*.

Love's Labour Won, the last novel written by the late James Grant, will be published this day by Messrs. Ward & Downey in three volumes. Among new one-volume editions of novels just issued by Messrs. Ward & Downey are the following: *Mrs. Rumbold's Secret*, by Mrs. Macquoid; *Passages in the Life of a Lady*, by Hamilton Aide; *In Luck's Way*, by Byron Webber; *Double Cunning*, by G. Manville Fenn; *Frozen Hearts*, by G. W. Appleton; and *The Dingy House at Kensington*.

MR. JOHN HEYWOOD will shortly publish a volume of essays by Mr. W. E. A. Axon, entitled *Stray Chapters in Literature, Folk-Lore, and Archaeology*. Each essay is supplemented with a bibliography of the subject, and Mr. Axon has written a preface on curious book titles.

THE Government of India has issued a resolution on the completion of the Statistical Account and Imperial Gazetteer of India. The work was planned by Sir William Hunter in 1869, and has been carried to completion under his continuous supervision during the past nineteen years.

"The Governor General in Council now desires to place on record his cordial acknowledgments to Sir William Hunter for the great ability and industry which he has displayed in carrying through the important work entrusted to him. As a condensed epitome of the Statistical Survey of India, it (the Imperial Gazetteer) appears to His Excellency in Council all that could be desired; and as a standard work of reference, it will be of the greatest use to those charged with the administration of the country."

NEARLY eight thousand copies of Mr. Eric Mackay's *Love-Letters of a Violinist* have been sold in the series of "Canterbury Poets."

MR. THOMAS AUSTIN has just copied for the Early English Text Society the very curious "booke of huntynge, the which is clepid Master of the Game," from the two MSS. in the Bodleian. This treatise was written by Henry IV.'s Master of the Game for his son Henry V. when Prince of Wales, and tells among many other things, how the fox chiefly loves hens—which he "gynnouliche," or snarefully lies in

wait for—but also eats butterflies, grasshoppers, and such small deer, to say nothing of butter and honey. It has some illustrations which will be engraved from Mr. Austin's copies. The book will go to press forthwith, and will probably be issued by the Early English Text Society next year.

THE Shelley Society's publications for the present year will be eight in number. Four of these have already been sent out to members, viz., the *Masque of Anarchy* (a reproduction of the recently discovered MS.), the Shelley Society's Papers, the Shelley Society's Notebook, and an Alphabetical Table of Contents to Shelley's Works. The four to follow are: a reprint of Browning's "Essay on Shelley," which was prefixed to the suppressed volume of forged Shelley Letters, published by Moxon in 1852; and type-facsimile reprints of the original editions of the *Address to the Irish People*, *Rosalind and Helen*, and the *Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson*. In addition to these, there are several other works of great value to Shelley students which are actually in type, and will be issued as soon as the funds of the society permit. The address of the secretary of the society is 127, Devonshire-road, Holloway, N.

THE annual meeting of the London Library will be held on Thursday, May 31, with the Earl of Carnarvon in the chair.

At the next meeting of the Sette of Odde Volumes, early in June, Mr. Charles Welsh, vice-president and chapman to the Sette, will read a brief note on "The Babies' Book" in the Harleian collection, and will make a few remarks on the subject of the earliest English books for children.

WITH regard to the English word "steerman," Dr. Furnivall sends us the following quotation from Hexham's English-Dutch and Dutch-English Dictionary (1660): "*een Pilot, Pilote, ofte Stierman, a Pilot, or a Steerman; 'the Steere-man, Den stier-man.'*"

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

PROF. J. R. SEELEY has written an article on what he calls "The Eighty-Eights" (1588—1688—1888), which is practically a supplementary chapter to his *Expansion of England*. Its speculations on the light thrown by past experience upon the dangers to which the empire may now be exposed are likely to attract attention at a time when the national defences are so much discussed. The article will appear in *Good Words* for June.

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL will in future contribute signed reviews of books monthly to *Atalanta*.

SINCE the subject of the National Portrait Gallery was taken in hand in the present volume of the *Antiquary*, some influential reviews have enforced the claims of the collection to be provided with an adequate and permanent home. In its next number, the *Antiquary* will make a proposal in connexion with the future of the collection which it is to be hoped will receive similar support. In the same issue, Dr. W. F. Ainsworth describes his visit to the site of Dara, in 1837; Mr. Roach Smith gives another paper on the Roman walls of Chester; and Mr. William Rendle, the veteran historian of Southwark, concludes his "Reminiscences and Remarks."

THE next issue of the *Archaeological Review* will contain papers on "The Origin of the Eskimo," by Dr. Robert Brown; "Sonship and Inheritance," by G. L. Gomme; "The Origin and Development of the Village Community in Russia," by M. Kovalevsky; "Prehistoric Remains in Spain," by Miss A. W.

Buckland; "Index of Roman Remains in London," by J. E. Price; "Domesday Measures of Land," by J. H. Round.

ARCHDEACON GORE will contribute to the *Quiver* for June a description of a holiday trip to "The New Playground of Europe (Norway)"; and the same number will contain the Earl of Meath's recent address to the Church Army on "The Gospel and the Masses."

THE June number of *Time* will contain "Work and Workers," No. VI.—The "Salvation Army," by Mrs. Drummond; "Matthew Arnold," by George W. E. Russell; "Hans Christian Andersen," by Mrs. Molesworth; "A Bye Election Contest," by Henry Jephson, formerly private secretary to Mr. Forster and Sir George Trevelyan; "Civil Employment of the Army Reserve," by Major Walter Lindsay; and "Among the Lilies," by Clement Scott.

THE June part of *Art and Letters* will contain "Notes and Recollections," III., by L. Halévy; "Sister Euphrasia," by G. Duruy; "The Centenary of the Times," II., by Blowitz; "Vous n'aimez pas," words by Bourget, music by Bernberg; "The Salon Forty," by P. D'Igny.

A NEW serial story by Kate Eyre, entitled "For the Good of the Family," will be commenced in *Cassell's Magazine* for June.

A NEW magazine is about to be brought out, called the *Mirror*, the special feature of which will be biographical sketches and portraits of men and women of the day. Art, literature, science, and the drama, are to be alike represented.

FRENCH JOTTINGS.

M. ALPHONSE DAUDET has sent to his publishers (Lemerre) the complete MS. of his new novel *l'Immortel*, of which, by the way, an instalment appears—in English, and entitled "One of the Forty"—in the first number of the new *Universal Review*.

IT is understood that the late M. Désiré Nisard (of whom a striking portrait is published in the current number of the *Livre*) had written his memoirs some little time before his death, and that they will now at once be published.

M. E. CARO and M. Paul Bourget—perhaps the two most popular critics in France, representing the old and the new school—have each published during the past week volumes with very similar titles: *Mélanges et portraits*, and *Études et portraits*.

M. ARSENE HOUSSAYE has finished a new play in three acts, called "Diane," which will probably be produced at the Odéon.

M. ZOLA's new novel, *Le Réve*—which, as stated in the ACADEMY last week, is to be published in a series of English newspapers—has already begun to appear in the *Revue illustrée*.

THERE has recently been discovered at Boksmeer, in Holland, a large packet of letters containing the correspondence that passed between Napoleon I. and his brother King Louis, of Holland. The letters had been deposited by the king with his private secretary, whose grandson is the present owner of them.

DOCUMENTS relating even remotely to Molière are, as is well-known, as rare and almost as highly prized as those relating to Shakspeare. There has recently been found at Fontainebleau a contract of sale signed by Molière's father, Jean Poquellin [*sic*]. It is dated May 29, 1631, when Molière was a little over nine years of age; and it has to do with the supply of a considerable quantity of furniture for the royal troops.

THE Cercle Saint-Simon, or Société historique—which was founded some six years ago to serve as a sort of club for literary men—has been compelled, through a decrease in its members, to abandon its own handsome house at the corner of the Boulevard Saint-Germain and the Rue Saint-Simon, and to accept the hospitality of the Hôtel des Sociétés savantes.

GREEN's *Short History of the English People* has been translated into French (Paris: Plon), with an introduction by M. Gabriel Monod, the editor of the *Revue historique*, in which he discusses the differences between the historical development of France and England.

M. DELOCHE has been elected a member of the Académie des Inscriptions, in the room of the late M. Charles Robert; and M. Fr. de Miklosich, a foreign member, in the room of the late Prof. Fleischer.

FASCICULE XV. of the *Archives Historiques de la Gascogne* is one of the most important of that excellent series. It is the first part (two hundred pages) of "Sceaux Gascons du Moyen-Age," with introduction, notes, and excellent engravings of every seal. The present volume contains those of the clergy, kings, and nobles. Those of the cities and the bourgeois will be given in part ii. The text of the documents to which the seals are affixed is added when of exceptional interest. As works of art the seals of the kings, and especially of the queens, of Navarre are the most noteworthy. Those of the clergy of all ranks give evidence of the ecclesiastical robes of the period.

WE have received some numbers of a new weekly published in Paris since February of the current year, which in form somewhat resembles the *Revue Bleue*, but which seems to have taken its title—*Samedi-Revue*—from an English contemporary. There are other points of likeness besides the title, for the *Samedi-Revue* is strongly conservative in politics, and appears to possess as unusual an acquaintance with English affairs as its namesake does with French. The editor is understood to be Capt. Lamblin, who has recently returned from Tonquin; and the list of contributors includes the names of Xavier Marmier, of the Académie française; Paul Le Breton, senator; and Victor Tissot. The articles, of course, are signed.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

VILLANELLE.

How to compose a villanelle, which is said to require "an elaborate amount of care in production, which those who read only would hardly suspect existed."

It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it,
As easy as reciting A B C;
You need not be an atom of a poet.

If you've a grain of wit, and want to show it,
Writing a villanelle—take this from me—
It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it.

You start a pair of rimes, and then you "go it"
With rapid-running pen and fancy free;
You need not be an atom of a poet.

Take any thought, write round it or below it,
Above or near it, as it liketh thee;
It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it.

Pursue your task, till, like a shrub, you grow it,
Up to the standard size it ought to be;
You need not be an atom of a poet.

Clear it of weeds, and water it, and hoe it,
Then watch it blossom with triumphant glee.
It's all a trick, quite easy when you know it;
You need not be an atom of a poet.

WALTER W. SKELAT.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE design on the cover of the *Universal Review* seems intended to be emblematic of the manner in which its birth has been heralded. Of the contents not much need be said. Mr. Verrall's article on Martial—"A Roman of Greater Rome"—with its happy renderings, would attract attention anywhere; and the illustrations are at least a novelty, as also is the translation of a fragment of M. Daudet's new novel. For the rest, we do not find much worthy of notice except the irrepressible individuality of the editor. The titles of the articles and the names of the writers tell their own story.

In the *Revista Contemporanea* for April, Señor Fatigati, considering the budget of education, points out the unpractical character of Spanish teaching, the necessity of reform, and the need of better buildings and materials. The same writer has an article on Madrid, which subject is also treated of by F. Hardt, who deals with its shortcomings in cleanliness and sanitary matters. Acero y Abad continues her chapters on Ginés Perez de Hita, criticising his romances, and the various imitators of them. In his notes on Algeria, Francisco Pons gives a good account of the agricultural Trappist establishment at Stauei and a description of Constantine. The conclusion of a review of Pereda's last novel, *La Montañez*, describes it as a "Madame Bovary" in higher Madrid life. A more recent novelist, Bueda, an Andalusian, is eulogised by Garcia-Ramon. Fernandez Merino begins a series of articles on the etymologies in the last edition of the dictionary of the Spanish Academy; the present portion only points out deficiencies in the "personnel" of that corporation regarded as lexicographers.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BOUGNET, P. *Études et portraits*. Paris: Lemerre. 7 fr.
- CASO, E. *Mélanges et portraits*. Paris: Hachette. 5 fr.
- COUGNY, G. *L'enseignement professionnel des beaux-arts dans les écoles de la Ville de Paris*. Paris: Quantin. 5 fr.
- D'ARÇAY, Joseph. *Notes inédites sur M. Thiers: l'homme privé, l'homme politique*. Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50 c.
- GOSCHEN-JAHREBUCH. Hrg. v. L. Geiger. 9. Bd. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Lit. Anstalt. 10 M.
- HERTZNER, A. *Reisen in den columbianischen Anden*. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 8 M.
- MARSAJA, le Cardinal. *Mes trente-cinq années de Mission dans la haute Éthiopie*. 1^{re} Vol. Paris: Mesnil. 10 fr.
- MONUMENTS historiques de France. 5^e Livraison. Paris: Monnier. 10 fr.
- MORIL-FATTO, A. *Études sur l'Espagne*. 1^{re} Série. Paris: Vieweg. 3 fr. 50 c.

THEOLOGY.

- BRUNS, E. *Hloh*. Braunschweig: Schwetschke. 2 M.

HISTORY.

- DURUY, A. *L'Armée Royale en 1789*. Paris: Oalmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
- GACHON, P. *Les États de Languedoc et l'édit de Béliers (1632)*. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
- GHIBONI, J. *Annali d'Italia in continuazione al Muratori e al Coppi*. Vol. I. 17 Marzo 1861-1863. Milan: Hoepli. 5 fr.
- GRECHENROTH, W. v. *Geschichte der deutschen Kaiserzeit*. 5. Bd. 2. Abth. Friedrichs I. Kämpfe gegen Alexander III., den Lombardenbund u. Heinrich den Löwen. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 11 M.
- HÖFFER, P. *Die Varusschlacht, ihr Verlauf u. ihr Schauplatz*. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 7 M. 30 Pf.
- MÉNAGES-JOURNAUX de Pierre de l'Estolle. T. I. *Journal de Henri III., 1574-1580*. Paris: Lemerre. 6 fr.
- PROU, M. *Études sur les Relations politiques du Pape Urbain V. avec les Rois de France Jean II. et Charles V., 1362-1370*. Paris: Vieweg. 6 fr.
- SAMMELUNG. *Antliche, der Acten aus der Zeit der halvet. Republik (1798-1808)*. Bearb. v. J. Strickler. 2. Bd. Juni bis Septbr. 1798. Basel: Schneider. 15 M.
- STOFFELLA D'ALTA RUPE, E. *Abregé de l'histoire diplomatique de l'Europe à partir de la paix de Westphalie jusqu'à nos jours*. Wien: Seidel. 10 M.
- THIERS. *Lettres du Maréchal de, publiées par le Comte de Rambuteau*. Paris: Oalmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.

VILLÉLE, *Mémoires et correspondance du Comte de*. T. 2. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.

WOLFF, G. *Zur Geschichte der deutschen Protestanten 1555-1559*. Berlin: Sechagen. 8 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BACHMANN, J. *Die Philosophie d. Neopythagoreers Secundus*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 9 M.
- BROBAUCHUNGEN. *deutsche übersetsehe meteorologische. Gesamelt u. hrg. v. der deutschen Seewarte*. 1. Hft. Hamburg: Friederichsen. 7 M.
- HOLZAPFEL, E. *Die Mollusken der Aachener Kreide*. 1. Abth. Cephalopoda u. Glossophora. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 40 M.
- KOKEN, E. *Eleutheroerces, e. neuer Glyptodont aus Uruguay*. Berlin: Reimer. 2 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- BOSSHART, J. *Die Flexionsendungen des schweizerdeutschen Verbums u. damit zusammenhäng. Erscheingn.* Frauenfeld: Huber. 2 M.
- BOUGOT, A. *Étude sur l'Illade d'Homère: invention, composition, exécution*. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
- GERHARD, E. *Etruskische Spiegel*. 5. Bd. 7. Hft. Berlin: Reimer. 9 M.
- LÜTTGENS, C. *Üb. Bedeutung u. Gebrauch der Hilfsverba im frühen Altenglischen*. Sculan u. Willan. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
- PAUL, A. *Üb. Vokalishe Aspiration u. reinen Vokalansatz*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 30 Pf.
- SCHULTZ, R. *Quæstiones in Tibulli librum I. chronologicae*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M.
- SIKOW, J. A. *Xenophon-Studien*. 2. Thl. *Die Hellenika-Ausgabe d. Harpokration*. 3. Thl. *Zwei verlorene Hellenika-Handschriften*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 60 Pf.
- SYBEL, L. v. *Platon's Symposium*. Marburg: Elwert. 3 M.
- VAIRS, S. G. de. *Epistula Sapphus ad Phaonem apparatu critico instructa, commentario illustrata et Ovidio vindicata*. Berlin: Calvary. 4 M. 50 Pf.
- WACHSNER, L. *Samaritanische Traditionen mitgeteilt u. n. h. ihrer geschichtl. Entwicklung untersucht*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 3 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ALLUSION TO SHAKSPEARE WANTED IN 1659.

3, St. George's Square, N.W.: May 7, 1883.

When issuing for the New Shakspeare Society, at the end of 1886, the *Three Hundred and More Fresh Allusions to Shakspeare*, which our society's members had gathered since sending out the second edition of *The Centurie of Prayse*, I noted that in neither book was any allusion to Shakspeare in 1659 registered, though in the hundred odd years from 1592 to 1694 we had collected some 700 allusions. I was sure, of course, that this was our fault, and not that of Shakspeare's seventeenth-century admirers; but, though several escaped allusions have been since sent to me for a supplement, none for 1659 turned up till a few days ago when, reading the article "Shooter's Hill" in Thorne's *Environs of London*, I came on the passage wanted, from Thos. Philipott's "Villare Cantianum"—an alphabetical list and account of the chief places in Kent, with the less villages, &c., set under them, so as not to be alphabetical. Copying from the folio of 1659, p. 136, the words are (after others on the improvement of the road, to stop thievery):

"King Henry the fourth granted leave to Thomas Chapman, to cut down, burn, and sell, all the Woods and Under-Woods growing and confining to Shooters Hill on the South-side, and to bestow the money raised thereby upon mending the High-way. Surely Prince Henry his son, and Sir John Falstaffe, his make-sport, so merrily represented in Shakspeare's Comedies, for examining the Sandwich Carriers loading at this place, were not the Surveyers."

To anyone who will send me other allusions of 1592-1694 not in the *Centurie* or *Fresh Allusions*, I shall be grateful.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

THE BEECH AND THE ARYANS.

Queen's College, Oxford: May 12, 1888.

Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie's views in regard to the primitive home of the Aryans have been stated by him with his usual fullness of learn-

ing and freedom from conventional doctrines. In suggesting, however, that the original speakers of the Indo-European languages may have been the short brachycephalic race from Asia, he has forgotten the one certain fact supplied to us by history, from which we are bound to start. In the Roman era the representatives of the Aryan Kelts and Teutons were a tall, blue-eyed, fair-haired race. Now, as a general rule, it is not the subject population that imposes its language upon its conquerors, but the conquering aristocracy which causes its language to prevail, like Etruscan in Northern Italy or Sanskrit in Northern India. It is only where the conquerors come into contact with a sacred book, an established church, or a hierarchy of priests that the contrary process is likely to take place. The Celtic and Teutonic dialects of the Roman age must have been the original property of the chiefs rather than of the serfs.

But it was not in order to controvert Prof. de Lacouperie's views that I sat down to write. That would require far more space than could be allowed me here, and would open up the question upon which I touched in my address at Manchester, whether there are not two distinct branches of the white dolichocephalic race, one of which may be termed Kelto-Libyan and the other Scando-Teutonic. What I want now to do is to make amends for exciting a controversy through the introduction into that address of an unfortunate illustration.

Sir George Birdwood has urged that if the beech had been known to the undivided Aryans they could not have lived in Scandinavia, since, according to the Scandinavian archaeologists, the beech did not grow there until long after the close of the neolithic age. Dr. Penka has just replied to this objection in the *Globus*, vol. liii., No. 13. He argues that the climatic conditions demanded by the beech already existed in Southern Scandinavia in the neolithic epoch, and that the objects of the iron age usually supposed to be coeval with the appearance of the beech were really very much later, having either sunk to the level of the stratum in which traces of the beech are found, or else been thrown into lakes and morasses where the stratum in question approached the surface of the ground. In many cases, indeed, they were artificially buried.

But I am beginning to feel considerable doubt as to whether, after all, the beech was known to the primitive Aryans. It certainly cannot have derived its name from its edible fruit, as Dr. Penka assumes, since it is only in Greek that *pay-* means "to eat," and in Greek *pay-* is "oak," and not "beech." Consequently, if *pay-* is derived from *pay-*, its original signification would be "oak" rather than "beech." It is only in Latin and Teutonic that the word signifies "the beech," since the Old-Slavonic *buky* has been borrowed from German, like the Bohemian *buk*, and the vowel of the Persian *buk* is inconsistent with its being a sister form of *fagus*. The fact, however, that the word has been borrowed in Slavonic suggests that it has also been borrowed by the German dialects, though at a period before the action of "Grimm's Law" had made itself felt. This was the case with the Old High-German *hanf*, "hemp," which was borrowed from the Latin *cannabis*, itself a loan-word from the Greek *kannabis*; and also with the Old High-German *lîn*, "flax," and *lewon*, "lion," which, along with the Latin *linum* and *leo*, go back to the Greek *linon* and *léon*.

I am therefore inclined to regard the Old High-German *buohha* (Anglo-Saxon *bōce*) as borrowed from the Latin *fagus* at the same period as *lîn*. Beech-mast has been discovered in the Swiss lacustrine habitations of the later neolithic age; and it is reasonable to conclude that the ancestors of the Aryan Italians applied

to the tree they found in this locality a name which may previously have denoted some species of oak,
A. H. SAYOR.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

TUESDAY, May 22, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Conventions and Conventionality in Art," I., by Mr. Sidney Colvin.

WEDNESDAY, May 23, 8 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "Dante," III., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.

8 p.m. Society of Arts.

8 p.m. Geological: "The Spheroid-bearing Granite, Mullagherry, co. Donegal," by Dr. F. H. Hatch; "The Skeleton of a Saurpterygian from the Oxford Clay, near Bedford," by Mr. R. Lydekker; "The Mesozoic and Paleozoic Rocks of the Atlantic Coasts of Canada in comparison with those of Western Europe and of the Interior of America," by Sir J. W. Dawson; "A Hornblende-biotite Rock from Dusky Sound, New Zealand," by Capt. F. W. Hutton.

8 p.m. Gymnasion: "A Critical Estimate of Welsh Poetry," by Mr. T. Marchant Williams.

THURSDAY, May 24, 8 p.m. Linnean: Anniversary Meeting.

8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Growth and Sculpture of the Alps," II., by Prof. T. G. Bonney.

8 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "Dante," IV., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "My New Standard and Inspectional Electric Measuring Instruments," by Sir William Thomson.

FRIDAY, May 25, 8 p.m. Quaker: Papers by Messrs. Bulham, Smith, and Priest.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Personal Identification and Description," by Mr. F. Galton.

SATURDAY, May 26, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Later Works of Richard Wagner," VII., by Mr. Carl Armbruster, with Vocal and Instrumental Illustrations.

8 p.m. Physical: "The Governing of Electromotors," by Prof. W. E. Ayrton and Prof. J. Perry; "The Formulas of Bernoulli and Haecker for the Lifting Power of Magnets," by Prof. S. F. Thompson; "Experiments on Electropleps. II. Irreversible Conduction," by Mr. W. W. Haldane Gee and Mr. H. Holden.

8.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

The Timaeus of Plato. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by R. D. Archer-Hind. (Macmillan.)

We have here a work worthy of the reputation of Cambridge for scholarship. Full and clear, systematic and accurate, it is one of the best among those valuable studies of Plato of which Cambridge has recently been fertile.

Mr. Archer-Hind has chosen a dialogue of no common difficulty, for the student of the *Timaeus* meets with stumbling-blocks of many kinds. First, what is its place in Plato's system, or in the sequence of his works? Mr. Archer-Hind is of opinion that it belongs to a group of dialogues "of the later period" (*Parmenides*, *Sophist*, *Philebus*, and *Timaeus*), which give an "amended form" of the teaching of another group to which the *Republic* belongs. This theory looks plausible when one considers under Mr. Archer-Hind's guidance the attempts to amend and to defend the ideal doctrine of the *Republic* and its group which the *Timaeus* contains. But yet we do not feel it possible to separate so widely the *Timaeus* from the *Republic*. If any two dialogues of Plato belong to one group, these two do so. Plato writes with a purpose even when he is apparently composing with the lightest heart, and he has himself put the close connexion of these two beyond question. The *Timaeus* then begins with a résumé of the *Republic*, and here we come on our next difficulty. As often happens with résumés, one has to go back to the work analysed to find out what the analysis means and to watch its correctness. The inferior children of the Guardians in the *Republic* were to be made away with; but

the *Sekrates* of the *Timaeus* unblushingly says that they were to be "secretly dispersed" among other classes. Next we have the much-debated legend of Atlantis, about which we hold, even more strongly than the editor does, that it was a pure invention of Plato from beginning to end. He is "our only authority for the legend." It is nowhere else alluded to, not even in connexion with Attalus's commemoration of the great battles of Athens, when the Amazons were remembered. Then we come to the account of creation, much of which must, as the editor says, be taken as an "ontological scheme in the form of a highly mystical allegory." "The *δημιουργός* is merely a mythological representative of universal *νοῦς*, which evolves itself in the form of the *κόσμος*." Only by reading the allegory thus can we explain the dark saying that the universe is *εἰκὼν τοῦ ποιητοῦ* (P. 92 C); the *δημιουργός* and the *αὐτὸ ζῶν*, from which the universe is copied, are one and the same. Interwoven with this is the ideal theory, which is at least as hard to grasp as Plato found it to write. Lastly, there are the many difficulties of a mathematical nature, and those springing from the state of physical science in the fifth century B.C. In advance as he was of his age in speculation, Plato could not escape its limitations in positive knowledge; and we find his attempts at explaining natural facts so obscure and so remote from our ways of thinking that they themselves need to be explained. But all through these manifold difficulties we desire no better guide than Mr. Archer-Hind. Without always being able to agree with him, we feel that he has done more for his subject than any editor before him. He has wonderfully elucidated the dialogue by his commentary and by his account of the allegory, and has given us a spirited and faithful translation. But he seems to be on a wrong track in placing the *Timaeus* where he does. We can only decide such questions as that of the order of Plato's writings by comparing views, and giving the latest place to what seems the most complete development, if we know already that the writer persevered in one line of thought; but that is just what we do not know about Plato. The growth of the writer's art is another criterion; but it is not favourable to the theory that the *Timaeus* came late. That composition is not a lively dialogue, with a share of ethical interest, but a tedious sermon, which does no justice to its magnificent subject and really noble thoughts: one speaker has it all to himself. Yet we must not lay great stress on this criterion; for, so far as we can judge, the *Timaeus* is later than the *Republic*, though so inferior to it in literary skill, in dramatic power and interest. In fact, criteria, internal as well external, fail us for the ordering of Plato's dialogues; and no theory of the order can be more than an insecure foundation for further reasonings.

We subjoin notes on a few passages which seem open to doubt. (1) What reason is there for thinking that Hermokrates here is the Syracusan general? He is a foreigner, as P. 20 c shows, but that is no proof. (2) P. 18 A. Can *τούτοις* refer to the feminine *γυμναστική* καὶ *μουσική*? Is it not the Guardians? (3) P. 22 d. *λύομενος* cannot mean both "by releasing his founts" (trans-

lation) and "being released" (note). The latter is probably to be preferred. (4) The translation omits *τῇ λόγῳ* in P. 47 n. The construction of the dative is not certain. Perhaps it is most likely to be the instrumental dative, but we might also think of the *λόγος* as personified. (5) P. 50 A. The whole clause, from *δεικνύντος* to *ἔστι*, is omitted in the translation. (6) P. 52 b—c. Mr. Archer-Hind has probably hit on the right explanation of *ἐαυτῆς*, which has troubled everyone before him. There is a *σχῆμα πρὸς τὸ σημαίνον*; and *ἐαυτῆς* is governed by *αὐτὸ τοῦτο ἐφ' ᾧ γέγονεν* (which = *παράδειγμα*), just as if *π.* had been written. But what is the government of *ταῦτα δὲ πάντα* just above, and what the meaning of *διοριζόμενοι*? The translation does not tell us. (7) In P. 70 b we should take *εἰς τὴν δορυφορικὴν οἰκίαν* κατέστησαν differently from the editor. In fact, we doubt whether it even can mean "[the heart] they made into the guard-house." It seems to us to mean that the creators placed the heart in the guardhouse, i.e., in that part of the body which is the seat of the spirit, the guard and champion of reason. (8) P. 89 d, *καθ' ὅσον ἂν ᾗ τῷ σχολῇ*, understand of time left, not only for mental cultivation, but also for a man's occupation or profession; cf. *Rep.* 406.

F. T. RICHARDS.

PHILOLOGICAL BOOKS.

Comparative Philology. By G. W. Wade. (Rivingtons.) In form and contents this little book resembles Dr. Peile's *Primer of Philology*, though it is far from being so able a work. It is, however, sensibly put together, and is fairly up to date. A good many of the obsolete ideas which still hold their places in English manuals are here omitted, in favour of correcter views, and that without any great loss of clearness. We are not sure, however, that Mr. Wade has quite grasped "the methods and principles" of recent philology. Certainly he has missed the importance of analogy, of which he seems to have heard rather than read. His book would be the better for a firsthand study of (say) Brugmann and Joh. Schmidt. We hope Mr. Wade will undertake such a study, and embody the results in a second edition. At the same time he might correct various slips and misprints, and, above all, simplify the alphabet of the *Ursprache* printed on p. 78. A³, K³, GH³, are all very well for an advanced scholar, but if Mr. Wade tried to teach these symbols to schoolboys (or girls), most of the pupils would laugh, and none would understand. The "Slavonic *szimtas*" (p. 76) might also disappear. There are many Slave languages, and *szimtas* happens to be Lithuanian, the "Church Slavonic" form being *szto*. Instead, we might have a word about the nasal and liquid sonants and the like, which are very important to the Greek philologist. The chapter on the origin of language is superfluous, and should be omitted.

A Dictionary of Place-Names: giving their Derivations. By C. Blackie. Third Edition, revised. (John Murray.) The first edition of this book was published in 1875 under the title of *Etymological Geography*. As it only claims to be a school-book and not to contain the results of independent research, it ought not, perhaps, to be judged by a very high standard. This new edition has been "revised," and enlarged by about fifty pages, but it cannot be said to have been materially improved. Miss Blackie does not seem, for instance, to

be acquainted with Dr. Egli's *Etymologisch-geographisches Lexicon*, published in 1880, which is now the standard work on her subject. It would have enabled her, with little trouble, to have brought her book more nearly up to the present standard of knowledge. As Miss Blackie professes to be merely a compiler and not a philologist, it would be unfair to criticise too harshly the etymologies she has inserted, many of which are, to say the least, somewhat dubious. But she might at all events have copied accurately from her authorities, and corrected her proofs with greater care. The Celtic derivations, which have been revised by such competent scholars as Dr. Joyce and Dr. Skene, are the most satisfactory portion of the volume. Elsewhere inexcusable blunders or misprints are to be found. Thus the chief authority for Teutonic names, Dr. Förstemann, is repeatedly called "Forsteman," and one of his books, *Die deutschen Ortsnamen*, is quoted as *Deutsche Ortsnamen*. Opening the book at random, we find on p. 242: "Wurtemberg, anc. Wrtinisberk." Either Wurtemberg or Wirttemberg might pass muster, but not Wurtemberg. Both Förstemann and Kausler, from one of whom the ancient form of the name seems to be copied, give it correctly as "Wirtinisberk." Hard by we find "Huieci" for Huieci, the Latinised form of the name of the Saxon tribe of the Hwiccas. All these errors appeared in the first edition, and remain uncorrected in the third. On the same page two new etymologies are inserted, both of which are erroneous. The Norse *ormr*, "a serpent," appears as *ornr*, while a little higher up is one of the funniest blunders we have ever happened to come across. We are told that the old name of the Isle of Wight was "Zuzo-yr-With." The mysterious *zuzo* is plainly a misprint for *ynys*; and, though not a single letter of the word happens to be right, it is easy to see how an ingenious compositor, confronted by a badly-written manuscript, successively perverted each of the four letters. But it is not so certain that the schoolchildren, for whose use the book is designed, will detect the error, which will doubtless be duly copied by future compilers of books on local names. A book on geographical names is useless unless they are correctly printed, and it would be easy to enlarge the list of errors. Thus, in both editions we have "Spalatro" for Spalato, "Slangenbad" for Schlagenbad, "Kupperberg" for Kupferberg and "Nurnberg" for Nürnberg, as well as the marvellous name, "Bains-les-du-Mont-dore," which has evidently been copied without thought from a gazetteer, or from the index to some atlas. Even where the first edition has been revised it is not always done correctly. Thus Königsberg appears in the first edition as "Konigsberg," which is altered to the hardly less erroneous form "Königsberg" in the third. It would be unfair to criticise severely the cases in which Miss Blackie has correctly copied from her authorities, but it may be remarked that she has not always gone to the best sources of information. Thus she derives the name *Devizes* from *de vies* (*sic*), and interprets it as "a place where two ways met"; whereas Dr. Guest has shown that the old name *Divisae* or *Ad Divisas* marked the ancient boundary between the English and the Welsh. It is a pity that the significance of a name which possesses so much historical interest should thus be missed. To take another instance, she gets the name of the Danube from the Teutonic *Tuon-aha*, the thundering water, whereas the two best authorities, Zeuss and Glück, more reasonably derive it, with reference to its strong current, from the Celtic *dan*, fortis. Prof. John Stuart Blackie, the brother of the author, contributes an interesting and well-written introduction; but surely a classical professor ought to have heard of the Indo-European *Ure Sprache*, and should have known

better than to derive Gaelic from Latin, and Latin from Gaelic, indifferently on the same page. Thus he tells us (p. xxiv.) that the Latin *aqua* is an abraded form of the Gaelic *uisge*, water; and also that the Gaelic *amhainn* is evidently softened down by aspiration from the Latin *amnis*. If, in the present year of grace, a philological professor is capable of such statements, we must not be too hard on a lady who has evidently devoted immense labour to a work which, with the needful revision, might be really useful to those for whom it is designed.

A Note on Indo-European Phonology. By D. B. Murdoch. (Trübner.) Dr. Murdoch, L.R.C.P., L.F.P.S., F.R.G.S., B.Sc.M., &c., Int. B.Sc. Lond. Univ., &c., &c., may be a very clever doctor, for aught we know. But, if his philology is seriously meant, we would entreat him to reflect on the proverb *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*. Amid much information, his forty-page pamphlet contains a good deal of ignorance. "The first syllable of *mu-lgeo* reminds us of the *moo-cow* of the English nursery" (p. 9) will serve as a specimen. At the same time, we respect and applaud Dr. Murdoch's enthusiasm for the Greek language.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE Geologists' Association have arranged for an excursion to Charnwood Forest on Whit Monday and Tuesday. The headquarters will be at the Royal Hotel, Leicester.

THE third edition of *The Management and Diseases of the Dog*, by Prof. J. Woodroffe Hill, will shortly be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co.

MRS. McKENNY HUGHES, the wife of the Woodwardian Professor of Geology at Cambridge, has contributed to the current number of the *Geological Magazine* a valuable paper, embodying the results of many years' study of the Mollusca found in the Pleistocene gravels of Barnwell and elsewhere in the neighbourhood of Cambridge. It is shown that these deposits contain six species of Mollusca which are no longer living in Britain; some of these forms being of northern and some of southern range, while others enjoy a wide geographical distribution. The gravels also contain six or eight species which have disappeared from the district, but are still living elsewhere in England; while, on the other hand, certain species now common near Cambridge are absent from the gravels.

THE Hollandsche Maatschappij der Wetenschappen, of Haarlem, have just issued the first volume of the great work they have undertaken to commemorate the eminent Dutch savant of the seventeenth century, Christiaan Huygens. This will be an annotated edition of his complete works, including his correspondence and a biography. The correspondence alone will fill some eight large volumes; and this first volume covers the period from 1638 (when Huygens was only nine years old) to 1656. The letters received by Huygens were bequeathed by him, with his own unpublished papers, to the university of Leiden, and have before now been made use of by his literary executors and others. The chief labour of the present editors has been to collect the letters written by Huygens himself, which are scattered throughout the libraries of Europe, and to arrange the whole in chronological order. They have added abundant notes, giving biographical details not only of the correspondents but also of all the persons mentioned, besides full indices. Prefixed is a photogravure of the well-known picture at the Hague, showing the father of Huygens surrounded by his children. This picture, by the way, was formerly attributed to Vandyck, but now to A. Hanneman. The book is beautifully printed,

in large quarto, by the firm of Joh. Enschedé et Fils, of Haarlem, of which the editors say that it worthily maintains the honourable traditions of old Dutch typography; and it is published at the Hague by Martinus Nijhoff.

Étude historique et critique sur la Peste. Par H. Émile Rébouis. (Paris: Picard.) During the great plague of 1348, the Faculty of Medicine of Paris drew up, at the royal command, a consultation or opinion upon the causes and remedies of the epidemic. M. Rébouis professes to publish here for the first time a complete copy of that interesting document, and adds a translation of the Latin into French. This is good work well done, and justifies the publication of this little book; but not at all its title, for so trite and superficial a sketch of the subject ought surely not to be entitled a critical and historical study of the plague.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY. — (Saturday, April 23.)

W. R. ETCHEMS, Esq., in the chair. — Miss Louisa Mary Davies, in a paper entitled "First Impressions of the Sonnets of Shakspeare—December 31, 1609," gave a view of the sonnets as they would have appeared to an elderly gentleman alive at the time of the publication of these much maligned poems, and by whom they were regarded simply as literary productions, no notice being taken of their supposed autobiographical or allegorical character. In the first place he would acknowledge his gratitude to the honoured Earl of Surrey for bringing to our shores this graceful form of versification—three fourfold strands of poesy, caught up, and dexterously wound into a perfect circle by two shining threads of gold. Then he would dwell on the sympathetic quality of poetry as shown in these verses which had waked in him a hundred happy thoughts, just tinged with that sweet sadness that makes them seem realities and not dreams. In some of these sonnets we can almost hear the very heart-beats of the writer; and yet, although the sonnets possess such intensity of feeling, not obscured as in so much of the poetry of Master Edmund Spenser in his exquisite *Faerie Queene*, the brain-work at their root is also the crown of their splendour, if not the highest factor in their worth. In many we hardly know whether to bestow our chief admiration on the intellect that conceived them, on the poetic imagination that clothed them, or on the artist-skill that moulded the various lovely thoughts into one perfect whole. Sonnets lxi., cxxix., cxlvi., are only instances where profoundest sense and brilliant imagination are blended with an unsurpassable artistic terseness, and where the antitheses are remarkable alike for sharpness and accuracy. If no other proof offered of Master Shakspeare's glorious intellect as unveiled in his sonnets, it would surely be sufficient to point to a series beginning with xviii., and continuing with scarcely any intermission to lxxvii., which ring an indescribably graceful set of changes on the simplest and yet most complex of all themes—"I love you." At the first hearing we may fancy we detect duplicates, but a closer attention brings to our apprehension new and charming shades of difference, the more truly appreciated because they must be listened for. Truly his delicately-tinted love sonnets are like the closely-folded petals of the rose he so dearly loves, each one differing somewhat from its neighbour, each modestly enclosing its own choice beauty and fragrance, each necessary to the perfect whole, and all binding in homage toward their common centre. But marvellous as is the "body" of these poems, so also is our admiration called forth for their poetry and music—the two beautiful garments in which they are clothed. Nearly every line runs over with poetry and turns to music on the tongue. Some of the finest passages in the sonnets are inspired by the observation of nature, for example, the whole of xxxiii. and lxxiii., and many passages scattered here and there. Music in poetry comprehends a great deal more than the liquid flow of syllables and the due adjustment of long and short

vowels. To be perfect it requires also the harmony of sentiment and sound. This finds its absolute fulfilment in *lxxi.*, in which the feeling and rhythm alike are eloquent of mournful self-abnegation. This perfect harmony of conception and form is observable in many others, notably in *xxix.*, *xxx.*, *liv.*, *lx.*, and *lxxxvii.*—Mr. S. E. Brough read a paper on "The Use of Alliteration in Shakspeare's Poems." The predominance of alliteration forms a part of the very genius of our language; and while it gives force to the dialect of the rudest peasant, its artistic employment renders it capable, in the hand of the orator or poet, of marvels of expressiveness, infinitely various and often exquisitely delicate. In Anglo-Saxon poetry, the versification contains few rhymes and depends neither on the length nor the number of syllables in a line, but is based entirely on alliteration. And it has always played an important part in the rhythm of versification. As for force and harmony English prose is also much indebted to the skilful use of alliteration, it is astonishing that, in works on style in English literature and kindred subjects, its importance is so ignored. It is commonly alluded to as a trick which is rather to be avoided than otherwise. Its abuse is ridiculed, and then the matter is dropped. Now, if the use of marked alliteration in almost every sentence is a blemish, all our greatest masters of prose style did not know how to write English. It was then pointed out that alliteration is useful in (1) giving rhythm and emphasis, (2) accentuating antithesis, (3) associating allied or related ideas, (4) emphasising significant combinations of letters, (5) imparting effect to assonance; and examples of these were quoted from Shakspeare's poems and sonnets.—Mr. W. R. Etches read a paper on "Shakspeare's Autobiography in the Sonnets." He said that the biographical materials we possess are so scanty and so much of the nature of conjecture that we are unable to form any certain idea of what manner of man Shakspeare was in his daily life apart from his work. It is no wonder that we look eagerly to the sonnets for biography, although that which they reveal may not coincide with our preconceived idea of the great man's life. But even here all is not certainty. At the very outset we are disturbed by the perplexity which Thorpe has caused by writing only the initials "W. H." instead of "the onlie begetter's" full name. While adopting the generally received view that the letters stand for the name of William Herbert, there is a difficulty in believing that Shakspeare could have written such adulatory language to a man so weak, reckless, and mean, as Herbert. And although from a comparison of sonnets *xlii.*, *lxx.*, *lxxix.*, *cxvii.*, some reasons might be adduced for considering the "dark lady" as a dramatic device, yet from the flesh and blood likeness of all the descriptive sonnets, it is better to accept the personal interpretation; and the story of Mary Fitton in connexion with Herbert renders the double identification most probable. With all the flattering words used towards Herbert, who stands, as it were, for Shakspeare's dramatic ideal, the poet does not hesitate to tell "the tenth muse" (!) very decidedly about his faults (*xciv.*—*xcvi.*). Altogether the conclusion is irresistible, that, in the sonnets, Shakspeare is relating his own experience, although it is doubtful if he ever intended them for publication; and it is not likely that these are "the sugred sonnets" which Meres said Shakspeare had distributed "among his friends," for to these that description is certainly not appropriate.—"A Member" sent a paper on "The Two Angels of Sonnet *cxliv.*" In previous sonnet evidence exists that Shakspeare was making an effort to show that his love for the dark lady was not weakening his affection for his friend. The argument, however, was self-deluding. But yet it is interesting as representing the struggle between good and evil in the writer's soul. Although he recognises the woman's evil influence, his mad infatuation is too strong, and he remains in her toils. Sad it is to trace the progress of the sinful story; to witness the gradual uprooting of all pure friendship; the base degradation of manhood to be seen in the pitiful pleading for, at least, "a show of love"; the faint longing, now and then visible, after better things; and, finally, the determined extinction of reason, the wilful acceptance of evil, and the sad foreknowledge of eternal defeat and loss.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, April 30)

PROF. A. MACALISTER, president, in the chair.—A memoir by Mr. C. T. Martin (of the Public Record Office) was read by the secretary upon eleven deeds, mostly charters of feoffment, dating from 1439 to 1646. They had been found by the Rev. F. O. Marshall, Rector of Wilbraham Parva, in the parish chest, and relate to three several properties in that parish. One of these charters (No. 4, dated 1480) bears the signature of the Earl of Surrey, the victor of Flodden; Sir John Cheyne, who is mentioned in the same deed, afterwards fought by the side of the Duke of Richmond against Richard III. at the battle of Bosworth. In No. 5 mention is made of Anglesey Priory, a house of Austin Canons founded by Henry I., and granted at the Dissolution to John Hynde; of this a full account has been given in the *History of Botolph Claydon* by Mr. E. Hailstone, issued by this society in 1873-78.—Mr. Jones exhibited and described a collection of antiquities found within the last few years in the neighbourhood of Royston, of which the following are the most notable: A small gold annular brooch set with two red stones, and bearing a Christian legend *IESV . . .*, dating probably from the twelfth century A.D. Bronze bust of a Roman lady, three inches high; the hair is dressed in the style of the end of the third century A.D. Of the nine Saxon fibulae exhibited, the most remarkable were a pair, found at Barrington, with trefoil and crescents at the ends, about two inches long; and a smaller annular one from Royston Heath, formed of thick wire, convoluted in half of its circuit. From the same place came a beautiful bronze awl, possibly Celtic, two inches long; one of similar form is given by Evans (*Ancient Bronze Implements*, p. 189, fig. 224).—A communication by the late Mr. C. W. King upon an antique calcedony signet, bearing in intaglio the Fall of Kapanews, was read by the secretary. After alluding to the warnings against sin exhibited in the similar signet-devices—of Philoctetes, stung by the serpent in the very act of betraying the deposit of his dying master—of the impious Theseus fixed eternally upon his iron chair before the gates of Hades—and of the unconquerable Heracles, a victim to the potency of wine, he proceeded to describe the fate of Kapanews, struck down by Jove's lightning from the Theban walls which he had sworn to scale, even in Heaven's despite. The subject was a favourite with gem-engravers, and another example from the same collection on a sard (necessarily of different treatment) was exhibited; the calcedony had been traced back to the Comte de Caylus, to whose cabinet it belonged in 1782. It seems that in this case alone architectural details of the Kadmeian Gate and of the city-battlements have been introduced.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, May 4.)

THE REV. DR. R. MORRIS in the chair.—Mr. A. J. Ellis first stated that of his work on "The Existing Phonology of English Dialects," on which he read reports this time last year and the year before, 333 pages were in type (of which 224 pages had been printed off), and that about 500 pages more would probably complete the work by May, 1889. The whole of the remainder of the MS. was complete, and a considerable portion of it corrected for press.—Mr. E. L. Brandreth then read a paper on "A Sub-Editor's Work for the Society's Dictionary." First, he has to hunt up the history of words. Take as a sample "Home Rule." Mr. Brandreth gave an amusing account of his applications to Home Rulers here, who knew nothing about the history of the phrase. The first name was "The Home Government Association for Ireland," 1870, started by the Protestants, in disgust at Mr. Gladstone's disestablishment measures. Mr. MacGuire, in his speech on June 26, 1871, was the first noted user of the term "Home Rule" in the House of Commons. Mr. Brodrick (now the Warden of Merton) used it in a lecture in January, 1871, and printed the lecture in *Macmillan's* for May, 1871, "what is termed Home Rule." Mr. Timothy D. Sullivan, M.P., the editor of the *Nation*, says that in 1860, in an Irish petition to the Queen, printed in the *Nation* of July 28, the phrase "Home Rule" was used as its third heading by his late brother, A. M. Sullivan. The term was

nearly still-born, but revived in 1870 on the foundation of the Home Government Association for Ireland. Next, the sub-editor has to trace the changes of meaning in words—thus of home, it meant (1) the village community, as contrasted with the separate family dwelling *um*. *Str. ashema* is a place of rest; in *Pall*, *lum*, *Nirvana* (a blowing-out). Later, *um* and *lum* changed meanings, though in Scotland "toon" is still the "home" or farm-buildings and yard. Again, "heat": meaning 5 in Johnson, is "one violent action intermitted"; this is justified by Dryden, "a cause between the heats." But "cause" is a mere misprint for "pause." Johnson also wrongly separates "heat" in a race into two meanings, and gives two definitions for it. Next, "heart": it is physically affected by emotions, and it is thus regarded as the seat of strong or deep emotions; thence it is transferred to the emotions themselves; it is the seat of courage and understanding, and courage and understanding themselves. "Learn by heart" is first used by Chaucer, but occurs in French a century earlier, "par quer," so that one phrase is probably a mere translation; it is not of Teutonic origin. "Heart" is often personified as "the heart went down on its knees" in the time of Elizabeth; it stands for "the whole man"; a person beloved is "a sweetheart." Next, "health": means (1) cure, healing; (2) salubrity; (3) the state of the functions of the body. Last, Mr. Brandreth treated of "head," "language of the head," by movement and position, &c.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.—(Monday, May 7.)

THE PRESIDENT in the chair.—Miss A. B. Anderton read a paper on "The Character of Shylock." Shylock while repelling us by his cruelty, awakens our sympathy by reason of the disadvantages against which he had to contend. His cruelty is to be accounted for, to a great extent, by the hatred and contempt felt for the Jews by all Christians, and by the tyranny which had been exercised over them for centuries. Writers, imbued with this hatred, had thrown it, in all its bitterness, into the character of the Jew. Marlowe's "Barabas" may be taken as an illustration. Shakspeare, with his wider sympathies, saw the Jew's side of the question also; restrained to a great extent by public opinion, he yet succeeded in presenting to the world a man who at least wins our sympathy, though not our admiration. Shylock under his harsh exterior gives occasional glimpses of a softer nature which has been beaten down by love of money, his ruling passion for which everything is neglected. Its only rival is hatred for the Christians, national and personal; and this too, finally gives way to it as the stronger. In Antonio's necessity he sees a way of requiting the injuries done to himself and his race. After the loss of his daughter as well as of his money, his sole object is revenge; and this he pursues in spite of all efforts to appease him before and during the trial. But, at the last moment, he is disappointed, and finds himself reduced to giving up either his money or his religion and nationality. After a final struggle, he sacrifices the higher possessions for the lower, which has gained the full mastery over him. He returns to his home amid the contempt of all, except, perhaps, of Portia, who alone will be able to reconcile him to his daughter, if such a reconciliation ever takes place.

FINE ART.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

SOMETHING like what was once said of life may be said of this year's "Grosvenor." It would be tolerable if it were not for its important pictures. In the extraordinary composition which Mr. John Reid calls "Smugglers—Cornwall Sixty Years Ago," the artist seems to have determined to set aside all laws of nature and art. It is useless to attempt to criticise such a chaotic canvas, and all that can be said is that we hope he "won't do it again." The fiasco is all the more deplorable as Mr. Reid is

one of those always rare painters who have a true gift of colour. From Mr. E. F. Britten less was naturally expected; but he has done pleasant and clever work before, and there is much reason for disappointment at the large weak picture which is intended to bring before our eyes the spectacle of "A Noble Family of Huguenot Refugees shipwrecked on the Suffolk Coast," in 1572 (30). Mr. Arthur Hacker's large composition, "By the Waters of Babylon, &c." (93) has some dignity of conception and pathos of expression; but it is yet far below its subject, and the limbs of the figures are poor in shape and colour. Indeed, in more than ordinarily ambitious work, Mr. Jacob Hood is the only artist who can be sincerely congratulated. His "Triumph of Spring" (170) is sweet in colour and fresh in sentiment, full of pretty incident, especially of childish pose and expression, and is altogether a bright and pleasant vision.

The pictures by members of the Academy and other artists of long-standing reputation do not add much strength to the exhibition. Sir John Millais's portrait of "Sir Arthur Sullivan" (71) is not a success. Mr. Poynter's nameless half-figure (15) is dry and dull; in "Welcome," a large half-figure of a girl with bare arms, in a spring landscape, Mr. Boughton has for once chosen a subject unsuitable to his charming talents; and what Messrs. A. Moore, John Pettie, J. McWhirter, P. R. Morris, and G. D. Leslie have chosen to send to this gallery will not much enhance its reputation or their own. In an exhibition which may be generally characterised as one of disappointments, not the least is the contribution of the deservedly famous artist, Prof. Adolph Menzel. His "Piazza d'Erbe, Verona" (118) is indeed full of talent and knowledge, of admirably drawn figures and lively incident; but in colour (despite the bit of blue sky and sunny street in the distance) it reminds one of London on a dingy day, rather than of Verona.

It is rather an account of the poverty of its surroundings than to any very special merit that Mr. E. J. Gregory's portrait of "Miss Mabel Galloway" (9) assumes a position of considerable importance in this exhibition. The painting, especially of dress and accessories like the Japanese vase and the peacock feathers, is no doubt of unusual dexterity, and there is a force of colour and presentment which is distinctive of the artist; but the arrangement of the legs is singularly unhappy, the background of stamped gilt paper or leather does not keep its place (so that the figure, though seated on the table, seems to be flat against the wall), and there is more show than refinement about the whole work. Both in its merits and defects, it differs much from Mr. Stuart Wortley's lively and beautiful portrait of "Mrs. Monckton" (144), where the mind of the painter has been solely engaged and his aim entirely satisfied in realising the charm of his sitter's face and character. In portrait-painting at least, "the subject" should be of paramount importance. There are other very good, if not superexcellent, portraits here. Among them may be reckoned Mr. J. J. Shannon's full-length of "Henry Vigne, Master of the Epping Forest Harriers" (151), which occupies a position of honour in the second gallery; two fine works of Mr. Holl, "Sir George Stephen" (29) and "Sir John Rose" (33); Mr. A. E. Elmslie's "speaking" likeness of the "Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed" (75); Mr. Jacob Hood's little portrait of "Mr. Cunningham Graham" (41); Mr. H. H. Gilchrist's striking portrait of "Walt Whitman" (192); Miss Blanche Jenkins's "Marjorie Sykes" (154); and Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's unpretending likeness of "The Rev. Dr. Lowy" (180).

In landscape the most striking contributions are the brilliant autumn scenes of Mr. Kesley

Halswelle (133 and 157); and one which excels them in refinement, and even in brightness of colour—Mr. Ernest Parton's "St. Martin's Summer" (176), a wonderful work in its way. To these, however, we prefer many of the quieter scenes: the fine broad "Passing Showers" of Mr. R. W. Allin (129), the curious effects of moonlight by Mr. Linder (152, &c.); Mr. Mark Fisher's charming "Winter Fare" (165); Mr. David Murray's "Shine and Shower" (166)—perhaps the best landscape he has painted; and Mr. Arthur Lemon's delightful "Breezy Day" (189), with its beautifully drawn horses wandering at their will in a green hollow. This by no means exhausts the number of delightful landscapes. The names of A. Helcké, J. E. Grace, E. A. Waterlow, Adrian Stokes, Alfred East, Prof. Costa, Yeend King, E. H. Fahey, Mrs. Gosse and others might be mentioned; but most of these artists are better represented in other exhibitions now open. This, in fact, must be our sufficient excuse for closing our notice of the "Grosvenor" here, though, perhaps, strict comparative justice would require mention of some other pictures. For this year, at least, the glory of the "Grosvenor" has departed, and even those artists who have not deserted it have sent their best work elsewhere.

COSMO MONCKHOUSE.

THE GLASGOW INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

It could hardly have been expected that within six months of the closing of the great display at Manchester another really important gathering of modern British art could have been brought together. But the activity and opportunity of loan committees seem to be irresistible; the generosity of owners to be inexhaustible; and the promoters of the Glasgow Exhibition have succeeded in collecting, in the seven galleries that they have devoted to pictures, not only a very representative series of Scottish works, but also by far the most complete representation of English art that has ever been shown north of the Tweed.

The picture-buyers of the West have sent their treasures with a liberal hand, and much important aid has been received from well-known London collectors. Sir Charles Tennant, an extensive contributor, lends Gainsborough's "Sisters—Lady Erne and Lady Dillon" (which fetched so phenomenal a price at Mr. Graham of Skelmorlie's sale), and "The Little Fortune-Tellers" of Reynolds, whose fine profile bust of Mrs. Sheridan is lent by the Glasgow Corporation. Romney, at his best, is represented by his graceful full-length of "William Beckford," from Hamilton Palace, and by a seated portrait of "Lady Derby," crisp and delicate in handling, free from the unpleasant hotness which sometimes mars his flesh-tints, and especially broad and painter-like in the expression of the white brocaded drapery. Turner is seen in seven works in oil and over twenty water-colours. Of the former the finest is "The Vintage at Macon," with its mighty stretch of plain and its soft curve of river, painted in 1806, which was shown in the Grosvenor Gallery last year. Here, too, is the "Ivy Bridge," that harmonious subject of stream and woodland, in tones of golden green and ruddy brown, which figured in the Academy last winter; and the contrast between Turner's earlier and later manner is sharply emphasised for visitors to the Glasgow Exhibition by the close proximity to his "Boats carrying out Anchors and Cables," of 1804, and his "Wreck of the *Minotaur*" of the same period—works stern in colour, tending to blackness in the shadows, and definite in expression of form (even form so changeable as

that presented by the sweeping curves of waves) to his "Falls of Clyde," an unfinished work of his latest period—the faintest dream of fair colour, the merest vision of the radiancy of abstract light, with the least possible hold upon the actual, the slightest basis in visible nature. The water-colours include his fairly mellow and embrowned view of "Edinburgh from the Calton," several of the "Scott" vignettes, two "Southern Coast" subjects—"Poole" and "Lyme Regis"—and such of the larger drawings of his maturity as "Pembroke Castle," "The Falls of the Rhine," and "Dartmouth Cove."

Of the simple and manly art of David Cox, with its lush pastures and its silvery sunlit skies, we have an excellent selection of about forty works, including many productions of his later days, subdued in tone, summary in execution, pathetic in feeling, like the "Welsh Funeral" and Mr. Houldsworth's richly coloured, well-concentrated "Landscape with Red House"; and, in water-colour, Mr. Gaskill's large and powerful "Peat-Gatherers." Constable is represented by several landscapes, mainly of small size, sufficient to explain the method of his art, but hardly enough to show its full reach and utmost power. By Müller, along with minor examples, there is an important "Mediterranean Scene," under an effect of warm afternoon sunlight. Cotman, De Wint, Copley Fielding, William Hunt, James Holland, Palmer, Creswick, and Linnell are represented; Rossetti's "Dante's Dream" has a place of honour in the great gallery, where, too, hangs Lawson's "Barden Moor," and where, on the press-day, a place was reserved for Walker's "Bathers."

Among living English painters, Millais is seen mainly in works of his earlier period, like "The Rescue"; the only example of his broader, later style being his vigorous half-length of "Mrs. Jopling." By Sir Frederick Leighton is the colour-study for his "Andromache" in the present Academy, and his full-length of "Lady Sybil Primrose"; by Mr. Tadema, "The Siesta," "Pleading," "Rose of all Roses," and that moonlight subject, "The Improvisatore"; by Mr. Holman Hunt, the smaller version of "Christ in the Temple"; by Mr. Burne-Jones, "Idleness and the Pilgrim of Love," "Pan and Psyche," and the water-colour "Wheel of Fortune"; by Sir J. D. Linton, "The Banquet" and "The Benediction"; and by Mr. E. J. Gregory, his talented, but prosaic, full-length of "Thomas Chapman," and his earlier picture of "Dawn," interesting, this last, as a study of mingling sun- and candle-light, more interesting, in its figures—its drowsy pianist and pair of flirting dancers—as a study of character, a glimpse of drama. Mr. Watts sends his imaginative figure-piece "Love and Life," and a noble group of portraits, including those of "Sir Henry Taylor" and "Lord Dufferin"; and beneath the latter hangs Mr. Albert Moore's "Midsummer," with its vivid notes of potent orange and sharp green striking against white and grey.

The series illustrative of Scottish art begins—if we except a head of Jamesone by himself—with Raeburn. His full-length of the "Seventh Duke of Argyll" is thin and cold in colour; but that of "The Countess of Moira and Lady Elizabeth Penelope Crichton"—a white-clad pair, maiden and comely matron, pacing arm in arm in a landscape—is a beautiful example of the painter, most harmonious in its union of figures and background and graceful in the flow of its draperies, if rather emphatic in the strongly pronounced carnations of the faces. Another double full-length of "The Fifth Earl of Dumfries and Flora Countess of London" is also an effort of the painter in his higher

moments, and there are various good examples of his bust-sized portraits. The likeness of his daughter by George Watson is an excellent head by the first President of the Scottish Academy. In J. Graham-Gilbert's "William Couper, Esq.," the shrewd countenance is expressed with the crispest touch; and the portrait of Charles McKay, the actor, by Sir Daniel Maclise, contrasts, in its firm definition and warmth of colouring, with the indeterminate handling and leaden tones which characterise much of that painter's later work.

The exhibition has no quite capital work by Wilkie. His own early portrait is one of the best of them on the walls. The full-length of "George IV.," lent by the Queen, shows the vigour of his painting on the scale of life, but it wants the refined reticence of his gallery picture of Lord Kellie at Cupar, or even of his Lord Melville at St. Andrews. His sketch for "The Penny Wedding" only hints at the composition of that great work. His "Rabbit on the Wall" is terribly gone in the background, as is also his delicate head of Sir Walter Scott; and his "Washington Irving at La Rabida" represents one of the least pleasing phases of his last period. "The Entry of Prince Charles into Edinburgh," and "Prince Charles in Hiding," are the two most important of Thomas Duncan's subject-pictures; by that excellent colourist and excellent art-instructor, R. Scott Lauder, are "Louis XI.," and "The Bride of Lammermoor"; and by David Scott, his impressive "Traitor's Gate."

In landscape, we have several works by Thomson of Duddington, including the "Glenluce Castle," so well known through Miller's fine engraving. The "Early Morning, South Shields," by Ewebank, is silvery and harmonious in its rendering of faint mist; a "River-Scene with Shipping" is an important and adequate example of Milne Donald, a Scottish landscapist, less known than he deserves; Macculloch and Harvey are both seen in landscape, and by the latter is the "Covenanter's Preaching"—that most national and popular of Scottish figure-pictures. "The Vale of St. John," by Bough, is spirited in touch and brilliant in effect; and in his "Barncluith" we find more breadth, more quietude and unity of colouring, and a more selective and expressive rendering of form than his water-colours commonly show. One of G. P. Chalmers's most vigorous landscapes, "Running Water," is hung in Gallery No. II.; and here also is his head of "J. C. Bell, Esq.," the most finished and artistic of his essays in portraiture.

The earlier work of John Phillip, hard and precise in execution, cold in tone, but always careful and clearly perceptive of both form and lighting, may be studied in his "Baptism in Scotland," painted in 1850. Several Spanish subjects show his gradual progress towards breadth of touch and effect and power as a colourist; and in "Il Cigarillo," 1864, we touch the moment—with this painter the period was hardly more—of his highest power. The rendering of the embrowned face in this picture, the delicate tone of the sun-lit grey-green panelling, the painting of the rosy dress contrasting with the brilliant pearly whiteness of the drapery beneath it, rank—as examples of mere painter's work, of the art of laying colour so as to be superlatively delightful—among the best triumphs of British art in our century.

We have left little space in which to refer to works by living painters of Scottish nationality. Two of the larger figure-pictures of Sir William Douglas, P.R.S.A., "The Magic Mirror," and the "Summons to the Secret Tribunal," find a place on the walls. Sir Noel Paton is represented by two of the best of his early pictures, "In Memoriam," and "Home," and by "The Fairy Raid," a romantic subject of his middle period. Quite a profusion of work by Mr. Orchardson

is shown—pictures, with the exception of "Master Baby," of comparatively small size, but all of them works of his maturity, done after the hard, dry execution, and the chill greyish-green colouring of his earlier days had given place to those delicate blendings of subtly interwoven colour which delight us in his work to-day. Among Mr. Pettie's subjects is "The Sword and Dagger Fight," one of the most dramatic and spirited of his productions; and Mr. W. McTaggart is at his very best in "Adrift," a party of children on a raft, painted in 1870-1.

In the foreign gallery there is an interesting gathering of works by such painters as Corot, Daubigny, Troyon, Millet, Courbet, Isabey, Rousseau, and, among the Dutchmen, Israels, the Maris, and the Mauves. But these are mingled with the works of men as alien in artistic aim, as diverse in colour-scheme, from these, and from one another, as Gérôme, Degas, and Bastien-Lepage; and the total effect of the collection is infinitely less rich and harmonious than was that of Mr. Hamilton Bruce's gallery which formed the great artistic feature of the Edinburgh Exhibition.

In addition to the Loan Section of the Fine Art Department, an extensive sale section of both British and Foreign art has been brought together, and the Sculpture Gallery contains a particularly rich collection of statuary and medals by English and continental masters.

J. M. GRAY.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE disappearance of Mr. Whistler and his followers has brought back the exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists nearly to its old level. Among the subjects of pictures children, and dogs, and cats, and other specimens of the "homely" class are prevalent; but as Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, still remains, we have no right to complain of lack of originality. Yet surely Mr. William Stott, of Oldham, is less original than usual. We think we saw the Diana of his "Endymion" (242) last year on these walls, figuring as Aphrodite, and also as a modern domestic deity, seated in a rocking-chair. This year she appears behind a coat of blue paint. The drawing of the figure is careful, but there is little grace of line or attitude. In another work, "Pastoral: with Gorse" (122), this painter gives us a great expanse of sky, with a small corner of grass and a little gorse. Apart from the eccentricity of composition, there is much that is charming and truthful in this picture. Mr. Paget has a striking sketch of "Gudbrand Vigfusson" (144); Mr. J. S. Hill's "Black-shore" (149) is excellent in colour; and Mr. Edwin Ellis has adopted a new class of subject in his single contribution, "Summer" (279)—a stretch of shore, with figures, and goats, and a calm sea rippling in. The picture is a fine one, with less startling contrasts of colour than are usual with this artist. Another good sea-shore picture is "The Morning's Catch—Katwijk" (196), by Mr. Dudley Hardy. Mr. L. O. Henley's "Amorosamente" (201) and "Andante Espressivo" (206) are admirable figure studies, and Mr. H. S. Tuke has a very characteristic and masterly portrait of "His Honour Judge Bacon" (348). There are some excellent works in the water-colour room. Mr. T. B. Hardy, in his "Fishing Village, Picardy" (424), "Near Ambleteuse, Picardy" (381), and other pictures, is seen at his best; and Mr. Bernard Evans's autumnal landscape, "The Home of the Shepherd Lord, Wharfedale" (366); Mr. C. S. Mottram's "Grey

Weather" (462); Mr. David Law's "Riva degli Schiavoni, Venice" (394), deserve special attention.

THE EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

THE subscribers to the Egypt Exploration Fund met on Wednesday last, May 9, at 4 p.m. at the rooms of the Zoological Society in Hanover Square, to pass the articles of association whereby the society has become a corporate body under the conditions established by Act of Parliament. The meeting was attended by Sir John Fowler (president), Sir Charles Newton and R. Stuart Poole, Esq. (vice-presidents of the Fund), Miss Amelia B. Edwards (hon. secretary), Mr. J. H. Baylis, Q.C., General Sir Charles Wilson, Prof. Hayter Lewis and Mr. A. S. Murray (members of the committee), &c. Mr. Baylis gave a short and lucid statement of the past and present constitution of the Fund, and exhibited the framed certificate of the registration of the society. And, after a few observations from Sir John Fowler, and a short speech by Mr. Poole proposing a vote of thanks to Mr. Baylis for his invaluable advice and assistance during the reconstruction of the society, the meeting separated.

The members of the society met again in the evening in the same place at 9 p.m. to see some limelight views of the ruins of the great Temple of Bubastis, and of the objects discovered in the course of the season by M. Naville. Among the latter may be especially noted a superb colossal head of the goddess Hathor from the capital of a column of the time of Osorkon II., the statue of King Risan, and a fine colossal head of a Hyksos king, supposed to be a portrait of Apepi. The views were preceded by a short lecture delivered by Miss Amelia B. Edwards, who also described them as they were shown. Miss Edwards and Mr. Stuart Poole made an earnest appeal to the subscribers for donations in aid of the expense of transporting these valuable monuments to England, and the sum of £79 6s. was subscribed upon the spot.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TARATHA AND BABIA.

Oxford: May 12, 1888.

If Dr. Robertson Smith had taken the trouble to verify my statement concerning Taratha. (*Géographie du Talmud*, p. 305, note 4), he would have seen that in mentioning Assemani's *Janna I* rejected it, and explained the word by Atarata. Still, that the idea of a gate as a divinity was known among the Semites can be seen from the name of *Sheariah* (1 Chron. viii. 38; ix. 44), of the locality in Judah called *Shaaraim*, and, finally, of *Taratim* (1 Chron., ii. 55), not to mention the assemblies which were holden at the gate. There was also the gate of heaven, which may be noticed in passing.

A. NEUBAUER.

Oxford: May 12, 1888.

Dr. Robertson Smith will see that I have not identified Babia with the goddess of Mabug, but only said that the word "was the Semitic translation of the name of the great goddess of Carhemish" (*Trans. Soc. Bib. Arch.*, vii. 2, p. 257). As Damaskios affirms that she was worshipped by the Syrians I suppose I was justified in my statement; and I do not imagine that Dr. Robertson Smith will endorse the popular etymology assigned by Damaskios to the name. That the Semites were not unacquainted with a gate of heaven may be gathered from the name of Bab-ilu or Babylon, "the gate of God."

A. H. SAYCE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.
MR. HAMO THORNYCROFT has been elected a full member of the Royal Academy.

AN exhibition of the water-colour drawings of Ootman—which might with advantage have been held in London before now—is to be held in Norwich, which was the artist's native city, at the end of June or the beginning of July. The body of amateurs known as the Norwich Art Circle are the prime movers in the exhibition, which follows appropriately enough the tributes paid to two other Norwich painters—Thistle and Stark—by the gathering together, last year and the year before, of collections of their work. Of the Cotman exhibition an illustrated catalogue will in due course be published.

A publication of extreme interest and importance to the students of Rembrandt is very shortly to be made. It will consist of the issue—in at least four parts—of reproductions by permanent photographic process of the famous and accepted Rembrandt drawings in the Royal Museum of Berlin; in the Albertina, at Vienna; in the Louvre; in the British Museum; in the collections of the Duc d'Aumale, of M. Léon Bonnat, of Herr von Beckerath, of Mr. Malcolm, of Poltalloch, of Mr. Seymour Haden, of Mr. Holford, and of Mr. J. P. Heseltine. This enterprise is in no sense a mercenary speculation; and we have the greater pleasure in announcing it, because it is understood that any surplus money which may be found to accrue will be devoted to the issue of further reproductions. In London, Mr. A. W. Thibaudan, of 18 Green Street, St. Martin's Place, will be the recipient of subscriptions and the distributor of information. We may add that the two or three specimen reproductions which we have seen are uncommonly good.

THE New Gallery in Bond Street does credit to all concerned. The central hall—with its beautiful marble pillars, its gallery with gold balustrade, and its fountain—is very beautiful and effective. Mr. Robson, the architect, deserves all the praise he is likely to get, and that is no small share; and the same may be said of all concerned, from Messrs. Hallé and Carr to the workmen, who have raised this fairy palace in an incredibly short time. The two picture galleries are finely proportioned and admirably lighted, and the pictures have been hung with great judgment. As to the exhibition, all we can say at present is that it resembles an unusually good "Grosvener," and that Mr. Burne Jones is quite "himself."

MESSRS. SOTHEY will sell on Friday and Saturday of next week a number of prints from several different collections, including examples (in various states) of Méryon, Seymour Haden, and Whistler, which do not very often come into the market.

At the sale that took place at Christie's on Saturday, the directors of the National Gallery did not feel themselves justified in paying 4,100 guineas for the famous Sir Joshua, to which we referred last week. But they did authorise Sir Frederick Burton to give £420 for the superb portrait of "Endymion Porter," by Dobson; and they have since acquired two other important pictures knocked down to Messrs. Agnew on that occasion. "The Card Players," attributed to Nicholas Maas, but by some thought to be the work of another pupil of Rembrandt's, Karel Faber, or Fabritius (£1,375 10s.); and a portrait of a lady of the Braganza family by Van der Helst (£189).

A MEMORIAL tablet has been placed in the north transept of Chester Cathedral to the memory of the late Randolph Caldecott, who was born in Bridge Street, Chester, and was subsequently educated at King Henry VIII. School.

THE New English Art Club are issuing free tickets for Thursday evening, May 24, 7 to 10 p.m. This is intended chiefly for artisans and others unable to visit the gallery at ordinary times. Application should be to made Gleeson White, Esq., Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, W.

Echoes of Hellas—the elaborate work in which Prof. G. C. Warr and Mr. Walter Crane have conspired to preserve the memory of those Greek tableaux that were the talk of the town a few years ago—has just been distributed to the fortunate subscribers, 250 in number. The work consists of two volumes: (1) the letter-press and illustrations; and (2) the music, composed (mainly) by Mr. Walter Parratt and Mr. Malcolm Lawson, about which something will be said on another occasion. We must content ourselves now with calling attention to the marvellous skill with which the publishers, Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., have performed their task. The result is a triumph of English—or, perhaps we ought to say, Irish—colour-printing. Regarding Mr. Walter Crane's bold challenge to Flaxman in a very different style varying opinions will doubtless be held; but it is only just to call to mind the conditions under which the artist laboured—to reproduce the effect of the original tableaux, and to enclose each page of text within a decorative design. Some of the less ambitious attempts please us best—such as the weeping Andromache, the watchman on the palace roof, and the choruses on the two following pages. We must not omit to add that the profits of the publication, as of the performances, are to be given to the building fund in connexion with the ladies' department of King's College, London.

M. A. LANDRIN, keeper of the museum of ethnography at the Trocadéro, has just put forth some very useful *Instructions Sommaires* (Paris: Roussel), to aid collectors of objects of ethnographical archaeology. The classification is clearly made, not exhaustive but suggestive, and affords valuable hints to all who desire to learn, or to be reminded of, what is worth collecting.

THE STAGE.

"THE POMPADOUR."

MESSRS. WILLS AND GRUNDY'S piece at the Haymarket, founded on the "Narcisse" of Emil Brachvogel, which in its turn is said to have been suggested—though it must have been very indirectly indeed—by the *Neveu de Rameau* of Diderot, is a piece which probably requires what it obtains—elaborate scenic illustration; for, unlike the remarkable bit of literature which gave it—one does not quite know how—the germ of its being, the rarest of all eulogies can never be pronounced on it: "*cela remus beaucoup d'idées*." No; it is a piece with merits, but a piece which deals rather thinly with the problems and the persons of the time in which the action passes—a piece which affords occasion for a panoramic vision, so to say, of the time's ceremonies and splendours, but no fresh illumination of the characters in history, and in the history of letters, who for a while occupy the scene. The fact is, Grimm and Diderot—thought-laden personages at all events—and the bright star of the period—"Wit's self, Voltaire," as Mr. Browning calls him—are assigned parts in the piece which are not really revealing—parts only comparable with those which in "Masks and Faces" are identified, by hook or by crook, with the famous characters of Colley Cibber and Kitty

Clive. Attempt is reasonably made that they shall talk well, in more scenes than one; and so they do; for Mr. Grundy at least—strong and nervous at need, as he has before shown us—has, among his other gifts, the capacity for smartness. And some good things are said; some of them so good as to show that in our own day the art of conversation has been not so much lost as transferred to writing-paper. Still, Mr. Wills and Mr. Grundy have not been made by nature or by cultivation quite of the size of these literary giants of the eighteenth century. They do not quite bring before you the characteristics, or continue the brilliance, of these famous people. And, again, they tamper with history. In doing so they are within their rights in the matter; but there is none the less an obligation to recognise that while their sketch of Louis Quinze is fairly veracious, and their introduction of Marie Leckinska neither ineffective nor seriously untrue, the main story of the Pompadour's relations with her husband has no foundation in anything that the Brothers De Goncourt, or more profound historians, have discovered in her career. And, as regards the invented story, I cannot find it to be so very moving. Your sympathy cannot possibly be given to the Pompadour. Whatever Mr. Wills and Mr. Grundy have done or left undone, they have made no attempt to whitewash her. But can serious sympathy be fully given even to the half-witted husband whom she has deserted? And, as to the fortunes of Mathilde de Boufflers and her honourable lover, they are too much of a mere episode to be very stirring or engaging. There is, on the whole, some want of concentration—some lack of an interest obviously central and dominant—though for the most part one's sympathies are with Narcisse.

So far as the scenic effect is concerned, it could hardly be more charming. Not only is the work well done by what are called the practical people, but Mr. Comyns Carr's taste as an art critic—who, to be worth twopence, must see things with freshness, and possess the happy faculty of getting out of grooves—is of visible use. One or two points in which yet more marked local colour might, I think, have been given, I take leave to point out. A certain element of stage picturesqueness comes somehow into the scenery and the setting—into the foliage and disposition—of the garden-scene, outside the château. Here would have been a splendid opportunity, not of adopting more or less, but of realising absolutely, one of Watteau's pictures. With infinite effectiveness a work so characteristic of Watteau and of the period he influenced as "La Perspective"—the line engraving, by Crepy, is before me as I write—might have been used in its entirety. It is a composition quite as appropriate, and much more French, and much more beautiful, than the pretty scene which they have actually got. And, in M^{me}. de Pompadour's boudoir—a very pretty boudoir, though a little too much swept and garnished—I would have had, at all events, some further suggestion of the pursuits the woman did not only affect, but must have really enjoyed. For, with a curious sensibility to all the forms of art, the Pompadour was more than ambitious and more than merely pleasure loving. Allusion

is made in the piece to music; and, if my memory serves me, an instrument is visible. But there should have been more books about. Was she not very particular as to her bindings? Are not her bindings, now, the treasures of connoisseurs? And do Messrs. Wills and Grundy—does Mrs. Beerbohm-Tree—happen to know that the branch of art talked of to satiety nowadays—I mean etching—was practised by M^{de}. de Pompadour, under Boucher's direction? I should like to have seen what we might have taken for a "proof" or so of those now rare little prints—M. Burty had a set of them—lying on the table on which there nods the porcelain mandarin which Mr. Beerbohm-Tree addresses. Tiny details: yet these and such as these would have given the picture of the time and the characters yet more life and verisimilitude. There was room for so many. As for the dresses—silks, satins, and brocades—they are perfection, absolutely. And, at a particular moment, they move—they and the comely people who are in them—figuratively, if not literally,

"To Rameau's notes, in dances by Gardel."

That is, they are admirably quaint and belong to the elder world.

Now about the acting. Narcisse, the deserted, half-crazed husband, is certainly the chief character; and he is played by Mr. Tree with force, with picturesqueness, in tones now and then that are really touching. It is to Mr. Tree's disadvantage, however, in performing this part, that his weird and interesting—albeit not quite perfect—performance of Gringoire in "The Ballad Monger" has been seen so recently. Mr. Tree is a master of "make-up"; and he is very varied; he has many resources. But he has not been able to divest his Narcisse—especially in gesture and carriage—of certain of the attributes of Gringoire. I do not see that in this piece he lays himself open to the common charge of occupying the stage and the audience too persistently. He gives, to my mind, conclusive evidence—and especially by the discretion of his pathos and its true ring—of his capacity to be something more than the very skilful character-actor everybody allows him to be. Mrs. Tree, it is clear, has left nothing undone by aid of which she could identify herself with the Pompadour. I can conceive the part played with more authority and magnetism: hardly with greater delicacy, intelligence, or care. She has moments—the moment of one entry in particular—in which she is wholly admirable. The part of the Queen is made, for its brevity, extraordinarily effective. The material here is small, but it is very good, every word tells; and Miss Rose Leclercq is at her very best in using it. Miss Le Thiere, in a small part, is fairly French and of the eighteenth century. Miss Janet Achurch, as Mathilde de Boufflers—the young lady-in-waiting, who is in love with the Pompadour's son—looks the part, which is a sympathetic and pleasant one, very well. And her pleading for the youth's life—when, with parentage unsuspected, he is condemned to death—has pathos in it, of course. I take exception to nothing but a want of directness—the very quality Miss Achurch, in "Partners," was so exceptionally strong in—in the delivery of her lines in her first scene: a method

and a pitch of voice adopted deliberately no doubt, but I cannot see to what purpose. Mr. Ashley—for an actor who has been much in comic opera—is discreet as the king. Mr. Royce Carlton—whom one is accustomed to find effective—is not very strong as the Duc de Choiseul. (The authors, by the by, have not been able to give us any glimpse of the wife of this personage, who, as her correspondence with M^{de}. du Deffand sufficiently proves, must, for goodness and simplicity, have been at that Court of Louis Quinze as the shadow of a great rock in a dry and thirsty land.) Mr. Brookfield, in his Voltaire, has probably given due remembrance to Latour's pastel—is it at Edmond de Goncourt's or is it at St. Quentin?—which is no doubt Voltaire's most veracious portrait. Mr. Brookfield's manner is rightly incisive; but—partly by stooping so much: by a needless physical decrepitude—he presents us with a Voltaire a good deal older than the philosopher really was at the time of the action of this piece. Grimm and Diderot—a Diderot, by the bye, who has not a word to say about the arts to which his life was a devotion—are played by Mr. Allan and Mr. Voltaire well enough and pungently; and Mr. Harrison—to name the actor of a part still less important—says his few lines with uncommon point. And indeed, though I have made my strictures freely, it is plain, no doubt, that everything in the production has been done with intelligence. I am told that the words "moderate success"—which were used in a brief paragraph last week—described inadequately the financial situation.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

"MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK"—which has been played at the Olympic in the morning, with Mr. Willard as the chief attraction—was put into the evening bill at the same theatre on Wednesday night, Mr. Willard's practically indispensable services being, of course, retained.

THERE is talk of no less than three versions of Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. Perhaps we shall see in London the version by Mr. Joseph Hatton, which was played, some while since, in the North. Certainly we are to see, at a *matinée*, a version in which Miss Janet Achurch and Mr. Charles Charrington will present themselves before the public in important and attractive parts; and likewise—but this will be at night—a version which Mr. Stephen Coleridge and Mr. Norman Forbes have prepared for the new management of the Royalty. This last—in which Mr. Forbes Robertson, we believe, will play Arthur Dimsdale—will re-introduce to the London public the distinguished young American actress, Miss Calhoun.

THE performances of Mr. Seeborn's version of "Little Lord Fauntleroy"—memorable chiefly for the acting of Miss Mary Rorke and Miss Annie Hughes—having now been stopped, we have instead, at Terry's Theatre, for at least a few mornings, Mrs. Burnett's own version of her naive and pretty story.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. C. HALLÉ commenced his series of Chamber Music Concerts at St. James's Hall on Friday afternoon, May 11. A Quintet for piano and strings in A (Op. 81) by Dvorák proved an interesting novelty. The opening Allegro is not at first impressive; but the composer, by his power of thematic development, soon commands the attention of the listener. The second movement is a Dumka (Elegy); but, although it is clever and quaint, it is spun out to so great length as to become monotonous. The Dumka of the E flat Quartet is a more favourable specimen of Dvorák's specially "Czechish" music. The Scherzo of the Quintet is full of life, while the Finale brings the work to a worthy conclusion. Mr. Hallé and his associates, M^{de}. Norman-Néruda and Messrs. Ries, Straus, and F. Néruda, all played most admirably. Mr. Hallé gave the Beethoven Sonata in F sharp (Op. 78) with his usual finish and precision. The programme included Bach's Sonata in E for piano and violin, and the Brahms' Pianoforte Quintet. There was a good attendance. Mr. Hallé has announced this season several interesting novelties—among other things, an MS. Intermezzo (Trio) by the late Stephen Heller.

Bach's Mass in B minor was performed by the Bach Choir on Saturday, May 12, under the direction of Dr. Stanford. It is now twelve years since this great work was first given in London; and, like the Choral Symphony, the better it is known the more marvellous does it appear. The solo numbers remind one painfully how time has already laid his destroying hand on the music. The orchestra, as composed in Bach's time, is no longer possible. When will some genius arise and do for Bach what Mozart did for Handel? The closer we keep to the letter of the Bach score as he left it, the farther do we get from the spirit—especially in the accompaniments to the solos. The performance was not all that could be desired; the orchestra was at times rough, and the choral singing lacking in refinement. Of course it is only fair to bear in mind the great difficulties of the music, but we can recall more successful performances of the work. The solo vocalists were Miss Anna Williams, Miss Damian, and Messrs. Ben Davies and Watkin Mills. The last-named deserves praise for his rendering of the difficult "Quoniam."

The programme of the second Richter concert on Monday evening was, in large part, devoted to Wagner. Besides the oft-played Introduction and closing scene from "Tristan," and the Ritt der Walküren, Herr Richter introduced, for the first time, the closing scene from the "Götterdämmerung." Wagner's music always loses more or less of its effect when given away from the stage; but the more or less depends upon the particular character of the excerpt: more, if the prevailing element be dramatic; less, if lyrical. The closing scene of the "Götterdämmerung" is essentially dramatic, and we must frankly say that in a concert room it is not effective; and without the hidden orchestra, the balance of tone is not satisfactory. Miss Pauline Cramer as Brunnhilde had a hard task. Some of the passages were extremely well rendered, but in others she was scarcely equal to her task. In the second part of the programme Dr. Stanford's "Irish" Symphony was given; a work, which in a very short time, has become almost popular.

Mr. Oscar Beringer gave his annual pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. A feature of the programme was a Trio of Beethoven's for piano, flute and bassoon in G, recently published by Breitkopf & Härtel. It is an early work of the composer's,

supposed to have been written at Bonn in 1786. The music is pleasing, but thoroughly Mozartish. Mr. Beringer was, we think, not at all justified in giving it as a trio for piano-forte, violin and violoncello, and most unwise in making some alterations in the last movement *Andante con Variazioni*. In the second variation some of the flute part was omitted, and the violin played a passage allotted to the bassoon. So, again, alterations were made in variation iv., and in variation vi. ornamental pizzicato notes being added by the cellist. It is not a work of great importance, but nevertheless the composer's intentions ought to have been fully respected. Mr. Beringer played Liszt's *Rhapsodie Élegiaque*, in memory of Mr. W. Bache; Schumann's Sonata in G minor, and short pieces by Chopin, Rubinstein, and Mackenzie, meeting with his usual success. Also, with his talented pupil, Mr. L. Arditi, he played Liszt's "Tasso," arranged for two piano-fortes. Miss A. Trebelli was the vocalist, Herr Ludwig violinist, and Mr. E. Howell violoncellist.

The Grieg concert at St. James's Hall on Wednesday evening was one of special interest. In the Norwegian composer's music almost everything depends upon the mode of interpretation. Composers are not always the best interpreters of their own work, but Herr Grieg knows exactly how to render effective every little point of his delicate tone-poems for the pianoforte. His selection of pieces included the picturesque "On the mountains" and the "Norwegian Bridal Procession" from Op. 17; two numbers from the delightful *Humoresken* (Op. 6), the Menuet from the Piano Sonata in E minor, and some very short but dainty numbers from the Norwegian folk-songs and dances (Op. 12). M^{me}. Norman-Néruda played with Herr Grieg the early piano-forte and violin Sonata in F (Op. 8) and two movements from the new one in C minor performed lately at one of Mr. Dannreuther's concerts. But, attractive as all this was, the vocal portion of the programme was, perhaps, listened to with the keenest interest. Six of the composer's most charming and characteristic songs were sung by M^{me}. Grieg with great feeling and intelligence, and in the style of one born and bred among the silver-crested mountains and romantic firds of Norway. And her husband at the pianoforte was one with her in spirit. To say a word in praise of Herr Grieg's songs would be impertinent, for they are world-famed. The enthusiastic applause and the numerous encores proved how thoroughly the whole programme was enjoyed. Herr Grieg and his wife cannot think that England is not a musical nation; and when they return home the remembrance of their visit to London will surely be one of unmixed pleasure.

Otto Hegner played the Weber Concertstück at his recital at St. James's Hall on Thursday afternoon, and gave an accurate and vivid rendering of this difficult bravura concert piece. As he cannot strike the octave, many of the passages had to be altered; and, besides, the orchestral accompaniment was played on a second pianoforte. With hands capable of stretching the octave, and an orchestra to support him, Otto Hegner would have produced a still more wonderful effect.

Space compels us to omit notice of many concerts this week, but we must say one word about the recital of M^{lle}. Kleeberg at the Prince's Hall. In her rendering of two Sonatas by Beethoven and various other pieces she was heard at her very best; indeed, she more than maintained her reputation. This young and talented artiste is showing the best of all signs—progress.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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LITERATURE.

A History of Political Economy. By J. K. Ingram. (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black.)

THIS *History of Political Economy* is, for the most part, a reproduction of the article "Political Economy" which appeared in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* in 1885. The changes made in the article with a view to the present publication seem to be few and unimportant. As he states in the Preface, Mr. Ingram has, in writing his treatise, drawn largely on continental sources—a course which was more or less inevitable, especially with regard to German books. For, on the whole, it is only in the highly organised universities of Germany that we have the leisure, division of labour, and love of hard work necessary for the production of elaborate histories and other manuals on all the different branches of human knowledge. So long as most of the work done in our universities consists in passing examinations and helping others to pass examinations in a few comparatively restricted departments, so long shall we need to borrow considerably from Germany.

Mr. Ingram had more than sufficient reason for adopting the historical method of exposition. Of dogmatic treatises from the usual English point of view we have enough. In view of this fact, and in view of the growing dissatisfaction with the prevalent economics, recourse to the historical method of treating the subject is right and natural. Such a method is obviously in accordance with the most pronounced intellectual tendencies of the age. In most sciences it is now an accepted commonplace that we can best understand a thing by explaining its genesis, by tracing its origin and historical development. Whether the subject of investigation be language, the geological structure of the earth, the character of a man or a nation, or an economic institution, the scientific spirit is most thoroughly satisfied when we see the facts and processes which have made it what it is.

Even orthodox English economists should now be ready to acknowledge that this point of view has not been sufficiently recognised in this country. A book like the present is, therefore, a valuable and timely addition to our economic literature; and it should be most useful to those who most strongly disagree with it by stimulating thought, even when thought takes the form of contradiction. Mr. Ingram is a very decided adherent of the historical school of political economy, and gives emphatic expression to his views throughout his book. This would be enough to provoke dissent; but this is not all. He has, we believe, in several instances failed to do justice to the orthodox school of economics. He has not always succeeded in making a fair

and impartial appreciation of the past—a defect which in any case would be regrettable, but in an adherent of the historical school is the less to be admired.

There can be no doubt that the English school of economics has suffered from a defective recognition of the principles emphasised by the historical school. Our political economy has been too much studied in isolation from the other facts of society—from ethics, politics, law, &c. In particular, the ethical element has not been adequately considered. We have not been sufficiently alive to the truth that the economic circumstances and conditions of England are not part of the permanent order of the world, but are the product of historic forces, and may, through the operation of historic forces, be modified, and even radically changed; that these forces are partly peculiar to ourselves, and only partly common to us with other countries, and that it does not follow that what is normal and suitable for us must also be normal and suitable in Ireland, India, France, or Germany. Our economists have been too content with the minute analysis of the economic facts prevalent in this country during the last two or three generations—an important function, no doubt, but a really scientific economics ought to have a larger field of inquiry and a wider horizon. Nor is it a purely theoretical problem for a country with a vast empire to govern and an enormous range of interests, which cannot be understood by a simple reference to abstract formulas. One of the most remarkable results of this method of studying economics was the assurance so long and so generally entertained that free-trade would ere long become the accepted policy of the world. Without ignoring the noble and humanitarian motives of men like Cobden, we should recognise the fact that England adopted free-trade because it was best for herself, and that countries like France and Germany have not adopted it because it was not best for them. Starting from the modest assumption that Germany was bound and entitled to work out her own national life in a full, effectual, fair, and rational way under the conditions prescribed to her, we must regard the arguments of List as unanswerable. As men and nations are constituted at present, free buying and selling are not universally suitable. For the restoration of her unity and the due development of her national life Germany, for example, required a needle-gun. If her industries had been crushed by the overwhelming competition of England, she could not have produced a needle-gun. With Cobden and the Manchester school we believe that the world would be better without such instruments of destruction; but in the meantime they are part of the economy of nations, and we must make the best of the situation. No economics can be scientific, in the truest and best sense of the word, without due regard to the collective life of the people, and to the facts and conditions of national development.

We have said that Mr. Ingram is not always quite just to economists who are not of the historical school so called. It may fairly be asked, for instance, whether it is not arbitrary and artificial to classify the physiocratic school with the school of Adam Smith and others under the heading "System of Natural Liberty"? Is not the label too prominent?

But, apart from historical classifications, which generally have only a very moderate value, we cannot admit that "metaphysical" conceptions (to use Comte's language) play such an important part in Adam Smith's work. In him and in Malthus we see great examples of what may be done by history in the service of science. The pages of Mr. Ingram on Malthus are particularly open to objection, the information being meagre and the criticism unsatisfactory. Even the fact that Darwin borrowed from Malthus the principle with which he revolutionised biology meets with only a kind of grudging recognition from Mr. Ingram. It is an impressive example of the solidarity of science, which should have called forth the warm appreciation of an admirer of Comte like Mr. Ingram. Biology borrowed the principle from political economy, and political economy now gets back its own with usury. The principle of the struggle for existence has already received fruitful application in sociology, economics included. As in the case of Malthus, so with regard to Mill, we find a note of depreciation running through the criticism of Mr. Ingram. In his early stage Mill was too much under the influence of Ricardo, the most unhistorical of English economists; while in his later life he was too revolutionary, going farther, in fact, than the most advanced of the ordinary historical economists. For our own part, we believe that Mill was admirable at both stages of his life—first as the expounder of Ricardo and Bentham, and later as the hopeful teacher of ideas that promised a wider and more perfect development than the philosophic radicalism of his early days. The greatest minds, we hope, are those who are ready to learn even at the expense of an external consistency. All through his career Mill had his mind open to the best and truest of his time, and what more can we expect of mortal men? And is it not one of the first principles of the historical school that economists must be judged in relation to the time and country that produced them?

In his criticism of the "orthodox" political economy Mr. Ingram has, in our opinion, been unduly biassed by his admiration for Comte. Comte was a great thinker in sociology; but in the fourth volume of his *Philosophie Positive* he is too consciously the founder of a new science, and does not sufficiently recognise the work already done. Most of what is best in the historical method had been put in practice long before Comte's time. Indeed, we cannot see that it is either true or useful to draw such sharp distinctions between the various schools of political economy or to proclaim so loudly, as Comte does, the necessity for new departures in science. To do so is in direct contradiction with the spirit of the historical method, which should teach us that science itself is a process of development, and that we can only lose by self-confidently breaking away from the past. Political economy can still be best cultivated in the manner of Adam Smith, with his wide human sympathies, his insight into the best thought of his time, his great historical knowledge, and his sagacious appreciation of the actual and practical; not, however, by stereotyping his principles into dogmas, but by facing the problems of our own time in his spirit and method.

In a brief review it is impossible to do anything like justice to a book that raises so many debatable questions. We can only hope that it will be widely read, as it is an able and comprehensive survey of the leading schools of political economy from a point of view not familiar to this country; and that it may lead to a more extensive study of the works of great German economists, such as Roscher, Adolf Wagner, and Schäffle.

T. KIRKUP.

The Fighting Veres: Lives of Sir Francis Vere and of Sir Horace Vere, Baron Vere of Tilbury. By Clements R. Markham. (Sampson Low.)

MR. FROUDE concludes his history with the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Mr. S. R. Gardiner's great series of volumes opens with the accession of James I. Between the two books there lies a stretch of territory which is practically unexplored. We are aware that a writer is engaged in filling the gap, but it is improbable that his work will see the light at an early date. In the meantime, Mr. Markham's *Fighting Veres* may be safely recommended as the only satisfactory account of some of the chief events that mark the interval between the crises of 1588 and 1603. Sir Francis Vere was probably the greatest of the Elizabethan generals. Lord Willoughby and Sir John Norris would certainly have equalled his achievements had they had the same opportunities. But the brilliant series of operations which Sir Francis Vere conducted as commander of the English auxiliaries in the Netherlands, in the last fifteen years of Elizabeth's reign, are not equalled in the military history of the epoch. Sir Francis also served in those expeditions to Cadiz and the Azores which gave Essex, the Queen's favourite, his fatal popularity. All these stirring incidents belong to that tract of history which both Mr. Froude and Mr. Gardiner have passed by. They certainly do not exhaust the interesting episodes in which the period abounds. But Mr. Markham has described the campaigns in the Netherlands which assured the States-General their independence, and the romantic, though fruitless, expeditions to Spain of 1596 and 1597, in such admirable detail that he goes far to supply the pressing need for some trustworthy guide to the neglected epoch. Very much still remains to be done, but every wise student will be grateful for Mr. Markham's contribution.

Mr. Markham has no misconceptions about the biographical art. The life of a man is not the history of an age, and Mr. Markham has avoided all contemporary history that does not immediately affect the careers of Sir Francis and his brother. The history of Spain's war with the Netherlands and of Elizabeth's connexion with it are necessary features of the biography, and Mr. Markham's account of both is satisfactory. The topographical notes and the maps which illustrate the Veres' campaigns are abundant, and give the reader exceptional facilities for understanding the critical manoeuvres chiefly associated with the country about Nieuport and Ostend. Mr. Markham is not sparing in references to contemporary authorities; but it is needless to enumerate all the features

of biographical scholarship which characterise the volume.

There are points in which we disagree with Mr. Markham; but our differences of opinion do not diminish our respect for his book. The incidental references to the queen suggest an estimate of her character from which we dissent. She was able, undoubtedly, to excite much personal enthusiasm in her servants, for which many explanations could be offered; but it did not spring, as Mr. Markham more than once suggests, from any generosity in her treatment of them. Her admirals and generals were, with few exceptions, reduced to something like beggary in her service. With the falsest notions of economy, she starved her armies, and left her officers to bear pecuniary burdens which would have been allowed in no other country to fall upon them. Mr. Markham praises her enlightenment in making an open alliance with the States-General in 1586—an alliance which supplied Sir Francis Vere with his chief field of action. But Mr. Markham has not a word to say of the contemptible shifts by which she tried to shirk the responsibilities of the situation as soon as her army landed in the Low Countries. No reading in history is more pathetic than those letters from Elizabeth's generals in France and Ireland, in which they narrate the sufferings of their men from lack of proper food and clothing—privations directly attributable to the queen's parsimony. Failure on the part of officers thus heavily handicapped never won any sympathy from their mistress. Bitter sarcasms flowed from her ready pen—sarcasms beneath the dignity of a sovereign, especially of a sovereign who was herself mainly responsible for the misfortunes which she resented. Vere's experience was much like that of all Elizabeth's generals, although he suffered at her hand fewer personal indignities than his fellow-officers. Mr. Markham declines to dwell on these discreditable features of Elizabethan history. But it is only after we have realised the unfavourable side of the queen's character that we can fully appreciate the patriotic temper of Vere and his contemporaries.

Those engaged in biographical research must never boast that they have consulted every authority. In some obscure and ill-indexed volume of memoirs there may always lurk some small, yet critical, piece of information which the biographer may well be forgiven for overlooking, although the oversight may be regrettable. The authority which Mr. Markham has omitted to consult is not indeed very obscure nor ill-indexed, but the omission is intelligible. Lord Herbert of Cherbury's memoirs have been regarded as the confessions of a Lothario, amusing enough in their frank avowals of sin and self-seeking, but throwing no light on serious history. This view is for many reasons untenable, and the biographer of Sir Francis Vere should take the opportunity of contradicting it. The fame of Sir Francis Vere is nowhere more strikingly illustrated than in a conversation which Lord Herbert held with Spinola, the great Spanish general, in 1614. Sir Francis had died five years earlier. The first enquiry which Spinola addressed to Lord Herbert was of Sir Francis's death. In the camp of his enemy, Sir Francis's memory was held in almost as high

esteem as in his own. More important is it to note that Mr. Markham has omitted in his life of Sir Horace Vere all mention of his services in Juliers and Cleves from 1610 onwards. Lord Herbert was present at the operations about Juliers in 1610 and 1614, and he mentions more than once that Sir Horace Vere was among the Englishmen who took part in the siege. It was, indeed, after a feast, "where there was liberal drinking," at Sir Horace's quarters before Juliers that Herbert began with Lord Howard of Walden that well-known quarrel which fills a large space in the autobiography. Mr. Markham has given so admirable an account of Sir Horace Vere's action in the Palatinate after the opening of the Thirty Years' War that it is a matter for regret that he should have altogether overlooked his connexion with the siege of Juliers, the prelude to that deadly struggle.

One or two slight corrections might be made in a future edition. Sir George Carew, Earl of Totnes, was not the father of Anne, the wife of Sir Allen Apsley. She was the daughter of Sir George's brother Peter. The libel on Leicester, which Mr. Markham quotes on p. 77 and describes as anonymous, without giving its title, ought to be more plainly indicated. It is of course well known as *Leicester's Commonwealth*, and was undoubtedly from the pen of Parsons, the Jesuit. The account of the literary work of Edward, Earl of Oxford, requires a word or two of further explanation. It is hardly adequate to say that he "wrote poems, some of which are preserved," and to refer in a note to "the *Paradise of Dainty Devices*, London, 1758." The *Paradise* was published in 1576; and verses by the earl appeared not only in that collection, but in *England's Helicon* and *England's Parnassus*. We do not know why Mr. Markham should apply the epithet "young" to Bingham, the English lieutenant who distinguished himself, in 1578, at the battle of Rymenant. He is identical with the Sir Richard Bingham who was subsequently distinguished in Irish politics, and was at least fifty years old at the date of which Mr. Markham is speaking. None of these are matters of great importance. Their venial character is the best testimony to the general excellence and accuracy of Mr. Markham's work.

SIDNEY L. LEE.

Auld Licht Idylls. By J. M. Barrie. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THIS is not only the best book dealing exclusively with Scotch humble life, but the only book of the kind deserving to be classed as literature that has been published for at least a quarter of a century. It is, no doubt, a work that can be thoroughly understood and revelled in only by Scotchmen, the album of whose memory contains photographs not unlike those which Mr. Barrie must some years ago have taken at Thrums to colour—though not unduly to colour—in London. But it is written in a style of clear, direct English, devoid of affectation and unmarred by self-consciousness, but which, every tenth page or so, leads the reader into some ambuscade of what looks like quaintness, but is only realism touched with humour. Then, while Mr. Barrie deals exclusively with Scotch cha-

racter, though not at all with those odious "characters" that are perpetually posing as types, he does not indulge too much in the Scotch dialect or the Thums variety of it. Finally, Mr. Barrie's descriptive power, which is little if at all inferior to his humour, and, like it, has the saving grace of self-restraint, reminds one sometimes of Mr. Thomas Hardy, and sometimes of the late Mr. Richard Jefferies, but never of Mr. R. L. Stevenson, and seldom of Mr. William Black.

The first chapters in the book, "The School-house" and "Thums," which contain more of the Idyll, and less of the Auld Licht, than their successors, are certainly not the worst or the least readable. On the contrary, Mr. Barrie's power as an artist rather than as a humorist—owing to the accident of birth—stands out more prominently in these than in anything else that, so far as my knowledge of his work goes, he has yet written. "The world of Scotch drink, Scotch religion, and Scotch manners is often," according to the late Mr. Arnold, "a harsh, a sordid, a repulsive world." It is a corner of this world that Mr. Barrie devotes himself to in his book on the weaving community of Thums, and the little body of fanatical, poverty-stricken, hair-splitting Auld Lichts in its midst. We have Scotch religion at its dreariest and most grotesque in "The Auld Licht Kirk," "The Auld Lichts in Arms," and "Little Rathie's 'Bural'"; and Scotch manners, so far as they are synonymous with diffidence and matter-of-fact, in "Lads and Lasses," "The Courting of T'Nowhead's Bell," and "Cree Queery and Mysy Drolly." But somehow this little world of Mr. Barrie's does not seem harsh or repulsive, and hardly even sordid. No doubt this is so to some extent because Mr. Barrie, while he does ample justice to Scotch manners and Scotch religion, does not make too much of Scotch drink. He has nothing in common with the wretched tribe of Scotch artists in whisky-and-water-colours, who think it the perfection of humour to place a snuff-mull and a tumbler of toddy by the side of the Bible and the Confession of Faith. Not that he ignores Scotch drink altogether. Even his Auld Lichts steal from a Scotch mist and a debate on the immortality of the soul into "The Bull," and his Old Dominie rises from his deathbed to hide a whisky-bottle from his wife. But Mr. Barrie keeps drink in the background, as it always has been kept in well-regulated Scotch households. His success in toning down the harshness of the world he depicts lies in the tenderness which mingles with his humour, and prevents its realism from becoming dry with the dryness of contempt. Perhaps the finest chapter in his book is that which, under the title of "Cree Queery and Mysy Drolly," tells the story of the affection of a poor grinder for his mother. There is humour, and a promise of something better, in this:

"Mysy got me to write several letters for her to Cree, and she cried while telling me what to say. I never heard either of them use a term of endearment to the other; but all Mysy could tell me to put in writing was 'Oh! my son Cree; oh! my beloved son; oh! I have no one but you! Oh! thou God, watch over my Cree!' On one of these occasions Mysy put into my hands a paper, which she said would perhaps help me to write the letter. It

had been drawn up many years before, when he and his mother had been compelled to part for a time, and I saw from it that he had been trying to teach Mysy to write. The paper consisted of phrases such as 'Dear son Cree,' 'Loving mother,' 'I am takin' my food weel,' 'Yesterday,' 'Blankets,' 'The peats is near done,' 'Mr. Dishart,' 'Come home, Cree.' The grinder had left this paper with his mother, and she had written letters to him from it."

The same mingling of tenderness—in this case, perhaps, rather pathos slightly ashamed of itself—with humour, is seen in the following from "The Auld Licht Kirk."

"In one week three of the children died, and on the Sabbath following it rained. Mr. Dishart preached, twice breaking down altogether, and gaping strangely round the kirk (there was no dust flying that day), and spoke of the rain as angels' tears for three little girls. The Auld Lichts let it pass; but, as Lang Tammas said in private (for, of course, the thing was much discussed at the looms), if you materialise angels in that way, where are you going to stop?"

Next to the description of "Thums," which is the second chapter of Mr. Barrie's volume, and "Cree Queery and Mysy Drolly," from which I have already quoted, I like most—and in a case of this kind criticism practically amounts to singling out what one likes—"The Auld Licht Kirk" and "Lads and Lasses," which exhibit the spiritual and human sides of Thums respectively. One or two chapters, such as "Davit Lunan's Political Reminiscences," and "A Literary Club," have the look of after-thoughts. They are not devoid of ability, but they suggest the idea of having been written mainly with a view to making their author's picture of Thums complete. We are told that "not many years ago" a man died (not on the scaffold or on the woolstack) but "on the staff of the *Times*," who

"when he was a weaver near Thums was one of the literary club's most prominent members. He taught himself shorthand by the light of a cruizey, and got a post on a Perth paper, afterwards on the *Scotsman* and the *Witness*, and finally on the *Times*."

Here Mr. Barrie's dry realism becomes the baldest of prose. Then "The Courting of T'Nowhead's Bell," while unquestionably clever, and no doubt essentially true as a description of Scotch rural love-making, has, to me, a spun-out look. In it Mr. Barrie seems, for once, to be desirous of creating a laugh, instead of trusting to the native force of his writing to act as a moral touchstone upon the faculty of his readers. WILLIAM WALLACE.

The Land beyond the Forest. By E. Gerard.
In 2 vols. (Blackwood.)

MDME. GERARD is the wife of an Austrian officer, and these two volumes form the record of her two years' stay in Transylvania. It is but justice to say that she has produced on the whole a very readable book. She writes with clearness, is a shrewd observer, and is by no means wanting in wit. "I have remarked," she says (p. 57), "that on an average it takes three well-populated [Saxon] villages to produce two bonnie lasses." She describes the Armenian women (vol. ii., p. 156) as "pale, dark-eyed beauties, whose portraits might be taken in pen and ink only,

without any help from the palette." The chapter on "Still Life at Hermanstadt" would be evidence—if we needed any—that the author could write a satirical society novel. "We hear so much about the corruption of large towns; but for a good, steady, infallible underminer of morals commend me to the life of a dull little country town" (vol. ii., p. 229). Disraeli himself could not have put this better. But, though Mdme. Gerard's style is piquant, it cannot be called either poetical or picturesque. The book is full of verse, but devoid of poetry. Her translations fail to give the spirit of the original, and even her descriptions of scenery seem hard and metallic.

Mdme. Gerard tells us that she has "more pleasure in chronicling fancies than facts and superstitions rather than statistics." If this be her bent, she must be congratulated on her choice of a subject. Transylvania is the happy hunting ground of those whose delight is in folklore. Great Pan is not dead in the "land beyond the forest." We find there a network of races each more superstitious than the other. There is little to choose in this respect between the civilised Saxon and the ignorant Rouman. If a Saxon recovers from a dangerous illness, he is said to have "put off death with a slice of bread." And as to a Rouman, his whole life is taken up in devising talismans against the devil. Even his wedding-day is darkened by uncanny shadows. He lives in dread lest the devil should appear and make love to his wife. Chemists are applied to for a magic potion called *spiridusch*, which has the property of disclosing hidden treasures. No land, according to tradition, is more rich in treasure-trove than Transylvania. Those born on Sunday, or who have eaten mouldy bread for a whole year, are the most likely to be successful in their search, provided it be made on the eve of St. George's day. The Gypsies are described at great length, and this illustrates the lack of proportion and design in the book. Chapters taken from Mdme. Gerard's diary and essays on folklore follow each other haphazard, and much in the second volume is pure padding. If the Gypsies and Roumans receive more than justice from the author, the Saxons receive less. "I do not give my flowers for nothing!" said the wooden Noah's-ark faced woman to Mdme. Gerard. "Unless you pay me two kreutzers, I shall keep them for myself!" (p. 94). This was an unlucky remark for the Saxons, whose lack of courtesy is contrasted with the courtesy of the Roumans, and courtesy with Mdme. Gerard covers a multitude of sins. The Saxons, too, are Malthusians, and this, in the opinion of most persons, is a crime. The fact however remains that the Saxon, with his *zwei Kinder* system, has abolished poverty from Saxon villages, while the Rouman, with his large family, remains the paid labourer of the thrifty Saxon. It is also equally true that the Saxons are not as pleasant-spoken or as good-looking as the Roumans; and therefore those who set great store by externals prefer the latter.

Although Mdme. Gerard is at home among the Saxon and Rouman (not the Szekel) peasantry of Transylvania, she has little to tell us about the dwellers in towns. If an English reader wishes to learn something both

about the Hungarian country gentleman and the Saxon or Jew burgher, he must turn to the pages of *Life and Society in Eastern Europe*, by Mr. Tucker, the diffuse, but entertaining, personal guide to Transylvania. Unfortunately, the little that M^{de}. Gerard tells us about the social life of towns is not always accurate. The following is an instance:

"A peculiar characteristic of Klausenburg are the Unitarian divorces, which bring many strangers on a flying visit to this town, when the conjugal knot is untied with such pleasing alacrity, and replaced at will by more congenial bonds. To attain this end the divorcing party must be a citizen of Klausenburg, and prove his possession to house or land in the place. This, however, is by no means so complicated as it sounds, the difficulty being provided for by a row of miserable hovels chronically advertised for sale, and which for a nominal price are continually passing from hand to hand. House-buying, divorce, and re-marriage can therefore be easily accomplished within a space of three or four days" (p. 33).

A statement like this reminds us that some modern travellers still resemble their remote ancestor Baron Munchausen. There are no such hovels in Klausenburg, nor would their purchase be a necessary step to a divorce. Wherever he may reside in Hungary, a Unitarian, not attached to any other congregation, would be ecclesiastically within the jurisdiction of the Mother Church at Kolosvar (Klausenburg). Nor is it true, as the reader would infer from M^{de}. Gerard's book, that divorces are more easily obtained among the Unitarians than among other Protestant communities. The only difference is that the terms of admission are easier, and a merely civil divorce is not considered so respectable as an ecclesiastical one. The expediency of sanctioning divorce must, of course, remain a moot point, but in this respect the Unitarians are no worse than other Protestants. Divorces are not frequent among the Transylvanian Unitarians themselves. Most of their divorces are between persons who join the body for that purpose. These converts are naturally birds of passage; but some, who come for a very different purpose, "remain to pray." Duke Arthur Odesscalchi, who joined for a divorce, has been a member of the Supreme Ecclesiastical Council of the Unitarians since 1877. The Unitarian colleges are admirable institutions, at which youths of all denominations are educated. The name Unitarian was officially adopted by the Church in Transylvania in 1638. This anti-Trinitarian Church owed her origin to the religious toleration of 1568, when Prince John Sigismund was himself a Unitarian. Strange to say, the first Unitarian bishop, Francis David, was not of Magyar, but Saxon origin.

The most romantic race in this romantic land is the Szekel; yet to this race M^{de}. Gerard devotes but half a chapter, and that little is inaccurate. "The greater number of Szekels have remained Catholics" (vol. ii., p. 152). This is not the fact. The Szekels are the backbone of the Unitarian Church in Transylvania. Had M^{de}. Gerard consulted Baron Orbán's *Székelyföld*, she would have learned that in Csikarék alone have the Catholic Szeklers a majority over the Unitarian Szeklers, and this majority includes not only Unitarian Szeklers, but outsiders, such as Wallachs, Gypsies, and Armenians. In Transylvania religion is essentially parochial.

Very rarely indeed is there more than one church in a village, and those who do not care to conform generally go elsewhere. The Szeklers, who are nature's gentlemen, would have delighted Rousseau. In the Middle Ages, when the Saxon, bent on securing his own life and property, sheltered himself behind impregnable fortresses, and when the Rouman as a mere savage fled to the mountains, the Szeklers would go forth and meet the invader in the open field, undaunted by overpowering odds. For their knightly integrity and valour the Hungarian kings emancipated them from serfdom and ennobled the entire race. They are now what their forefathers were—industrious, generous, simple-minded, and absolutely truthful. Proud they justly are of their illustrious ancestry, whether as humble shepherds they tend their flocks on snow-ridged Carpathian slopes, or whether they are tillers of the soil in the valleys below. Their faith saves them from the degrading superstitions of their Saxon and Rouman neighbours. The virtues of these peasant Unitarians have yet to be sung. Some historians (M^{de}. Gerard states) have supposed them to be unrelated to the Magyars, who live on the other side of the mountain; but a Szekler is as much Magyar as a Yorkshireman is English. Their language is a dialect of Hungarian, and differs from it far less than does "Saxon" from German. There is an old Szekler alphabet, which I am told is "very curious."

Transylvania is a deeply interesting and almost unknown land. Its annals are still unwritten. No English book can be recommended without great reservations, and certainly not the book before us. I have been careful to draw attention to all the good points in M^{de}. Gerard's book; but justice compels me to state that, by reason both of her omissions and her grave inaccuracies, she has proved herself an unsafe guide to the land that lies beyond the forest.

J. G. COTTON MINCHIN.

The Death of Roland: an Epic Poem. By John F. Rowbotham. (Trübner.)

THIS is neither a great nor a good poem; but it cannot be denied that it is an extraordinary one. I may not, with any regard for humanity, recommend anyone else to read it through; for it consists of twenty cantos, and—estimating roughly by pages, for the lines are not numbered—we may put it down at about 8,000 lines. Its metre, I must not call indescribable, for Mr. Rowbotham elaborately describes it, in his preface, as "octometer catalectic, unrhymed, with all its places free except the two last," and as possessing a certain relation to music, the discussion of which I must leave to his brother connoisseurs. Its wealth of language—martial, heraldic, abusive, imprecatory—is quite phenomenal. It is "full of strange oaths," and familiar ones, too. The Saracens (canto xiii.) advance in the following array:

"With chiefs and with chevrons, with cantons and gyrons, with pallets and billets of many a hue,
With lozenges, rustrees, with bezants and bendlets, seamed, powdered, and blazoned, they beetled to view."

And they describe the absent Charlemagne (canto xviii.) thus:

"And well I picture him sitting at dinner, bearing the horn, wiping his mouth,
And testily muttering under his iron-grey moustachios, 'D—n their souls!
What do they want, disturbing my dinner?
Shall pudding spoil and men be saved?
Or shall men spoil and pudding be saved? G—p d—n their impudence! Bring the *relais*.'"

Strange as it may seem, all this is not meant for buffoonery. The whole poem is an attempt at the Homeric manner—at the mixture of the grand with the homely. Sometimes, as at the top of p. 112, passages from Homer are actually translated or adapted. Unfortunately, Mr. Rowbotham cannot distinguish between the simple and homely and the mean and vulgar. The sublime and the ridiculous not only approach, but touch, in his treatment of the theme of Roncesvalles. Turpin, the Archbishop of Rheims, strikes off a Saracen's head in the fight:

"As when a cricketer, Grace or Hornby, at the wickets with his bat
Beats the bouncing buoyant bounding ball across the meadow wide,
He with pleasure views the bounding, bouncing ball and runs his run,
With such grim delight did Turpin view the Saracen's flying head."

There is some faint fun, some artful alliteration, about this, but as epic poetry it is very vile. As to the language of the ugly monster Chernubles over the dead Astolpho (p. 55), it is absolutely intolerable. There is a bestiality about it which M. Zola could scarcely borrow from the worst plays of Dryden or Aphra Behn. And even "the blast of that dread horn," when Roland at last launches it upon the Fontarabian echoes, sounds grandiose, not grand, when thus described:

"Suddenly over the roar of the battle was heard the roar of the horn,
Putting it out, and overmastering every sound except itself.
Such was the hubbub terrific, that instantly all the battering fight beneath
Lay like a painted battle before them, amid the roar that came from the horn.
Then from out the horn's concavity, out rushed the noise in earnest, in great
Splashes of uproar fitfully belching, and ponderous billowy waves of sound,
That grew each minute steadier, gathering strength as they poured from the bottomless horn;
Surging and rising, until, like a cataract, from the horn the uproar poured.
Louder it rose. And still he blew. He blew till the blood burst out at his lips.
And angry snaps of uproar sullenly mix with the universal din;
Ear-splitting cracks of terrible thunder sputtered and spluttered from the horn."

Mr. Rowbotham, in fact, does not prosper in the "unchartered freedom" of his octometer catalectic, with its single or double anacrusis and all its places free except the two last. Where the metre is so little restricted the thought and style are uncurbed, and run, wild and copious, to the ocean of the excessive. When, at irregular intervals, he falls into rhyme, the matter and form are both raised to a much higher level. Witness this passage from canto x., p. 83, where, after the first battle has ended with the defeat of the Saracens, and the Paladins and their men, wearied to death, are waiting for nightfall:

"Hard on the right, another knot of veterans on the herbage late,
And thus they cried 'summer sunsets, summer sunsets, ye are late."

Ye are late, ye summer sunsets; late ye are and
tardy, when
Ye do come in answer to the prayer of tired and
weary men.
Sultry lustres, sultry glories of the glowing
afternoon,
Fain would we behold your splendour fainting
shortly, fading soon.
We are tired, and we are weary, after all the
war to-day,
After all the fearful wrestle and the struggle of
the fray.
Summer sunsets, summer sunsets, ye are late in
coming, then.
Ye are late and long of coming unto tired and
weary men."

This may certainly be read with pleasure. It is rhythmical and natural, though it is diffuse and pleonastic. Think with what unerring brevity Homer gives us the same thought:

Ἀχαιοὶς

ἀσπασίη, τριλλιστος, ἐπὶλυθε νύξ ἐρεβεννή.

A poem that owes so much to Homer for its inspiration was bound, I think, to aim at preserving the dignity of Homer, and not to blaspheme it by couplets like this (canto xviii., p. 168):

"Why don't they all go in for suicide, so as to save the devil in hell
The trouble of turning the key so often to let them into blazes, eh?"

or by ending a line with the third syllable of "braggado-cio," or by launching such words as "impoverisheder," "reguly," and such phrases as "divinely divine it."

A copious descriptive faculty and almost unlimited command of varied language do not of themselves constitute the poet. A sense of discrimination, an imaginative tact, that knows the really great from the merely large, the homely from the vulgar, the marvellous from the monstrous—this it is that is wanting, as I think, in *The Death of Roland*.

E. D. A. MORSEKAD.

NEW NOVELS.

The Parting of the Ways. By M. Betham-Edwards. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Even Such is Life. By Lady Watkin Williams. In 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Pearl Stutton's Love. By J. G. Holmes. In 3 vols. (Wyman.)

The Web of Fate. By W. J. Wilding. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Life in the Cut. By Amos Reade. (Sennenschein.)

Crane Court. By A. M. Monro. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

Idle Tales. By Mrs. J. H. Riddell. (Ward & Downey.)

The Parting of the Ways is a novel of brilliancy and distinction. There is always a certain cleverness in anything that Miss Betham-Edwards writes, and this story forms no exception. Over-melodramatic in parts, perhaps, and uneven in execution, there is yet an originality about it which removes it from the average fiction of the time. The delineation of Mr. Rapham—a man who has become a millionaire out of the African slave trade, who lavishes his wealth upon his daughter and vainly endeavours to become a figure in English society—is one not readily to be forgotten. The utterly unexpected way

in which the infamous secret of his life is divulged at a public meeting, and the dramatic results which flow from it, furnish quite a new sensation for the jaded novel reader. Rapham's daughter is filled with loathing for the wealth and diamonds, &c., with which she is loaded when she discovers their origin, and she chooses expulsion from her home rather than life under the new conditions. The revelation brings terrible disillusion to her. Subsequently, deep remorse seizes upon Rapham himself; and, in a state of semi-madness, he searches for his daughter, raving under the impression that she has been stolen from him. His final meeting with her, and his miserable death, are very dramatically told. Mr. George Bentley is described as the architect of this novel, having supplied its *motif*, and he has certainly hit upon an unusual plot. There is some capital burlesque writing in the description of Allchere & Co., the "universal contractors," who provide everything for Mr. Rapham, and who could, if required, supply such miscellaneous indulgences and commodities as "lessons on the violin, a new set of teeth, vaccination," &c. They not only undertake funerals and provide the mourners, but contract for the funeral sermons too. Mr. Rapham even favours putting the work of legislation into their hands, by contract. "Half a dozen fellows paid moderately well for the work would make as good laws as those passed in the House of Commons." The sketch of the girl-inventor, Norrice Bee, is very pathetic and lifelike.

There is a fine optimistic tone running through Lady Watkin Williams's *Even Such is Life*; but it is the optimism that springs from a life spent in doing good. Sir Victor and Lady Arvon have no time to ask Mr. Mallock's question, "Is Life worth Living?" but they furnish a practical answer to it by living it as it ought to be lived. After all, it is worth something to look back on a career that has not been all selfish enjoyment; and if this story were valuable for nothing else, it must have a bracing effect on those who rightly grasp its purport and live out its principles. It is not exciting as a narrative, for there are no fell crimes or hairbreadth escapes. It contains no tragedy more exciting than a contested election, and yet it is very pleasant to read. Its merit consists in giving true pictures of life and thought, as both exist in certain circles at the present day. Some perhaps may complain that it is a little too polemical in parts; but the present writer, at least, is in substantial agreement with it, both as regards politics and religion. On other questions Lady Watkin Williams occasionally says things which are worth pondering over. "It is greater," she observes, "for a woman to be womanly than clever, and her failure in the first proves her to be something below the true height of the last." Again, touching the battle of life, "I feel as if I could never thank God enough for having made me a fighting human soul instead of a ready-made angel." Philanthropy or help must not always be offered to others from our own point of view: "Before you offer active service, try to enter into their mind on the subject, and offer help in aid of *their* schemes, not in aid of independent or possibly counter ones." On matters of contemporary art our

author would be voted defective, for she courageously, if mistakenly, assails the claims of Dante Rossetti.

Appalling crudities meet us in *Pearl Stutton's Love*. Hitherto Mr. Holmes appears to have written verse only. We have not read his *Sir Richard's Revenge*, and other *Poems*, but should certainly prefer that work to this, on the ground that it can scarcely have sounded the same depths of literary inefficiency. In a very singular preface to his novel the author somewhat deprecates criticism by remarking that the Muses have forsaken him. "I ride," he says, "a less romantic horse; one clothed in commoner harness; one whose movements and manners are yet strange to me." It may be open to question whether the steed he rides is not even a more prosaic quadruped still than a horse; but we do not wish to be too severe on Mr. Holmes, he writes with such buoyant spirits. He needs to carry more ballast, and to aim at a higher literary finish. There are many entertaining passages in the story, but as a whole it is very diffuse and unsatisfactory. Its most striking incident seems to have been "conveyed" from the play of "Hoodman Blind." Mr. Holmes's poet Hayton is a washed-out individual, and there is scarcely one character that bears the impress of flesh and blood.

Mr. Wilding, with an author's license, calls *The Web of Fate* "a dramatic story." Whether it be this or not, we know that it is an unhealthy story. A protest must be entered against elevating such characters as Digby Fanshawe into positions of prominence, while the influence they acquire over women like Marcia Cantalini is demoralising in the highest degree. The closing chapters of this book are revolting in the mere sensationalism of brutality. We doubt, too, whether the jealousy of such a woman as Marcia over a rival's triumph would lead her to make a slave of herself in the way she does here to a blackleg and a murderer. The writer is not to be commended from any point of view upon his work, which is crudely thrown together, and not in the least dramatic in the true sense.

A word of cordial welcome can be given to *Life in the Cut*, which is evidently a faithful picture of our canal population—a race still to a great extent outside the pale of law and civilisation. It is well that we should be brought face to face with the life-sorrows of this strange and miserable class of beings; and this little work will do a considerable amount of good if it only obtains, what it well deserves, a wide circulation. We trust the time is coming when all the waifs and strays of canal life will be got hold of, and when the present evils which now so sadly weigh upon their existence will be fairly grappled with and abolished. Such a narrative as this must do something to educate the public conscience in the matter.

Crane Court is a delightfully fresh and interesting story. It is told without any straining after effect; and little Fidge Mortimer is one of the best child studies we have met with for years. He is a real child, fresh and natural, with no priggishness or precociousness about him. Without being striking from the point of view of literary finish or

workmanship, Mr. Monro's sketch is in every other respect most creditable, and is sure to beget in readers a desire for a further acquaintance with him. All the characters in the story are well drawn.

The author of "George Gaith" has been silent too long for so excellent a novelist. She now gives us only a series of sketches in her *Idle Tales*, but they are all very entertaining. There is a touch of true pathos in "Only a Lost Letter"—an uncommon incident, uncommonly told. Now that Mrs. Riddell has broken ground again, we shall look for something more ambitious and sustained than this single volume offers.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

RECENT THEOLOGY.

The Risen Christ the King of Men. By James Baldwin Brown. (Fisher Unwin.) The first eight of the sixteen sermons in this volume form a "connected series," and were intended to form "part of a book" which Mr. Baldwin Brown was preparing for publication when his work was interrupted by illness, and finally by death. The subject of the sermons is the Resurrection of Christ. They begin by criticising Warburton's *Divine Legation of Moses*, with the view of establishing that the belief in a future life is implicit in the Mosaic dispensation, but that it was necessary for the Jews "to master the meaning of Life before they could explore successfully the mystery of Immortality." Sermons iii. and iv. deal with "the place of resurrection in the scheme of creation": Christ's resurrection is the answer to the riddle of the universe—"what it means all life must be striving to mean; what it expounds all life must be striving to manifest; what its prophecies all life must be travelling to fulfil." The strength of the evidence for the resurrection is the subject of sermons v., vi., and vii. They treat respectively of "the witness of the disciples," "the testimony of St. Paul," and "the universal acceptance." This slight sketch will sufficiently indicate the aims and the scope of the volume. The sermons contain some redundancies of thought and language which could not be avoided in discourses intended primarily for the pulpit and not for the study, and the preacher makes the mistake in the fifth sermon of resting a most valuable and eloquently-stated truth on a text which "many ancient authorities omit"; but, after noting these slips, we have nothing but praise. The evidence for the resurrection has rarely been stated so lucidly and so sensibly. Mr. Brown's capacity as a writer of history was scarcely less than his ability as a preacher; and he possessed a breadth of view, a power of marshalling facts and arguments, which are missing in many histories. The comparison and contrast of the characters and careers of St. Paul and Julius Caesar in sermon vi. is, perhaps, the most striking passage in the volume, and we believe it to be quite original; but fine sayings and original thoughts are frequent. Mr. Brown's eloquence is always pleasant, because it is always natural. The last eight discourses, three of which have been already published, are complementary to the first eight, and were apparently intended to find a place in the contemplated work, the interruption of which will be keenly regretted by all readers of the present volume.

Work and Worship; Sermons preached in English Cathedrals. By G. E. Jelf. (Sonnen-schein.) In his short but interesting preface to these sermons, Canon Jelf remarks on the "peculiar responsibilities" of the cathedral

preacher, who has "to meet the arguments, but also to satisfy the spiritual needs, of the free lances of society." He cannot speak as priest and pastor, "his position is more that of an ecclesiastic." This theory accounts for the weakness of the sermons, viewed as appeals to worldly or indifferent hearers. The non-believer, whether agnostic or worldling, is separated by an essentially wider chasm from the ecclesiastic than from the "priest and pastor." He must be preached to as a man, and religious questions put before him as a question of things, not of names. Canon Jelf, in his sermon on "Self-deceit as to our Churchmanship," quotes Christ's words that a man cannot enter the kingdom of God except he be born of water and of the Spirit, and makes the words mean that if a man's baptism has been neglected, he is "not a Christian at all" till the omission is rectified. We should have explained Christ's words as meaning exactly the contrary, and mention Canon Jelf's statement as one possible only to the "ecclesiastic," which is calculated hopelessly to confuse, perplex, and rebuff the anxious agnostic or returning prodigal. But Canon Jelf only occasionally strikes this false note. His sermons are very excellent as appeals to the careless and unconverted, simply because the hearer must acknowledge how tender, beautiful and holy is the religion they set forth. A refined sweetness distinguishes the sermons, which is never feeble from want of earnestness, or unsympathetic from pride. A preacher who is always sincere, and always loving, can afford to reveal himself occasionally as an ecclesiastic; but the revelation does not help him in appealing to a profane congregation. There are thirty-one sermons in the present volume, of which the first, on the "Comfort of the Creed," and the nineteenth, on "The True Sacramental Fellowship," may be mentioned as fine examples. Every reader will notice the appositeness and the spiritual beauty of Canon Jelf's quotations.

Sundays at Balmoral. By the late Principal Tulloch. (Nisbet.) These sermons, "preached before her Majesty the Queen in Scotland," have been printed since Principal Tulloch's death, and have not had the advantage of his final revision. But, although they are neither ambitious nor elaborate, they are finished compositions, saying what they wish to say in sober natural language, which avoids fine writing without becoming platitude. The volume contains twelve sermons in all, of which the third, on "Christian Agnosticism," and the last, on "The Ideal of the Church," are specially striking. The third, in particular, states with unusual precision and clearness a truth which preachers and theologians are too fond of ignoring. It is refreshing to find a theologian confessing of theology that "of all subjects, unhappily, where real knowledge is but partial, it is that on which men have indulged the wildest and the proudest dreams." A well-executed photograph of the author accompanies the volume.

St. Paul in Athens. The City and the Discourse. By J. R. Macduff. (Nisbet.) To Dr. Macduff it has been a labour of love to put together everything about Athens which can illustrate St. Paul's discourse on Mars Hill.

"The writer's purpose is to give a monograph on Athens; but Athens in connexion with its one scriptural episode and association. . . . In the fulfilment of a long-cherished purpose it is designed to form a companion to what was published many years ago, after a personal sojourn in the City of the Caesars—*St. Paul in Rome*."

Dr. Macduff apologises, very unnecessarily, for what he calls the "hybrid character" of his book; it is "as much secular as sacred, and as much sacred as secular." This means that the

author has most enthusiastically acquainted himself on the spot with the topography of Athens, and placed his knowledge so brightly and clearly before his readers that few will be able to resist the contagion of his enthusiasm. We finish the volume with the feeling that we have spent an hour or two under the Attic sky, more than willing to pardon Dr. Macduff for allowing "one of the sunniest memories of life and travel, and a fascinating and congenial subject, to occupy more detail than might otherwise be justified." Three careful woodcuts from excellent photographs preface the exposition.

The Conquering Cross (The Church). By the Rev. H. K. Haweis. (Burnet.) This last volume of the series "Christ and Christianity" is disappointing. "Three hundred years have been rapidly spanned," we read in the Forewords, and we expect that we shall be given in outline a view of the development of Christianity in the first three centuries; but nothing of the sort is attempted. "The Legend of Peter and Paul" is treated at unnecessary length, in order, apparently, to give occasion for a sketch of Nero, who seems to exercise an irresistible fascination upon historians of early Christianity; and when Mr. Haweis at length gets to Clement of Rome, he begins by telling us that till recently his epistles were extant only in "an Alexandrian MS. now in the British Museum." The account of Clement is eminently readable, but it makes no effort to define Clement's work as a founder of Christianity, being occupied mainly with the sensational discovery of the house of Clement and recovery of his epistle. Mr. Haweis does not seem aware that the so-called second epistle is not an epistle at all. The chapter on "Justin Martyr and the Apologists" gives a fairly full account of Justin's Apology; but what proof is there that "St. Paul he systematically ignored"? "Crescent" and "Frontin" are presumably misprints for Crescens and Fronto. Minucius Felix is sympathetically expounded; but it is probable that he was not the "first of Latin Apologists," and that his date was about A.D. 234 instead of A.D. 178 as Mr. Haweis supposes. Mr. Haweis has room only for a hasty sketch of Constantine and Athanasius; and Clement of Alexandria, Origen, Tertullian and Cyprian, are scarcely more than alluded to. The most interesting chapter in the book is the last on "The Christianity of the Future." After quoting a remark of M. Renan that "the negation of the supernatural has become an absolute dogma for every cultivated mind," Mr. Haweis goes on:

"I venture to affirm with equal confidence that there will be no living Christianity without a belief in the Supernatural. . . . A religion may be corrupt, ignorant, even grotesque, but as long as it asserts fearlessly a belief in that great bugbear of science, Supernaturalism, it must win. A ridiculous religion, with Supernaturalism, will always be more influential than a religion, however sensible, without it, simply because it will contain the one thing without which there can be no religion at all."

To many readers of Mr. Haweis's *Picture of Jesus* and *Picture of Paul* this passage will occasion some astonishment, however fully they may agree with its common-sense.

Martyrs and Saints of the First Twelve Centuries. By the Author of "Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family." (S.P.C.K.) We have only one fault to find with these delightful and careful "Studies from the Lives of the Black Letter Saints of the English Calendar," and that is that they make up a volume which is somewhat lacking in unity. The author explains the cause of this when she tells us that "at a first glance, our Anglican Calendar does seem to have a peculiar casualness of its own"; and she takes the best course for the avoidance

of disorder by dividing her book into two parts, which deal respectively with "Martyrs" and "Saints not Martyrs," and dividing her characters into groups, such as "The Legends of the Virgin Martyrs," "The Four Latin Fathers and St. Benedict," "Saints of France." By these means some of the chapters are made fairly homogeneous; but, on the whole, the reader feels that the book is essentially a book of reference, not to be read consecutively, and yet so pleasantly and graphically written that it is hard to lay it down. As a book of reference it needs condensation; as a volume of narrative it would bear a good deal of expansion. The facts are recorded with the author's accustomed thoroughness and care, and the style of the narrative hits the happy mean between an unnatural picturesqueness and an unreadable dullness. Her own observations, whether literary, historical, or ethical, are always sensible, and frequently original.

A Manual of Church History. Vol. i. By the Rev. A. C. Jennings. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Mr. Robertson Nicoll, the editor of "The Theological Educator," in which series this *Manual of Church History* is contained, is much to be blamed for the form the work has taken. We can imagine no greater boon to the theological student, and no surer means of arousing interest in church history, than the publication of a handbook which should do for church history what Prof. Warfield's volume in this series has done for the textual criticism of the New Testament. An accurate account, after the style of the paragraphs in Green's Short History, of the original sources for the history of the Church in the first ten centuries, with a list of the best and most accessible editions and of the received authorities on the times and the men, is much needed; but Mr. Jennings's attempt to cram the events of eleven centuries into 134 short pages, though conscientiously carried through, will be useless to the serious student, and not much assistance to the lazy one. We blame Mr. Nicoll, because Mr. Jennings "readily admits" that his manual is probably "of small educational value," and that "the utmost that can be expected" from it is that it "may be useful to candidates for examinations"!

Solomon: His Life and Times. By the Ven. F. W. Farrar. (Nisbet.) This is one of the series of biographies, entitled "Men of the Bible," which are to do for the heroes of the Bible what so many series are attempting for the celebrities of profane history. We are presented with an exhaustive history of Solomon and his times, full of interesting information stated picturesquely and eloquently. Archdeacon Farrar considers it no part of his task "to enter into minute critical questions as to the date and origin and character of various elements in the Books of Kings"; and consequently, we do not feel entirely satisfied with the lively narrative he constructs from his untested documents. The chapters, moreover, on Solomon's temple and other buildings are somewhat dull and difficult to follow; but the accounts of "Solomon in all his glory," and of "the decline of Solomon," with the chapters on the writings attributed to Solomon are in Archdeacon Farrar's best manner, and will be read by every class of readers with pleasure and profit. The author throughout the volume leans decidedly to the side of orthodoxy; but he does not hesitate to question the Solomonic authorship of most of the works attributed to Solomon, and gives a clear and appreciative account of their character and contents.

The Contemporary Pulpit. Vol. vii. (Sonnen-schein.) The editor may be congratulated on his seventh volume. It contains the last three of Bishop Moorhouse's sermons on Hebrew

Prophecy, sermons by Dean Plumptre, Dr. Maclaren, Archdeacon Farrar, and others, with a number of specially good "Outlines." The Bishop of Derry's discourse on Socialism will be found interesting, though it will not be accepted as just by those it criticises. To assert that the "final motto" of Socialism is "to squeeze all things flat" is merely to beg the question. English Socialists at all events, notably Mr. Morris in his *Lectures on Art*, insist that the squeezing of all things flat is the direct result of unlimited competition. We do not admire the tone of "A Sunday among the London Preachers"; Mr. Stopford Brooke should be criticised courteously, or not at all.

Moore's Church Manuals. Nos. 1, 2, 3. (Walter Smith.) These manuals, entitled respectively, "State Control over Church and Chapel," "Church and Chapel Property," and "Parliamentary Grants to Church and Chapel," are by the Rev. Thomas Moore, the author of the *Dead Hand in the Free Churches of Dissent* and of the *Englishman's Brief on Behalf of His National Church*. Mr. Moore writes with clearness and vigour, and makes effective use of his favourite argument that Dissenters are practically in much the same relation to the State as the Established Church. But if the Dissenters are not the most dangerous advocates of disestablishment, a great part of Mr. Moore's argument is inconclusive.

The Saints' Rest. By Richard Baxter. A New Edition. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) When we have said that these two volumes of "The Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature" constitute a handy and clearly printed edition of *The Saints' Rest* we have exhausted our praise. The preface is well-written, but it is very short, and its tone objectionable; instead of being enthusiastic it is censorious. It speaks of "the spleen and bitterness which controversy had planted" in Baxter's heart. This is the more inexcusable, because there is a lecture by Archbishop Trench on *The Saints' Rest*, which is exactly what this preface ought to have been. To write a short disrespectful preface to a popular edition of such a book as *The Saints' Rest* is silly. Moreover, we are nowhere told what text our edition follows. It seems to be that of Orme's edition with the quotations at the foot of the page omitted, except when they are from Herbert or Du Bartas. This is the only trace of editing we can detect. Baxter's quotations are not verified, nor translated except when he translates himself; and there is no sort of attempt made to give the reader information about the numerous names which constantly occur. This would be a task needing both learning and discretion, but it would have added immensely to the interest of the book.

The Enchiridion of Augustine addressed to Laurentius. (Religious Tract Society.) This is the second of the prettily printed "Christian Classics Series," and is a reprint of the translation published in Messrs. T. & T. Clark's edition of Augustine's works. The excellent principle that the series is to consist of complete and unabridged tracts and treatises has led to the choice of the *Enchiridion ad Laurentium* to represent St. Augustine. The choice is happy, and the translation careful and conscientious, though not brilliant. The prefatory note and argument might have been longer, and a few notes would have been useful to the general reader. These are the only improvements we can suggest in a dainty edition of a deeply interesting book.

Eucharistica. A new Edition, revised. (Parker.) The popular "Meditations and Prayers on the Most Holy Eucharist from Old English Divines" is carefully revised in this little book, and many errors are detected and corrected. Bishop Wilberforce's original intro-

duction is retained. It is a pity that the editor could not refrain in his preface from a reference to what he calls the "degraded view of this sacrament" held by those whose religious views he disagrees with, for such an attack is singularly out of place in a devotional treatise; but otherwise he has done his work well, and his volume will be valued by many.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE early portrait of Mr. Browning in the next volume of the new issue of his works will be taken from that in Horne's *Spirit of the Age*, formerly published by Smith, Elder & Co. The "Ring and the Book" volumes will have portraits of Count Guido on his road to execution, and of the old Pope, besides other engravings.

PROF. C. H. HERFORD, of Aberystwyth, has just sent to press his introduction to the select plays of Ben Jonson in the Mermaid Series, and will now take up his like selection from Lyly.

A Gipsy Lore Society has just been formed. The president is Mr. C. G. Leland, the vice-president, Mr. H. T. Crofton; and the members already include the Archduke Joseph of Hungary, Sir Richard Burton, M. Paul Bataillard, Dr. Alexander Paspatis, and several more English and Continental students of Romany. The society will publish a quarterly journal, part i. of which will appear in July, and copies of which will be strictly confined to members. The hon. secretary is Mr. David Mac Ritchie, of Archibald Place, Edinburgh.

THE cartulary of the abbey of Winchcombe, in the county of Gloucester, which was missing for many years from the muniment room at Sherborne and was supposed to be lost, has recently been found and restored to Lord Sherborne. With his permission, it has been carefully transcribed; and it is proposed to print a limited number of copies for subscribers only. The cartulary contains 840 documents, consisting of papal bulls, charters, confirmations, and other records relating to the abbey from its dedication, A.D. 811 to A.D. 1422. The charters contain not only the names of the parties, but also those of all the witnesses, too often wanting in such records. The work will form two volumes, uniform with the Rolls series; and the editing of it has been undertaken by the Rev. David Royce, vicar of Nether Swell, Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN announces as the new volume in "The Nation Series" *Assyria*, by Zenaide A. Ragozin, the writer of the companion volume on *Chaldea*.

MR. GEORGE MACGREGOR is about to publish through Messrs. Hay, Nisbet & Co., of Glasgow, a work entitled *Glasgow, Ancient and Modern*; with an Account of the Bishop's Castle. Mr. MacGregor is already known as the author of perhaps the best comprehensive history of Glasgow. The present work is essentially popular, and will extend to about 160 pages. There will be some half dozen illustrations, copies of rare prints connected with the city, the most interesting being Capt. Sleszer's *Theatrum Scotiae*. In connexion with the Bishop's Castle, a full-sized model of which is at present to be seen within the grounds of the Glasgow International Exhibition, it is interesting to recall the fact that it was a paper on the subject contributed by Mr. MacGregor to the Glasgow Archaeological Society three or four years ago which re-directed public attention to the long demolished residence of the Bishops of Glasgow.

Letters from Dorothy Osborne to Sir William Temple, published at the beginning of the

month by Messrs. Griffith Farran & Co., has already gone into a second edition.

DR. A. BAIN will read a paper before the Aristotelian Society on Monday next, May 28, on "The Definitions of the Subject Sciences, with a view to their Demarcation."

DR. ABBOTT, head master of the City of London School, will deliver the annual address to the Teachers' Guild, on Monday next, May 28, at 8 p.m., at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street. The subject he has chosen is the teaching of Latin to boys who leave school at the age of sixteen. All interested in education are invited to attend.

THE annual meeting of the Social and Political Education League—founded for the gratuitous delivery of educational lectures on political subjects—will be held on Friday next, June 1, at 8 p.m., at the Westminster Palace Hotel, when Prof. J. R. Seeley will deliver an address. The president of the league is Prof. Bryce; and the hon. secretaries are Mr. G. P. Maodonell and Mr. J. K. Stephen, both of Lincoln's Inn.

ON Wednesday next, May 30, Messrs. Sotheby will sell—in a single lot, if the reserved price be reached—the unique collection of books, MSS., drawings, engravings, maps, coins, tokens, seals, &c., relating to the city and county of Lincoln, which was formed by that enthusiastic local antiquary, the late Mr. E. J. Willson; and earlier on the same day the library of Mr. William Muir, of Edmonton, who is known to all lovers of Blake by his facsimiles of that artist's rarest work. Several of these facsimiles will be included in the sale, as well as original editions of Blake, Keats, Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, &c.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

Two portraits of literary men are about to appear in *Men and Women of the Day*—viz., Mr. Walter Besant's in the May number to be issued next week, and Mr. Robert Browning's in the June number. The appearance of Lord Tennyson's portrait has been deferred owing to his absence from town; but is expected also in an early issue of the periodical.

MISS ELIZABETH THOMPSON (Lady Butler) will contribute several unpublished studies to the June (summer) number of *Atalanta*. The same number will contain an article on the Herkomer School at Bushey, illustrated with a reproduction of a "Monograph," by Prof. Herkomer.

THE Forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) will contain: "The Cone-fruit of Assyrian Monuments," by Dr. J. Bonavia; "Pehlevi Notes, the Semitic Suffix, Man, and its Origin," by Dr. L. C. Casartelli; "Gifts to a Babylonian Bit-ili or Bethel," by Mr. Theo. J. Pinches; "The Races of Man in Egyptian Documents," by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie; "Ethical Types from Egypt," by Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie; "Jareb," by Prof. Sayce; "Letter from Egypt," by Mr. F. Ll. Griffith.

THE *Century* for June will contain the following articles: "The Plains and Prisons of Western Siberia," by Mr. George Kennan; "Matthew Arnold's Criticism," by Mr. John Burroughs; "A Printer's Paradise," by Mr. T. L. De Vinne; "What We Should Eat," by Prof. Atwater; "The Liar" (II.), by Mr. Henry James; "The Philosophy of Courage," by General Porter; "Bird Music—the Oriole and the Thrush," by Mr. S. P. Cheney.

"A GRIMM'S Tale in a Shetland Folklore Version," by Karl Blind, is the title of an

article in a forthcoming number of the *Archaeological Review*. It is the first time that this northern version in Shetlandic speech, which deviates somewhat in details from the tale in the German collection, has been made public.

St. Nicholas for June will contain: "A Great Show, A.D. 105," by Prof. Church; "Louisa May Alcott" (with portrait), by Mrs. L. C. Moulton; "Dogs of Noted Americans" (I.), by Mr. G. Van R. Wickham.

A NEW sixpenny monthly, entitled *Life-Lore*: a Magazine of Natural History, will appear early in June. The publisher is Mr. W. Mawer, Essex Street, Strand.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

IN Congregation at Oxford last Tuesday, the statute admitting women to the honour examination in the final school of literae humaniores was proposed by the provost of Queen's College, and met with no opposition.

SIR F. ABEL will deliver the annual Rede lecture at Cambridge on Friday, June 8. He has chosen for his subject "Applications of Science to the Protection of Human Life"; and the lecture will be illustrated by experiments and the exhibition of appliances.

THE complete degree of M.A. *honoris causa* has been conferred upon Sir T. F. Wade, the new professor of Chinese at Cambridge, who proposes to deliver his inaugural lecture on Wednesday, June 13.

HITHERTO Persian has only been taught at Cambridge for the benefit of candidates for the Indian Civil Service, and by a non-resident teacher. It is now proposed to appoint a university lecturer in Persian, at a salary of £100, in connexion with the special board for oriental studies. It is also proposed to give the same salary to the Lord Almoner's professor of Arabic, for regular lectures on subjects approved by the board.

A UNIVERSITY lecturer in geography will be appointed at Cambridge this term, following the example of Oxford. The salary is £200, of which £150 is provided by the Royal Geographical Society.

PROF. HOLLAND and Mr. J. A. Symonds will represent Oxford at the celebration of the eight hundredth anniversary of Bologna University, to be held in June; and it is hoped that Prof. Bryce may also be present. Durham has chosen as its representative the Rev. H. Rashdall, also an Oxford man.

AN appeal has been issued at Oxford for subscriptions to an Asia Minor Exploration Fund, in order that Prof. Ramsay, now of Aberdeen, may be enabled to continue his work of archaeological exploration. He wishes to make two more expeditions, to collect additional inscriptions and to complete the materials for a map of Central Asia Minor.

It appears that Balliol College does not intend to make any use of the buildings of New Inn Hall, which recently fell to the college on the death of the last principal, in accordance with the fiat of the University Commission. The buildings are stated to be now for sale.

LAST Saturday the Bishop of Colombo (better known to Oxford men of twenty years ago as R. S. Copleston) delivered a public lecture at Oxford on "Buddhism." He confined himself to the Buddhism of Ceylon, which he stated that he knew from some study of the original Pali texts, as well as from frequent and thorough discussion with representative Buddhists in the island. He contested generally the view of Buddhism given in Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*, and also animadverted upon passages in the "Sacred Books of the

East." The lecture is to be published immediately in pamphlet form.

THE Oxford University Dramatic Society will perform "The Merry Wives of Windsor" during the coming week, the part of Falstaff being taken by Mr. A. Bourchier. Sir Arthur Sullivan has composed the music for the fifth act.

IN the *Oxford Magazine* for May 23, Mr. F. Madan concludes his bibliography of recent Oxford publications, bringing it down to the end of 1887; and he promises a list of the best current reference-books relating to Oxford, including periodicals and guides. In the same number Mr. F. Haverfield prints some curious extracts from the *Gentleman's Magazine* relating to Oxford in the years 1731-61.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE FIRST HERO.

THE great sea's marvellous music filled men's ears,
And glory of snow-mountains pure and high—
Flight of bird-wings against a sapphire sky—
Birth of red roses—stars in still grey mares—
Set their hearts beating, filled their eyes with tears,
And thrilled their souls, as tho' their feet drew nigh
Some hidden shrine o'ershadowed of deity;
Yet no revealing lit the vanishing years,
Until with echoing voice, and eyes aflame,
With mighty hands to set the crooked straight,
And mighty heart to love full-consecrate,
To mock at mocks, to scoff at death and shame,
Show life God's lyre, and earth heaven's open gate—
The world's interpreter, the hero came!

EVELYN PYNE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

BESIDES a short notice of the late M. Désiré Nisard, illustrated with a full-page portrait (unfortunately phototyped, not engraved), and a longer one of the publisher, Henri Fournier, the May *Livre* contains an article of some length by M. Julien Lemer on Baudelaire. M. Lemer (who must not be confounded by inquisitive Britons with his better-known fellow-member of "the trade," M. Lemerre) is known to Baudelaireans as having had literary dealings with the author of the *Fleurs du Mal*; and so long ago as 1846 he received from the poet a characteristic adjuration to spell his name "Baudelaire Dufays," as it then ran correctly, with the y and the tréma over the y, and the s, because there was a wretch named "Dufai" about. Most of the correspondence here printed relates to literary matters, and dates from that ill-starred Belgian period when brain disease was rapidly doing its work with Baudelaire. We cannot quite agree with M. Lemer's moral, which seems to be that the representatives of a man of letters should be legally compelled to publish or republish anything and everything that he leaves. Our literary hunger is, we think, as strong as any man's, but for one instance where literary executors have kept back anything worth publishing we know twenty where they have published what ought to have been kept back.

THE May number of the *Theologische Tijdschrift* contains two articles which English students of religions and of folklore will read with interest. They are reviews of De la Saussaye's *Lehrbuch der Religionsgeschichte* and Knappert's treatise on the significance of folklore for religious history (in connexion with the myths of Holda), by Prof. Tiele. The latter work, which augurs well for future services to science of its young author, is also reviewed favourably in the March-April number of the *Revue de l'histoire des religions*.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BOUQUET, F. Points obscurs et nouveaux de la Vie de Pierre Corneille. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
 DATOR, Armand. Les Maitres de la caricature française au XIX. Siècle. Paris: Quantin. 6 fr.
 DE JONG, J. K. J. De opkomst van het Nederlandsch gezag in Oost Indië. The Hague: Nijhoff. 7 Pl. 50 c.
 GUILLAUME, Gustave. Tableaux Algériens. Paris: Pion. 40 fr.
 HELLEN, E. von der. Goethes Antheil an Lavaters Physiognomischen Fragmenten. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Literar. Anstalt. 6 M.
 LAGRANGE, l'abbé. Lettres choisies de Mgr. Dupanloup, évêque d'Orléans. Paris: Gervais. 10 fr.
 LEMAITRE, Jules. Impressions de théâtre. 2. Serie. Paris: Leconte. 3 fr. 50 c.
 NISARD, Désiré. Souvenirs et notes biographiques. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 15 fr.
 STAKE, P. A Critical Introduction to Sir Walter Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pl.
 VAL-REY-RADOT, R. Madame de Sévigné. Paris: Leconte. 3 fr. 50 c.

HISTORY, ETC.

- AGATHANGELUS u. die Akten Gregors v. Armenien, neu hrsg. v. P. de Lagarde. Göttingen: Dieterich. 7 M.
 ARNONEUS RICHTERSPERGENSIS apologeticus contra Folmarum. Ad fidem unius qui exstat codicis manuscriptorum primum ed. O. Weichert. Leipzig: Wolf. 6 M.
 DAREST, H. Archives des Maitres d'Armes de Paris. Paris: Quantin. 12 fr.
 FÉRY, le Colonel. Campagne dans le Haut Sénégal et dans le Haut Niger. Paris: Pion. 7 fr. 50 c.
 GIOVIO, B. Opere scelte, edite per cura della Società storico Comense. Como: Mayer & Zeller. 25 fr.
 KAISERBÜCHER u. in Abbildungen. Hrsg. von H. v. Sybel u. Th. v. Sittel. 9 Lfg. Berlin: Weidmann. 80 M.
 MEYER, G. Epistulae imperatorum romanorum ex collectione canonum Avellana editae. I. Göttingen: Dieterich. 80 Pl.
 NAMICHER, A. J. Jean IV. et la fondation de l'université de Louvain. Louvain: Fonteyn. 2 fr. 50 c.
 NITSCHKE, P. M. Geschiedenis van de koloniën Essequibo, Demerary, en Berbice, van de vestiging der Nederlanders aldaar tot op onzen tijd. The Hague: Nijhoff. 4 fl. 80 c.
 SCHARFF, G. Die Lehre vom Gewährerlass (pactum de non praestanda evictione) nach römischem Recht. Greifswald: Scharff. 1 M. 50 Pl.
 WAGNER, F. De omnibus quae ab Augusti temporibus usque ad Diocletiani aetatem Caesaribus facta traduntur. Jena: Neuenhahn. 2 M. 40 Pl.
 WORMSTALL, J. Ü. die Chamaver, Brukterer u. Angrivarier, m. Rücksicht auf den Ursprung der Franken u. Sachsen. Münster: Oppenrath. 1 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- MEHNERT, E. Glacialerscheinungen im Elbsandsteingebiet. Pirna. 1 M. 25 Pl.
 SADRECK, R. Untersuchungen ü. die Pilzgattung Exoascus u. die durch dieselbe um Hamburg hervorgerufenen Baumkrankheiten. Berlin: Borntraeger. 3 M.
 VOKOC, O. Darstellung u. Erörterung der religions-philosophischen Grundanschauungen Trendelenburgs. Gotha: Behrend. 2 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- BECHER, F. Ü. den Sprachgebrauch d. Caesars. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 25 Pl.
 CORNOLIS, M. So fo est temps d'om era lays. Novella v. Raimon Vidal, nach den bisher gefundenen Handschriften zum ersten Mal hrsg. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.
 CRIBAGORAN Mytilenaei epigrammata. Ed. prolegomenis, commentario, verborum indies illustravit M. Rubensohn. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 3 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A POEM BY HOCLEVE.

Cambridge: May 22, 1888.

In the ACADEMY of May 12, I showed reasons for supposing that the poem "To the Kings most Noble Grace," printed in Bell's Chaucer, ed. 1878, iv. 424, must have been written by Hocleve, and is addressed to Henry V.

I now find that both results are correct, but I might have arrived at them by a shorter process. In the edition of Hocleve's Poems, by G. Mason, in 1796, Mason describes the contents of MS. Phillips 5151, and tells us that all the poems in that MS. are by Hocleve. The fifth poem, which he does not print, is addressed, he tells us, to Henry V., and begins with the words—"To yow, welle of honour." This is, doubtless, the very poem in question.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

THE DATE OF THOMAS CROMWELL'S BIRTH.

London: May 21, 1888.

Although the book on Thomas Cromwell reviewed by me in last week's ACADEMY is not a biography, but only an essay on his "Character and Times," some readers may be thankful for a note on the date of his birth, which has not hitherto been a settled question. The date commonly assigned, 1490, does not harmonise well with the story of his having served as a soldier with the French at the battle of Garigliano in 1503; and, though there is some reason to question whether his brief military career had even begun at that date, when it is supposed to have ended, it certainly must have begun, and ended too, a very few years later.

In writing the life of Thomas Cromwell for the Dictionary of National Biography I gave it as the opinion of Mr. John Phillips, of Putney, based upon a study of certain entries in the manor rolls of Wimbledon, that the true date of Thomas Cromwell's birth was at least five years earlier than 1490. Mr. Phillips has since written to me more definitely as follows:

"His birth year may be determined from the following facts. In 1494 his eldest sister, Katharine Cromwell, married an ale-brewer and inn-keeper in Putney, named Morgan Williams. In 1496 their first son, Richard Williams, was born at Lanishen Fawr, the Homestead of the Williams family in the parish of Lanishen in Glamorgan-shire. Morgan Williams and his wife were then on a visit to his father, who was known as Jevan ap Morgan. Now, it is known that Thomas Cromwell, who was Richard Williams's uncle, was eleven years older than his nephew. Hence Thomas Cromwell's birth year was 1485, and he was fifty-five years old when he was decapitated in 1540."

These statements must rest on the authority of Mr. Phillips, as they can only be verified by a minute investigation of documents not easily accessible. All I can say myself is that the year 1485 suits the story of Cromwell's life much better than 1490 as the date of his birth.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

THE CODEX AMIATINUS.

Jever, Oldenburg: Mai 20, 1888.

I do not mean to answer Prof. Browne's reply to my letter in the ACADEMY of May 5. I expressed my opinion on the Codex Amiatinus as well as I could; and, though I apparently succeeded very little—for Prof. Browne understands sometimes the contrary of what I wanted to say—still I trust I may leave it to your readers to judge between Prof. Browne's opinion and mine. There is only one point I feel bound to say some words upon.

My letter of March 26 had just been printed when I received De Rossi's "Memoria: La Bibbia offerta da Ceolfrido abbate al sepolcro di S. Pietro." The eminent Roman scholar's publication is still unknown to Prof. Browne, and probably also to most readers of the ACADEMY. I am certain that Prof. Browne will be delighted with it; for De Rossi declares that Cassiodorus's Bible, the *codex grandior*, which was brought to Jarrow by Ceolfrid, contained two different pictures, one of the tabernacle, in front of the book, and one of the temple, in some other part of it. He contends that both Bede and Cassiodorus are speaking of these two pictures.

Cassiodorus *de institutione divinarum litterarum*, c. v.—says De Rossi—mentions both pictures, that of the tabernacle and that of the temple. In his exposition of Psalm xiv. he only speaks of the tabernacle. Bede *de templo*, c. 16, describes the picture of the temple; *de tabernaculo*, ii. 12, he speaks of that of the tabernacle, referring erroneously in both places to Cassiodorus's words, *de expositione psalmorum*, xiv.

This is a very ingenious interpretation; but I am nevertheless convinced that there was only one picture in Cassiodorus's Bible, and that the tabernacle and the temple are identical. If Cassiodorus had made two different pictures he would have said: "Et tabernaculum et templum domini . . . depicta subtiliter . . . in pandeoto latino . . . aptavi," and not "Tabernaculum templumque," &c. Cassiodorus's representation of the temple seems to have been rather fantastical, so far as we can judge from Bede, who saw the picture. So he represented the tabernacle to be the middle part of the temple surrounded by a triple porticus, which was omitted by the painter of the Amiatinus. Bede made no mistake in referring both times to the same passage in Cassiodorus. Both times he had the same picture before his eyes, including the tabernacle and the temple. He wanted to remind his readers that the picture they had in their library at Jarrow was the identical picture of Cassiodorus. He does not seem to have known the place in the *de institutione*, or, at least, not to have remembered it, and so there is no confusion between the two passages, as De Rossi suggests. When Bede wrote about the temple he perfectly remembered what he had written before about the tabernacle, for he evidently refers to his tractate on the tabernacle. In one place he says:

"Quomodo in pictura Cassiodori senatoris, cuius ipse in expositione psalmorum meminit, expressum vidimus in qua etiam utriusque altari, et holocausti videlicet et incensi, pedes quatuor fecit. Quod utrumque eum, sicut et tabernaculi et templi positionem a doctoribus Judaeorum didicisse putamus" (*De tabern.*, c. xii.).

In the other:

"Haec ut in pictura Cassiodori reperimus distincta, breviter annotare curavimus, ita eum ab antiquis Judaeis didicisse, neque virum tam eruditum voluisse in exemplum legendi proponere, quod non ipse prius verum esse cognovisset" (*De templo*, c. xvi.).

By remarking: "Has vero porticus Cassiodorus senator in pandectis, ut ipse psalmorum expositione commemorat, triplici ordine distinxit," he did not mean to say that Cassiodorus in his commentary was speaking of the triple porticus, but only that he there mentioned the picture he had attached to his Bible. Of course, he might have expressed all this better and more clearly; but I am afraid we must entertain a less favourable idea of Bede's style than Mr. Martin Rule seems to do.

P. CORSEN.

OLD OXFORD EXAMINATION PAPERS.

St. John's College, Oxford: May 20, 1888.

Any of your readers who possess Oxford examination papers earlier than 1851 would do me a great favour by sending them to me, or sending me notes of their contents. More especially, I should like school papers in litterae humaniores, if there are any in existence. I will carefully return all papers that may be sent.

T. C. SNOW.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, May 22, 2.30 p.m. Geographical: Anniversary Meeting.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Demarcations and Definitions of the Subject Sciences," by Dr. A. Bain.

8 p.m. Teachers' Guild: Annual Meeting: Address by Dr. Abbott.

9 p.m. Royal Society: Croonian Lecture. "Die Entstehung der Vitalen Bewegung," by Prof. W. Kühne.

TUESDAY, May 23, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Conventions and Conventionality in Art," II., by Mr. Sidney Colvin.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Annual General Meeting: Report of Council, Election of Officers.

8 p.m. Society of Arts.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "Prehistoric Structures, Stone Implements, and Paintings in Baghelband and elsewhere in Middle India," by Mr. A. Carlyle; "Rubbing from Ancient Inscribed Stone Monuments in Ireland," by Mr. G. H. Kinahan.

WEDNESDAY, May 30, 3 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "Dante," V., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.

8 p.m. Society of Arts.

8 p.m. College of State Medicine: "The Organisms occurring in Fresh Water, and the Hygienic Importance of their Presence," by Dr. John M. Macdonald.

THURSDAY, May 31, 3 p.m. London Library: Annual General Meeting.

5 p.m. University College: Barlow Lecture, "Dante," VI., by the Rev. Dr. E. Moore.

8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Growth and Sculpture of the Alps," II., by Prof. T. G. Bonney.

8 p.m. Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts: "Arts and Manufactures of the Anglo-Saxons," by Mr. J. F. Hodgetts.

8 p.m. Telegraph Engineers: "The Influence Machine from 1788 to 1888," by Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, June 1, 3 p.m. Philological: "The Vowel Laws of the Latin Language," by Mr. E. R. Wharton.

8 p.m. Geologists' Association: "The Natural History of Gypsum," by Mr. J. G. Goodchild.

8 p.m. Social and Political Education League: Annual Meeting: Address by Prof. J. R. Seeley.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Earthquakes and how to Measure them," by Prof. J. A. Ewing.

SATURDAY, June 2, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Count Tolstol as Novelist and Thinker," I., by Prof. O. E. Turner.

SCIENCE.

A MODERN-GREEK EDITION OF SOPHOCLES.

Σοφοκλέους τραγωδία διώρθωσε καὶ ἐξηγήσατο Δημήτριος Χ. Σεμίτελος. Τόμος πρῶτος, Ἀντιγόνη. (Ἀθήνησιν Τυπ. Πέτρη.)

THE wheel is come full circle. After three and twenty centuries (or "seventy generations") the *Antigone* is edited at Athens. Two modern Greek editions are honoured with frequent quotation by Prof. Jebb—that of Pallis, with critical notes (1885), and the portly volume now before us, threatening the world (if proportion on such a scale can be maintained) with a Sophocles of 5000 pages! The enterprising publishers have thus given the Professor Ordinarius of the Hellenic University an opportunity of very fully expressing his views; and the result, if not exactly succinct, is in many parts very fresh and interesting. M. Semitelos is an original and ingenious person, and is thoroughly possessed by his theme, which he handles in all its aspects with a certain boldness and impetuosity. Writing for an audience not deeply read in the literature of the subject, he is not afraid of expatiating on truisms, with which, however, remarks of much acuteness are interspersed. His language presents no difficulties to the ordinary Grecian who has been once for all initiated in the mysteries of *và* and *θα*.

The introduction opens with a lucid exposition (twenty pages) of the divisions of a Greek tragedy, both quantitative and qualitative; then follows a description of the action, with its antecedent circumstances (twelve pages); then a discussion of the sources of the fable and of the treatment of the same subject by Euripides (six pages). The characters of Antigone, of Creon, of Ismene, and of Haemon, are, in the next place, very fully discussed (fourteen pages). The persons of Eurydice, Teiresias, the watchman, and the two messengers, are more briefly dismissed—M. Semitelos adding the following true observation:

οὕτω δὲ καὶ τὰ τῶν ταπεινῶν τοῦ δράματος πρόσωπων ἦθη κατ' ἀντίθεσιν τῶν ἡρωικῶν ἐσθότως ὡς ἀγαθὸς ζωγράφος ἀποχραίνει ὁ ποιητής.

The part of the Chorus, "having been misunderstood by recent critics," has ten pages allotted to it. This completes the account of the ἡθοποιία. The λέξις is treated less discursively. But the *διάνοια* or κεφαλαιωδὴς γνώμη ("Grundidee, Grundgedanken") must, of course, have a prominent place in any introduction to the *Antigone*. Was Böckh right in supposing that both the chief persons were blameworthy, and that the concluding words of the chorus reflected not only on Creon, but also on Antigone? Or is Antigone a true martyr to the higher law? M. Semitelos unhesitatingly adheres to the latter view; and he very pertinently remarks:

Καὶ τὸ σκληρὸν δὲ τῆς Ἀντιγόνης ἥθος οὐ μόνον πρὸς τὸν Κρέοντα ἀλλὰ καὶ πρὸς τὴν ἀδελφὴν, ὥσπερ ἡ βίαιος θάνατος αὐτῇ, εἶνε συνδεδεμένος καὶ ἀπόλυτος τῇ ἡρωικῇ αὐτῆς χαρακτῆρι καὶ βεβαίως τοιαῦτα ποιεῖ αὐτὴν πράττουσαν ὁ ποιητὴς τῆς ἡθοποιίας χάριν καὶ οὐχὶ θέλων νὰ ἐνοχοποιήσῃ αὐτήν.

A third supposition, however, does not seem to have occurred to him, viz., that the poet chose this subject not because he wished to enforce any ground-idea, but because he had been profoundly touched by the situation, as it was suggested to him by the close of the *Septem contra Thebas*.

The editor's remarks on the evidence, both external and internal, for the date of the *Antigone*, if they contain nothing novel, are clear and judicious. But when from these general topics we turn to the details of interpretation and criticism, M. Semitelos's originality, to the present writer at least, is much more apparent than his judgment. This is the more to be regretted, as it is on this part of the work that our editor has spent most of his care and labour. The διορθωτικὰ ὑπομνήματα, or critical notes, occupy nearly a third part of the whole volume. The method employed is, at first sight, very plausible. It is to take the first hand of the Laurentian, neglecting the "apographa" as a rule, and, with the help of the Scholia, to emend with constant reference to the *ductus literarum*. But the apparent safety of the method contains a hidden snare. There is a pastime not unknown to those who dabble in bouts-rimés, acrostics, and such vanities. Two words of equal length are taken, and the attempt is made to turn the one into the other by transliteration. Not more than one letter can be changed at a time, and each of the intermediate changes must produce a significant word. The "palmary" transformation is that which involves the fewest intermediaries. It is astonishing, to those who have not tried, how often this unpromising attempt is found to be successful. *Black*, for example, is turned into *white* by means of seven intermediate words (*slack, stack, stalk, stale, shale, whale, while*). M. Semitelos's readers may frequently be reminded of this process. The prologos of the *Antigone* contains ninety-nine lines, in which three places have always given difficulty to interpreters, and two more have been slightly emended. Our editor not only gives a brand-new reading of each of the three difficult places, among other things suppressing half of two lines; but in *ten* other places, hitherto unsuspected, he gives a wholly unprecedented reading. And his procedure throughout the play is in accordance with this beginning. So much for the quantity of emendation. Now for the

quality of it. It should be said before going further that at least two emendations of M. Semitelos (σχυρὰν κύνας for ἡσυχόμεν νέκυν περὰ δρᾶν for πάρεδρος) have been with more or less of reservation approved by so high an authority as Prof. Jebb, who also joins, independently it would seem, in conjecturing ἴσους for ἴσος in l. 520). So much being premised, the reader may be left to judge of the necessity and probability of the following (the ingenuity is beyond question):

SEMITELOS ("ἐξ ἐμῆς LXXIII διορθώσεως").	L. ("ὁ κῶδιξ").
113. αἰετὸς ἀργῆς ἔπερ ἐπτη	αἰετὸς εἰς γὰν ὡς ὑπε- ρέπτη
126. δυσχίμα τε δράκοντι	δυσχείρωμα δράκοντος
130. χρυσοῦ, Καπαῆς στν- γερᾶπην	χρυσοῦ παναχῆς ὑπεροπ- τίας
131. ἀντίτυπα δ' ἐπὶ γὰν, πέσε τ' αἰθαλωθεῖς	ἀντίτυπα δ' ἐπὶ γὰν πέσε ταυταλωθεῖς
138. εἶχε δ' ἄλλους δέος	εἶχε δ' ἄλλαι τὰ μὲν (according to G. Wolff, μὲν is written over διοί)
149. ἀντικυρούσα	ἀντιχαρεῖσα
168. δυστήνοιον	τοὺς κείνοιον
192. δς στήσασαν	ὅστις πᾶσαν
213. παντὶ πάντων ἔστι σοι	παντὶ τοῦ τ' ἐνεστί σοι
215. μενεῖτε	νῦν ἦτε
226. ὃδ' εἰσκυκελῶν	ὁδοὺς κυκλῶν
263. κοῦδεῖς ἐναργῶς ἐξέ- φαινε οὐδένα	κοῦδεῖς ἐναργῆς, ἀλλ' ἐφεινε τὸ μὴ εἶδέναι
269. λόγον τις εἶφ'	λέγει τις εἰς
291. κράτη σείοντες	κάρᾳ σείοντες
37. οὐδ' ὅπδ' ὑγυῖ λόφον δικαιοσύν' εὐλόφως στεργεῖν ἐμῇ	οὐδ' ὅπδ' ὑγυῖ λόφον δικαίως εἶχον, ὡς στεργεῖν ἐμέ (but Euse- bathius quotes ὅπδ' ὑγυῖ νῶτον εὐλόφως φέρειν from Sophocles)
355. ἀνεμῶν φρούρημα (= ὑψηλὸν φρούριον ἢ δούρωμα).	ἀνεμῶν φρόνημα
362. ("Αἰδαν-") θέλειν οὐκ ἐπύσεται	(Αἰδαν-) φεῦξιν οὐκ ἐπά- ζεται
421. εἰκομεν θεῖα νόσφ	εἰχομεν θεῖαν νόσον
531. ἐχιδνα φοινία	ἐχιδν' ὑφ' ἐμμένη
560. τί σθένεις σύ μ' ὠφε- λεῖν;	τοῖς θανούσιν ὠφελεῖν.

Passing over the central ode, which is changed in fifteen places, and the Haemon scene, in which the most notable changes are 653, πτύσας εἰς ὦπα, and 715, ἀλλ' εἰκαθὼν μοι καὶ μετὰ στάσιν δίου (= μεταδίωκε τὴν στάσιν), we come to the address to Eros, which is wonderfully little touched: only νικᾷ δ' ἐναργῆς... ἡμερος becomes νικᾷ δε μαργῆς... ἡμερος; and with this the present anthology must end.

Even for one who has learned to be sceptical about conjectural emendation, it is not unamusing to watch the different ways in which the problem is attacked by men of different nationalities. The English, the Germans, and the Dutch, have had their turn; and now it would seem that the Modern Athenian will not be wanting. M. Semitelos may take his place beside our ingenious countryman, whom he occasionally celebrates as ὁ Βλαυδέσιος.

LEWIS CAMPBELL.

SOME BOOKS ON CHEMISTRY.

A Treatise on Chemistry. Vol. III., part 4. By Sir H. E. Roscoe and C. Schorlemmer. (Macmillan.) The volume of organic chemistry now before us contains a description of the very numerous aromatic compounds belonging to the toluene, benzyl, hydrobenzyl, and xylene groups. Many substances of great interest, both from a theoretical and a technological standpoint, are clearly and adequately discussed

in these five hundred and odd pages. The study of toluene, and of its numerous derivatives and their substitution products, affords an opportunity for showing the different positions occupied by the replacing atoms and molecules in various isomeric bodies. Among the important bodies described in the present volume may be named—cresol; the three toluidines; bitter almond oil, benzoic and hippuric acid; salicylic acid and salol; vanillin; gallic and tannic acids. A comprehensive index, covering twenty pages, completes the book.

Modern Theories of Chemistry. By Dr. Lothar Meyer. Translated by P. B. Bedson and W. Carleton Williams. (Longmans.) It is unnecessary to praise the famous original of this translation, but we may congratulate Profs. Bedson and Williams on the successful completion of their useful labour in rendering it into excellent English. Here we have a textbook of chemical philosophy which every earnest student of the science will cordially welcome. To any one who is not acquainted with the method of handling his subject which Dr. Lothar Meyer has adopted, a mere reference to the varied contents of this volume would prove of little value. But the general scope of the treatise may be learned by a brief synopsis. There are three parts, the first of which is devoted to "The Atoms," the second to "The Statics of the Atoms," and the third to "The Dynamics of the Atoms." In part i. the atomic hypothesis, the specific gravity of gases, the specific heat of solids, and isomorphism as aids in the determination of atomic weights are discussed. In part ii. are considered the forms and types of combinations of the atoms, the laws of atomic linking, and the chemical value or valency of the atoms. The influence of mechanical disturbance, of heat, of mass, of light, and of electricity in relation to chemical change is fully described in part iii., which also includes a chapter on the "Stability of Chemical Compounds." We may add that the translation has been made from the fifth German edition of the work. The translators would have laid us under still greater obligations had they furnished their volume of 587 pages with an index.

Elementary Chemistry, by MM. Pattison Muir and C. Slater; *Practical Chemistry*, by MM. Pattison Muir and D. Carnegie. (Cambridge: University Press.) These are companion volumes, the latter work being complementary to the former, and being a manual for laboratory practice. The authors' aim is a sound one. Their *Elementary Chemistry* is not a descriptive catalogue of chemical facts, but a philosophical system of principles. Their *Practical Chemistry* is not a manual of qualitative analysis, it is a well-ordered series of experimental demonstrations. We commend this system of instruction to teachers of chemistry. We may be permitted to point out that there are some curious discrepancies between some of the atomic weights as given in the two volumes. In the *Elementary Chemistry* (p. 57) approximate and round numbers are said to be used. Why then should chromium there be 52.2, iridium 192.6, rubidium 85.4, and ruthenium 104.6; and in the *Practical Chemistry* (p. 206) the corresponding values be, respectively, 52.4, 192.5, 85.2, 104.4?

Experimental Chemistry. Part IV., Organic Chemistry. By J. Emerson Reynolds. (Longmans.) Prof. Reynolds has now completed his manual of practical chemistry for junior students. The volume before us, like the three volumes which preceded it, contains a large number of lessons, in which the preparation of important compounds is clearly described. Not only are all the necessary manipulative details duly given, but the structure and transforma-

tions of the substances concerned are carefully explained. The idea of this system of laboratory teaching is excellent, and it has been very ably carried out by Dr. Emerson Reynolds. We wish that the book had an index.

A Course of Quantitative Analysis for Students. By W. N. Hartley. (Macmillan.) This small book contains a well-selected series of examples of quantitative determinations belonging to the domain of inorganic chemistry. The various tables of specific gravities and of weights and measures, with the instructions as to the conduct of the several preliminary operations, will be found very useful in the laboratory. The absence of an index and of a table of contents is a great drawback to the utility of the volume. We may mention that the atomic weight of magnesium is wrongly entered as 24.4 in the list on p. 228, and that, by the accidental omission of a figure, 7.01 is assigned to aluminium instead of 27.01 on p. 21.

The Elements of Chemistry. By Ira Remsen. (Macmillan.) The high reputation which Prof. Remsen enjoys in the United States led us to expect that any chemical handbook from his pen would present some specially meritorious features, and would be marked out from the crowd of mechanical compilations which encumber the reviewer's table by fresh and clear modes of presenting chemical facts, and by the highest degree of accuracy. We are completely disappointed. The page assigned to organic acids carries us back to the time of Donovan, and of Lardner's Cyclopaedia. Surely something might have been said as to the constitution and relationships of the five organic acids which are mentioned on page 215—something better worth saying than that "oxalic acid is used in calico printing, and in cleaning brass and copper surfaces"; and that citric acid "is frequently used for the purpose of making lemonade without lemons, and there is no objection to its use for this purpose." Prof. Remsen is quite right when he asserts in his preface that it is possible to teach chemistry so as "to make the pupil shudder whenever a chemical formula is mentioned." But the statements about cleaning brass and making lemonade above quoted, even if multiplied a hundredfold, do not serve to teach chemistry at all. And then the author of these "Elements" is not even accurate. Pins are not made of copper covered with tin (p. 203); diamonds when found are not covered with an opaque layer (p. 96); cocaine is not found in cocoa-leaves (p. 230); and opium is not the evaporated sap of poppy-capsules.

The Fundamental Principles of Chemistry. By R. Galloway. (Longmans.) Mr. Galloway describes his method of practically teaching chemistry as new. We fail to see its novelty. Sound teaching in this science in the hands of competent instructors has followed pretty much in the lines traced by the author, at least for the last quarter of a century. The study of chemical physics has preceded instruction in chemistry proper. And we do not regard the volume before us as by any means a perfect model. We have failed to find any account of the periodic law; nor do we see that any description or definition of the term "mass" is given. Perhaps these things and others which we miss are really somewhere in these 364 pages, but there is no index to the work.

Handwörterbuch der Chemie, 44-47 Lieferungen. (Trewendt: Breslau.) The fifth volume of this chemical dictionary is complete, the sixth has been begun. The subjects discussed in the four parts recently published are the following: Isomorphism, Potassium, Caoutchouc, Ketones, Bone, Cartilage and Teeth, Cobalt, Carbohydrates, Croconic and Rhodizonic Acid, and Carbon. Some notion may be formed of the completeness attained in the

bibliographical references prefixed to the separate articles by referring to the list given in the dictionary of memoirs and treatises connected with the single subject of carbohydrates. They number no fewer than 1192. Of course the various matters discussed are not all treated in an equally satisfactory way. For instance, in glancing at the section on carbon, we are at once struck by the occurrence of a number of small inaccuracies. The Koh-i-noor does not weigh 163 carats (p. 220 of vol. vi.); and "Brackadon" (p. 222) should surely be Brockedon. But these, and other small blemishes which we have detected, are quite insignificant when we take into account the solid merits of this laborious undertaking.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FINNIC ORIGIN OF THE ARYANS.

St. John's College, Oxford: May 14, 1888.

Canon Taylor, in his letter to the ACADEMY of April 21, dismisses my objections on archaeological grounds to the Finnic origin of the Aryans with the remark that these objections apply chiefly to Penka's solution, which he definitely rejects. It would seem obvious enough that, if these objections have any weight, they tell far more strongly against Canon Taylor's hypothesis than that of Penka. The former places the cradle of the Aryan race far beyond what are even now the limits of the beech, and almost at the furthest boundary of the oak. The chief objection against the latter is that at what would seem to have been the time of the united Aryans—the age of the kitchen-middens of Denmark—the limits of the oak and beech were considerably further south. The prevailing tree was then the fir, which gave way to the oak, and that, again, to the beech. Scandinavia, it is urged, cannot, therefore, have been the home of the united Aryans.

Penka has now himself answered these and similar objections which were first raised by Hildebrand and others. The paper is published in the *Globus*, Illustrierte Zeitschrift für Länder- und Völkerkunde, vol. liii., No. 13; and as some readers of the ACADEMY interested in this question may not have seen it, I venture to give a short abstract of his chief arguments. He begins by dismissing, chiefly on philological and ethnological grounds, the possibility that originally the Aryan word "beech" may have, as in Greek *φύξ*, represented the oak, and that the meaning of beech may have afterwards been assigned to it. He then adduces two arguments in favour of his position. (1) He contends that the acknowledged fact that the beech was the prevailing tree in the period covered by the kitchen-middens is no sufficient proof that the oak, and even the beech, were not sufficiently common before the separation of the Aryans to have formed part of the common stock of Aryan words. The kitchen-middens cover a very long period, and those belonging to the fir age of Denmark, so to speak, may have long preceded the Aryan dispersion. (2) He finds positive proof that in the neolithic period the climatic conditions of Europe had already undergone the changes which gave the oak instead of the fir, and the beech instead of the oak. This he proves, among other ways, from the discovery of wheat and millet in the Swiss lake-dwellings, which are assigned to the neolithic period.

I may here be permitted to say that even if these were considered a sufficient answer to the archaeological objections to Penka's view, they are no answer to such objections when raised against Canon Taylor's. For it would be necessary to show not only that the climatic conditions of Europe have remained unchanged since the neolithic period; but that they were

so different as to admit of the oak and the beech growing much further north and east than they do at present.

F. H. WOODS.

P.S.—This letter was sent too late for insertion in the ACADEMY of last week, and I had not seen Prof. Sayce's letter when I wrote. If his opinion, that the word "beech" is a loan-word, be accepted by the ultimate verdict of philologists, it will, of course, get rid of the most serious archaeological objections to placing the cradle of the Aryan race in the north of Europe. As I had touched upon some points in Penka's paper not referred to by Prof. Sayce, I have thought it better to leave my letter as it stood.

F. H. W.

THE IDEOLOGY OF THE ARYAN LANGUAGES.

London: May 19, 1888.

With reference to Prof. Sayce's remarks in the last issue of the ACADEMY concerning the superimposition of the Keltic and Teutonic dialects spoken by a conquering aristocracy, I beg to state that I did not speak of the languages as a whole. My object in the ACADEMY of May 5 was only to point out in this connexion that the ideology—or word-order in the sentence—of the earlier populations has survived in their respective districts.

TERRIEN DE LACOUPERIE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE annual Croonian lecture of the Royal Society will be delivered on Monday next, May 28, at 8 p.m., in the rooms of the Royal Institution. The lecturer is Prof. H. Kühne, who has chosen for his subject "*Die Entstehung der Vitalen Bewegung*"; and the lecture will be given in German.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

PROF. NAPIER's papers on *Cynwulf* and *Beowulf*, to be read before the Philological Society, are put off till the autumn session. At the meeting of the society on Friday next, Mr. E. R. Wharton, of Oxford, author of *Etyma Graeca*, will read a paper on "The Vowel Laws in Latin."

MR. BERNARD QUARITCH has recently purchased the library of the late Mr. Alexander Wylie, author of *Notes on Chinese Literature, &c.* During his long residence in China as agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Mr. Wylie amassed a very large and valuable collection of works relating in every manner to the far East, and more particularly to the history, philology, and literature of China. We understand that orientalists may expect a catalogue of the library very shortly.

THE Rev. Dr. N. Macnish read before the philological section of the Canadian Institute, on April 28, a paper entitled "*Umbria Capta*." He therein puts forth a new interpretation of the Eugubine Tables, the language of which he asserts to be Gaelic.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

THE SHELLEY SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, May 9.)

A PAPER by Dr. Henry Sweet on "Shelley's Nature-Poetry" was read by Dr. Furnivall. Premising that "the first germs of those emotions which inspire the nature-poetry of a Shelley or a Wordsworth must be sought in the purely physical sensations of pleasure and pain," Dr. Sweet traced the development of this faculty in the hymns of the ancient Hindu poets of the Rig-Veda, the keynote of which was an overwhelming sense of man's

weakness in the face of nature's strength. He then touched on the Celtic and Old English poetry; the Celtic distinguished by its vivid fancy, fantastic conceptions, minute descriptions, and extraordinarily keen colour-sense; the Old English by its superior moral earnestness and sense of awe and weirdness; while both stand in marked contrast to Greek art by their tendency to formless and shadowy creations. Chaucer, Shakspeare, and Spencer having been briefly referred to as showing how the Middle English literature had lost somewhat of the magic charm of the earlier nature-poets, stress was laid on Milton's remarkable anticipation of modern feeling in "*L'Allegro*" and "*Il Penseroso*," and in the sense of landscape, by him first developed in English poetry. It was next shown how, during the eighteenth century, the study of nature was enriched and deepened by two new factors—the growth of humane sympathy and of natural science; and how this prepared the way for the appearance of such nature-poets as Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Shelley, who were finally compared and contrasted. Special attention was drawn to Shelley's love of light and strong sense of colour contrast.—The reading of the paper was followed by a discussion.

NEW SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—(Friday, May 11.)

DR. F. J. FURNIVALL in the chair.—Mr. Frank A. Marshall read a paper upon "The 1695 Quarto of *Hamlet*"—the third of the "Player's Quartos," and the one in which Betterton's name appears in the list of actors—the variations in which were often interesting; noticeably I., ii. 77, "Tis not alone this mourning cloke could smother," probably suggested by the reading of Quarto 2, "could mother." There was throughout an extreme interpretation of the Act of James against profane language, every mention of God, heaven, and the like, being carefully omitted. The edition seemed to have been mainly taken from Quarto 8, and to have been made by a person addicted to elegant language, and with that ignorance of blank verse which seems common to that particular age. On comparing this acting edition with the modern Lyceum edition, one finds that the "cuts" are mostly the same, with certain exceptions. Betterton's version omits more than Irving's, and more, too, of Hamlet's speeches. Polonius is much cut, and the whole of the players' scene omitted; but it is noticeable that the whole of the beautiful soliloquy "How all occasions do inform against me," so rarely delivered on the stage, is absolutely untouched. Some light seemed to be thrown on the share that actors had in alterations of the text, and Mr. Marshall gave his reasons for thinking that many of the differences in the texts of "*Richard III.*" were due to actors.

EDINBURGH MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.

(Friday, May 11.)

W. J. MACDONALD, Esq., president, in the chair.—Dr. William Peddie communicated a paper by Mr. Charles Ohree, King's College, Cambridge, on Vortices, and Dr. J. S. Mackay gave an introduction to the geometrical theories of similitude and inversion in a series of parallel propositions.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Anniversary Meeting. Friday, May 18.)

THE following were elected officers for the session 1888-89: president, the Rev. Dr. Richard Morris; vice-presidents, Whitley Stokes, A. J. Ellis, Henry Sweet, J. A. H. Murray, Prince Louis-Lucien Bonaparte, Prof. Skeat; council, Henry Bradley, E. L. Brandereth, Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie, F. T. Elworthy, O. A. M. Fennell, H. Hucks Gibbs, T. Henderson, James Lecky, Prof. R. Martineau, W. B. Morfill, Prof. Napier, J. Pelle, T. G. Pinches, Prof. J. P. Postgate, W. R. S. Ralston, Prof. C. Rieu, Prof. Sayce, Dr. E. B. Tylor, H. Wedgwood, Dr. R. F. Weymouth; treasurer, Benjamin Dawson; hon. secretary, Dr. F. J. Furnivall.

FINE ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

MR. ALBERT MOORE has for so many years accustomed his admirers to look for nothing more than studies of one generalised type of fair English girlhood masquerading in quasi-Greek draperies, and serving as the pretext for the combination and re-combination of delicate and original colour-harmonies, that they have long ago given up the hope of any enlargement of his artistic standpoint. This year, in "*The Riverside*" (139), he is even less enterprising in choice of subject than usual, though his attempt to arrange, and to relieve against summer foliage with a peep of blue sky, tender blue-green draperies of various tints, set off by pale yellow and orange, appears to us to fall but little short of absolute success. Mr. Frank Dicksee has undeniable mastery over the secrets of draughtmanship and composition, with a system of colour and handling which, if it never surprises, never actually offends. His "*Within the Shadow of the Church*" (5) bears evidence, however, of a triviality of conception, of a sickly sentimentality, which are growing upon him from year to year, and are, in the present instance, unredeemed by any marked display of the painter's better qualities. It is strange that Mr. Herbert Schmalz, an industrious artist to whom precisely virility of conception and vigour of execution have been denied, should persist in attempting subjects which emphatically demand a display of such qualities—should, in fact, assume that success is to be achieved only in the quarter in which it has been commanded on the other side of the Channel by such painters as Luminais and Jean-Paul Laurens. His "*Faithful unto Death*" (542) shows the figures of entirely nude Christian women bound to flower-decked and vine-crowned terminal columns in the arena, and thus awaiting the onward rush of the yet invisible beasts. They stand forth against a background of spectators lining the tiers of a crowded amphitheatre. Mr. Schmalz may be commended for having, in the treatment of the undraped human form—which it still in England requires a certain amount of courage to represent—attained a measure of correctness and success; but he has, on the other hand, treated his dramatic subject with a timidity which destroys its *raison d'être*, while his colour is so lacking in vibratory power as, especially in the background, to resemble in quality that which would be obtained by some mechanical process. A life-size figure, by M. Albert Aublet, of an aged oriental clad in pale greenish satin, called "*Turc en prière*" (433), shows just that certainty and finish of draughtmanship which is still so rare among our own painters. It is somewhat unfortunately placed—where it can least well be appreciated—by the side of one of Mr. J. S. Sargent's most powerful and exuberantly living portraits. In "*St. Paul's: the King's visit to Wren*" (648), Mr. Seymour Lucas has not found a subject of high interest, either scenic or human; it lacks just that melodramatic element which has so often imparted a measure of fire and unity to the painter's conceptions, even when these have not been of a high order. The arrangement of the subject and the technical execution are throughout careful, though the latter is as usual marked by some hotness of colour and emptiness of handling.

The younger generation of genre painters show quite as strongly as on former occasions their leaning towards the modern French and Dutch schools—and that not only in tonality and technical matters generally, but

in the manner in which they aim at seeing and interpreting the subjects chosen. No work coming within this category has in the present exhibition attracted a larger measure of notice than Mr. Frank Bramley's "A Hopeless Dawn" (351); and, deservedly so, since he has not shrunk from treating a well-worn theme, and approaching it with such genuine pathos and such efficiency of execution as to infuse into it a new life. In the wan light of early morning, in a mean chamber almost bare of furniture and harshly grey in the growing light, is seen in the embrasure of a window a mournful group. An aged and careworn woman is huddled up in mute despair in the window-sill, while kneeling and clinging to her is a younger woman who buries her head in her fellow-watcher's lap; in the opposite corner is a poorly-furnished table, on which still burns with yellow light a candle; through the casement appears a prospect of a tossing but fast subsiding sea. The painter has seen and conceived his subject with unmistakable sincerity, though—realist and direct student of nature as he would no doubt deem himself to be—his vision has, whether consciously or unconsciously, been coloured with recollections of M. Josef Israëls, and some French painters who could be named: notably his grey-buff harmonies are foreign, as is his method of dramatic representation. The handling is somewhat loose and wanting in real solidity, especially in the painting of the old woman's face, while the representation of the artificial light of the candle struggling with that of morning is not very happy. The work is, however, incontestably one of much promise, though before pronouncing as to the exact degree of originality and technical mastery which the painter possesses, it would be well—seeing that he at present confines himself to a well-trodden path—to wait for future performances in a direction less thoroughly explored. Mr. Stanhope Forbes has for some time been a devotee of the same school. His new work, "The Village Philharmonic" (1143), is by far the most satisfactory of his productions, evidencing as it does an advance in technical accomplishment and a definiteness of purpose to which his contributions to former exhibitions cannot lay claim in the same degree. The subject is the meeting for the purpose of musical practice of a motley village choir, seen in a sombre room lighted by the dying rays of day, and by lamplight. Here again, recollection of foreign work, of a foreign mode of conception and arrangement, tinges actual vision; the painter approaches his subject with a certain *parti pris* as to the particular conditions under which he chooses to conceive and elaborate it. Just so one of the admirable band of Franco-Scandinavian painters who have of late years developed their art in Paris, might have seen and painted such a subject; and this peculiarity may well account for the whole wearing a foreign aspect, quite apart from the elements of the picture being apparently derived from foreign sources, and the physiognomic types well studied from foreign models. Drawing and execution are, however, commendable to an unusual degree, while the scheme of chiaroscuro, though somewhat elaborate and dramatic for so calm a subject, is well carried out. In the same category may be classed a pair of very strongly and solidly painted pictures by Mr. Frank Hall, both of which are entitled "The Goose" (619 and 624), and deal in modern and realistic fashion with the legend of the Goose with the Golden Eggs. In these, the artist shows the possession of a firm brush and a considerable fund of quiet humour. The fussy flutter of the goose when it has just brought forth the fabulous egg is especially well rendered. The handling, though powerful, is

so uniform that a monotony of texture is the result; goose-feathers and fustian gown have a similarity of surface for which nature is not answerable.

The neo-Venetian school is happily not so over prominent as it has been of late years. It is, however, represented by a very successful "Saluting the Cardinal" (213), by Mr. Henry Woods, which would, in its way, be almost faultless, were it not for the too sudden mass of red introduced in the black and crimson vestments of the ecclesiastic whose figure occupies the centre of the picture to which he gives his name. More charming, because executed with more zest, is a little stretch of Venetian canal and distant dome (862) by the same artist—a very delicate exercise in tone and colour harmony. It would be unjust not to call attention to another work of this school, "Venetian Lace Workers" (49), by Robert H. Blum. This, though not specially well-observed as a study of life and manners, furnishes one of the most consummately realised studies of the qualities of light and of chiaroscuro to be found in the whole exhibition. A feeble echo of the technique of this school—which is admirable enough after its peculiar fashion when it is a Van Haanen or a Favretto who paints—is to be found in several works to be seen at Burlington House, though these no longer have invariably for their theme Venetian views or Venetian manners.

The chief excellence of the exhibition is this year, as last, to be found in the numerous examples of masculine and feminine portraiture, though we are constrained to admit that the efforts of the foreign exhibitors easily bear away the palm, while the most eminent English portrait painters do not this time, as on the last occasion, attain a level of excellence so high as to render the weighing in the balance of rival styles and methods a difficult matter. Mr. J. S. Sargent displayed last summer in the already famous "Mrs. Playfair" an originality, a technical mastery of all the secrets of the craftsman, beyond which it would be difficult to go. Though he has not this year contributed any work at once so striking and so faultless as that, it may be said that he fully maintains his high position. In one respect his "Mrs. H. G. Marquand" (365) is a marked advance on anything which he has yet produced. The subject portrayed is an elderly lady seated, almost fronting the spectator, soberly robed in black, which is relieved only by a white lawn fichu fastened with a pale-yellow rose, and by a closed fan of grey ostrich feathers. Here the painter—whose crying sin has often been the fatal facility with which he has developed the amusing and outwardly characteristic side of a subject, at the expense of its more serious and less obvious aspect—shows an unmistakable respect for the task which he has imposed upon himself. He has evidently felt, and he interprets with singular felicity, all the reverence which a refined type of womanhood in old age should arouse; he has rendered not only a fleeting and purely exterior phase of expression, but a permanent individuality. The execution, too, in its moderation, in the evident restraint imposed upon the easy mastery of handling usual to the artist, is in perfect harmony with the unobtrusive pathos shown in the conception of the subject. Far less successful, and indeed—for Mr. Sargent—almost conventional in treatment, is the portrait of "Cecil, Son of Robert Harrison, Esq." (314), a boy of some eleven years, in a sailor's costume; even this, however, has the intense vitality which the painter's work never lacks. The third contribution, "Portrait of Mrs. E. D. Boit" (432) is a work of singular power, showing in their strongest form the painter's technical excellencies, and at

the same time that eccentricity of standpoint to which we have already alluded. The picture is a life-size presentment of a lady of florid aspect, wearing powdered hair; she is attired in a dress of the painter's favourite *lie de vin* colour, covered with black lace, and appears seated on a gilt Louis Quinze sofa, which is in parts somewhat too prominent an element in the colour-scheme. The artist has been struck—too much struck—with certain marked peculiarities of the physical and mental individuality of his sitter; and he has over-emphasised these—rendering with extraordinary power the mobility, the exuberant vitality of his model, but yielding too much to the amusement which he derives from these prominent characteristics, and thus omitting to supply them with the necessary balance, without which the work lacks repose and refinement. As a display of keenness of observation and technical power—both revealed in the manner which Frans Hals loved—it is not easily to be paralleled among modern portraits; but it is surely not a picture which it would be a joy to possess, and still less would it be hereafter, for those to whom the sitter may have been near, in kin or in friendship, a pleasant or a suitable remembrance.

The mention of Frans Hals brings us at once to the portrait contributed by the eminent Belgian professor, M. Emile Wauters. This, showing a boy dressed in a black velvet suit, with a large falling collar of lawn or some transparent white material, and holding a hoop (335), while it has nothing like that real vitality, the possession of which makes Mr. Sargent, in certain moods, so near akin to Hals, is so close and avowed an imitation of that painter's outward mastery of handling as almost to amount to a pastiche. It is undeniable that the work has very real qualities of style—somewhat too pompously brought forward—and some power of handling; but it is neither so vigorous nor so life-like as it assumes to be. A master standing so high among continental artists should be able to furnish something more original and more genuine. To M. Carolus-Duran we do not look for a high degree of refinement or for the adequate presentment of an individuality difficult to decipher; we expect, and we get, great freshness and intensity of colour, magnificent brush power, and great simplicity and unity of execution generally. His "Portrait of M. Pasteur" (153)—a head and shoulders of the famous chemist relieved on a claret-coloured ground—is one of the most conspicuous pictorial achievements to be seen at the Academy. It is possible to imagine a more energetic characterisation of the well-known features and a firmer rendering of the structure of the head, but hardly a more exquisite delicacy in the rendering of the grey-hued flesh and the silver hair which frames it. The "Portrait de la Comtesse de Rigo" (594) is a somewhat startling presentment of a mature but handsome blonde, wearing a low dress of a deep and intense red—between crimson and scarlet—and standing out against a background of that steel-gray which the painter so much affects. Here, as in so many of M. Carolus-Duran's full-length portraits, an unmistakable vulgarity of conception, an all-pervading intention to astonish by the accomplishment of a mere technical *tour de force*, peeps forth. Yet there is in the large canvas much to admire and to imitate: the head and shoulders are modelled with an admirable decision, which does not exclude softness; while, if the robe was necessarily to be painted entirely of the singular hue chosen, and with so daring a unity of tint, it could scarcely be better done, or more successfully relieved against the sombre but vibrating tones of the background.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

MISS JANE INGLIS'S PAINTINGS.

THE paintings of Miss Jane Inglis, now exhibiting for a short time at St. George's Gallery, George Street, Hanover Square, are well worth a visit. They are, for the most part, at the same time faithful to fact and artistically satisfying in outline and colour. They reveal a strong enthusiasm for nature, a subtle feeling for colour and form, together with technical skill in rendering these, as well as an artist's eye for determining what kind of effect is likely to make a beautiful picture. Knowing as I do the particular scenes in Cornwall and Ireland which Miss Inglis has transferred to her canvases, I can vouch for their remarkable fidelity. The tone, the keynote of colour on the Cornish coast, is, of course, quite different from that of Donegal, and that of Rostrevor. These, in each case, are admirably reproduced.

I have only space to name the pictures I most care for personally. The four sunset scenes—"After Sundown in Rostrevor Bay," "Rostrevor Bay," "Stormy Sunset in October," "November"—combine profound feeling for the solemn ideality of sombre, yet gorgeous harmonies in cloud, sea, and mountain, with notable power to reproduce them by painting. Of the remaining pictures I may mention "Stormy Morning, Glen Head, Donegal"; a small and charming harmony of hues, which is entitled "A Moorland Scene on the Eve of Rain"; "Sea Fog, Newquay, Cornwall," a noble study of tumbling green waves that thunder in seething foam upon great rocks, one huge headland looming through mist; "Binding up the Barley Stooks after a Storm"; "Fairyhill, Mourne Mountains," where the girl's figure in the foreground, and the long bed of bright flowers in vivid green grass, contrasts admirably with a fainter wooded middle distance, and purple mountains beyond.

This collection is to be transferred shortly to the Irish Exhibition at Olympia, which all who love Ireland, to whatsoever political party they belong, should make a point of visiting.

RODEN NOEL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"TARATHA" AND "BABIA."

Christ's College, Cambridge: May 21, 1888.

Dr. Neubauer's answer to my question is what I expected. He knows the explanation of Taratha, or Atergatis, as *Janua* only from Assemani, and he mentioned it only to reject it. I am sorry to have put him to the trouble of saying this. But I was unable to lay my hand on the statement of his which was vaguely referred to by Mr. Tomkins in the ACADEMY of April 28; and, as both Mr. Tomkins and Prof. Sayce took the *Janua* interpretation seriously, it seemed desirable to trace it to its source, and to show that it has no support either from ancient tradition or from modern scholarship.

As regards Babia, Prof. Sayce has no evidence to produce except the passage of Damascius to which I gave a reference. He does not seem to have looked at the passage again, otherwise he would not have spoken of the popular etymology assigned by Damascius to the name. What Damascius says is this: "The Syrians, and especially those in Damascus, call infants, and even striplings, *Babia*, from the goddess Babia worshipped by them." He gives no explanation of the name of the goddess, nor does he offer any detail that can help us to identify her with a known Syrian goddess. Prof. Sayce now says that as she was worshipped by the Syrians, he supposes that he was justified in his statement—viz., that "*Babia*, from *Bab*, gate, was the Semitic translation of the name of the great goddess of Carchemish." By the great goddess of Carchemish, Prof. Sayce has hitherto meant Atergatis (see his *Herodotus*, pp. 5, 429), who was also in more historical

times the goddess of Hierapolis-Mabbög. Prof. Sayce now says that he has not identified Babia with the goddess of Mabbög, which I do not understand, unless he has changed his mind since he edited *Herodotus*. But, however this may be, it is certain that the Syrians worshipped various goddesses, and that there is nothing to identify Babia with one of them more than another. As regards the derivation of the name, it is to be observed that *Bab*, in the sense of "gate," is very rare in Syriac, though common in Jewish Aramaic. But even if Babia does mean "the goddess of the gate," which is far from clear, this does not in the least help to connect her with the great goddess of Carchemish, who, if she was the Atergatis of Mabbög, had nothing to do with "gate," while if she is not to be identified with the goddess of Mabbög her name is still veiled in obscurity.

W. ROBERTSON SMITH.

A NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF ART.

IT is proposed to form a National Association for the Advancement of Art on the analogy of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Like the British Association, the National Art Association will hold an annual congress in one of the great provincial towns after another. Its first congress will be held in Liverpool in the month of November next.

This movement was started at a town meeting, held in the town hall of Liverpool, on March 21, with the mayor of Liverpool in the chair. At that meeting it was unanimously resolved that a congress should be held in Liverpool in the ensuing autumn to discuss all manner of practical questions connected with the furtherance and development of art in all its branches. An influential committee was appointed to carry the scheme into effect. It was afterwards decided that this congress should be the first of a series to be held year by year in different towns; and the National Association for the Advancement of Art, now to be founded, is called into existence as a central body to organise these congresses.

The officers of the first congress will be as follows:—president of the Liverpool meeting, Sir Frederick Leighton; section of painting—president, Mr. L. Alma Tadema; section of architecture—president, Mr. G. Aitohison; section of sculpture—president, Mr. Alfred Gilbert; section of art history and museums—president, Mr. Sidney Colvin; hon. secretaries of the Liverpool meeting, Mr. H. E. Rensburg, Prof. W. M. Conway. There will also be sections devoted to the decorative arts and to what may be called public art. The last mentioned section will discuss the relation of governments and municipalities to art, both in regard to patronage and the technical education of artists and artisans; also to the legislative measures or social developments to be promoted for the propagation of art among the masses of the people.

A public meeting for the purpose of constituting the association will be held, by kind permission of the Duke of Westminster, at Grosvenor House, on Friday, June 6.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. R. BARRETT BROWNING and his bride have settled in Venice for a year. He has at last thrown off the throat complaint which laid him up in London.

THE really important Méryon etching to be sold to-day at Messrs. Sotheby's is one of the extraordinarily rare "first states"—they might almost have been called "proofs"—of the "Abside de Notre Dame." These are so few that they may very nearly be counted on the fingers of one hand; and the impression about to change hands is mentioned in Mr. Wedmore's *Méryon*

as one of two on which the artist wrote some bitterly satirical verses, setting forth that the church of Notre Dame, great as it is, would be found not large enough to contain even the *élite* of the sinners of Paris. This particular impression, it seems, was given by the etcher to his brother artist, Braquemond.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co.'s sixth annual exhibition of drawings by modern artists will be held in the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, from June 7 to June 22 inclusive. The private view will be on June 6.

THERE has just been published, as the third volume of the *Papers of the American School at Athens*, Dr. J. S. Sterrett's account of the archaeological expedition in Asia Minor which he made in 1885, with funds supplied by Mrs. Wolfe. Two maps by Kiepert show the results in the identification of some twenty ancient towns in Cilicia, Lycæonia, Isauria, and Pisidia. Perhaps the most interesting of these is the Lystra of the Acts, which is fixed at a ruined site called Zoldera, near the modern Khatun Serai, by the following Latin inscription: "Divum Augustum Colonia Julia Felix Gemina Lustra consecravît decreto decurionum." There is also mention of a monolithic stele, twenty-three feet high and nine feet in diameter, found by Dr. Sterrett at Fasiller, containing figures which are unmistakably Hittite. Dr. Sterrett, we may add, has recently accepted a professorship at the small university of Miami, Oxford, Ohio.

THE STAGE.

"THE BEN-MY-CHREE."

ON Thursday in last week we welcomed Mr. Wilson Barrett back to the theatre whose fortunes and whose credit he honourably raised. His loss of it may, after all, have been only temporary. His present return to the Princess's is, it is true, as guest, and not as host or landlord; but more lasting possession may even yet be given him. That is quite within the bounds of possibility; and Miss Hawthorne, who sat in a stage box on Thursday night—applauding Mr. Barrett and Miss Eastlake with great heartiness—would certainly not be the last to recognise how appropriate is even Mr. Barrett's present return. At the Globe he was out of place. The auditorium is uninviting; the approach disagreeable; the stage—though used ingeniously enough in "The Golden Ladder"—wanting in spaciousness. But a move to Her Majesty's, which was talked about, would have been a move from bad to worse. Acting of reasonable delicacy is simply lost in so vast a theatre. In a gigantic play-house art can make no appeal to you; spectacle and a great orchestra alone have their chance; and it is obvious that even the spectacle cannot be of the finer and more delicate kind. But, at a theatre of the size of the Princess's, the claims of spectacle and of the art of acting are fairly reconciled.

Much of the enthusiasm bestowed upon "Ben-my-Chree" was bestowed, no doubt, on Mr. Barrett and his return; but, when the circumstances of the moment have been allowed for, there remains a measure of cordiality reserved for the drama. The drama had obvious advantages. The hand Mr. Barrett himself had in it was the hand, of course, of one profoundly versed in stage knowledge; and that must necessarily have been wanted in a case in which the manager's literary partner was a novelist who has

indeed, devoted, some attention to the theatre—but much as Mr. Micawber devoted “some attention to the art of baking,” for Mr. Hall Caine has been primarily critic and novelist. But it was not only Mr. Hall Caine who experienced an advantage in the co-operation of so entirely practical an artist as Mr. Barrett. It was an advantage to the management to present a work by a romance writer of a certain mark—one who takes his craft seriously—and who, in *The Deemster* (on which the “Ben-my-Chree” is founded), has not only got upon new ground, but has spared no pains to make himself completely acquainted with it. Nor is *The Deemster*—as my own rapid reading of it has convinced me—only the result of literary tact and local learning. There is feeling in the book—some dramatic power—conceptions bold, or of fair originality, and these well realised. Much is done in *The Deemster*, and the writer of *The Deemster* may conceivably do more.

This word upon the genesis—the favourable genesis—of “Ben-my-Chree” has not been out of place; but it would be ridiculous, because one mentions the novel, to judge the play with much reference to it. A novel, even if the novel is his own, can never be to a dramatist material for mere transfer. It is a source of inspiration, and not, for the present purpose, a work of art. Accordingly—in most cases at least—the dramatist owes it but little respect. He may be grateful, but his gratitude need not take the form of conservatism. He may alter incidents; he may emphasise or accentuate character. What is required of him chiefly is that he shall produce a good play. Very likely the better the novel is, the more it will want altering. I will go further than that—the better the novel is, the more difficulties will it present to the dramatist. For the artist in novel writing—the artist in narrative fiction, long or short—is the person who best takes advantage of the large liberty peculiar to the narrative form. The form may be so flexible: his effects may be so varied. Now the *Deemster* is a novel that dramatises well. It is a good, even a striking, romance. It is aimed presumably, not at a poor public indeed, but not at a very specially chosen one, which alone exacts, and alone understands, the virtues of compression and delicacy; the employment of the precise word, and of no other, for the thing that is in question; the last refinements of style; the frankest or most deliberate originality. Work of this sort, on the rare occasions on which it is produced, must be practically addressed by an artist in literature to his brethren; and the affront of academic and mechanical praise, or of a too immediate popularity, is by this means avoided. But Mr. Hall Caine's work—unlike the best of Mr. Hardy's, Mr. Meredith's, or, strange as it may seem to-day to say so, Mr. Stevenson's—Mr. Hall Caine's work does not belong to this class.

“Ben my Chree's” story has been told sufficiently in the morning papers. All I chronicle here is that its complications are made possible by a curious and very interesting conflict between the powers of Church Law and Civil Law, and that its scene is laid in the earlier half of the last century, in the Isle of Man, amid a landscape and a seascape, which Mr. Walter Hann

has splendidly realised. Pool vash beg, its coast and its waters, as they are seen at the Princess's, recall in the richness and glow of their colouring the effects of Mr. Hook. Tynwald—the upland solitude, where the strange trial comes to be conducted amidst the encircling hill-sides—is, in its stage way, wilder and more spacious than any moorland of Copley Fielding's. It suggests, in its own fashion, Mr. Thomas Collier, or perhaps Turner's “Ingleborough”; or, to put it differently, is an extremely skilful and even imaginative piece of scene-painting. “Ben-my-Chree” gives occasion for scenery of this sort, and thus, in its own way, does service. It does greater service by affording an at all events sympathetic part to Miss Eastlake, a hearty part to Mr. George Barrett—whose genial personality the town enjoys—and such a part for Mr. Wilson Barrett as he has not found for some time; so spirited and daring is the character of Dan Mylrea, so well is it endowed with the colours of romance. Indeed, I think that, after the great part of Hamlet and the touching part of Chatterton, must next be reckoned among the impersonations of Mr. Barrett this part of Dan Mylrea. It gives occasion for the display of so much of his range; it suggests to him perhaps the doing of the very things which he does best of all. As Mona, Miss Eastlake, I have said, is very sympathetic; but she is more than that—her display of variety within limits pretty narrowly traced by the dramatist shows that she has at hand the resources of her art. Winning and emotional in several earlier passages, her brief death scene is notable for its discretion and its truth. As Ewan, Mona's brother, Mr. Fulton shows himself again as earnest actor and good elocutionist. As the Deemster, Mr. Austin Melford is repugnant with picturesqueness, and I could wish to give him no higher praise. Mr. John Maclean—one of those sound actors who know their business to the core—may, as the good bishop, be picturesque sympathetically. He does not seem to me to be, at any moment, incarnate grief; but he is often incarnate piety and incarnate benevolence. Miss Lillie Belmore—never seen before half as well, and bright and fresh as it is possible to be—gives reality, a pleasant definiteness, to the character of an attendant, Kitty, who might easily have been played with tameness, and would then have been nothing at all.

There are several circumstances—good acting, a good setting, a piece sufficiently original—conspiring together, happily, to make the “Ben-my-Chree” certain of the desired run.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

WEDNESDAY night was appointed for the long-expected change of programme at the Lyceum, when “Robert Macaire,” with Mr. Irving in Frederick Lemaître's great part, and “The Amber Heart,” a more or less poetic production, with Miss Ellen Terry in the chief rôle, were to succeed “Faust.”

It seems that Mr. Richard Mansfield, when he comes to the Lyceum in the autumn, during Mr. Henry Irving's provincial tour, does not purpose to confine himself to “Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll,” in which in America his great success has been won. That, however, is the piece in which, unless his merits have been overstated, every one will be interested in seeing him.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THREE mythological pieces for orchestra, composed by Mr. Silas, were played at the fifth Philharmonic concert last Thursday week, under the composer's direction. They belong to a set devoted to the deities of classical mythology. The first represents Aphrodite floating on the waves; and the goddess of beauty appears in the form of a long drawn-out theme of considerable charm. The movement is cleverly written and scored with ingenuity. Next comes Vulcan; and by means of cymbals and side-drum, the fire-god at his forge is depicted in somewhat realistic fashion. The third movement, devoted to Pan, is less interesting. The composer met with a hearty reception. M^{me}. Sophie Menter, who has not visited London for several seasons, appeared at this concert, and performed Liszt's Pianoforte Concerto in A. M^{me}. Menter is one of the few pianists who can grapple successfully with the enormous difficulties of this work. Her technique is faultless, her strength prodigious, and her wonderful playing almost made one forget the extreme ugliness of the music. At the close she was received with a storm of applause, and returned to the platform, giving, as encore, Liszt's transcription of the “Marche Hongroise,” the one in Schubert's “Divertissement” for four hands. Here, again, she showed herself a worthy pupil of the great pianist. M^{me}. Fursch-Madi gave a dramatic rendering of Beethoven's “Ah! perfido,” and won also her share of applause. In the second part of the programme she sang Gounod's “O ma lyre immortelle.” The instrumental music comprised Wagner's “Siegfried Idyll,” Beethoven's C minor Symphony, and Weber's “Oberon” Overture. Mr. F. H. Cowen, who conducted for the last time previous to his departure for Melbourne, acquitted himself admirably.

Mr. C. Hallé gave his second recital on Friday, May 18. The novelty of the afternoon was a pianoforte Trio in A minor, entitled “A la mémoire d'un grand artiste,” by the Russian composer Tchaikowski. The first movement is a long one, and has about it an air of nobility. The writing throughout is decidedly clever and interesting; but one cannot help feeling that the composer might have tried to express and develop his thoughts at less length. The same, indeed, may be said of the second part of the Trio, which consists of a theme followed by variations. They show an immense amount of ingenuity, and all are more or less attractive; but there are too many. Just before the close, a return is made to the opening theme of the first movement. The pianoforte part throughout is extremely effective, and it was brilliantly played by Mr. Hallé. M^{me}. Norman-Néruda and Mr. F. Néruda proved, of course, worthy associates. The rest of the programme included Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 81a, Brahms' Sonata for piano and violin in G, and the Phantasietücke, Op. 88, by Schumann.

Señor Sarasate gave his second orchestral concert at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, May 19. His fine rendering of Dr. Mackenzie's Concerto must have given pleasure to the composer who was present. It is only in the last movement that Dr. Mackenzie has tried, as it were, to catch the popular ear. The opening Allegro and Largo are more difficult to follow, but Señor Sarasate throughout made one feel the earnest and ambitious character of the music. Afterwards Señor Sarasate played in Lalo's clever Symphonie Espagnole, and performed one of his showy Fantasias. The orchestra, under Mr. Cousins' direction gave, besides, Liszt's “Les Préludes,” and Weber's “Preciosa” Overture.

J. S. SHEDLOCK

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NOTICE.—*The Third Volume of THE HENRY IRVING SHAKESPEARE, Edited by Henry Irving and Frank A. Marshall, and Illustrated by Gordon Browne, price 10s. 6d., will be published on WEDNESDAY NEXT.*

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LITERATURE.

Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion as illustrated by Celtic Heathendom. By John Rhys. (Williams & Norgate.)

In his preface to this book Prof. Rhys says that when the subject of his Hibbert Lectures was announced many of his English friends wondered what he could possibly find to occupy six lectures. The friends from whom this expression of curiosity proceeded will certainly be astonished when they see this portly volume, containing more than double the quantity of matter in an ordinary Hibbert course, and still more when they learn that the author has been obliged to reserve for subsequent publication a large portion of the material which he had collected, and which, but for reasons of space, might have been appropriately included in the present work. The surprise excited by the size of the book will not be diminished by an examination of its contents. It is well known that Prof. Rhys is not among those writers who have the faculty of making a big book without having something to say; but few even of those who have given some study to the subject will be prepared to meet with such an abundance of well-established (or, at least, highly probable) results as are brought together in the earlier chapters. It is doubtless true, as the author would be the first to acknowledge, that the book contains, besides the conclusions which may be regarded as fairly secure, a large number of suggestions which future investigation may very likely show to be untenable. But in the infant stage of a science it is quite as important a task to present new problems as to solve old ones; and the most effective way of calling attention to a problem is usually to propose a tentative solution. The Hibbert Lectures on Celtic mythology will be none the less an epoch-making book, even though but few of the theories advanced should win their way to a place among scientific certainties.

Prof. Rhys's starting-point in his investigations is of course the well-known description given by Caesar of the Gaulish pantheon. In most cases the native names, or at least the native epithets, of the gods identified by Caesar with those of his own country are ascertained beyond doubt by the evidence of ancient inscriptions in which the Roman and the Celtic names are mentioned together. In other instances the inscriptions present us with Celtic names of gods which are nowhere accompanied by any Roman names. But even in this case it is often possible to connect these gods with those in Caesar's list by means of the indications of their characters and functions contained either in the inscriptions themselves or in the sculptured representations with which they are associated.

So far the ground has to a considerable extent been worked by former scholars, though even here Prof. Rhys has been able to make many new and interesting suggestions. But the most original, and therefore the most important, part of his work consists in the investigation of the traces which ancient Celtic mythology has left in the heroic legends of Ireland and of Wales. To many persons, indeed, it will seem that this line of inquiry is foredoomed to unfruitfulness. The theory that the gods of ancient heathenism survive into Christian times as the heroes of quasi-historical legend has undoubtedly fallen into some discredit owing to the exaggerated application of it that has been made by certain scholars, who seem to think that all popular tradition is nothing but divine myth in disguise. But the passage of religious myth into heroic legend is so natural a process that the burden of proof surely rests with those who deny its existence, and the evidence of its having occurred in particular instances is too strong to be reasonably resisted. This is true, as I believe, even where we have to do with purely popular tradition. But Irish and Welsh romance, it is important to remember, is not of merely popular origin. It is the work of an organised and trained class of poets and story-tellers. If these men had been accustomed in heathen days to relate the exploits of the gods and goddesses from whom their royal patrons claimed to be descended, they certainly would not cease to relate the same stories when they became Christians. The court poet of a Christian Irish or Welsh king could not, indeed, without blasphemy continue to say that the ancestors of his royal patron were divine. But just as little could he consign to oblivion their glorious achievements. The heroes of tradition were for him none the less real persons, and their history none the less true, because a benighted age had deified them. The stories of the gods, which reflected honour on their supposed descendants, must still continue to be told; only they were now regarded as belonging to the history of Ireland or of Britain. We must be prepared, I think, to find in Irish and Welsh romance a kind of systematic euhemerism which it would be unreasonable to expect to discover in purely popular tradition. And this view of the matter is supported by the fact that the earliest versions of Irish legend show a distinct consciousness of the divine character of many personages whom later versions exhibit as human and historical heroes.

There is therefore every reason *a priori* to expect that the method of inquiry followed by Prof. Rhys will lead to sound results. It will, indeed, probably occur to many readers that his success has been too complete, for he has been able to find in Celtic tradition vestiges not only of the six deities (including Dis) said by Caesar to have been the chief objects of Gaulish worship, but also of many minor divinities whose names appear in the inscriptions of Gaul and Britain. Very likely he may often have found survivals of mythology in stories which are really either distorted history or the product of romantic invention. It would be a marvel indeed if he had altogether escaped falling into the errors incident to all pioneer work. But, at all events, a solid basis for further

research has been laid in the demonstration, now given for the first time, of the great extent of the common element in the heroic legends of Ireland and of Wales. In some instances it may be safely inferred, from the forms in which the names appear, that this common element is not due to borrowing on either side, but goes back to the period of Celtic unity, that is to say, to a time when the divinities described by Caesar were actually worshipped.

In several cases Prof. Rhys has been able to show that the actual names of ancient divinities have survived into Christian times in Ireland and in Wales. The epithet *Segomo* (presumably "the victorious" or "the mighty") belonging to the Gaulish Mars, appears in the Ogam personal name, *Netta-segamonas*, "Segomo's champion." The proper name of the same god, *Camulos*, which is found in the name of the British Roman city *Camulodunum*,* has its normal phonetic descendant in *Cumall*, the name of "a warrior king of Ireland," the father of the famous legendary hero *Finn*. The investigation of the stories of the Welsh hero *Lleu* (corruptly *Llew*) and of the Irish hero *Lug*, yields still more striking results of the same kind. Prof. Rhys shows that their names are etymologically identical, pointing back to an Old-Celtic *Lugus*; and that the character of the stories about them, no less than the derivation of their common name, suggests that they represent an ancient God of Light. The name of this god he considers to be the etymon of the name of the city *Lugdunon*, or *Lugdunum*. A more satisfactory evidence, however, of the connexion of *Lleu* or *Lug* with the Gaulish pantheon is found in the Spanish inscription in which a certain *L. L. Urcico* dedicates a temple to "the *Lugoves*" for the benefit of a guild of cobblers (*collegio aurorum*). The form *Lugoves* is the normal plural of *Lugus*, and even the association with the "cobblers" seems to receive illustration from a Welsh triad which designates *Lleu* as one of the "Three Golden Cord-wainers" of the Isle of Britain. Whether the Welsh myth which accounts for this grotesque-sounding appellation be genuine, or merely invented for the sake of an explanation, does not greatly matter. At any rate, the coincidence is a remarkable one; and Prof. Rhys cannot fairly be accused of arbitrarily manipulating his materials when he suggests that the *Lugoves* may be *Lleu* and his father *Gwydion*, who is associated with him in one version of the triad and in the explanatory legend. An alternative conjecture, which perhaps deserves consideration, is that the *Lugoves* were a pair or triad of divine brothers, bearing the name *Lugus*, possibly with distinguishing epithets. This supposition, however, makes no difference with regard to the mythological origin of the *Lleu* or *Lug* of late Celtic legend. It is obvious that the demonstration that *Cumall*, and *Lleu*, or *Lug*, are the representatives of ancient Celtic deities affords a *prima facie* justification for the attempt to discover traces of religious myth in the other personages with whom those heroes are associated in Irish and Welsh story. To a considerable

* Is it possible that the similar name, *Camulodunum* (Slack in Yorkshire) may be derived from *Cambo*, one of the names of the Celtic Mercury?

extent there is other justification also; for the early forms of Irish legend not unfrequently speak of one or other of the heroic figures as being gods or the children of gods. It is perhaps too much to hope that this volume will put an end to the notion that the Tuatha Dé Danann and the Fomorians (= *submarini*) were real nations who lived and fought on the soil of Ireland; but it is not likely that any careful and clear-headed reader will continue to advocate that once popular theory. That historical elements may have here and there been worked into the mythic framework is a different position, and not in itself irrational, though it might be difficult to prove its truth in any particular instance.

Prof. Rhys's examination of the myths relating to the Celtic Mercury leads him to highly interesting and far-reaching conclusions. According to Caesar this deity was the head of the Gaulish pantheon, and his character was that of the inventor of arts and sciences, and the patron of travelling and commerce. Caesar does not say that the Gauls regarded him as being, like Hermes-Mercury, the inspirer of eloquence; but this function harmonises well with those which are expressly mentioned. Now, the Gaulish god of eloquence, who may plausibly be conjectured to be an aspect of the so-called Mercury, is described by Lucian under the title of Heracles Ogmios; and this epithet is etymologically identical with the name of Ogma, the champion of the Tuatha Dé Danann, who appears in Irish legend as the inventor of Ogam writing, and as being "skilled in dialects and in poetry." Prof. Rhys conjectures that the word Ogam, from the original form of which Ogmios is derived, must have primarily meant "skilled use of words," or something nearly equivalent. It has long been observed as a remarkable fact that the chief god of the Gauls and the chief god of the Germans should have been identified by the Romans with Mercury, and that Caesar's description of the character of the Gaulish deity should coincide so closely with what we know respecting his Germanic analogue Woden. But, if to the attributes of the Gaulish Mercury we add those of Ogmios, the parallel with Woden becomes more striking still. Moreover, in Welsh romance there is a conspicuous personage, Gwydion ab Dôn, whose story bears a very noteworthy resemblance to that of Woden, and whose connexion with Gaulish mythology is shown by his being said to be the father of Lleu, the representative of the Celtic god of light. From all these facts the author draws the startling inference that the myths which are preserved in the Teutonic story of Woden and in the analogous Celtic traditions must have already assumed a high degree of development before the breaking-up of that portion of the Aryan family which included alike the ancestors of Celts and Teutons.

One obvious objection to this view is that, according to the teaching of philology, the Celts stand in a less close relation linguistically to the Germanic peoples than they do to the peoples of ancient Italy, and that there is no evidence that the latter had anything closely analogous to the myth in question. It is true the genuine Italic mythology has been so overlaid with foreign elements, Greek and

Etruscan, that a very large portion of the original traditions must be irrecoverably lost. But it seems worth while to suggest that the common element in Celtic and Teutonic myth may partly date, not from the time of Celto-Teutonic unity, but from the less remote, though still prehistoric period, when, as the evidence of language shows, the undivided Teutonic people lived under the dominion of the Celts. Nor does it seem wholly impossible that among those portions of Teutonic mythology which are known to us only from Scandinavian sources there may be many individual features directly borrowed from the Celts in comparatively recent times.

Prof. Rhys endeavours to show that the names of Gwydion and Woden are etymologically allied. The demonstration, however, does not seem quite conclusive. According to the theory which the author adopts, the name Woden, put back into its proto-Aryan equivalents, would be *Wātānōs*, allied to the Norse *ǫðr*, "poetic inspiration," the Latin *vates* and the Irish *fáith*, "a poet"; and also to the Old-English *wōd*, "mad," the original sense of which is indicated by the use of its Gothic equivalent as the rendering of *δαίμονιζόμενος*, "possessed by a demon." This etymology certainly seems to yield a more appropriate sense than any that can be got out of the older assumption (phonologically equally legitimate) of derivation from the root *wadh*, "to go." According to Prof. Rhys, the original Celtic form of Gwydion was *Vetjo*, in the genitive *Vetjonos*; and he derives it from a root *wet*, meaning "to say." So far as the consonants are concerned there is no difficulty in connecting this name with Woden; but the long *a* of *Wātānos* and *vates* cannot easily be derived from an *ǝ* in the Aryan root. Another point is that the assumed meaning of the root does not satisfactorily account for the notion of "daemonic frenzy" which seems to be present in the Teutonic and Latin words; unless, indeed, it be supposed that the sense "to say" was developed from an earlier sense "to prophesy." It is to be noted that no such divine name as *Vetio* has yet been found in any old Celtic inscription, nor does the equivalent name appear in Irish story; so that even if it had been shown that Gwydion is from the same root as Woden, the fact would still not have the same importance as if the former name were known to be the common property of the Celtic people.

The statement that the heroes of the Tuatha Dé Danann and the chief actors in Arthurian legend are neither mere creations of romantic imagination nor historical personages, but the gods of Celtic heathendom, will by many persons be received with incredulous surprise. Readers who are disposed to regard such a theory as utterly preposterous may be recommended to consider what Prof. Rhys has to say about Nuada of the Silver Hand, king of the Tuatha Dé Danann. The spelling of this name and its declension show that it represents an original Celtic form *Nōdent* or *Nōdont*. At Lydney in Gloucestershire three Latin inscriptions have been found bearing this name as that of a god, their readings being severally *Devo Nodenti*, *D. M. Nodonti*, and *Deo Nudente M.* The normal Welsh equivalent of *Nōdens*, *Nuada*, would be *Nûs*. There is a hero of this name in Welsh legend, of whom but little is recorded. But one of

the most famous characters of the fictitious history of Britain bears the name of Llŷs Llawereint—Llŷs of the Silver Hand; and the identity of the epithet with that of the Irish hero at least gives strong plausibility to Prof. Rhys's view that the name Llŷs (Geoffrey's King Lud) was altered from *Nûs* by the influence of alliteration. If this be so, it follows that Irish tradition spoke of a king of Ireland, and Welsh tradition of a king of Britain, bearing the name of a god who is proved to have been worshipped in Britain after the Christian era; and in each case the legend gives to the king in question the attribute of a "silver hand." It seems to me that the conclusion that a divine myth has in this instance been transmuted into romantic legend can be resisted only by those who have made up their minds beforehand that such a transmutation is impossible.

Whether the Celtic *Nōdens* is to be identified with Caesar's Mars, as has been inferred from the initial M in the Latin inscriptions, or with Neptune, as the Lydney mosaics suggest, or with Jupiter, as Prof. Rhys believes on other grounds, is a question of subordinate importance. The main point is that a strong case has been made out for regarding a considerable portion of Irish and Welsh romantic legend as a survival of stories that belonged originally to religious myth. I cannot myself follow Prof. Rhys in his suggestion that "Ludgate" indicates the site of a temple to the god "Llŷs"; but to state the grounds of my dissent would carry me too far.

The points of interest in the volume are so numerous that it is quite impossible to discuss them all in a single article. One of the author's most striking suggestions is that the unhistorical features of the German Theoderic legends may be due to a confusion between the Gothic king and his namesake the Gaulish (Apollo) Toutiorix. I cannot say that I feel altogether convinced, but the conjecture well deserves consideration. The name of the Gaulish god, like that of the historical Goth, means "people-king." The famous Teutates of Lucan (which appears in the dative as *Marti Toutati* in a Roman-British inscription) is also obviously derived from *touta* "people"; and Prof. Rhys seems to be right in thinking it equivalent to the similarly derived Gothic *biudans* "king." The divine name *Esus* (Hesus) mentioned by Lucan, together with that of Teutates, is regarded by Prof. Rhys as cognate with the Teutonic *ansus*; and he finds derivatives of it (quite according to phonological laws) in the Welsh *tor* "Lord," and in the personal names Eogan and Owen, which seem to be identical with the Gaulish *Esugenos* "offspring of Esus." The third name of a Gaulish deity mentioned in Lucan's lines, Taranis, is explained at once by the Welsh and Irish word for thunder, *taran*, *toirn*. Prof. Rhys accepts both the Taranis of the ordinary text of Lucan and the Taranus of Gaulish inscriptions, regarding the former as a goddess (according to the apparent implication of Lucan's words), and the latter as a male deity, both having to do with the thunder. The former name appears in the Ogam personal name *Awi Toranias*, "descendant of Toranis," and in the name of the Irish clan *Uí Torna*. The name Maponos, assigned in inscriptions to the Celtic Apollo, is obviously identical with the Welsh *mapon*, "a boy or

youth." The correctness of this interpretation is confirmed by the inscriptions which mention the god as *Deus Bonus Puer Posphorus Apollo*; and it is remarkable that in Welsh story Mabon actually occurs as the name of a mighty hunter, and as having undergone a proverbially cruel captivity, which Prof. Rhys aptly compares to the bondage of Apollo in the house of Admetus.

Notwithstanding the title which the conditions of the Hibbert trust have required him to give to his book, the author has nothing to say on the "origin and growth of religion," and not much even on the origin of mythology. His task has been to discover from the extant vestiges of Celtic myth what the ancient Celtic religion was in its latest and most developed form. Owing, however, to the nature of the materials, it is impossible to conduct such an inquiry, or to expound its results, without having some sort of general theory with regard to the class of ideas which mythology chiefly embodies. It is noteworthy that, although Prof. Rhys's avowed sympathies are with the "anthropological" school, most of his conclusions are likely to be less favourably received by the disciples of that school than by its opponents. The "anthropologists" will read with pleasure the remarks introductory to the chapter on "The Zeus of the Insular Celts"; but it is to be feared that when, after all, they find Prof. Rhys still cherishing the *excellent superstition* about "Sun-heroes," "divinities of Dawn and Dusk," and "the common Aryan mythology," they will be ready to echo the complaint of King Balak. Prof. Rhys has learned from Mr. Lang to ascribe the origin of the Aryan mythology to a lower stage of thought than that to which older scholars referred it; but he does not follow him in thinking lightly of the value of philological methods of research, and he still believes that nature-myth is the largest (though not the only) element in the stories of Aryan deities. The last chapter contains an ingeniously written conjectural restoration of the primitive Celtic theogony, which it may be as well for readers to look at before going through the book, as it will enable them to perceive the bearing of many of the author's individual theories, which otherwise they might be apt to overlook.

HENRY BRADLEY.

Before the Curfew, and other Poems: Chiefly Occasional. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. (Sampson Low.)

A SPEAKER or preacher, if he be wise, is careful to finish his discourse while yet his readers would be glad to have it prolonged. In like manner, one clear merit of Dr. Holmes's latest gathering of verses is that the reader closes the book regretfully, wishing there was more. It consists of only thirty-five pieces, most of them tolerably short; and, as Dr. Holmes is never guilty of writing dull things, at least in verse, its welcome is assured. As to the quality of the contents, the author's established reputation is not likely to be affected much in any way—it will be neither enhanced nor diminished. The verses are in his usual style and up to his usual average. There is not one piece of transcendent merit in the volume—not one that is fairly entitled to rank with "The One

Hoss Shay," or with "Contentment." But, on the other hand, there is nothing that the author need be ashamed of; nothing that can be said to indicate that he is getting "played out"; nothing, in short, that would have been better omitted. If Dr. Holmes has been always contented with a modest level in verse, never reaching any great heights, it must be admitted that, unlike some great poets, even in his later years he has done nothing to discredit himself.

The general tone of the book is not, indeed, quite the tone familiar to us of old. There is less of laughter, and what laughter there is is more subdued. Perhaps the very best pieces here are some which contain no laughter at all; whereas, hitherto, we have been accustomed to associate Dr. Holmes's best pieces with what was cheeriest and brightest. There is nothing in the book finer than the sad and touching initial verses entitled "At my Fireside," and dated March 1, 1868, referring to the irreparable loss that had then just fallen on the author:

"Alone, beneath the darkened sky,
With saddened heart and unstrung lyre,
I heap the spoils of years gone by,
And leave them with a long-drawn sigh,
Like driftwood brands that glimmering lie,
Before the ashes hide the fire.

"Let not these slow declining days
The rosy light of dawn outlast;
Still round my lonely hearth it plays,
And glides the east with borrowed rays,
While memory's mirrored sunset blaze
Flames on the windows of the past."

The nearest approach to fun is to be found in the series of pieces which Dr. Holmes prepared for the now famous meetings of the survivors of "the Class of 1829"; and, as might be expected, this fun is of rather a ghostly, if not actually of a ghostly, kind. In 1851, it was quite a "happy thought" of somebody's that the men who had graduated at Harvard University in the year 1829 should form a kind of club and meet together at dinner once a year; but thirty-seven years have elapsed since then, and brought such changes that the few members who are left might, one would think, give effect to another happy thought, and dissolve their club forthwith, instead of waiting for the time when the last man shall sit in solitary state partaking of his last dinner. The spectacle of a number of elderly gentlemen watching one another in this fashion, and wondering, on the occasion of each dinner, which of them will be dead before the next takes place, is not edifying. How many of the class met at this year's dinner on January 8 last I do not know; but so far back as 1880 Dr. Holmes's verses recorded that of the original fifty not more than twenty were left. No wonder that the fun, which in the early effusions was genuine enough, has grown more and more forced as, year by year, the old gentlemen meet and play at being boys again. One is reminded of the dismal subjects of Dr. Heidegger's experiment when the temporary delusion created by the Water of Youth had passed away:

"His guests shivered again. A strange chilliness, whether of the body or spirit they could not tell, was gradually creeping over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each fleeting moment snatched away a charm and left a deepening furrow where none had been before."

The piece read at the gathering of 1882, which gives its title to the present volume, is quite in this tone. It is too long to quote in full, but a few verses will serve to indicate what I mean:

"Not bed-time yet! The night-winds blow,
The stars are out, full well we know
The nurse is on the stair,
With hand of ice and cheek of snow,
And frozen lips that whisper low,
'Come, children, it is time to go
My peaceful couch to share.'

"No years a wakeful heart can tire;
Not bed-time yet! Come, stir the fire
And warm your dear old hands;
Kind mother-earth we love so well
Has pleasant stories yet to tell
Before we hear the curfew bell;
Still glow the burning brands.

"Not bed-time yet! The full-blown flower
Of all the year—this evening hour—
With friendship's flame is bright;
Life still is sweet, the heavens are fair,
Though fields are brown and woods are bare,
And many a joy is left to share
Before we say good-night."

Here is none of the noble and contented spirit which properly belongs to the old age of a life well spent. We miss the "serenity of thought and behaviour" of which Emerson speaks. Contrast it with Emerson's own attitude when he discovered that it was "time to be old":

"As the bird trims her to the gale,
I trim myself to the storm of time,
I man the rudder, reef the sail,
Obey the voice at eve obeyed at prime:
'Lowly faithful, banish fear,
Right onward drive, unharmed;
The port, well worth the cruise, is near,
And every wave is charmed.'"

As a composer of occasional verses Dr. Holmes stands unrivalled. He can throw off a jovial song for a public dinner and a hymn for a church festival with equal ease. He is a master of fine phrases, can say airy nothings delightfully, and is judicious and never gives offence. He knows just what is wanted, and can supply it. All this has made him a very useful man in certain ways, and has helped to give him popularity; but it would be manifestly unjust to regard him as a mere tea-party poet, or to assume that time and fame will judge him solely or chiefly by his rhymes. "Here's a reputation: not as the author of *Typical Developments*, but the writer of 'The Little Pig Jumped,' who sings it and does the squeak himself!" exclaims Mr. Burnand's hero despairingly; and Dr. Holmes, likewise, when injudicious admirers talk extravagantly about his pleasant verses, calling them great poems, may well cry out—"Here's a reputation: not as the author of *The Autocrat*, *The Professor*, and *The Poet*, but as the writer of light verses for the hour, which show a talent for rhyme, but no genius!" How time and fame may ultimately settle matters for him I cannot know, and shall not try to guess; but this much is certain—that they will not follow in the footsteps of the injudicious admirers. Dr. Holmes has himself drawn an excellent distinction between the singer and the poet; and it is possible and proper to speak highly of his powers as a singer without pretending that he is a poet at all. "It is a man's sincerity and depth of vision that makes him a poet," said Carlyle. Dr. Holmes's "Agnes" has been described as

not only "by far the most beautiful of his poems," but "one of the most beautiful of American poems." "The Chambered Nautilus," too, is often quoted and much admired by its author as well as by others. The former is a questionable story gracefully told, the latter a moral lesson well applied. Neither suggests a doubt as to their author's "sincerity," and neither points to any "depth of vision." Dr. Holmes belongs to the order of "born singers," and not to the order of "born poets," yet his verses form, probably, his smallest claim to eminence. Those studies in morbid anatomy that are called his novels are truer indications of his genius than the best of the passing fancies which he has been accustomed to enshrine in verse. His office in the world has been neither that of poet nor that of novelist, but the office of a critic of society; and the high water mark of his achievement, a mark far beyond the others, is assuredly the "Breakfast Table" Series.

WALTER LEWIN.

Tropical Africa. By Henry Drummond. With Maps and Illustrations. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

It may be taken for granted that the author of *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* may be daring and at times even slightly paradoxical, but never either dull or commonplace. Mature scholarship and a genial temperament are in his writings so blended with an exquisite sense of style that however big a book he may choose to offer the public he will be always sure of an audience. But, like a giant sparing of his strength, he here offers them the very briefest summary of a trip recently made to the East African equatorial lake regions. He does it of set purpose, too, for he is minded that big books of travel have had their day, while

"small books, with the larger features of a country slightly sketched, and just enough of narrative to make you feel that you are really there, have a function in helping the imagination of those who have not breath enough to keep up with the great explorers" (Preface).

Instead of the obsolete "three or four volumes and a map," he therefore here gives us "three or four maps and a volume," and thus with bold originality takes a new departure in the literature of travel. The "departure" is even greater than might appear from this statement; for, while the volume is very small, with plenty of "leading" and blank spaces, the maps are not "three or four," but six—all, it may be added, on a liberal scale, clearly executed, and of such a nature as to let the light into the duldest capacity. There is even a heroic attempt at a uniform and rational system of spelling, as shown by the "Mozambik" and "Kebrabassa" of the carefully prepared route map, which, however, are elsewhere replaced by the old-fashioned "Mozambique" and the eccentric "Karoabassa." But *non omnia possumus omnes*; and notwithstanding this failure, Prof. Drummond may well rest satisfied with the credit of having presented his readers with the most instructive series of maps that has yet appeared on the physical features, the geology, the present social and political relations of the African continent south of the Sahara.

One of the series is the slave-trade map,

showing the chief tracks of the slave caravans, and in different shadings of red the districts either harrassed or entirely depopulated by the villainous Arab slave-hunters and their native confederates. A glance at this map, after perusal of the accompanying text on "the heart-disease of Africa, its pathology and cure," will convey a clearer idea of the frightful havoc wrought by this nefarious traffic than might be gleaned from whole volumes written expressly on the subject. Well may the author exclaim that all the other evils from which the distressful continent suffers

"are lost in the shadow of a great and national wrong. Among these simple and unprotected tribes, Arabs—uninvited strangers of another race and nature—pour in from the north and east, with the deliberate purpose of making this paradise a hell. It seems the awful destiny of this homeless people to spend their lives in breaking up the homes of others. Wherever they go in Africa the followers of Islam are the destroyers of peace, the breakers-up of the patriarchal life, the dissolvers of the family tie. Already they hold the whole continent under one reign of terror."

The last statement is scarcely exaggerated, although many people still foolishly suppose that the recent "land-grabbing" has brought about a great "pax Africana." On the contrary the slavers are more openly defiant than ever. Not long ago they stormed the advanced station of the Congo Free State at Stanley Falls on the equator, and the other day wasted the region about the north end of Lake Nyassa under the very eyes of a British consul. Our author refers in burning words to all these things. But there is a point which he does not mention and evidently does not know, else he would scarcely speak so hopefully of Germanic influences, and especially of "the German Association in the east," as tending "to secure the peace of Africa." Why the truth should be concealed it is hard to say; but certain it is that no one has yet had the courage to speak out plainly on this painful subject. Possibly the sense of national humiliation is too deep to allow them to tell the British public that, in retiring from the East African seaboard between Pemba and Mozambique at the bidding of the German Chancellor, our government has virtually surrendered the whole region between Zanzibar and Tanganyika to the Arab slave-hunters. Through our intervention the traffic had no doubt been previously legally suppressed, and by the terms of the treaties with the sultan his officials on the mainland were bound to give effect to the new law within their jurisdiction. But these officials have now been replaced by German commissioners, who have practically abrogated the treaties, and left the slave-dealers full freedom of action. This is what has set Africa again in a blaze from the Congo to the Zambesi, and this is what must henceforth neutralise all our efforts on land and sea to wipe out the plague spot. In their blunt way the Germans tell us plainly that they are not philanthropists, that they do not believe in sentiment, that they have come into Africa not to put down slavery, but to sell rifles and spirits so long as the trade is profitable. When it ceases to pay, that is, when nobody is left to drink or to shoot, they may change their policy; but meantime the thing must run its course.

Short as it is, only a very small part of this delightful volume is taken up with the actual incidents of travel. The route was restricted to the region between the Zambesi delta and the plateau between Tanganyika and Nyassa; and as it diverged scarcely anywhere from the beaten track, not much opportunity was afforded for adventures of a novel or exciting character. In lieu of these we have "a traveller's diary," which, like the introductions to Cicero's letters, is sufficiently generalised to fit into almost any account of travels in Africa between the tropics. Here is a characteristic passage:

"The greatest wonder of all perhaps was the burning glass. They had never seen glass before, and thought it was *mazi* or water; but why the *mazi* did not run over when I put it in my pocket passed all understanding. When the light focused on the dry grass and set it ablaze their terror knew no bounds. 'He is a mighty spirit,' they cried, 'and brings down fire from the sun!' This single remark contains the key to the whole secret of a white man's influence and power over all uncivilised tribes. Why a white man, alone and unprotected, can wander among these savage peoples without any risk from murder or robbery is a mystery at home. But it is his moral power, his education, his civilisation. To the African the white man is a supreme being. His commonest acts are miracles; his clothes, his guns, his cooking utensils are supernatural. Everywhere his word is law. He can prevent death and war if he but speak the word. And let a single European settle, with fifty square miles of heathen round him, and in a short time he will be their king, their law-giver, and their judge. I asked my men one day the question point blank—'Why do you not kill me and take my guns and clothes and beads?' 'Oh,' they replied, 'we would never kill a spirit.'"

Incident and reflections alike are obviously of universal application. Room has also been found for a "Geological Sketch," reprinted from the *Transactions* of the British Association, besides two essays on the white ant and on mimicry, which have already appeared in one of the monthlies. But no one will regret their reissue in this more permanent form, for, as might be expected, Prof. Drummond is here at his very best. The article on mimicry especially is worthy to rank with anything ever written by Wallace, Bates, or Darwin himself on this fascinating subject. In the presence of such perfect form, such graphic description of details, such genial humour and subtle reasoning the critic has nothing to do but quote. The only difficulty is to find one passage more suitable than another for the purpose. By way of compromise the concluding remarks may be given:

"At the first revelation of all these smart hypocrisies one is inclined to brand the whole system as cowardly and false. And, however much the creatures impress you by their cleverness, you never quite get over the feeling that there is something underhand about it; something questionable and morally unsound. The evolutionist, also, is apt to charge mimetic species in general with neglecting the harmonious development of their physical framework, and by a cheap and ignoble subterfuge evading the appointed struggle for life. But is it so? Are the aesthetic elements in nature so far below the mechanical? Are colour and form, quietness and rest, so much less important than the specialisation of single

function or excellence in the arts of war? Is it nothing that, while in some animals the disguises tend to become more and more perfect, the faculties for penetrating them, in other animals, must continually increase in subtlety and power? And, after all, if the least must be said, is it not better to be a live dog than a dead lion?"

A. H. KEANE.

TALICE'S COMMENTARY ON DANTE.

La Commedia di Dante Alighieri col Commento inedito di Stefano Talice di Ricaldone.
Pubblicato per cura di V. Promis e di C. Negroni. (Milan: Hoepli.)

In the library of the king at Turin this Latin commentary on the *Divina Commedia* had long lain inedited and unknown even to Dante students till in the year 1885 a professor of the Turin University drew to it the attention of the learned. From that day the destiny of this work suddenly changed, and from its former obscurity it has rapidly passed to the honour of a second edition. The first was printed for private circulation only at the expense and by the command of the King of Italy, who desired that it should be dedicated to his son the Crown Prince "as a reward for his love of study, and in order that the divine poem may strengthen his mind and educate his heart to the love of his country's literature." But this edition, exhausted as soon as published, was inaccessible to the common reader; and the publisher Hoepli obtained permission to reproduce it in its entirety in this second edition, which has, like the first, been prepared with great diligence and learning by Signor Promis and Signor Negroni.

This commentary, though of secondary importance, seems to merit attention for several reasons. It is remarkable, above all, for the time at which it was written; for while commentators on Dante abound in the fourteenth century they are comparatively rare in the fifteenth, and the famous commentary of Landino is the only one before printed embracing the whole of the *Divina Commedia* which was written in that century. Nor is it of small importance to possess a second commentary which may aid us to see how in the midst of the renaissance of classical studies and antiquity the medieval imagination of Dante exercised its influence on the thought of the fifteenth century, and on what points this influence approached or differed from that of the preceding century. On the whole, this commentary of Talice's may be said to be derived in great part from that of Benvenuto da Imola, the most valuable, perhaps, of all the commentaries on Dante, which has been lately published at the expense of Mr. Vernon and edited most carefully by Sir James Lacaita. But though Talice, especially in the historical part, may differ but slightly, or in unimportant points, from his predecessor, he often varies considerably from him in the interpretation of the allegorical and moral statements; and also, as was to be expected from one writing in an age in which humanism prevailed, he often adds to that of Benvenuto da Imola his own stock of classical erudition. As to the commentator himself, Stephen Talice—born at Ricaldone in the Montferrat—

is an example of the proportions which the renaissance of classic culture had taken in Northern Italy, and shows us the existence of an old current of Italian studies in Piedmont at the courts of the marquises of Montferrat and Saluzzo, which deserves the attention of students of Italian literature; while the information regarding this current collected by the learned editors is in itself of considerable value.

In short, the edition, which is also externally elegant, has been admirably carried out, and is rendered still more interesting by a fine portrait of Dante hitherto unpublished, which, by some experts, has been considered the most authentic known. The appendix which has been added regarding this portrait is very noteworthy, but we are less convinced by the other appendix on the reading of the famous line:

"Poi che hai pietà del nostro mal perverso,"

which, in the commentary, is changed into:

"Poi che hai pietà del nostro amor perverso."

In truth, we think that in similar cases of different readings, easy as it is to find good reasons in favour of a new and rational reading, it is equally easy to find them in favour of the old one; and the doubt between the two remains impossible to overcome.

UGO BALZANI.

NEW NOVELS.

Dolly Lorraine. By Susan Morley. In 2 vols. (White.)

Seventy times Seven. By Adeline Sergeant. In 3 vols. (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.)

Love's a Tyrant. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip). In 3 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

A More Excellent Way. In Two Books. By Constance Howell. (Sonnenschein.)

Sheikh Hassan, the Spiritualist: a View of the Supernatural. By S. A. Hillam. (W. H. Allen.)

Chris. By W. E. Norris. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

Ruthven of Ruthven. By E. Everett-Green. (Frederick Warne.)

THERE are few nobler figures on the world's stage than that of a good man silently enduring undeserved obloquy for honour's sake; and that is what we are called upon to contemplate in the person of Mrs. Morley's hero, Humphrey Armstrong. He is really a fine, manly fellow, who enlists our sympathy as much as he commands our respect; and even those few—if any such there be—who may feel disposed to sneer at his chivalrous action in shielding Cecilia Ponsonby at the cost of his own good name, must admit that such a man would have been the best to select for friend or lover, and that Miss Lorraine was heartily to be congratulated on her choice. It must be confessed that, apart from the underhand way in which she came by her information, Cecilia was hardly so culpable as she is represented to have been, in making use of a true story as the groundwork of her novel. The thing is done every day. Such an action would, of course, have been unpardonable in Humphrey, because he would

have been revealing office secrets; but the mere employment of the materials on the part of the girl was not so very grievous an offence, if only she had come by her facts honestly. Is it likely, by the by, that any business men would discuss matters of grave professional import in a room where they evidently knew that they were liable to be overheard? However, Miss Ponsonby elected to conceal her identity for fear of her father's wrath; and the worthy banker, who seems to have had a talent for jumping at conclusions, pitched upon his promising clerk as the author, the consequence being that Mr. Armstrong had a remarkably unpleasant time of it, and nearly lost his partnership. As has been hinted, he was morally convinced of the true state of the case, but refused to take any steps towards clearing his own good name out of consideration for that of Cecilia. Fortunately for him, and for the cause of poetic justice, Dolly Lorraine, between whom and himself a secret attachment existed, was by no means content that her lover should sit down with infamy and set herself to ferret out the truth, which she did in a singularly ingenious manner. But we shall not forestall the reader's pleasure by revealing the nature of her stratagem. Dolly was the granddaughter of an impoverished peer, at whose death she would be actually homeless; under which circumstances one fails to see why Humphrey—an acknowledged gentleman, in spite of the mystery about his family—need have hesitated in offering her even the modest position which he could afford to give her. Of course, all comes right at last, though in a rather conventional way. The mystery is cleared up, the question of ways and means is satisfactorily settled, and the lovers are dismissed to rank and affluence.

We have not read lately a more enjoyable novel of incident than *Seventy times Seven*. It is such a treat when an author has the wit to construct an effective plot and to work it out simply, without worrying the reader with immaterial side-issues and jejune reflections; and that is what Mrs. Sergeant has done as touching the life history of Magdalen Lingard and Max Brendon, around whose figures the main action centres. The heroine is a fine and striking figure, from the opening scene of her interrupted wedding, through all her chequered existence, down to the time when happiness at last falls to her lot. The opening referred to is telling in every way, when Louisa Mackworth confronts the bridegroom with his deserted children, and prepares us for some strong situations as the story progresses. Nor is expectation disappointed. Nothing could be better of its kind than the scene in which the dying girl reconciles Cecil and Lenore; excellent, too, is Max's encounter with Philip Esher at the Priory; so is the latter's interview with his mad wife, and his tragical end. We must remark that, although Capt. Esher was no doubt a villain of the deepest dye, our sympathies are entirely on his side in the matter of the Brendon law suit. Chemical works are, no doubt, useful things in their way, however objectionable to sight and smell; but no rational being could expect a man tamely to submit to having all the timber in his park killed by the noxious fumes—and not even in the interests of science, but merely

of money-grubbing! Another good episode is Ruby's discovery of Jim Lloyd as a blind basket-maker at Bournemouth. It is not stated how he became blind, any more than how people knew that Esher was drowned, since his body is stated to have been carried out to sea and never recovered; but these are trifles in so really excellent a story. We are not sure that we care greatly for Max. Doubtless he was a most worthy man, but it strikes us that he would have been rather dull company for a lifetime. It is possible, however, that Magdalen, with all her virtues, would not have proved exciting, so perhaps they were happily mated. The sketch of the Brendon household is good, and altogether the novel is one which we can heartily recommend.

There can be no doubt that Mrs. Pender Cudlip holds liberal views as to social position, unless we are to understand that all the nuptial arrangements at the end of the book are to be taken as illustrating the title. It is not so much that Marcus Gwynn, with a touch of "the pride that apes humility," described himself as a linendraper—because he was of gentle blood by the mother's side, and had never had anything to do with the active part of the business; but Charlie Salter's marriage is more than unlikely—for one thing, his mother would have been certain to disapprove entirely of the bride whom he selected, and who must indeed have been totally unfitted for a farmer's wife. Again, we feel that Constance Brymer was far too ready to accept the supposed fact of her lover's guilt on the mere unsupported testimony of Conway—a man whom she both despised and distrusted. We think that so energetic a young lady would have raised the question: how came the calumniator in her boudoir at dead of night any more than his victim; for his excuse would not have held water for a single moment with so clever a woman, all her mental energies stimulated by the power of love. Probably the incident was suggested by Wilkie Collins's *Moonstone*; but the cases are not parallel, because Rachel Verinder saw Franklin Blake steal the diamond, and could not judge otherwise than she did in her ignorance of the facts of the case. That on such slight evidence Constance could consent to a marriage with the man who was her special abhorrence is past belief. But Miss Brymer seems to have been rather dull of understanding, else how could she mistake the drift of her husband's half-confession during the storm off the Isle of May? We seem to have been finding fault all through, but it is not so. If we censure what seem to us blemishes in Mrs. Pender Cudlip's story, it is only on the ancient principle that the noblest animals were chosen for sacrifice. We might have contemptuously spared a lesser writer, but must admonish the author of *Eyre of Blendon*. And, indeed, the book is not one to lay down until you have finished it. The story is interesting and sympathetic, the plot well worked out, and all the characters living, breathing human beings. Marcus Gwynn, in spite of the plebeian strain, is as fine a gentleman as any in modern fiction; Constance is a noble creature; the impetuous Hawke family are described with plenty of humour, and no exaggeration; while last, but hardly least, Conway and Laura Payne, the villains

of the piece, have escaped the danger of being melodramatic. We have enjoyed the book greatly, but wish the author would remember that to say anybody "*gentled* considerably" when she means "grew much more gentle" may be Yankee, but is certainly not English.

When we state that the "more excellent way" advocated by the lady who has not been ashamed to affix her name to her very dreary and uninteresting story, is to turn Atheist, Socialist, and to uphold, practically, the South Audley-street riots, it may be thought that there can be nothing more to be said about this deplorable production. But there is something more to be said, and it has to be said in the interests of amiable enthusiasts who may be led away by what they and Miss Howell imagine to be argument; whereas, as a matter of fact, there is not a tittle of argument throughout the book. It is one vast *petitio principii*. The author says that Socialism or Atheism, as the case may be, does or will do this, that, and the other; but she never attempts to prove her assertions—which was, perhaps, wise. Were the book not so dull, we might speak more strongly; but a writer must be read in order to have any influence. As a sample of the wild statements which form the staple of the matter we may quote one passage *à propos* of the unhappy hero, Otho Hathaway, and his mother's death: "He had sorrowed, not as a Christian, but as an Atheist; and thus this great grief of his life was simplified, and its cure was healthy."

We must confess to being disappointed in *Sheikh Hassan*, because, after a good deal of laborious preparation, the author tells us nothing of any moment. His experiences in the desert with devils, snakes, and other "fearful wild fowl" really prove nothing. We have his word for it that they are true, and this must of course be accepted; but, granting the fact, in what possible way is the cause of supernaturalism advanced by it, always supposing it to need advancement? Here we are told that Mr. Hillam, then residing near Damascus, tried by all means to obtain an insight into the mysterious *Rohanes* power; but we cannot find that he ever gained it, and had he done so it would seem that he could not have communicated his knowledge to anybody else, so where on earth is the good of it all? We think that the author is throwing himself away, and might write a really good story, for the tragic episode of Hassan and Rasheedeh is excellent, and he has considerable descriptive power. But he would do well to amend his English, which is often inelegant.

It is an undeniable fact that Miss Christina Compton—usually known as Chris—was decidedly unconventional. It is equally undeniable that she was decidedly charming. We are first introduced to her in the slightly undignified attitude of sitting on the garden wall of her father's villa at Cannes, interviewing the passers by in a scene replete with quiet humour. To her enter, among others, a certain handsome young *roturier*, Valentine Richardson by name, to whom her father has a strong objection, but who is destined to exercise considerable influence over her future life. As a matter of fact the young man has nothing but his good looks,

and his superficial veneer of society manners, to recommend him. He is vulgar, penniless, and a gambler; and one wonders how even so unsophisticated a girl as Chris can have been taken in by such a fellow, or ignored his constant offences against *les convenances*. As regards the carnival episode, Lady Barnstaple would, of course, in real life quickly have caused him to leave her room. However, Mr. Compton dies suddenly; and while the girl's heart is sore for sympathy, Richardson entraps her into a sort of provisional engagement on the eve of her departure for London. There she is to board with her maternal aunt, in the neighbourhood of Primrose Hill—which, by the by, is hardly the howling wilderness that Mr. Norris makes out. But Aunt Rebecca proves to be a miserly old hag, who makes the poor girl's life so miserable that affairs culminate in her running away with the intention of finding her way to some old French friends, the Lavernes, at Cannes. Here revelation must cease, for the story is far too good to spoil by anticipation of the interest. The book contains almost a superfluity of well-drawn characters, and one or two striking scenes. The heroine herself, Lady Barnstaple, Ellacombe, Gerald, and even Valentine, interest us; and it is really thrilling when Chris encounters the burglar with her Spanish knife. On the whole, the story, though not one of Mr. Norris's best, is very far from being unworthy of his reputation.

Ruthven of Ruthven—as we understand we are to call it—is a rather slight but clever story, to which might have been appended the motto of Chaucer's Prioress, viz.: *Amor vincit omnia*. An old county family are dispossessed of their property by the scion of an elder branch who hails from America. Naturally they are not delighted; and Daphne, the sister, is specially bitter against the man whom they designate as a "Yankee upstart," whereas he was nothing of the sort. Need we say that all rights itself in the end? There is some good, and even powerful work, in this little volume—witness the scene of Jim Trent and Rafe (why is his name spelt phonetically?) and Ruthven's encounter with the old maniac. The novelette is well worth reading.

B. MONTGOMERIE RANKING.

SOME CLASSICAL BOOKS.

The History of the Achaean League, as contained in the Remains of Polybius. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by W. W. Capes. (Macmillan.) "A conspiracy of Messrs. Capes and Mahaffy against the character of poor old Aratus" will be the comment of readers who come fresh from Mr. Mahaffy's recent writings to Mr. Capes's extracts from Polybius. It is impossible to deny that Aratus's conduct when exposed in the merciless commentary of Mr. Capes looks extremely bad. Not only did he undo his life's work, and "set the foot of a Macedonian master on his neck"; but, as we trace him through one intrigue after another, we find it hard to say whether his objects are meaner or his methods more unscrupulous. His shirking of responsibility when he "transferred to others the odium of the first overtures to Antigonus," and got Timoxenos elected general for the year instead of himself, was, as Mr. Capes says, characteristic of him. He could more boldly face the gardener's dogs at Sikyon than an angry assembly or a triumphant

rival. He outlived the best days of the league which owed so much to him, and he had himself to thank for the worse days. It was a happy thought to select from the fragments of Polybius the passages which deal with a topic interesting in itself, and possessing a unity of its own. Mr. Capes's wide knowledge of history and scholarship mark him out as the very man to undertake the task of popularising and explaining an author not very familiar in England to junior readers; and here and there we come in his commentary on little picturesque touches which show the traveller in Greece. But we doubt whether even his combination of advantages will make it possible for Polybius to become a schoolbook. Greek is generally read at schools now with a view to making Atticists of the boys, and a course of Polybius would be far from leading to such a result. From the schoolmaster's point of view, the Greek language is spoiled under the pen of Polybius. Yet it is wonderfully revived or rejuvenated into a tongue, if ugly, yet fresh and living. It reminds one of the newspapers of modern Athens, but it is full of technical terms and new compounds which betray the observer, the statesman, and the precise thinker. An historical writer of this calibre requires a historical commentary; but Mr. Capes's historical and geographical notes, valuable as they are, perhaps rather outweigh the notes on the language. The notes ii. 44, v. 52, iv. 30, have somehow fallen into disorder. Reference would be made easier if the book were prefaced with a list of the selections. In xxii. 10, Mr. Capes will find that it was Eumenes, not Ptolemy, who offered pay for the Achaean Senate: the offer of Ptolemy (xxiv. 6) was different.

Society in Rome under the Caesars. By W. R. Inge. (Murray.) A book in which the somewhat bulky German *Darstellungen* of Friedländer should be popularised for English readers ought to prove widely acceptable. It might be to this generation of schoolboys what Becker's *Gallus* was to their predecessors. It would serve to put heart and life into their reading, to connect their fragments of information, and make them realise that the Romans were a living people. Something of the kind must be studied to supply the local colouring for the Latin authors. It should not be too long; and a well-contrived summary of Friedländer would be more attractive, and, therefore, more useful, than a dictionary of antiquities, or even a large work such as that of Guhl and Köner. Unfortunately Mr. Inge, though he has turned the *Darstellungen* to good account, seems to have written and printed his essay in too great a hurry. There are more misprints than there should be, and many other slips. P. 14 confuses an *augur* with a *haruspex* in quoting Cato's jest, although Cicero, our authority for the story, tells it expressly of *haruspices* (*De Div.* 2.24.) The child whom Quintillian mentions as punished for cruelty to birds was punished at Athens, not at Rome; and his fate throws no light on the character of the Roman people. Horace was not a Roman knight, as p. 139 implies. Trimalchio in Petronius (c. 71) is not directing that no philosopher is to approach him in his last illness, but is boasting that he never attended any philosopher's lectures. If Mr. Inge will work over his essay, correct the oversights, and let his work grow naturally in successive editions, we shall be able to recommend it as an excellent prize or volume for the school library.

Roman Literature in Relation to Roman Art. By R. Burn. (Macmillan.) This is a curious book for the author of *Rome and the Campagna* to have published. On the one hand, its suggestions about the history of art and literature are sound and valuable.

"To trace some of the erroneous tendencies of

Roman literary and glyptic art, and to show how they had their origin in the national character and circumstances of the Romans, is the endeavour of these essays."

National characteristics, imperial sway, exorbitant wealth, and luxurious refinement set up in Roman or Graeco-Roman art a series of changes for the worse, which ran closely parallel in the various lines of literature, sculpture, and architecture.

"In Ovid's adherence to strict rule, and in the vagueness of Statius we see the incipient stages of imperial influence, which finally ruined Latin poetry; and in the sculpture of their busts, and in the arch of Severus, we see the same influence degrading sculpture."

A taste for finish and detailed symmetry outweighed grandeur and large idealism. Beauty of ideal motive was neglected in sculpture; excessive adherence to rule crippled power of expression in poetry; and in architecture, though new structural forms were discovered, the genius to imagine and the power to adapt new ornamental additions in harmony to them was wanting. The useless half-columns and capitals of the Colosseum, and the composite capital, which (as Hope said) "gave evidence of poverty to invent and ignorance to combine," sufficiently show the level of Roman taste in ornamental architecture. But the execution of Mr. Burn's book is not equal to the excellence of its design. On pages 7, 58, 97, 198, 245, 288, 300, the printing or the punctuation of Latin or Greek quotations is remarkable. At p. 309, verses of Martial are printed as prose. Lampridius is converted into one Lampréd, apparently a Frenchman; and there are some translations which really make the reader feel quite uncomfortable. Is "gently proceed in hope" (p. 21) meant for a translation of the "Leniter adrepe in spem" of Horace? A word now about the numerous illustrations. They are from photographs, and they are very good. We looked long at the stumpy picture of Claudius's statue, unwilling to believe it could be fair to a man who, Suetonius tells us, was *prolixo corpore*; but, after comparing it with an actual photograph, we came to the conclusion that it must be the statue which is in fault. It would be well for the publishers to add a list of the places where the smaller works of art are to be seen, and, perhaps, even of their approximate dates. One hardly knows, without some such help, what to think of the undersized and barbarous-looking figures in the "Scene in Forum." The whole book requires an index.

Lucian's Dialogues. Translated with Notes and Preliminary Memoir, by H. Williams. Bohn's Classical Library. (Bell.) Many years have passed since the last English translation of Lucian came out—that of Tooke (1820). It was not very faithful; and we welcome the appearance of an instalment of a new version, which, if not so elegant as the brilliant imitation of Lucian in *Letters to Dead Authors*, seems very tolerably correct. It is too much to say that *Lucian's Dialogues* were written when "that consummate skill in the management of the marvellous Attic dialect had been attained which rivals the style of the best masters," for unmisplaced and oddly used prepositions are nearly as common in the *Dialogues* as elsewhere in Lucian. It is sometimes a little hard to bring Mr. Williams to book, and see exactly how he construes a passage, owing to a certain looseness of his style. For instance, in the *Dial. Mort.* 12. 6, Alexander the Great is made to say that Italy and the West seemed to him "not worth fighting for, being already cowed and acknowledging a master." What master? Probably Lucian is referring to the story of an embassy from Rome to Alexander, and if so, we might translate "acknowledging me as

a master." Perhaps too, Mr. Williams has not fully grasped the force of the preposition in *ἐν τῇ ἀποδείξει* (*Dial. Mort.* 7.1), when he renders "depart this life for my special benefit." His version is obscure, but the real meaning is no doubt "making me his heir." But, looking at the translation as a whole, we shall be glad to hear that Mr. Williams is at work on a further instalment of the wit of a Greek (or Greekling) whose wit will bear translation.

Chronological Tables: a Synchronistic Arrangement of the Events of Ancient History. By A. C. Jennings. (Macmillan.) Why will the compilers of tables of this kind obstinately bring ancient history to an end with the birth of Christ? It may be difficult to say when it did end. It may even be maintained that no line of division at all should be drawn between ancient and modern history; but it is certain that the birth of Christ does not synchronise with any event in profane history capable of marking a line of division. Nevertheless, so far as Mr. Jennings has seen fit to carry his tables, he has performed his task carefully and lucidly. It is a good arrangement, which enables one to see at a glance what events in Palestine or the Eastern monarchies were contemporary with events in Greece or Italy. The attempt at compression disfigures the pages with some awkward abbreviations. "T S Gracchus jun tribune," has a barbarous look. Is it true too that Opimius was "made dictator" in 121?

Handbuch der Griechischen Chronologie. Von A. Schmidt. Nach des Verfassers Tode herausgegeben von F. Rühl. (Jena, Fischer.) These valuable studies, which the author originally undertook for the third volume of his well-known *Perikleische Zeitalter*, grew on his hands, compelling him to look back to the earlier history and forward to the later history, even to the Julian reforms and their effects on the Attic calendar. He was thus led on to embrace the whole subject of Greek chronology in an essay whose value to scholars and historians will be enormous. Its first-fruits may be seen in the long list of passages from Greek authors corrected or explained. A work of this kind, however, which goes down to the very foundations of Greek history, will produce its full results slowly, but for a long time. Ideler's handbook has done good service; but its day is past, and the time was come for a new survey and organisation of the facts. In 1884, A. Schmidt published separately a part of his researches, the *Chronologische Fragmente*, and some other essays later; but his death in April, 1887, left the work unfinished. Prof. Rühl has treated with becoming piety the literary remains of his friend, and given Schmidt's papers to the world substantially as he found them—incomplete, of course, but not incoherent or fragmentary. Perhaps the most interesting section is that in which Prof. Schmidt examines Greek chronology before Solon. We have here the interest imparted by contact with religious facts; for, whereas later changes of religious periods or other calendar-arrangements were more and more inspired by motives which we may call secular, the earlier were prompted by the rise and fall of special cults. "Die Entwicklungen der Zeitrechnung, des Kultus und der Kultur gingen auf altellenischem Boden Hand in Hand." Hence the close connexion between such legends as those of Niobe, Endymion, or the Danaids with the regulation of the months and years. It is not without a meaning that the Attic tale of Theseus sent the tribute to Krete every eight years. This is an early trace of the eight-year period of the Apollo-worship. And here comes out one of the difficulties of the inquiry: it is so hard to find any system carried out in its integrity unmixed. Even Homer's calendar is

more or less mixed. Its really considerable development proves that it is not primitive; and, whereas its general plan provides for a lunar year, many signs show through of a knowledge of a four-year period (*tetractis* or *penteteris*).

H. Kiepert: Manuel de Géographie Ancienne. Traduit par E. Ernauld. (Paris: Vieweg.) "Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris" might be taken as the motto for Kiepert's geographical works, of one of which (the *Leitfaden der alten Geographie*) M. Ernauld has published a French translation. The *Manuel* travels over the world known to the Greeks and Romans, dealing in succession with the soil and physical features of each country, the origin of its name or names, its population and language, its history and political arrangements. The accounts are necessarily very brief, but a great quantity of matter is compressed into them, and the *Manuel* will be found an excellent book of reference. It may be said that it requires a good deal of historical knowledge to understand it thoroughly; but, at the same time, the use of it will impart a good deal of historical knowledge. It is curious to notice, in glancing over the fortunes of each part of the world, how much more thorough have been the conquests, how much more sweeping and effective the immigrations, since Roman civilisation opened up the land by roads. Little is said of the influence of physical geography upon history, and the topography of Athens is meagrely dealt with. But that of Rome is full enough, and the account of Gaul has (very properly for French readers) been enlarged and remodelled by M. Aug. Longnon, who takes as the basis of his account, not the *Leitfaden*, but the fuller corresponding chapter in Kiepert's *Lehrbuch der alten Geographie*. The other sections, too, of the *Manuel* can be strongly recommended as compressed but valuable surveys of the ancient world.

Die Römische Bürgerschaft in ihrem Verhältnis zum Heere. Von Th. Steinwender; Programm des Königlichen Gymnasiums zu Danzig. (Danzig: A. Müller.) Herr Steinwender, who has decidedly a head for figures, works hard to show that the regular levy of troops at Rome, until about the middle of the second century B.C., and, therefore, probably till Marius's organisation, was ten per cent. of the adult male citizens. This percentage was of course increased on necessity, and it falls into line with the gods receiving one tenth of booty, and with the punishment of a military force by decimation. But the reading of many theories of a like sort has taught us that each in turn looks plausible and flourishes, but "the third day comes a frost—a killing frost," a new *Programm*, and the old one is cut down to the ground.

NOTES AND NEWS.

It has been proposed to organise a Pope festival at Twickenham to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth. A leading feature of the celebration will probably be an exhibition of pictures and engravings of Old Twickenham and of Pope and his neighbours, as well as of Popean editions and curiosities.

SIR RICHARD BURTON writes to us as follows:

"My friend M. Hermann Zotenberg authorises me to state, in reference to my last note (ACADEMY, February 4, 1888), that not only will he allow any competent English Orientalist to translate the *Histoire d'Alâ al-Din*, including the valuable notes on the origin of the Gallandian fables, but he is also prepared to supply 'un chapitre sur le développement et l'histoire du texte en prenant pour base le manuscrit de Galland, qui paraît

représenter la plus ancienne forme du teezâr-afârê que nous possédons."

It is to be hoped, for the honour of Oriental letters in England, that the public-spirited offer will meet with due appreciation.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce a new work by Prof. Henry Sidgwick, entitled *The Elements of Politics*, which will be a companion volume to those in which he has already discussed the principles of ethics and of political economy.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, & Co. will publish immediately the *Letters and Memorials* of Archbishop Trench, edited by the author of the *Life of Charles Lowder*.

ANOTHER forthcoming biography of interest is that of the late General Sir Charles Macgregor, for many years quartermaster-general in India. It has been compiled from his letters and diaries by his widow, and will be published by Messrs. Blackwood. It will be in two volumes, with portraits and several maps illustrating his campaigns and also his military surveys in Central Asia.

MESSRS. T. AND T. CLARK announce a translation of Kant's *Principles of Politics*, with an Introduction by W. Hastie, the translator of Kant's "Philosophy of Law," &c. The work will contain the celebrated essay on Perpetual Peace and the Principle of Federation, and will give a complete view of Kant's political philosophy—a side of his system which has been generally neglected by his German as well as by his English expounders.

A WANT long felt is about to be supplied by the publication of a cheap edition of the *Select Poems* of Charles Mackay, author of *Verses from the Crowd*, *A Man's Heart*, *Egeria*, and of the popular songs, "There's a good time coming," "Cheer boys, cheer," and others well known to the last generation—many of which have become household words, both at home and in the Greater Britain beyond the sea. The volume will also contain a critical essay by the late George Combe.

MR. C. H. FIRTH, of Balliol College, Oxford, late professor of history at the Firth College, Sheffield, has nearly ready for issue an edition of Dr. Johnson's *Life of Milton*. The work will be published this month by the Clarendon Press.

MR. ALEXANDER GARDNER, of Paisley, has acquired the right to publish an English translation of the works of the Italian novelist, Salvatore Farina. The first of these, *Signor I*, translated by the Baroness Langenau, will appear immediately.

MR. WYKE BAYLISS has a new volume in the press. It is entitled *The Enchanted Island, and other Studies in Art*, and will be published by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co.

MISS VEITCH, author of "James Hepburn" and "Angus Graeme," has in the press a new novel, entitled *The Dean's Daughter*. It will be published by Mr. Alexander Gardner.

MR. PERCY RUSSELL, whose New Guinea romance, "The Treasure Tree," recently appeared in the *Hull News*, has just completed a story, entitled "A Sister's Crime," which will shortly appear in the same journal.

THE *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine* for June will contain an article on the Sikkim Expedition, with illustrations by Capt. H. C. Willy, Derbyshire Regiment, one of the officers engaged with the force.

A NEW serial story, entitled "The Youngest Miss Dallas," by John Strange Winter, will be commenced in No. 246 of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, to be published on June 13.

MESSRS. WHITTAKER & Co. will publish next week a second edition of Mr. Leland's *Practical Education*. A German translation of this work, by C. Werner, Inspector of Government Schools in Austria, will shortly appear at Vienna.

A SECOND and revised edition of Mr. Phillimore's *How to Write the History of a Family* is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock for immediate publication.

MR. J. B. CROZIER'S *Civilisation and Progress*, which was reviewed in the ACADEMY on its publication, has been issued by Messrs. Longmans in a second and cheaper edition.

A BRIEF *Handbook to Rugby and its Schools*, giving full details as to its special educational advantages, has just been published by Mr. George E. Over of that town.

MR. LAURENCE KEHOE, President of the Catholic Publication Society of New York, has arrived in London to make arrangements for the coming season, and will visit the principal publishers in France and Germany before returning to America.

THE annual meeting of the Victoria Institute will be held on Monday next, June 4, at 8 p.m., in the house of the Society of Arts, when Sir Monier Monier Williams, Boden professor of Sanskrit at Oxford, will deliver an address upon "Mystical Buddhism in connexion with the Yoga System of Philosophy."

PROF. C. E. TURNER, of St. Petersburg, will this day (Saturday, June 2) begin a course of three lectures at the Royal Institution on "Count Tolstoi as Novelist and Thinker." Prof. Dewar will give a discourse on "Phosphorescence and Ozone" at the last Friday evening meeting of the season on June 8.

ON Tuesday next, May 5, Messrs. Christie will offer for sale a very large and valuable collection of autograph letters of Dr. Samuel Johnson and his contemporaries, including David Garrick, James Boswell, Edmund Burke, Mrs. Piozzi, Mrs. Siddons, Robert Bloomfield, Mrs. Abingdon, Joseph Baretti, Angelina Catalani, Charles Kemble, Macready, "Kitty" Clive, Charles Dibdin, and Maria Foote. There are no less than thirty-one letters by Dr. Johnson himself, besides numerous portraits, prints, and drawings illustrative of his life. The Piozzi letters comprise the entire correspondence with Sir James Fellowes, published in Hayward's *Life of Mrs. Piozzi*.

ON Friday of next week Messrs. Sotheby begin the sale of the library of the late A. J. B. Beresford-Hope, which will last, altogether, for seven days. As might be expected, the collection is particularly rich in liturgical works, both printed and in MS. There are also many rare books dealing with theology and architecture; a set of the publications of the Roxburghe and the Philobiblon Clubs, &c.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

AT the Oxford commemoration, to be held on Wednesday, June 20, the honorary degree of D.C.L. will be conferred upon (among others) Dr. James Martineau, Prof. Prestwich, Mr. W. E. H. Lecky, and Signor Ruggiero Bonghi, the well-known Roman man of letters, and, at one time, minister of public instruction.

AT Cambridge, a long list (chiefly of politicians) has been selected for the honorary degree of LL.D., to be conferred on June 9. Among the names, however, are those of Lord Acton and Prof. G. G. Stokes. It is proposed to confer also the honorary degree of D.Sc. upon Prof. Stokes; as well as upon Lord Rayleigh, Sir Frederick Abel (the Rede lec-

turer for the year), Prof. Cayley, and Prof. Adams.

MR. BENSLEY, the Lord Almoner's professor of Arabic at Cambridge, will deliver a public lecture on Tuesday next, June 5, upon "The Beginning of Arabic Studies in England."

MR. F. T. PALGRAVE, professor of poetry at Oxford, delivered a lecture on Thursday of this week upon "Chaucer and his Contemporaries in England and Italy," as part of his course dealing generally with the renaissance movement in English poetry.

CONVOCAION at Oxford has sanctioned a grant of books printed at the Clarendon Press to the value of £50 to the People's Palace in East London; as well as similar grants of smaller value to the Working Men's College, and to ten free public libraries.

THE hon. degree of M.A. has been conferred at Oxford upon Dr. Sydney Hickson, of Cambridge, who has for some time past been acting as deputy professor of anatomy, during the absence through illness of Prof. Moseley; and also upon Prof. Wyndham Dunstan, of the Pharmaceutical Society, who has recently been appointed to lecture on materia medica.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & BOWES, of Cambridge, will issue this week to subscribers, in an edition limited to 120 copies, a *Bibliography of the Works of Sir Isaac Newton*, together with a List of Books illustrating his Life and Works, compiled by Mr. C. J. Gray.

M. TERRIEN DE LACOUPERIE, professor of Indo-Chinese philology at University College, London, will deliver a course of two lectures there on Fridays, June 6 and June 13, at 4 p.m., upon "The Ideology of Languages in connexion with the History of Eastern Asia."

THE last issue of *Bibliographical Contributions*, issued by Harvard University, being number 30, consists of a facsimile of a holograph copy of Shelley's ode "To a Skylark," recently presented to the college library. It comes from a thin quarto volume containing a number of Shelley's poems, mostly in the handwriting of Shelley himself or of his wife, which was bought a few years ago from a lady at Florence who had been of Shelley's acquaintance. Unfortunately, several of the leaves have been, at some time, cut out; but among the other poems in Shelley's handwriting are "The Sensitive Plant" and "The Indian Serenade." This version of the ode "To a Skylark" shows some variations from the usual printed copies, e.g., in the last line of the second stanza, which reads:

"Like an embodied joy whose race is just begun."

OBITUARY.

WE regret to record the death of Mr. John Snodgrass, who won for himself a high reputation as the most successful translator into English of Heine's prose. His *Heine's Wit, Wisdom, and Pathos*, first published by Messrs. Trübner in 1879, appeared in a new edition, considerably revised, a few months ago. His only other book that we know of was *Heine's Religion and Philosophy in Germany* (Trübner, 1882), for the translation of which he had carefully compared the French and German versions of the original. He contributed to the ACADEMY of September 6, 1884, a translation of an interesting letter from Heine to Wilhelm Müller, the poet of *The Songs of Greece*, and the father of our own Oxford professor. Mr. Snodgrass died at Paisley, where he was engaged in mercantile pursuits. He was only 38 years of age.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

Kómpis ἡ Ίμερος.

WHAT are these shadows from the sky
That move about us as we lie
Here by the brimming sluice that leads
Sweet water through the watermeads?
'Tis but the image of some bird—
Another, and again a third—
That sails across the quiet blue
Enjoying life as we may do.
Cloudless the heaven is near and far,
And lucid as the waters are;
Sunshine is o'er us and around,
Upon the trees, upon the ground;
And sunny bubbles dance and quiver
Along the sluice, along the river;
And rainbowlike the sunlit spray
Rises and floats and drifts away
Above the rolling waterwheel.
Ah, who in such a time could feel
Less bright, less pure, less calm and still
Than you fair pool beyond the mill,
Where never weed nor flake of foam
Hath leave to make itself a home
Or even seek a resting-place?
Yea truly—on the placid face
Of that clear pool a summer sky
Reflects its own benignity:
But in the pool's dark depths (you know)
In gloomy hollows far below
The crumbling edges of the dyke
Dwells that inexorable pike,
The terror of our upland stream;
Whom roach and barbel, dace and bream,
Abide not, but forsake in fear
A spot to us and them so dear.

We too, in spite of outward ease,
Have our own secret enemies
Who from within can drive away
All timid thoughts that fain would stay
And occupy with milder art
The stillness of a vacant heart
We too have shadows of the brain
Flung by some passing joy or pain
'That is but near to nothingness,
And yet hath substance form and stress
Enough to cast a varying shade
On whatsoever may be laid
Beneath it as the shadow moves.

'Tis Aphrodite with her doves:
'Tis Aphrodite in the air—
'Tis Aphrodite everywhere.

M.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor*, in its May and June numbers, is chiefly remarkable for two articles by Dr. O. H. H. Wright on the pre-Christian Jewish interpretation of Isa. lii., liii. The first article is, perhaps, the more valuable; the second is somewhat marred by a strong homiletical element. We could have wished a more definite statement of Dr. G. H. Dalman's conclusions in his *Der leidende und der sterbende Messias der Synagoge*, as these are likely to have a material effect on the Christian-Jewish controversy, the author being a singularly open-minded orthodox Christian scholar. The few lines on the double Messiah in p. 402 seem insufficient. Dr. Wright might well have borrowed a few more "suggestions" from a work which he so highly commends. On pp. 411, 418 the traditional Christian interpretation of Isa. liii. 9 is maintained, but not very confidently. Among the other articles we may mention that of Prof. Stokes on the latest discoveries among the Fayûm MSS. (it seems from p. 457 that the writer's Prayer-Book differs from that in common use). The chief discovery mentioned is that of a small but important fragment of a third-century liturgy.

THE interest of the *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia for April is chiefly geographical and bibliographical. Fernandez Duro describes three sets of early maps lately discovered—that of Angelino Duceri of

Majorca, 1339; the nautical maps of Jacobo Russo of Messina in the sixteenth century; and the maps of the world of Diego Ribero of Seville, about 1529. F. Codera reports on the Arabic coins presented to the Academy by C. Pujol, discovered among the old coins recently called in by the Spanish Mint. Francisco Danvila has a lively sketch of the history of the *chapines* or sandals, the Latin *fulmenta*, which continued in Spain down to the last century. The clause of the will of the late Marquis de San Roman, bequeathing his library of 8000 volumes and 400 autographs to the academy, is here printed. The chief treasure among the books is "Ptolomeus Claudius Alexandrinus Philosophus, *Cosmographia*," 1478 folio, with the autograph of Columbus. Among the autographs are the only existing letter of Cervantes, and the memorial of Columbus to the Catholic kings, the latter part of which is written with his own hand.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BAUDRILLART, H. Les populations agricoles de la France. Paris: Guillaumin. 10 fr.
BECKER, H. Deutsche Maler. Leipzig: Reissner. 10 M.
BETHA, A. de. François-Joseph Ier et son Règne, 1848-1868. Paris: Westhauser. 3 fr. 50 c.
COQUILLAT, Cam. Sur le Haut-Congo. Paris: Lebelgue. 7 fr. 50 c.
FERNANDEZ, Ramon. La France actuelle. Paris: Delagrave. 12 fr.
GUILLAUME, Eugène. Etudes d'art antique et moderne. Paris: Didot. 3 fr. 50 c.
JAKOB, H. Henrik Ibsen. 1828-1898. Copenhagen: Gyldendal. 5 kr.
MOLIVARI, G. de. La morale économique. Paris: Guillaumin. 7 fr. 50 c.
SCHRÖDER, L. Adam Oehlenschläger og den romantiske skole. Copenhagen: Schönborg. 2 kr. 25 ö.
UZANNE, O. Les signaux d'un curieux. Paris: Quantin. 6 fr.

THEOLOGY.

- MEINHOLD, J. Beiträge zur Erklärung d. Buchs Daniel. 1. Hft. Dan. 2-6. Leipzig: Dörfling. 1 M. 80 Pf.

HISTORY.

- BARTHÉLEMY, E. de. Histoire des relations de la France et du Danemark sous le ministère du comte de Bernstorff, 1751-1770. Copenhagen: Gyldendal. 6 M.
B. URDEAU, L. L'histoire et les historiens. Paris: Alcan. 7 fr. 10 c.
CAUAS, Joseph. Procès de réhabilitation de Jeanne d'Arc, raconté et traduit d'après les textes latins officiels. Paris: Delagrave. 7 fr.
MÉMOIRES et souvenirs du Baron Hyde de Neuville. La Révolution; le consulat; l'empire. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- DU BOUAGE, B. Analyse et synthèse (Dieu; matière; homme; âme). Paris: Masson. 16 fr.
DREYFUS, F. O. L'évolution des mondes et des sociétés. Paris: Alcan. 6 fr.
FAVRE, M. de. Jules. La Morale de Socrate. Paris: Alcan. 3 fr. 50 c.
GRIMAUD, Ed. Lavoirier, d'après sa correspondance, ses manuscrits, ses papiers de famille et d'autres documents inédits. Paris: Alcan. 16 fr.
PENARD, E. Recherches sur le *Ceratium macroceros* avec observations sur le *Ceratium cornutum*. Geneva: Stapelmohr. 3 M. 20 Pf.
PHEL, O. du. Die Mystik der alten Griechen. Leipzig: Günther. 3 M.
QUALET, L. Flore mycologique de la France et des pays limitrophes. Paris: Doin. 8 fr.
STÄHLIN, L. Kant, Lotze, Albrecht Ritschl. Eine krit. Studie. Leipzig: Dörfling. 4 M.
WILLACH, P. Beiträge zur Entwicklung der Lunge bei Säugethiern. 1 M. 50 Pf. Die Entwicklung der Krystalline bei Säugethiern. 1 M. Osterwick: Zickfeldt.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD IN 1167.

University College, Durham, May 23, 1888.

The origin of the University of Oxford is one of the most obscure problems of academical history. Until recently it has been quietly and most uncritically assumed that the university in some way grew out of the schools of Oseney or S. Frideswide's. The objections to this view are threefold: (1) There is no trace of the existence of any such schools. Purely conventual schools were, no doubt, attached to these monasteries; but there is not the slightest reason to believe that they were attended by other than monastic students, or that they possessed even a local reputation. (2) It would be contrary to all analogy to suppose that the university grew out of monastic schools. Universities were essentially secular schools. There is not a single instance on record of a university having spontaneously developed out of a monastic school. (3) When the university did come into existence, its schools exhibit not the smallest connexion, either constitutional or local, with S. Frideswide's, or any other conventual church. They are situated in the immediate neighbourhood of S. Mary's, which was a mere parish church, and (from 1214) are placed under the government of a chancellor, who, unlike all other chancellors in Europe (except at Montpellier) was in no way connected with any collegiate or cathedral church (*Mun. Acad.*, ed. Anstey, p. 2 seq.).

In the twelfth century there were no secular schools of higher education in Europe except in connexion with cathedral or (occasionally) large collegiate churches. Hence it becomes clear that the university—or the schools in connexion with which the university arose—cannot have arisen by spontaneous development, but must have been due to some movement *ab extra*. To any one familiar with the *origines* of the early Italian universities the facts above mentioned are, or ought to be, almost as conclusive evidence that the university arose out of a *scholastic migration* as if the fact were recorded by half-a-dozen contemporary chroniclers. In almost every case in which a *studium generale* arose by spontaneous development, its origin (when discoverable) may be traced to the migration of one or more famous masters, or of a body of scholars, from one of the two great archtypal universities, Paris and Bologna, or from schools derived themselves from Paris or Bologna. Thus the schools of Modena arose by the secession of Pillius in or before 1182.* Vicenza arose from the migration of scholars from the same city in 1204.† The origin of Padua is traditionally ascribed to a secession provoked by a quarrel between town and gown at Bologna in 1222.‡ In 1228 the scholars of Padua, having quarrelled as usual with the municipality, entered into a contract for a migration to Vercelli, by which the city was to place 600 houses at the disposal of the university.§ Even in later times, when universities were founded by papal or imperial bull, migrations of this kind, temporary or permanent, were of frequent occurrence. The one Portuguese university was twice transferred from Lisbon to Coimbra, and twice brought back to Lisbon between 1308 and 1380.|| But the most celebrated instance of such a migration was the great exodus of the Germans from

Prague, when 2,000 students are said to have left in one day, the whole number of secessionists being given as 5,000.* Of these, a body of forty masters and some 400 bachelors and students repaired to Leipzig, where a university was established to receive them.† It was upon this extreme mobility that the power of the universities was originally based. A threat of secession in the hands of a poor but famous university often proved as powerful a diplomatic weapon as the sword of kings and the spiritual thunders of popes and prelates.

If the schools of Oxford originated in a migration of this character, it will hardly be disputed that, being at first chiefly Schools of Arts, they must have come from Paris. I had long felt convinced that the origin of the schools of Oxford was to be sought in some such migration, and have elsewhere given expression to that view, which (I am told) has met with little acceptance among the few students who seem to be interested in the problem. I had hardly thought that actual historical evidence of a migration from Paris of this kind would be forthcoming, because it seemed inconceivable that, had it existed, it should hitherto have escaped the notice of the historians of Oxford—even of so thorough and scholarly an investigator as Mr. Maxwell Lyte. In the *Materials for the History of Thomas Becket* (ed. Robertson, 1875-1885) I have, however, discovered the following facts, the bearing of which upon the question will hardly be questioned, even though they are not discoverable by reference to the word "Oxford" in the index.

(1) In 1167, John of Salisbury, in a letter to one Petrus Scriptor, incidentally notices as one of a combination of extraordinary events which had marked the current year, that "mercuriales adeo depressi sunt ut Francia, omnium mitissima et civilissima nationum, alienigenas scholares abegerit" (*Materials* VI., p. 236). The fact is mentioned as fulfilling a prophecy (*ib.* p. 235) that in this year "regum concilia mutabuntur, et in orbe crebescant bella, feruebit terra seditionibus, deprimentur mercuriales, sed in fine anni relevabuntur." Since one of the other fulfillments of prophecy was the retreat of Frederick I. from Rome, the date of the letter is certain. The way in which the event is recorded makes it clear that it must have been one of some magnitude. It cannot be proved that the "alienigenas scholares" comprised the English; but it is certain that by far the largest body of foreign scholars at Paris in 1166 must have been English, even if Henry's continental subjects were not included in the expulsion.

(2) At some period during the exile of Becket, Henry II., among other measures designed to get the clergy within his power, issued the following ordinance:

"(a) Nullus clericus, vel monachus [vel canonicus] vel conversus, vel alicujus conversationis permittatur transire vel redire in Angliam, nisi de transitu suo habeat litteras justitiae, et de reditu suo litteras domini regis. Siquis aliter inventus fuerit agens, capiatur et incarcerationetur (*ib.* VII., p. 148).

"(b) Ut omnes clerici qui reditus habent in Anglia sint summoniti per omnes comitatus, ut infra tres menses veniant in Angliam, sicut reditus suos diligunt, &c." (*ib.* 149.)"

These edicts are referred here and by Gervase of Canterbury (ed. Stubbs, i., p. 215) to 1169. In *Materials*, i., pp. 53, 54, and Hoveden (ed. Stubbs), i., pp. 231, 232, these constitutions are placed under the years 1165 and 1164 re-

spectively; but Bishop Stubbs and Canon Robertson (see notes on Hoveden and *Materials*, *ad loc.*) have given reasons for believing that the real date was 1169. There are slight variations in the different versions of the Ordinance.

No one will dispute that many Paris masters and scholars must have both possessed and loved "redditus" in England. Hence we have established a return of Parisian masters and scholars, circa 1169. Moreover, all communication with Paris was cut off for Parisian scholars passing a vacation in England or for intending freshmen, at a time when every year saw probably some hundreds of English scholars leave the shores of England for the French capital.

(3) If anyone doubts whether such an edict would really have affected scholars, he may turn to a letter of Abp. Thomas himself within the same year, when he complains that the king "vult etiam ut omnes scholares repatriare cogantur aut beneficiis suis priventur" (*ib.* VII. p. 146). The Becket letters are full of allusions to the strictness with which the ports were watched.

(4) John of Salisbury, writing to Magister Radulfus Niger, says:

"Unde et studiis tuis congratulor, quem agnosco ex signis perspicuis in urbe garula et ventosa (ut pace scholarium dictum sit), non tam inutilium argumentorum loca inquirere, quam virtutum" (*ib.* VI., p. 6).

There is no actual evidence that Master Black was resident in England; but that is the natural inference from the contents of this and ep. cccxvii. It is dated 1166 by Canon Robertson, but it is only certain that it is not earlier than Whit Sunday of that year. For long after 1166 there is no trace of such a university town as is here described anywhere in England but at Oxford.

If the Parisian scholars expelled in 1167 and recalled in 1169 did not go to Oxford, where did they go to? No one who knows anything of the habits of mediaeval scholars can doubt that they would have gone in a body somewhere or other, and established there schools exactly like those which they had left. Had they gone to a cathedral city, the chancellor or *Magister Scholarum* would have at once claimed jurisdiction over them. At Oxford there was no one special scholastic officer who could claim their obedience. Hence the independence of the Oxford masters till the appointment of the chancellor by the Bishop of Lincoln under legatine direction in 1214. This independence was, no doubt, fostered by the vacancy of the see of Lincoln at the time. I may, perhaps, add that Oxford would have been recommended as a place of study for royalist scholars by the fact that it was a royal borough, by its neighbourhood to the royal residences at Woodstock and Beaumont Palace, and by the circumstance that the Archdeacon of Oxford at the time was an intimate friend and partisan (and probably relative) of Foliot, Bishop of London, the most prominent of the royalist and anti-Becketian prelates (see *Materials*, VI., p. 607-8.)

It now remains for me to show that the account thus conjecturally given of the origin of the Oxford schools fits in with the other indications of their date. To do this, I must make it probable (1) that no schools out of which a university could have grown existed in Oxford prior to 1167; (2) that there is evidence for their existence very shortly afterwards.

I. The only evidence that has been produced for their existence prior to 1167, consists of two statements in the Chroniclers:

(a) The assertion of the Oseney chronicler that Robert Pulleyn taught theology in Oxford in 1133 (*Annales Monastici*, ed. Luard, vol. iv., p. 19), which is amplified in the anonymous Chronicle (Bodley MS. 712, f. 275.)

* As these facts are not in dispute, it is unnecessary to refer to the ultimate authorities. They may be found in Denifle, *Die Universitäten des Mittelalters*, i., p. 296.

† *Ibid.*, p. 298.

‡ *Ibid.*, p. 277.

§ *Ibid.*, p. 290.

|| *Ibid.*, p. 525, seq.

* Tonck, *Gesch. d. Prager Univ.*, p. 69; Hofer, *Mag. Joh. Hus. und der Abzug . . . aus Prag* 1409, p. 246.

† Stubel, *Urkundenbuch d. Univ. Leipzig ap. Cod. Dipl. Saxonica*, Pt. II., vol. xi., p. 1, seq.

(b) The account in *Gervase of Canterbury* of the teaching of the Civil Law by Vacarius, circa 1149 (Gerv. Cant., ed. Stubbs, vol. ii., p. 384).

Of these statements, the latter is demonstrably an error of Gervase, who is admitted to be not one of the most accurate of chroniclers. The teaching of Vacarius is alluded to by Robertus de Monte and by John of Salisbury, but Gervase alone places it at Oxford. John of Salisbury expressly states that Vacarius taught in Archbishop Theobald's household, of which the writer was at the time a member; and he distinctly implies that the teaching went on (no change of place being alluded to) till the lectures were stopped by order of King Stephen. Such is the obvious meaning of the words:

"Tempore regis Stephani a regno jussae sunt leges Romanas, quas in Britanniam domus venerabilis patris Theobaldi, Britanniarum primatis, asseverat. Ne quis etiam libros retineret, edicto regio prohibitum est, et Vacario nostro indictum silentium" (Polycraticus viii., c. 22, ed. Giles, xxx., p. 357; cf. Bp. Stubbs, *Lectures on Med. and Mod. Hist.*, pp. 130-1, 142 ff.).

This was long since pointed out by Schaarschmidt (*Johannes Saresberiensis*, p. 14. s'q.) The statement of the thirteenth century chronicler of Oseney cannot, indeed, be disproved, though he is here unsupported by Wykes; and the fact that he uses the form "Oxonia" shows that he could not have taken his statement unaltered from any contemporary authority. It is quite possible that Pullus did teach for a short time at Oxford; but, if so, he must have taught at Oseney or S. Frideswyde's; and, as we have shown, the one certain fact about the origin of the university is that it did not grow out of any monastic schools. In 1133, monastic schools were still resorted to by secular scholars. One of the most important educational changes of the twelfth century consisted in the supersession of the monasteries by the cathedrals as places of education for the secular clergy. The teaching of Pullus is an isolated incident in the history of Oxford. We get no further trace of schools at Oxford for a full generation. What are the chances against such schools having escaped notice for half-a-century in that age of chronicling and letter-writing?

I cannot help hazarding the conjecture that the statement of the Oseney chronicler arose from some confusion between Oxford and Exeter. It is significant that the anonymous continuator of Bede says that Pullus came to Oxford "de civitate exonia." The frequency of the confusion in MSS. between Exonia and Oxonia is well known.

II. The first undisputed and indisputable allusion to the schools of Oxford is constituted by the celebrated visit of Giraldus Cambrensis, circa 1185, when he read his *Topographia* to a numerous assembly of masters and scholars (*Gir. Camb.*, ed. Brewer, vol. i., p. 23).

This is (so far as I am aware) the earliest hitherto published allusion to schools of the kind out of which a university might have grown. Whatever may be thought of Puleyn, one master does not make a university, nor have we any evidence that any one attended Puleyn's lectures from a distance, or (for that matter) that anyone attended them at all. The following references testify to the existence of what would a little later have been called a *studium generale*, some years earlier than the visit of Giraldus:

(1) In the contemporary account of the miracle wrought at S. Frideswyde's shrine after the "translation" of the saint's body in 1180, we read of a cure of a scholar who "morabatur eo tempore apud Oxenefordiam studiorum causa clericus quidam Stephanus nomine, de Eboracensi regione oriundus," &c. (*Acta Sanctorum*, October 29, p. 579). I owe this

reference to the kindness of the Rev. W. D. Macray, of the Bodleian.

(2) Bryan Twyne relies much in proof of his preposterous theories as to the antiquity of the university upon the bonds and other documents of the kind in the possession of the university. Having examined the documents in the archives of the university, I have found only one which really testifies to the existence of schools in Oxford before 1200.

(3) Among the persons cured at the tomb of S. Thomas was Robert, Prior of S. Frideswyde's, Oxford. In giving an account of his previous sufferings he says:

"Testis est mihi populus civitatis nostrae, quem cum in festis diebus, quando loquebar ad eos . . . cum interesset etiam clerici diversorum locorum Angliæ, prætendebam excusationem standi," &c. (*Materials for Thomas Becket*, II., p. 99).

There is no exact indication of date, but the latest note of time in Benedict's "Miracula" is 1177; and, according to Wood (ed. Gutch, vol. i., p. 139), Robert was prior in 1148. It is, perhaps, reasonable to infer that the miracle must have been earlier than 1180; since when miracles were going on at S. Frideswyde's, the prior of the house would hardly have gone to Canterbury to be healed. In all probability, the event belongs to 1170, or a few years afterwards.

This document (Archives Pyx. F. 46) is a transfer of property in the immediate neighbourhood of St. Mary's Church. Among the parties or witnesses appear the names of one *ligator*, no less than three *illuminatores*, one *scriptor*, two *parcamenarii*. Tradesmen of this order were the inseparable attendants of a body of scholars, and from the earliest times members of these trades enjoyed more or less of the university privileges. If their existence close to the later school street and university church does not actually prove the existence of the schools it establishes a strong probability of it. As to the date of the document, Mr. Macray, on paleographical grounds, gives about 1180 as the earliest possible date, and is strongly disposed to think that it must be earlier than 1170. The fact that the form "Oxonia" occurs in it is in favour of the later date. Is it conceivable that the form *Oxonia* (instead of the cumbrous *Oxenefordia*) was a classical affectation of the newly imported scholars?

I may add that the deed cannot be much earlier than 1170, since Peter, the son of the Torald, mentioned therein, occurs as Mayor of Oxford in documents ranging between 1231 and 1245, while Torald himself appears to have lived till circa 1225 (see Gough Add. MSS. Madg. Coll. Docs., Tom. v. *passim* in the Bodleian). Many of the other witnesses occur in a document of 1190-1200 (Ib., p. 114). Among them is one Peter the Illuminator, whom it is tempting, if hazardous, to identify with John of Salisbury's correspondent, Peter the Writer.

I have hitherto assumed that Canon Robertson and Bishop Stubbs are right in assigning the ordinance against "transfretation" to the year 1169. In that case the expulsion of the "alienigenæ scholares" alluded to by John of Salisbury would represent a distinct exodus from that which must have resulted from the ordinances. But the argument of the two learned editors is based on the assumption that all the ordinances grouped together by the chroniclers are of the same date. Is it not exceedingly probable that they were issued at various dates between 1164 and 1169? In that case we shall see in John of Salisbury a rhetorical allusion to the effects of Henry's ordinance, which we shall then confidently assign to the year 1167. This hypothesis will account for the discrepancy between the chroniclers as to the date of the ordinances. The above quoted letter of Becket, in which

there is no note of time other than the allusion to the ordinances, will then be referred to the same year.

We shall thus be able definitely to trace back the origin of Oxford to the ordinance of Henry II. in 1167. It cannot, of course, be established that the expelled scholars settled in Oxford in the same year; but (since there is no trace of any other large *studium* in England) it is highly probable that they settled there in that year or soon afterwards. Even if this view be rejected, the expulsion of the "alien scholars" will be sufficient ground for looking upon the year 1167 as the most probable birth-year of the schools of Oxford.

In conclusion, my acknowledgments are due to Mr. T. Vere Bayne, student of Christ Church and keeper of the archives, for his courtesy in giving me free access to the documents under his charge.

H. RASHDALL.

THOMAS CROMWELL.

Putney: May 29, 1888.

There is a slight mistake in Mr. James Gairdner's letter in the ACADEMY of May 26. It appears I wrote that Jevan-ap-Morgan was Morgan Williams's father. I should have written that William-ap-Jevan was his father; Jevan-ap-Morgan was his grandfather.

Permit me here to give some account of Thomas Cromwell's ancestry, and of an incident in his early life. His father, Walter Cromwell, was a copyholder in Putney, and a yeoman in Wandsworth. He resided beside the Thames, next the church in Putney. Here he carried on business as a beer-brewer, and was also a fuller and shearer of cloth, and a sheep-farmer. In 1452 his father, John Cromwell, came to Putney from Norwell, in Nottinghamshire, where he held on lease the prebend of Palace Hall. This lease devolved to him on the death of his father, William Cromwell, who was the youngest son of Thomas Cromwell, of Carlton-upon-Trent, who was the second son of the seventh Ralph de Cromwell, of Lambley, in Nottinghamshire. The eighth Ralph de Cromwell, who was the elder brother of Thomas Cromwell, married the heiress of Tattershall, in Lincolnshire, where he settled. On December 12, 1461, 1 Edward IV., John Cromwell was compelled, because he was a Lancastrian, to remise his lease of Palace Hall (see Close Roll of that date). Previously to this his copyhold lands and homestead in Putney had been seized from him by the lord of the manor, Archbishop Bourchier, because he was a Lollard. He was then ordered to take the name of Smyth, his wife's maiden name. In 1472 his son and heir, Walter Cromwell, came of age and claimed, and was admitted to, two-thirds of the land, with the homestead in Putney, seized from his father. In 1474 he married at Putney the daughter of a yeoman named Glossop, of Wirksworth, in Derbyshire. Their first child, Katharine, married, in 1494, Morgan Williams, who then was an ale-brewer and inn-keeper in Putney. Oliver Cromwell, the Lord Protector, was their great-great-grandson. Their second child was Thomas Cromwell, who in 1540 was created Earl of Essex. He married, in 1513, Elizabeth Wykys, third daughter of Henry Wykys, who occupied Walter Cromwell's freehold house and garden beside the Thames, at Point Pleasant, Wandsworth, and who was an officer of the Court of Wards, Westminster. Elizabeth Wykys and Thomas Cromwell, when young, were sweethearts. She, however, suddenly broke away from Thomas Cromwell and married a Thomas Williams, who was Morgan Williams's cousin, and an officer of the King's Yeomen of the Guard at Richmond. This mishap to Thomas Cromwell was the cause of his leaving England, in 1503, for Antwerp. Thence he

went to Italy for six or seven years. He returned to England in 1512, when his father was in trouble. He then found Elizabeth Wykys a widow, and next year they were married. Walter Cromwell's third child, Elizabeth, married William Wellyfed, a sheep-farmer in Wandsworth. He became manager of Thomas Cromwell's business as a wool-merchant in and about Wandsworth. The copyhold and leasehold lands which he held for his sheep-farming I have traced in Battersea, Wandsworth, and Wimbledon.

JOHN PHILLIPS.

"THE HISTORY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY."

Trinity College, Dublin: May 23, 1888.

The review of my *History of Political Economy* in the last number of the ACADEMY, the candour and impartiality of which I gladly acknowledge, may induce some of your readers to occupy themselves with the book. May I request them to correct an error which appears in an addition made in the last revision to the note on p. 122? I there, by a momentary confusion, misdescribed a volume well-known to me as *Letters of Malthus to Ricardo*, instead of—as it ought to have been—*Letters of Ricardo to Malthus*. You will sympathise with my wish not to diffuse a misconception even on a matter of bibliography. JOHN K. INGRAM.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, June 4, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: Annual Meeting. "Mystical Buddhism in Connection with the Yoga System of Philosophy," by Sir Monier M. Williams.

TUESDAY, June 5, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Conventions and Conventionalism in Art," III., by Mr. Sidney Colvin.

8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "Les Actes Coptes du Martyre de St. Polycarpe," by Prof. Amelineau; "Some Unpublished Cuneiform Syllables with respect to Prayers and Incantations written in Interlinear Form," by Dr. Carl Bezold; "The Khetta-Hatta and their Allies," by the Rev. C. J. Ball.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "Lepidoptera collected by Major Verbury in Western India in 1884 and 1887," by Mr. W. Warren; "A Collection of Echinoderms made at Tutuorin, Madras," by Prof. F. Jeffrey Bell; "The Sternal Gland of a Species of *Didelphis*," by Mr. F. E. Beddard.

WEDNESDAY, June 6, 4 p.m. University College: "The Ideology of Languages in Relation to the History of Eastern Asia," I., by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie.

8 p.m. Geological: "The Sudbury Copper Deposit (Canada)," by Mr. J. H. Collins; "Some of the Auriferous Tracts of Mysore, Southern India," by Mr. George Attwood; "The Durham Salt District," by Mr. E. Wilson; "The Occurrence of *Calciophanes* in the Carboniferous Limestones of Gloucestershire," by Mr. E. Wethered; "The Movement of Scree-material," II., by Mr. Charles Davison.

8 p.m. Gymnædion: "Excavations and Discoveries at Strata Florida Abbey," by Mr. Stephen W. Williams.

THURSDAY, June 7, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Growth and Sculpture of the Alps," III., by Prof. T. G. Bonney.

4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "The Discovery of a supposed Anchorite's Cell at Ongar, Essex," by the Rev. E. S. Dewick; "Norman Masonry and Masons' Marks," by Mr. J. Park Harrison.

8 p.m. Linnean.

8 p.m. Chemical: "The Chemical Action of some Micro-organisms," by Mr. R. Warington; "The Optical and Chemical Properties of Osot-chou," by Dr. J. H. Gladstone and Mr. W. Hibbert.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, June 8, 8.30 p.m. British Museum: "The Social Condition of the Babylonians," I., by Mr. G. Bertin.

4.30 p.m. National Association for the Advancement of Art: Inaugural Meeting.

8 p.m. New Shakespeare: "A Few More Words on Greene and Shakespeare," by Prof. O. H. Hartford.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Phosphorescence and Ozona," by Prof. Dewar.

SATURDAY, June 9, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Count Tolstol as Novelist and Thinker," II., by Prof. C. E. Turner.

8 p.m. Physical: "The Analogy between Gases and Substances in Dilute Solution," by Prof. J. H. Van't Hoff, communicated by Prof. W. Ramsay; Exhibition of a Lantern, by Mr. W. Lant Carpenter.

8.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

Elements of Physiological Psychology: a Treatise of the Activities and Nature of the Mind from the Physical and Experimental Point of View. By George T. Ladd, Professor of Philosophy in Yale University. (Longmans.)

THE recent investigations into the physiological concomitants of psychical processes, and more particularly the experimental researches into the correlations of mental and nervous activity, are so extensive and intricate as to demand a special work for their record and critical estimate. It has been claimed by some that these new lines and methods of enquiry into psychical phenomena have done much to transform the older science of psychology, which was based largely on introspection. Since much the largest part of these psycho-physical researches have been carried out in Germany, there has been a special need of a comprehensive and systematic account of them and their results in our own language. And this need has at length been fully and satisfactorily met by Prof. Ladd, of Yale University. That an American should be the first to give English-speaking students this work is as it should be. For American students are much more in the habit of going abroad in order to get a perfect mastery of the latest scientific methods. And, so far, the only important additions made by English-speaking students to the voluminous contributions of the Germans in the domain of psycho-physical research have come from America. And Prof. Ladd, though he confines himself in his treatise to giving an account and an interpretation of the observations and experiments of others, shows throughout that he has long made the subject his own by special painstaking study.

An enquiry into the meaning and value of the more exact modern investigations into the correlations of psychical and physical processes may subserve one of two distinct, though closely related, objects. It may aim at determining, in the first place, whether these researches have radically transformed the method of psychological science, whether they have supplied the student of the science with a new and more efficient means of ascertaining the precise characters and modes of variation of psychical phenomena than was supplied him by the older methods. Or it may aim, in the second place, at gauging the net philosophical result of these investigations, at showing how far the more precise formulation of the correlations of psychical and physical phenomena reached by means of these researches affects the ancient metaphysical problem of the ultimate nature of the soul and its relation to the body. Prof. Ladd includes both these objects in his view. He writes at once as a scientist bent on gaining the fullest and clearest insight into the phenomena of mind, and as a metaphysician deeply concerned with the sublime question of the nature of the spiritual substance. The success of so large and ambitious an undertaking will depend mainly on keeping the two ends so far as possible distinct, on carrying out, first, a strictly scientific examination of the facts reached, and then proceeding to a separate consideration of their metaphysical bearings; and in this the author has been eminently

successful. A careful and critical estimate of positive results is made to lead up to a distinctly speculative enquiry into their ontological significance. No reader can reasonably complain that the problems of empirical and of rational psychology, to use an old distinction of Wolff, are here confused. Scientific problems are discussed in the dry light of science, and without any admixture of the alluring, but somewhat blinding, rays of metaphysical theory. The reader may, no doubt, by reading between the lines, see what particular metaphysical view of the soul the author means to adopt; but this view is only partially suggested as a logical inference from the facts, and not gratuitously introduced as a presupposition of an inquiry into the facts.

Prof. Ladd has written for the serious student, and not for the hasty crammer. His ponderous volume of some seven hundred closely printed pages will, it is safe to say, never become a widely used text-book. For, as if its size were not enough, the writer has seemed to take pains not to supply the crammer with definite and concisely formulated results. His method is to weigh leisurely all the pros and cons of a point, and his special delight is to show how very little our knowledge amounts to after all. To this it must be added that Prof. Ladd's style is not made for the runner. The sentences have something of the intricacy and of the sinuous movement of Lotze's—a writer, indeed, whom in thought and expression Prof. Ladd appears closely to resemble. Yet, if his treatise demands from the reader serious interest in the subject, it will abundantly reward such interest where it is given. We are not too often reminded nowadays, and since Lotze has left us, of the vast lacunae of noscience in our vaunted sciences. Prof. Ladd exposes these big "bind spots" in the field of scientific vision with unsparing hand. It might do some of our physiologists substantial good to read, for example, so able a *résumé*, by one well versed in the facts and well endowed with a critical logic, of the net results of their inquiries into the functions of the several regions of the nervous system. So far from being able to connect particular psychical elements with individual nerve-cells in the brain, the author shows clearly that we are still a good way from knowing what psychical activities are correlated with the several distinguishable masses of the brain. Prof. Ladd discharges the same wholesome Socratic function of exposing our ignorance when he discusses the much-extolled method of psycho-physics. In spite of the colossal labours of Fechner and his followers, we are still very much in the dark as to the precise relation of the intensity of sensation to the strength of the external stimulus; while as to the physiological conditions of qualitative differences among our sensations, the case is even more hopeless. By such unsparing exposure of ignorance, Prof. Ladd may, perhaps, repel the too ardent seeker after knowledge; yet he will certainly recommend himself to every jealous lover of the truth.

Prof. Ladd's work is divided into three parts, entitled "The Nervous Mechanism," "Correlations of the Nervous Mechanism and the Mind," and "The Nature of the Mind."

The first part gives us a very complete summary of what is known of the elementary constituents of the nervous system, their groupings into distinct structures, and the functions of these conceived as the working of a mechanism, that is to say of a system of minute particles of matter which act upon one another at indefinitely small distances, and which, when any motion is set up in one part of it, propagates such motion according to laws that are given in the very constitution and arrangement of the particles themselves. As an account of the nervous system, together with the end-organs of sensation and movement, this part will supply the English student of psychology with a comprehensive view of the physical substratum of mental activity comparable in its value with that given by Prof. Wundt at the beginning of his *Physiologische Psychologie*. In the second part Prof. Ladd proceeds to bring into view the mental activities which somehow connect themselves with the workings of this mechanism. This is the larger of the three parts. It opens with two chapters on the localisation of cerebral function, which might, one supposes, have better been incorporated into part i. After this we have a methodical examination of the physiological concomitants of the several psychical processes, from sensation up to the action of the higher faculties—memory, &c. Here we have a full exposition of the results of recent psycho-physical research. The chapters headed "The Quality of Sensations," "The Quantity of Sensations," "The Presentations of Sense," and "The Time-Relations of Mental Phenomena" will be particularly welcome to the English student. The least satisfactory portion of this part ii. is the account of the perception of space (presentations of sense). The author seems here to follow Wundt too passively and uncritically in his peculiar theory of a synthesis of different series of sensations. According to Prof. Ladd, every series entering into the formation of the presentation of space must have certain spatial characteristics—viz., qualitative likeness, gradation and reversibility. He finds such essentials in the two series of muscular and tactile sensations which accompany all movements of the limbs and of the eyes, and in the distinct local colourings that differentiate a number of simultaneous sensations of the skin or of the retina. How little such a mere compounding of different graded series of sensations explains the genesis of the space-perception is seen in the author's own words on introducing the theory: "A combination (or synthesis or association) of two or more qualitatively different series of sensations is *ordinarily*—if not *absolutely*—*necessary*, in order that presentations of sense in space-form may be constructed" (p. 386). Surely the writer ought to have decided between the "ordinarily" and the "absolutely" before he commenced to propound his theory. It may be doubted, further, whether Prof. Ladd on his theory accounts for the fact that the most practised vocalist does not place musical sounds in space as he places tactual and visual impressions. And lastly, it may be observed, the author dismisses in much too cavalier a fashion the root idea of the theory of space-perception adopted by the majority of English psychologists from the

time of Berkeley—viz., that our adult vision of space is based on the experiences of touch and movement gained by the limbs. Prof. Ladd is here perhaps just a little too German. If instead of stopping at the space-perception he had gone on to consider the perception of things in space, he would have been compelled to recognise that interweaving and partial blending of visual experiences and experiences of the moving limbs which, according to Berkeley and his followers, are discoverable in the visual cognition of locality. It is, no doubt, true, as Wundt and Prof. Ladd urge, that the eye has at its command a variety of sense-elements, sufficient for an independent construction of a system or order resembling that involved in a true space-presentation; and English psychologists have not, perhaps, done full justice to the eye's capabilities here. But one may allow this, and still contend that such a combination of purely visual data could never yield *our* perception of space. It seems impossible to conceive of a clear intuition of depth arising from such visual elements as those counted on by the author.

Coming now to the third part, which to many will be the most interesting, we find, on the whole, a careful and impartial investigation into the bearing of the results of modern physiological psychology upon our metaphysical conception of the soul and its relation to the body. Prof. Ladd is a spiritualist in the sense that he claims for the soul a distinct nature and an independent place by the side of "material beings." The researches of the physiologist into the correlations of psychical and physical processes do not, according to him, tend in the least to resolve mental activity into physical. Further, he will not allow to the modern monist that there is such a clearly demonstrated parallelism between the course of mental activity and nervous processes as to supply him with an empirical basis for his identification of mind and matter as two aspects of the same being; and in this connexion he emphasises not merely the circumstance that we do not know that the higher activities of mind have their physical correlative in simultaneous actions of certain parts of the brain, but the fact that cerebral development does not go on precisely *pari passu* with mental. According to our author, the general dependence of psychical development on the building up of its physical basis is through the sensations and their reproduced images. Beyond this, the faculties evolve independently of such physical basis. Here it may well seem that Prof. Ladd exaggerates our ignorance. The probability of the strict concomitance of mental and nervous processes, and of the dependence of every increase of mental power on brain-changes is so firmly established by a cumulative chain of reasoning that it seems futile to attach serious importance to the fact that we cannot yet follow out this correlation in detail at all points. Hence we think the author does injustice to the monist's position. At the same time, there is something refreshing in Prof. Ladd's re-assertion of the old-fashioned dualism of mind and matter, which, while different in their substance and their attributes, act one upon the other. Our author will have as little to do with the weak subterfuge of occasional-

ism as with the high flights of modern Spinozism. He says out boldly that there is no more mystery in a causal connexion between mind and body than between one material thing or atom and another. In both cases alike we have real beings with natures of their own acting upon, and being acted upon by, other beings. Here, as throughout Prof. Ladd's work, we seem to catch the echo of Lotze's voice; and, indeed, it looks as if his metaphysical discussion of mind tended towards such an ontological system as Lotze has left us. JAMES SULLY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FINNIC GOAT-NAMES.

Barton-on-Humber: May 15, 1893.

Mr. John Abercromby (ACADEMY, January 21, 1888), criticising a comparative list of goat-names given by me (*ibid.*, January 14, 1888, p. 30), quotes Prof. Ahlqvist's view that the three Finnic goat-words—*vuohi*, *kauris*, and *kuttu*—are all Aryan loan-words. Admitting that there has been "intense intermingling" (Prof. Keane) between Finns and Aryans, I yet venture to think this highly improbable. Ahlqvist, be it remembered, treats some words as loan-words which other scholars, e.g., Budenz and Donner, regard as original. The Eastern Turanians had original goat-names; and, in the abstract, it would be probable that the Western Turanians should have the like. The following are one or two points in the evidence.

(1.) *Vuohi*. Thought by Ahlqvist to be "das weibliche Schaf f. *uuh*" (printed *uuh* in Mr. Abercromby's letter) "with *v* prefixed." Some instances of similar differentiation should be given in support. The Finnic *uuh* it is thought = Lit. *avis*, Lett. *avs*, Lat. *ovis*, &c., the Finns being unable to provide even a sheep-name. Well, this is possible, though *uuh* is not very like *avis*; but, when we turn to another European Turanian language, Magyar, we find the "Mutterschaf" called *juh*, which is an admirable variant of *uuh*. True, Ahlqvist is ready for us, and states that *juh*, too, is an Aryan loan-word, and represents that Aryan sheep-name of which the Lat. *agnus* is a form. Further, Turanian comparisons, in my opinion, confirm the view that *uuh* and *juh*, words of exactly the same meaning, are variant forms, and not derived from the distinct Aryan forms, of which *ovis* and *agnus* are representatives; if so, *vuohi* or *wuohi* is an original Finnic word.

(2.) *Kauris*. Said to be from an "old form" *kapris*. This may be so, though *kauris* is remarkably like many Turanian goat-names, some of which I quoted (cf. the Akkadian *gar-us*, "kidling"); but, when we get the form *kapris*, the Aryanistic difficulties begin in real earnest. Hésychios gives *Κάρρα*. *ἀἴξ*. *Τυρρηνία*. Fearing to overstate my case, I suggested that the Etruscans pronounced the Latin *caper* *κάρρα*, and that Hésychios meant to indicate a dialectic difference. But, I am bound to admit that it is far more probable that he (as Canon Taylor—*Etruscan Researches*, 316—thinks) gives *kapra* ("skipper," vide Schott, *Fin.-Tat. Sprach.* 112) as an original Etruscan word, distinct from Latin goat-words; and, hence we naturally find such forms as the Finnic *kapris*, Lap. *habres*, *habra*. The Aryan animal-name (Greek *κάρρος*, Latin *caper*, Anglo-Saxon *hæfer*, Slav. *vepri*), boar or goat, is the "rank."

(3.) *Kuttu*. Ahlqvist is "inclined to see in *kuttu* the O.N. *kid*." But, while he is thus very doubtful on the point, he admits that the Mag. *kecske* (= *katschka*, cf. the Japanese *hitezji*, "goat") = Tat. *hadsa* = Votiac *ket*, "goat," which is not "a far cry" from the Finnic *kuttu* and the Etruscan *κῶτα*. It thus appears that

the Aryan origin of these three Finnic goat-names is, at the best, extremely doubtful.

My Kalevala-notation (ACADEMY, November 12, 1887, p. 323), which Mr. Abercromby corrects, is that used by Castrén in his *Finnische Mythologie*.

ROBERT BROWN, JUN.

SCIENCE NOTES.

ON Monday evening last, Herr Julius Wolff, whose successful treatment of that obstinate malady, "writer's cramp," has compelled the admiration of some of the most eminent medical authorities of Europe, delivered a lecture at Steinway Hall on "Writer's, Pianist's, and other Muscular Cramps." He classed these affections in the "professional neurosis" group, because their characteristic symptom is the refusal of certain muscles to perform acts more or less intimately connected with the patient's profession or occupation. In the lecturer's opinion, the exciting causes of these affections was not so much overtiring of the affected muscles from prolonged work as individual susceptibility; in other words, the muscles seized by these cramps are usually by nature weak or contracted, and in most cases the nerve plexus connected with them is apt to be over sensitive. Weighty reasons were, however, given for believing that in their origin these affections are muscular rather than nervous. Apparently literary men are especially liable to writer's cramp—a judgment which printers would doubtless endorse. Herr Wolff's treatment, which has achieved such brilliant results, is essentially local, and consists in a combination of massage—a French term covering a complicated series of manual manipulations, akin to but more refined than Oriental shampooing—with a series of simple bodily exercises designed to strengthen, and in some cases stretch, the affected muscles. That the cures thus effected are of a permanent nature is borne out by the experience of thirteen years.

Asbestos: its Production and Use, is the title of a pamphlet by Mr. R. H. Jones, recently published by Messrs. Crosby Lockwood & Son. As the employment of asbestos in the arts is rapidly growing, the information collected in this little work is likely to be serviceable in many quarters. Our supplies of the mineral are obtained chiefly from Italy and Canada; and the writer's description of the Canadian variety is of value inasmuch as it is the result of residence at the mines. The Canadian mineral is a fibrous variety of serpentine, known to mineralogists as chrysotile. The substance of the pamphlet appeared originally in the form of a series of letters written from Canada to a friend in London—a fact which accounts for the writer's gossipy style.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE current number of the *Journal of Philology* (Macmillan) contains several articles of more than usual importance, all of which happen to be contributed by Oxford men. The first two deal with historical subjects. Mr. D. G. Hogarth writes of "The Army of Alexander" in a style more vigorous than graceful. With reference to the interesting speculation whether the Roman legions could have resisted the Macedonian phalanx, he concludes that Alexander "would have been before the walls of Rome in a month after crossing the Alps and over them in a week." Mr. H. F. Pelham deals with "Some Disputed Points connected with the *imperium* of Augustus and his Successors." Mr. I. Bywater contributes a third series of "Aristotelia," chiefly textual notes on the *De Anima*. Prof. Sanday discusses "The MSS. of Irenæus," in connexion

with a paper by Dr. Loofs on the same subject in the recent Reuter birthday-volume (noticed in the ACADEMY of October 15, 1887). Mr. E. G. Hardy draws attention to a MS. of Pliny's Letters in the Bodleian, which he maintains to be the oldest authority extant, and also that from which Aldus printed his edition of 1508. Prof. Nettleship sends four pages of corrections to the *Epinal Glossary*. And, finally, Mr. Robinson Ellis, besides some *Adversaria*, suggests a new answer to the riddle in Verg. *Ecl.* iii. 104-5:

"Dic quibus in terris—et eris mihi magnus Apollo—
Tris pateat coeli spatium non amplius ulnae."

Founding upon an historical incident recorded by both Lucan and Valerius Maximus, he finds the key in the similarity of the words "coeli spatium" to "Caelis spatium," Caela being the place in Euboea to which a certain Appius Claudius had retired, on the advice of the Pythia, just before the battle of Pharsalia, and at which he was buried.

THE next number of the *Zeitschrift für deutsche Philologie* will commence a new series, under the editorship of Dr. Hugo Gering. The editor announces that there will be no essential change in the character of the journal, the only new feature being that the contents of German and foreign philological periodicals, so far as they come within the scope of the *Zeitschrift*, will be regularly noticed. The preliminary list of contributors includes the names of nearly all the most distinguished Germanic philologists, both in Germany itself and in Scandinavia. The current number contains an interesting biographical sketch of the late editor, Dr. Julius Zacher. We observe that a movement has been set on foot for the erection of a monument (in the Hamburg cemetery) to this eminent philologist.

In the second number of Prof. Viator's promising periodical, *Phonetische Studien* (Marburg: Elwert), the most interesting article is the continuation of M. Paul Passy's thoughtful and original remarks on modern French pronunciation. Some of the statements in this article are acutely criticised by a young Dutch scholar, W. S. Logeman, who has (somewhat curiously) chosen to write in English, which he does with remarkable correctness. M. Passy, however, maintains his ground effectually. The discussion on Greek pronunciation between Drs. Engel and Lohmeyer is continued with spirit. There is wit on both sides; but Dr. Lohmeyer, who defends the received German system, seems to have the advantage in argument, as well as markedly in tone and temper. The editor gives in tabular form the results of the elaborate inquiry he has been making with regard to the pronunciation of literary German in four characteristic localities, Western East-Friesland, Mülheim-on-the-Ruhr, Remscheid, and Hanover.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(Annual Meeting, Monday, May 20.)

PROF. A. MACALISTER, president, in the chair. The following officers were elected for the next academical year: president, Prof. Macalister; vice-president, Prof. E. O. Clark; treasurer, W. M. Fawcett; secretary and librarian, the Rev. S. S. Lewis. The annual report mentioned two volumes that had been lately issued, and promised the early appearance of *Alderman S. Newton's Diary* (1622—1717) and of Mr. Hailstone's *History of Swaffham Bulbeck*; the *Registers of St. Michael's Parish* and the *Pedes Finium for Cambridgeshire* are in process of transcription.—Prof. G. F. Browne made the following communication. On the semi-circular tympanum of the south door of Pampisford Church, round the top, are ten small round-headed arches.

The piers are marked with incised lines, showing the separate stones of which they are represented as being built. The capitals are of very early shape. Such arches in church architecture would be early twelfth-century work; but the style of surface ornament did not keep pace with the development of architectural styles. The arches are 5½ inches high, and the human figures in them for the most part about 5 inches. The surface of the figures and piers and arches is flush with the rest of the stone, the effect being produced by cutting away very roughly the surface of the stone within the arches, leaving the piers and figures standing clear. The ten scenes seem to be taken from the story of the birth and death of John Baptist. Beginning with the lowest arch on the east side, the subjects are as follows, some alternative explanations being given below: 1. The altar of incense. 2. Zacharias bowing before the angel. 3. The angel. 4. Herodias's daughter dancing. 5. Herod and his guests. 6. St. John the Baptist, perhaps shown as an angel. 7. The headman's block. 8. The severed head. 9. A single figure in the attitude of carrying something not shown, probably the charger with the head. 10. Another head, with the neck. The neck is bent sideways upward, as though the head had been lying on one side and was rising up of its own accord—probably showing the Resurrection or Invention of the Head. The church is said by tradition to be dedicated to St. John the Baptist. Cole in his MS. account of the church (British Museum) gives that dedication, but a note is added by Mr. J. Allen that the dedication is to SS. Peter and Paul. Baker, in his MS. account (University Library), gives SS. Peter and Paul. H. Clonville by will, dated October 17, 1453, leaves his body to be buried in the church of Peter and Paul of Pampesworth; and this is usually the most conclusive evidence of a dedication. The two saints' days are only five days apart, St. John being June 24 and SS. Peter and Paul June 29, so that some confusion is not unnatural. The village feast is "the first Monday in July, unless that is July 1, in which case it is the second Monday." This brings old St. John's Day, July 6, into the feast week in every case but one—i.e., when July 6 is on Saturday; while old St. Peter's Day, July 11, only falls in the feast week when it is a Saturday, Friday, or Thursday. This is in favour of St. John the Baptist as the dedication, and the evidence of the tympanum is strongly in the same direction. The head of John Baptist is said to have been found in Herod's palace in the year 330. After many changes of abode, it was brought from Constantinople to Amiens in 1204, and this no doubt would attract attention in the north of France to the Invention of the Head. It is therefore interesting to enquire whether Pampisford had any special connexion with the north of France at that time. The Domesday survey states that Pampesworde was held by Alan (Fergant) of Brittany, who built Richmond Castle in Yorkshire, and made Pampesworth part of the Honour of Richmond. The counts of this line were represented in 1171 by Constance of Brittany, and her grandmother some time before 1219 brought the honour of Richmond and her titles to her husband Peter of Dreux. Dreux is not many miles from Amiens, and it is tempting to suggest that, in spite of the early style of the sculpture, it may have been due to this connexion. The date 1204 or 1205 is only seven or eight years later than some of the round-arched work at Ely Cathedral, and the monks of Ely held lands in Pampesford. Or it may be suggested that the canons of Amiens procured the head because of the regard paid to the Invention of the Head in these parts. Alternative explanations of the subjects are: 3 John crying in the wilderness. 5. The executioner with his axe. 10. The head on a charger, the charger being not shown. If No. 10 is not the Resurrection of the Head, there is no reason for not allowing the style of the work to date the stone; in that case, it is, to say the least, one of the earliest stones with Christian subjects in the county. The local pronunciation of the name Pampisford is *Pawmser* or *Parnser*, the last syllable evidently coming from *worth*, not *ford*. The Domesday spelling is *Pampesworde*; the Hundred Rolls of 1273 and 1286, the Taxatio of 1292, the Pleas in Cambridge of 1299, and other records down to the Reformation, agree in the spelling *Pampesworth*; the Valor Ecclesiasticus

Henry VIII. gives in one place, on a return made in Norfolk, *Pansworth*, but in the local return, *Pansforth*; while the Computus Ministrorum of the same king gives practically the present local pronunciation, spelling the name *Pawnsworth*.—Prof. Middleton thought that the style of the work dated it 100 years earlier than Prof. Browne's suggestion would place it.—Prof. Browne also exhibited a figure of a saint. The figure (copper gilt) was found in the parish of Guilden Morden, near the place where an ancient chapel, known as Redderia, used to stand. It is probably of thirteenth-century workmanship. The youthful face and the clasped book held in the left hand suggest the attribution to St. John the Evangelist. The figure has probably been one of the figures on a shrine; and, in that case, it would naturally stand on one side of our Lord, the Virgin standing on the other side. It was fixed to the shrine by two large studs, the holes in which remain in the figure; these bores are at an angle of about 20 degrees with one another, as though the figure stood at one corner of the shrine. Height, about 3 inches.—Prof. Hughes made a communication upon the subject of Limbrow Hill, a tumulus between Royston and Litlington, which the owner has recently begun to destroy. He described it as composed entirely of surface mould and chalk rubble scraped together, and inferred accordingly that the surrounding ditch is a later addition, the material from it having, perhaps, formed a bank on the outside. The present height of the mound is 18 feet, and the diameter about 42 feet. Below the centre a rectangular pit, some 4 feet long and 2 feet deep, had been found, full of large flints; but no bones or other objects were seen in it.—Baron A. von Hügel and Mr. Jenkinson exhibited some of the ornaments, &c., from the Saxon cemetery recently found at the back of St. John's College. Over fifty skeletons had been examined. The specimens obtained, especially the brooches and the belt-plates, compared favourably with those yielded by other localities, though no such brooches as the large one from Haslingfield, in Trinity College library, had turned up. There were more pierced Roman coins than at Gilton, and also more men with shields and spears; both which facts may point to a slightly earlier date. Otherwise, and especially in the apparent concurrence of inhumation and urn-burial, these two cemeteries were much alike. Some of the urns now found are very remarkable. They will be exhibited on another occasion.

BROWNING SOCIETY.—(Friday, May 25.)

DR. FURNIVALL in the chair.—Miss Stoddart read a paper on "Saul," in which, after a description of the poem, she drew attention to the poet's use of Saul in an age anterior to Christ, as illustrating man's need of Christ. Stress was laid on the fact that Mr. Browning had in 1855 enlarged the scope and altered the purpose of the poem written in 1845; and the function of music in working out David's ministrations, as well as its inadequacy at the moment of his inspiration, was indicated.—Dr. Furnivall, after thanking Miss Stoddart for the paper, spoke of the poem as a noble lyric, written at the full tide of emotion, when the poet's triumphant life was strong. He complained, however, that at its close, Saul was forgotten altogether. We have the effect of the situation on David, while Saul, who roused it, seems left behind. In Miss Stoddart's treatment of the poem, he took exception to her denial that agnostics have faith, hope, and happiness. They transferred their faith and hope from unsubstantial objects to the human race.—After a discussion, in which Dr. Berdoe, Mr. Shore, Miss Whitehead, and Mr. Gouner took part, the meeting closed.

FINE ART.

JAPANESE KAKEMONOS.—More than Four Hundred remarkable Pictures by the most eminent native Japanese Artists of the Eleventh to the Present Century. NOW ON VIEW at Messrs. DOWDSELL'S GALLERIES, 160, NEW BOND-STREET. Admission, including Catalogue, One Shilling.

THE NEW GALLERY.

I.

THE New Gallery has begun well—a fact partly, perhaps, to be accounted for by its strong consulting committee, and an architect

who, at the Institute of Painters in Water Colours and the People's Palace, has already shown remarkable skill in the construction of well-proportioned and well-lighted halls. In Regent Street his task was one of conversion as well as construction; and he has transformed a market into a palace of art so quickly and beautifully that the gallery itself, with its hall of marble and gold and spacious saloons, is not the least interesting and effective part of the exhibition.

Perhaps the New Gallery does not contain many pictures of extraordinary merit; but all are so well hung that they are seen to great advantage, and, taking them all together, there is little that is not interesting. That adjective is never misapplied to the work of Mr. Burne Jones, who appears to have adopted the New Gallery as his peculiar temple, shunning the Royal Academy no less than the Grosvenor. Besides three pictures highly characteristic in design, and of his highest quality in execution, he sends a number of beautiful drawings and studies. One of the latter is particularly instructive, as it is a study from life for the figure of Andromeda in his pictures down stairs, and shows the process through which nature passes in its translation into Burne Jones.

Near these drawings are some beautiful silver-points and etchings by M. Legros, who again appears in something like his old force, though the pictures he sends cannot be admired so unreservedly as his drawings. It is, indeed, the drawing in his paintings, the finely-touched heads and hands of the "Femmes en Prière" (8), and the sympathetic lines (especially of the legs and feet) of the "Dead Christ" (64), that chiefly distinguish them as the work of no ordinary artist.

From Signor Costa we have a large and fine landscape, "The First Smile of Morn" (77), treated in his later style—large, definite, and somewhat dry. At the back rises a range of mountains, dark against the clear, rosy sky of morning; in the foreground is a piece of rough land overgrown with trees and rushes, and in the corner a strange figure like a negro faun with pointed ears. He also sends a small landscape from Cumberland, with a sunset setting behind trees (129), very similar in feeling and handling. A large work of his school is Mr. Corbett's "The Orange Light of Widening Morn," with a powerful effect of sunlight on the red stems of pines; but neither this work nor Signor Costa's large picture fully justify their size. Mrs. Arthur Murch's "Coast near Pisa" (137), another work of the school, is charming. Of Mr. Mark Fisher's landscapes we prefer "Winter Pasture" (27), in subject (sheep feeding) similar to his picture at the Grosvenor, but a finer composition, with a noble sky, and all things—sheep, boughs, and clouds—put in with masterly dexterity and variety of touch. Mr. Hope McLachlan, too, is at his best, betraying in sombre wise the feeling of a true and original colourist as well as of a poet. His "Mists in Early Autumn" (138) is fine in design, its atmosphere and moonlight are singularly true, and his smaller picture, "Nearing Twilight" (41), has a charm so true and deep that Mr. Peppercorn's "Winter Evening" (39) looks beside it more slight and empty than it is. Mr. David Murray has two or three characteristic examples of his delicate art. His "Britannia's Anchor" (110) is more solid and rich than usual. The sunset sky and the hill in shadow, with the ships at anchor in the river, and the foreground of wet sand, make a picture at once poetical and true. Mr. Alfred East's beautiful morning scene (118) is one of the best of the landscapes, and there are a few more works of this class of which mention must be made hereafter; but it is time that something was said of what after all is the

great distinction between the New and other galleries—the presence of three elaborate pictures by Mr. Burne Jones.

These are all concerned with Perseus. In the first, "The Tower of Brass" (54), which is in full colour, his mother Danae watches with wonder the building of the brazen tower in which she is to be immured for the safety of her father. Robed in brilliant red, she stands in a garden, her slender figure relieved against a cypress-like shrub, her feet surrounded with deep blue iris blossoms. She looks through an archway with a heavy bronze door, which opens on the space where the tower is being built, and plated with sheets of brass. The arrangement of colours is striking, beautiful, and harmonious; the painting throughout is most careful and accomplished. In conception it is more fifteenth century than antique, or it would not be a Burne Jones; but, apart from all such questions, it is a masterly and beautiful picture, such as only a true artist-poet could have designed. The same may be said of the other two pictures, though in these the task of assent to the artist's conception is more difficult. They are both painted in that scheme of colour which Mr. Burne Jones has chosen more than once for heroic designs—notably in his "Wheel of Fortune"—a scheme akin to work in various metals, bronze and copper, and silver and gold. This we may accept—in spite of the unpleasant morbid tone it gives to flesh—because it is carried through with such consistency and skill. In one of the pictures (53), Perseus flying by on his winged sandals is arrested by the strange sight of the beautiful damsel chained to the rock; in the other (55), he is fighting with the strange sea monster. It would be easy enough to admire only, if we regarded these compositions as purely decorative, mere arrangements of form and colour suggested by the story; but the artist will not allow us to do this. He appeals to our emotions. The pictures are intended to be a power to the soul as well as a pleasure to the eyes. In the charming series of designs for the decoration of a piano (281-90) which are to be seen in the balcony, Mr. Burne Jones has illustrated another story—that of Orpheus and Eurydice. Step by step we see them climb the ascent from Hades until the fatal backward look is given, and Eurydice swoons into a shade. These designs are still more decorative than those of Perseus and Andromeda; but he must be singularly wanting in sympathy for the poetry of line who fails to be moved by these eloquent images. They are decorative, but they are dramatic; they are quiet, but they are full of passion; and the conception of the three-headed dog Cerberus, though a beast beyond experience, is singularly fine and acceptable even to the prosaic. The reason why Mr. Burne Jones's version of Perseus and Andromeda is so much more difficult of acceptance, and so much less moving, lies, I think, in the numerous contradictions to experience which the pictures force upon the attention. The events of both legends are equally foreign to our lives, but the designs of the Orpheus series are in sympathy with it, the others not. We never saw Cerberus, but we have seen dogs and can accept Mr. Burne Jones's Cerberus because he is dog-like, formidable, and alive. If he is beyond our experience, he does not flatly contradict it. The sea monster does. He is something like a huge eel with the head something like a salmon, and he coils himself in a way no eel or even serpent ever did. There is no objection, perhaps, to this. We could not expect him to be like, or to behave himself like, an ordinary creature—a horrid mixture of known forms is a proper idea of a monster; but we may at least expect him to be alive and formidable. The sense of life is wanting. He is invertebrate and rigid, a masterpiece of metal-work perhaps, but

incapable of motion. Then we know what fighting is, and these terrible combatants are not fighting: the sword hangs idle in an idle hand, the monster lets the hero's legs between his coils without crushing them. This is, perhaps, because Perseus is invisible; but if so, why do they stare at one another? One would think that Mr. Burne Jones had had the other version of the myth in his mind, in which Perseus turns the monster to stone with the Gorgon's head, and had transferred the power from the Gorgon to Perseus. Then we know what armour is, and enough about flying to make the heavy suit that Perseus wears an additional tax on our faith—a tax which the mind resents all the more because the feet are bare, and the armour comparatively useless. Finally, we know what human nature is, and it is difficult to believe in the terror of a scene which can be regarded by Andromeda with such *sans froid*. Both pictures are full of beauty. The figure of Andromeda is exquisite, the composition especially of that in which Perseus is fighting the monster is admirable and original, the execution is broad and masterly; and if we can only look upon Andromeda as on some mystic mediæval Alice in Wonderland, there would be little room for criticism.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

MODERN MAIOLICA AT THE ITALIAN EXHIBITION.

TAKING a hasty run, a few days ago, through the long gallery of the Italian Exhibition, I was arrested by the rich display of modern Maiolica produced by Signor Catta Galli, of Florence, who, himself an artist, has given much time and careful study in the endeavour to reproduce wares similar to artistic character to those of the ancient *maiestri* of Urbino, Gubbio, &c., and has also been very successful in his reproductions of the Hispano-Moresque wares. In these last, although his lustrous pigments are very brilliant, there is a somewhat too brassy effect in the lighter golden tint; but the coppery colour of the later wares of Manises is very good. Specially excellent are some vases, &c., painted with grotesques on the white ground, after the manner of the later Fontana fabrique of Urbino, by a young artist who was reared under the teaching of Signor Catta Galli. A pair of such was made for the Prince of Wales a few years ago. Some of the lusted pieces, after the manner of Gubbio, are also very successful.

In these latter days, when original pieces of Maiolica of any merit fetch more than their weight in gold, it is satisfactory to see such able reproductions, at a moderate cost, of the artistic pottery of the Italian renaissance, each piece of which honestly bears the distinctive mark—the crowing cock—of Signor Catta Galli's bottega.

C. D. E. F.

EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

THE STATUE OF KING RAIAN AND THE LION OF BAGDAD.

I find, on my return from Egypt, that there has been some correspondence about King Raian; and now that what remains of his statue has been formally introduced (by limelight, at least) to the London public by Miss Edwards, in her interesting discourse delivered on May 9 at the rooms of the Zoological Society, I may be allowed to add some particulars respecting it.

As the statue first emerged, the work of the legs and the general appearance of it suggested an early date; and the unknown name, when that appeared, was of course most easily placed in the gap between the XIIth and XVIIIth

Dynasty, while the nine bows under the feet reminded one of some statues of the middle kingdom. The first positive impression was, however, quickly dispelled when the cleaning was completed. There was a rudeness about the work, and a strangeness about the hieroglyphs and about the name, which suggested that the statue was of a non-Egyptian type, when art was at a low ebb. But the most striking feature was the faintly incised scale ornament on the sides of the throne—a feature that is most noticeable in late porcelain statuettes, especially of goddesses of the Saïte period. The remarkable absence of erasure or usurpation made a late date extremely probable. I questioned whether it might not belong to the Ethiopian conquerors, or some unknown invaders of the new kingdom. The curious hieroglyph in the prenomén occurs as a variant in the prenomén of *Rameses II.*

The suggestion (made, by the way, by a native student of hieroglyphs, Ahmed Effendi Kamâl, of the Bulaq Museum) that this was the Raian of Arab tradition was scarcely sufficiently weighty of itself to influence one's opinion about the date. I looked upon it as a most curious coincidence and nothing more. There was nothing in the situation of the statue to suggest an early date. Its *entourage* consisted of a block with the name of the Hyksos King Apepi, some Greek inscriptions, with portions of a Ptolemaic statue, and—implying that the place was not reserved for foreigners—a statue of *Rameses VI.* The great Hyksos statues were 200 feet east of it; moreover, the granite, though black, was more granular than that of the Hyksos statues, and as to the style of the work, it was entirely different. The general attitude of Egyptologists is that of the agnosticism with which M. Naville and Miss Edwards from the first approached the tradition. It is evidently, therefore, of great importance to obtain evidence of the true position of the king in the history of Egypt. After fulfilling the perhaps invidious task of describing the monument and raising doubts, I now have the pleasure of bringing forward a piece of evidence confirming the early date.

Recently, when in the British Museum, I was attracted by the black granite lion from Bagdad, which has been so long a puzzle to Egyptologists. If anything is to solve this puzzle, it is the statue of King Raian. Dr. Birch and others settled, in sheer despair, that the cartouche upon the lion must have been an unprecedented manner of writing the name of a Hyksos king, "*Ra set nub*," for whose possible existence there was some slight and questionable evidence. A glance at the cartouche reminded me of the strangely written prenomén of Raian. A closer examination did not make it much clearer. It is wretchedly engraved, but the arrangement of the signs is at least referable to no other known king.

Now for the date. In most of the important sites in the eastern part of Lower Egypt, at Tanis, Nebesbeh, Khataaneh, Pithom, and Tell Muqdam, are found sphinxes or lions in black granite, which either preserve or bear traces of a massive mane or wig arranged in tapering tufts. Sometimes the whole head, face, and wig have been re-cut; but the re-worked surface is always recognisable. These sphinxes bear the cartouches of *Rameses II.* and of later kings, with abundant erasures showing their earlier date. They are previous to the XVIIIth Dynasty, when a different style of lion was invented, and the sphinx returned to the form of the XIIth Dynasty. The Bagdad lion is of the heavily maned black granite class. Thus these lions and the statue of King Raian belong to a dynasty whose monuments are found (so far) from Muqdam and Zagazig to Tanis and Pithom, while they are unknown in Upper Egypt—that is to say, to the Hyksos.

The Tanis sphinxes have distinct Hyksos features. They are the only specimens of the class whose heads are intact. Possibly, however, there is a distinction to be made between them and the rest. This fine and more independent work may belong to the later Hyksos dynasty, together with the great Hyksos statues, while the ruder style of the statue of Raian bears a closer resemblance to the style of his predecessors of the XIIth and XIIIth Dynasties. These monuments are found only in the north-east of the Delta; but I find it difficult as yet to accept this fact as evidence that the power of the Hyksos did not extend into Upper Egypt. It would rather seem that certain portions of the country were favoured (for very good reasons) by certain families of kings. The Saïtes favoured the western Delta; the Sebennytes, Bubastites, and Hyksos the eastern; the XVIIIth Dynasty Thebes and Upper Egypt; and so on throughout the history of the country. Seldom had kings like *Rameses II.* the determination, power, and activity to honour every shrine with costly monuments.

The Hyksos statue from the Fayum, taken in combination with the name of Wady Raian in the neighbourhood, and the Bahr Yusif are very curious coincidences. The agnostic will say that the connexion between Raian and Joseph arose as follows: the Hyksos were traditionally known to be connected with the Fayum. Raian was known to be a Hyksos king. The connexion of both the Bahr Yusif and of the Wady Raian with the Fayum suggested the connexion of King Raian with Vizier Joseph.

The truth is perhaps not far distant from such a conclusion. I leave it for the reader to choose whether he will consider that the connexion of Raian with Joseph was the origin of the names of the Wadi and the canal, or that the Wadi and canal gave rise to the tradition.

F. LEWELLYN GRIFFITH.

May 13, 1888.

P.S.—I have kept back this communication in order to procure squeezes of the cartouche engraved upon the Bagdad lion. Mr. Benouf gave me several excellent squeezes this morning, and I have re-examined the original. The work of the whole lion is extremely rough. The upper signs down to *s* are clear enough; but the last two signs were much more difficult to cut, owing to their shape, and to the fact that the work had to be done in the narrow space between the forelegs. The chisel seems to have slipped about hopelessly. The very least that can be said is that the signs cannot be read in very many ways, and the only cartouche hitherto discovered that will agree with it is the prenomén "*Ra-suser-n*" of Raian. I have very little doubt of the identification. I have throughout assumed the correctness of the reading Raian; but I may state, for the benefit of those who are not acquainted with the vagaries of cartouche names, that the name might be read Ianra, in which case it might be identified with Iannas, the fifth Hyksos king. This is, I believe, the opinion of many Egyptologists. Possibly Raian and Iannas are both genuine readings of the same name.

As to these Hyksos, they seem to be, as Manetho practically said, *Hequ Khakhet*, the sub-kings of the foreigners (shepherds), who had gradually made settlements in the north-east of the Delta, and whose occupation was no doubt chiefly pastoral. The title was revived in connexion with this very part of Egypt in the latest periods of Egyptian independence. I take this opportunity of publishing an opinion that I formed two years ago in preparing the memoir on the inscription of Nebesbeh, and which I now see very little reason to doubt.

F. L. G.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"TARATHA" AND "BABIA."

Queen's College, Oxford: May 27, 1888.

Dr. Robertson Smith's letter shows that I have laid myself open to considerable misapprehension. If he has failed to understand me, it is very likely that other scholars will do so too. I still hold to the opinions I expressed in 1880 in my paper on the *Monuments of the Hittites*. I there said that

"on the coins of Hierapolis or Bambykê (now Membij), which supplanted Carchemish both in name (Hierapolis) and actual existence, the simple 'Ati represents the same divinity as the compound 'Atar-'Ati. The latter, however, is the well-known Atargatis or Derkeo of classical writers. Atargatis, that is, 'Atar-'Ati, may be represented by the goddess 'Antarata of the Hittites' mentioned in the treaty concluded between the Hittites and Ramses II."

It will be seen from this that there is no real difference of opinion between Dr. Robertson Smith and myself as regards the original etymology of the name Atargatis. When, however, the name was corrupted into Taratha, it seems to me by no means improbable that a "popular etymology" connected it with the Aramaic *tera*, "a gate." Dr. Neubauer has shown that the Semites attached a certain sacredness to the gate; and the most natural explanation of the name of the goddess Babia is that which derives it from *bab*, "gate," especially when we remember that the masculine Babios, from *bab*, i.e. Bab-(ili), is given by the Syneklos as a king of Assyria. Of course, by "the great goddess of Carchemish"—a city, by the way, which had disappeared long before the age of Damaskios, and did not occupy the same site as Mabug—I did not mean the particular form of the goddess worshipped at Carchemish, but the goddess whose cult had originally been imported, at all events in part, from Babylonia, and who was adored by the Syrians under varying names and forms. Only I should now hesitate to speak of Babia as being a "Semitic translation" of a Hittite name.

A. H. SAYCE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

An order in council has just been issued prescribing that the following shall be deemed to be "ancient monuments" within the meaning of the Act of 1882: (1) The Nine Stones, Winterbourne Abbas, near Dorchester; (2) the Chambered Long Barrow, known as the Gray Mare and Colts, near Gorwell, in the county of Dorset; (3) the Stone Circle on Tenant Hill, Kingston Russell Farm, near Dorchester; (4) the Cup-marked Rock at Drumtroddan Farm, Mochrum; (5) the Three Standing Stones, Mochrum; (6) the Moat-hill, of Druchtag, Mochrum; (7) the semi-circular earthwork on the sea cliff, Barsalloch, Mochrum; and (8) the ancient chapel at the Isle of Whithorn.

We hear, on good authority, that the town council of Christchurch, Hants, have resolved to pull down the remains of the Norman domestic buildings existing near the Castle keep, and have obtained the permission of Lord Malmesbury and Sir George Meyrick for this "improvement" in order "to open up the view of the Minster." The ruin, now overgrown with ivy, is one of few examples remaining in this country of the domestic architecture of the period; and the beautiful round chimney may be called unique.

MR. A. BERGEN has now on view, at his gallery in Old Bond Street, a collection of paintings by "old masters" of the Italian, Dutch, and Flemish schools.

THE next examination for certificates of the London Institute for the Advancement of Plain Needlework will be held at St. Michael's Schools, Ebury Square, on Saturday, June 23, at 11 a.m. All particulars can be obtained by applying to the secretary, 36, Balcombe Street, Dorset Square, N.W.

WE have received a catalogue of the summer exhibition in the Corporation Art Gallery at Derby. It comprises (1) the fine collection of modern pictures lent by Mr. Sharpley Bainbridge, of Lincoln, which is especially rich in examples of Mr. Birket Foster; and (2) works in black and white—either etchings, or drawings lent by the *Graphic*, the *Illustrated London News*, and Messrs. Cassell.

THE STAGE.

THE LYCEUM PROGRAMME.

AT last a change of bill has been effected at the Lyceum. The "Faust" of Mr. Willa—the "Faust" of the perfection of scenic effect—of a finished Mephistopheles and a picturesque Margaret—has disappeared. Two shorter pieces have taken its place. One of them—that in which Mr. Irving himself appears lateish in the evening—must be described as an abridgment of the "Robert Macaire" which Lemaitre rendered celebrated; and the other is "The Amber Heart," a drama not, perhaps, by a poet—for a poet must be either inspired or worthless—but by a poetic person, who can execute work of merit. We were unable to remain in the theatre long enough, on the first night, to see "Robert Macaire." It is generally thought that, skilfully as Mr. Irving treats the part—in the shape it at present assumes—he cannot, and probably does not expect to, add to an immense reputation by its performance. But further than this we shall, of course, not attempt to criticise. Everything that Mr. Irving does has its interest. Thoughtfulness in the conception, skill in the execution, are obviously certain to have been brought to bear upon it; and we can thus afford to wait—not exactly with patience, but assuredly without ingratitude—until he shall be pleased to bring out a "Macbeth," for instance, a "Coriolanus"—a something which must be an intellectual delight.

We have called Mr. Calmour a poetic person. The phrase pleases us. It describes so many people of culture and sentiment—birds, if you will, but for ever with clipped wings: incapable, for ever, of lofty flight. Mr. Calmour goes as high as any of them; and "The Amber Heart" is the usual mixture of prettiness, tameness, and the happy line here and there. But there is nothing whatever in it to make three acts of. The amber heart is itself a fortunate instrument. It protects a maiden from the assaults of love. The maiden loses the amber heart—knowing not its efficiency—and when it is lost she falls in love, and when she is in love it is found again. That is pretty much all the story. The author—whose elegance and good feeling doubtless deserve well of the public, and who may give us in the future a fair amount of work that is pleasant if not great—is singularly fortunate in its interpretation. If Miss Ellen Terry—an actress content with her own art, and one of the few actresses appreciating the art of literature—had done what Mme. Sarah Bernhardt has done: that is, written a play for herself,

the exactest measure she could ever have taken of her own capacities would have produced for her nothing more completely fitted to her than has been produced by Mr. Calmour. As raiment for Miss Ellen Terry, "The Amber Heart" is, so to say, tailor-cut, tailor-fitted. It reveals to perfection every line and contour of her talent. To drop the simile, Mr. Calmour's drama makes no strain upon her which she is unable to bear. It asks her to be pleasant, asks her to be playful, asks her to be fanciful, dreamy, poetic, eloquent, and gracious of gesture—demands that she shall be touching and kindly, sympathetic and suffering. It calls upon her, therefore, in many ways, and each call obtains its response. On the first night, her whole mind was in it, there is no doubt. She performed, or lived, in each line with curious and equal perfection. Unless there has been a very notable falling-off since then—and that is hardly likely, for the part is so entirely her own, the piece so dependent on the best exercise of the actress's personality—Ellaline must take rank as, perhaps, the most engaging of all Miss Ellen Terry's creations.

Miss Terry is supported by Mr. Alexander, who acts very well indeed, and by Mr. Hermann Vezin—who had a tremendous reception—who has infinite judgment, and who utters verse much more correctly than the lady in virtue of whose charm "The Amber Heart," it is quite possible, may hold the stage.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

OUR readers will learn with interest that Monday has been appointed for the opening of Miss Calhoun's season at the Royalty. Miss Calhoun will appear that night as Hester Prynne.

MR. ERNEST PERTIVÉE'S and Miss BERTHA MOORE'S Dramatic and Vocal Recital will take place at the Marlborough Rooms. Mr. Pertivée is one of the best of our reciters, and Miss Moore one of the most accomplished and sympathetic of our younger singers.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW" was produced by the Daly Company, at the Gaiety Theatre, too late for notice this week. Its continual absence from the English boards must be enough to remind playgoers that little faith is placed, by managers here, in its success; but it has really been taken up seriously so very seldom that it is long since it has had a fair chance. This chance the Daly Company—with Miss Rehan and Mr. John Drew as Katherine and Petruchio—will unquestionably give it; and it is claimed for the performance that in America the comedy was discovered to be singularly fresh, practical, and, in a word, *de nos jours*. We shall be interested in seeing if a comparatively unconsidered piece will strike the London playgoer in this light. It is perfectly possible.

THE revival of "The Ironmaster" at the St. James's Theatre will probably be followed by the revival of "The Squire"; and with a certain number of performances of this singularly effective piece—with its great opportunities for the greatest English actress of domestic emotions—the season at the St. James's, and, with it, the Hare and Kendal management of the house, will conclude.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

Two sisters A. and E. Ferrari d'Ochieppos, gave a pianoforte and vocal recital at the Steinway Hall last Friday week. They are both fairly good pianoforte players. A feature of the programme was the performance of a Schubert-Liszt piece and of Henselt's "Si oiseau j'étais" on two pianos. It showed the result of much practice, for the *ensemble* was excellent; but we protest against such exhibitions in public. In class teaching the performance of a piece by two or more persons is often done, and with certain advantages to the students; but as a concert piece Henselt's delicate Etude will not bear doubling. The ladies have both powerful voices, but there was more character than charm about their singing.

SEÑOR SARASATE gave his third orchestral concert on Saturday afternoon at St. James's Hall. He played Saint-Saens's third violin Concerto. The first and last movements are not particularly interesting; but the Barcarolle is graceful, and it was charmingly rendered. The effective harmonic notes at the close secured a special round of applause. Señor Sarasate afterwards gave the Mendelssohn Concerto, taking the last movement, as usual, at a most uncomfortable pace for the wind players. Mr. Cusins kept the orchestra back whenever he got a chance. The violin solo was the concert-giver's "Fantasia on Airs from 'Carmen'"—a showy and difficult piece, but in questionable taste. The concert commenced with Beethoven's C minor Symphony, and concluded with an overture, "Béatrice," by Emil Bernard. The overture, French in character, with a touch of Weber, is not striking. We shall have, however another opportunity of judging the composer, for Señor Sarasate will play a violin Concerto by him at his fourth and last concert. The hall was filled in every part.

MDME. SOPHIE MENTER gave the first of two pianoforte recitals at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon. She commenced with Liszt's Fantaisie et Fugue on the name Bach. A wild rhapsody would be a better title for the piece. It is very difficult, but for Mdme. Menter difficulties have ceased to exist. She played Beethoven's Sonata in E (Op. 109); but we do not like her reading: it lacks feeling and poetry. Schumann's "Traumeswirren," too, needs more sympathetic treatment. Three transcriptions of Schubert by Liszt, "Wohin," "Soirées de Vienne" No. 6, and "Marche Hongrois," were performed—the first two with wonderful delicacy, and the last with immense dash and brilliance. Mdme. Menter is a Liszt player *par excellence*. Her rendering of two pieces by Chopin, the dreamy Nocturne in G (Op. 37, No. 2) and the G sharp minor Scherzo, was not altogether satisfactory: it was Chopin dressed in Liszt clothing. A "Chant Polonais" was included in the Chopin selection, but it was only a transcription by Liszt of one of the Polish composer's songs. Why not announce it as such? A "Mazur" by Balakireff and some more Liszt pieces, including the formidable "Don Juan" Fantasia, brought the recital to a highly successful close. When Mdme. Menter appeared in London, it was in the "Don Juan" Fantasia that she first displayed her great strength and her brilliant technique. Since then she seems to have gained in both.

THE first of two orchestral concerts was given at "The Lothians" Studio, by permission of Mr. M. J. Pettie, on Wednesday evening. The orchestra, including some of the best members of the Crystal Palace and Richter bands, was under the direction of that young and rising artist, Mr. Hamish MacCunn. The wind, however, overpowered the strings, and

the tone of the violins was far from satisfactory. Mr. MacCunn showed that a clever composer is not of necessity a good conductor. He, of course, succeeds better with his own works; but he has yet much to learn before he can do justice to overtures like the "Meistersinger" and the "Midsummer Night's Dream," the first two pieces in the programme—and, by the way, a somewhat incongruous juxtaposition. Both of Mr. MacCunn's successful compositions—"The Land of the Mountain and the Flood" Overture, and "The Ship o' the Fiend" Ballad—were included in the programme. Miss Marian Osborn gave a fair rendering of Schumann's Concertstück (Op. 92); and Mr. Henry Pope was encored for his singing of a lively song with heavily scored accompaniment, by Mr. MacCunn, entitled "Pour forth the Wine."

MDME. CHRISTINE NILSSON, whose name will long be associated with "Margherita" and "Martha," "Elvira" and "Elsa," gave the first of two farewell concerts at the Albert Hall on Thursday afternoon. A large crowd assembled to greet and to applaud the favourite of former years. Her high notes may have lost in brilliancy, but the middle ones are still rich and sympathetic. The programme included "Elsa's Dream," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," the "Jewel Song," and Boito's duet "La Luna Immobile," which last was sung with Mdme. Trebelli. Mdme. Nilsson's first encore was Schubert's Serenade. Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Henschel, and Mr. Foote added to the attractions of the afternoon. Miss Kuhe played a pianoforte solo, and Mr. Cusins conducted the orchestra. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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LITERATURE.

THE SPEAKER'S COMMENTARY ON THE APOCRYPHA.

"The Holy Bible with Commentary."—*Apocrypha*. Edited by Henry Wace, D.D. In 2 vols. (John Murray.)

Few young people of the present day have read the Apocrypha, or possess more than the vaguest idea of its contents. Pictures and literary references have made them familiar with the names of Tobit, Judith, and Susannah; but of the stories in which those personages figure they probably know less than of the legends of the Madonna. Nor, indeed, if they wished for further information, would it be easy for them to gratify their curiosity, for the Apocrypha has long ceased to be reprinted in our English Bibles, and is not readily accessible elsewhere. The causes that have led to this neglect are well traced by Dr. Salmon in the learned and very entertaining introduction which he has contributed to the two stately volumes recently issued by Mr. Murray. In accordance with an overwhelming consensus of ancient authority, the reformed Church of England decided to exclude from the inspired canon of the Old Testament all those books or parts of books that did not exist in the Hebrew original, although they were included in the Septuagint version. The Roman Catholic Church, as is well known, judged differently; and, as if in defiance of the New Learning, gave the stamp of divine authority to books which the most learned among her own fathers had rejected as uncanonical. As matters now stand, the uncritical attitude of the Council of Trent may have been no misfortune to the claims of the Church which it represented. Dr. Salmon justly observes that "the acceptance of the Apocrypha as inspired necessitates a low view of inspiration." But to Catholics like Prof. St. George Mivart a "low" view of inspiration is precisely that which leaves it least compromised by the results of modern criticism. If the "Song of the Three Children" is a pious fiction, so also may be the story of their fiery ordeal. If Judith contains historical impossibilities, so also may Esther. If the glorification of a suicide in the second book of Maccabees leaves the Christian conscience unpugged, the panegyric pronounced by Deborah on a particularly odious assassination may equally fail to disturb it.

Apart from such questions, these books well deserve more attention than they generally receive from English readers, and to include them in the Speaker's Commentary was a wise and liberal policy. In the words of the preface, "it is hoped that these volumes will afford the latest information which modern learning has supplied on the subject of the Apocryphal books, and will furnish a

trustworthy guide in their study." The enormous amount of labour and learning expended on the introduction and notes would perhaps have been more in keeping had they accompanied a new critical edition of the Greek text; and no popular demand can be expected for such a bulky and expensive publication; but what the French call a *suocès de bibliothèque* is assured to the work. With perhaps one exception, the various portions have been assigned to thoroughly well-qualified specialists; and if, in many cases, their labours have added nothing to the existing stock of knowledge or conjecture on the subject, or have led to merely negative results, it is perhaps because nothing remained to be learned or guessed.

In a series of commentaries so extensive and embracing such an immense variety of topics, it was natural that some errors and oversights should remain uncorrected. The following points are suggested for revision. Dr. Salmon refers to the treatise *De Vita Contemplativa* as a genuine work of Philo's (Preface, p. xxi.), in apparent ignorance of the fact that its spuriousness is now generally admitted. Mr. Lupton, commenting on 2 Esdras xv. 51, refers for "a picture of jealous cruelty" to "Baruch vi. 43"—a passage which has no existence. What he meant to write was probably "Baruch iv. 12 and 33." In collecting precedents and analogues to the maxim "Do unto others," &c., Prof. Fuller omits to notice its complete anticipation by Plato (i. 202, *cf. Legg.* 913a). In a note on Judith Mr. Ball attributes to Nero the wish "that the people of Rome had but one neck, that he might behead them all at one stroke" (i. 295). Nero was, like M. de Robespierre, "très aimable en société" and would have shuddered at such an idea. The wish was expressed by the homicidal maniac Caligula. Prof. Edersheim, finding "the idea of an essential dualism of contraries" broached in Ecclesiasticus, calls this a "glimpse of Aristotelian philosophy" (ii. 15). Aristotle limited the dualism of contraries to the sublunary sphere, and, therefore, did not regard it as essential. A reference to Pythagoreanism would have been more apposite. In the note on 1 Maccabees i. 3, Canon Rawlinson speaks of 180,000 talents as equal to above £43,000,000 (ii. 383); while in the note on v. 23 of the same chapter 1,800 talents are made equal to nearly £350,000. There must be a mistake in one or other of these statements, probably in the second. It is incorrect to speak of "the murder of Hannibal by Prusias," as the same scholar does (p. 457), seeing that the great general poisoned himself—although it is true that he did so to escape being murdered.

The one exception to the general character of the work for exact scholarship is the commentary on Wisdom by Archdeacon Farrar. Here the blunders are so numerous as to require a separate paragraph for their exposure. The archdeacon's notes are deluged with quotations and references, which prove more for the extent of his reading than for the fidelity of his memory. A long and sufficiently hackneyed passage from Pope's "Essay on Man" is given twice over (i. 429 and 465), and some lines of Scott quoted on p. 483 are repeated on p. 525. This, however, is a harmless sort of forgetfulness. It is

more serious when we find the well-known passage beginning "Felix qui potuit" attributed to Lucretius (i. 522). On the same page we are told that "the word *συνειδησις* is found in Euripides *Orest.* 396," where the word actually used is *σύνεσις*. Here Dr. Farrar was evidently misled by a reference to Stobaeus in one of his German authorities which he did not take the trouble to verify, or he would have found that Euripides is cited in illustration of the idea of conscience, not of the word which afterwards came into use. On the next page one of the most familiar lines in the English language is printed:

"Strong walls do not a prison make."

In the note on chap. i. v. 16, the reference should be to Isaiah xxviii. 15 instead of to "Psalm xxviii. 15" (i. 430). Chap. vii. v. 2, note, for "Arist. *Hist. Animal.* x. 4," we should read vii. 4; and for "Terent. *Adelphi*, iii. 5, 28" read 4, 29. Dr. Farrar seems to read everything but his own proof-sheets. Three quotations from Virgil, Aristotle, and Dante, amounting altogether to six lines of poetry, contain six mistakes or misprints (pp. 443, 469, and 470). The archdeacon does not often air his Hebrew, which is fortunate, as out of the few words in that language which occur six are miswritten (notes on chaps. v. 1, vii. 27, xii. 23, xvi. 17 and 20). Possibly the printer may be responsible for these slips, as well as for the strange combination *ὁλωδὸς ἀρχή*, attributed to Aristotle (p. 488); if so, Dr. Farrar must be singularly unlucky, as typographical errors are of extremely rare occurrence in the notes of his collaborators. The foregoing instances are bad enough, but they are not the worst. Of all the Apocryphal books Wisdom is most profoundly affected by Greek philosophy, and therefore demands the closest acquaintance with the literature of that subject on the part of its interpreter. Such an acquaintance, however, Dr. Farrar does not possess. He attributes to Xenophanes the saying of Parmenides, "It is the nature of limbs that thinketh in men" (p. 431). He tells us that "the conception of the eternity of matter was fixed by the aphorism of Aristotle (*Phys.* i. 4, sect. 9) that 'nothing can be made out of nothing'" (p. 488). In the passage referred to Aristotle mentions the principle in question as a long-established opinion held in common by all physical philosophers. A little further on we read that "the word *ὕλη*, in the sense of 'matter,' first occurs in Timaeus Locrius" (*sic*). Dr. Farrar ought to know that the treatise attributed to Timaeus Locrus is a spurious post-Aristotelian production. He should also know better than to quote the *De Mundo* as a work of Aristotle's, especially when he quotes it to illustrate a word that never occurs in the genuine writings of Aristotle (p. 427). Like Dr. Salmon, he treats the *De Vita Contemplativa* as a genuine work of Philo (p. 407 note, and note on Wisdom, iii. 13, where there is also a characteristic blunder about the number of Solomon's wives and concubines—a figure known to every schoolgirl); and not content with this he mentions Zeller as if that great scholar still believed in the existence of the Therapeutae (p. 518); whereas in the third edition of the last volume of his *Gräechische Philosophie* (pub-

lished seven years ago) Zeller gave in his adhesion to the arguments of Lucius, proving them to be a fiction. It is rather too bad that the maxim, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," which first originated with Jews, and was thrown into general circulation by a Jew, should be called "the Epicurean motto" (p. 417), when, as Dr. Farrar well knows, it would have been repudiated by Epicurus himself and by all his genuine followers; but to charge the followers of Antisthenes with the "degraded sensualism" depicted in Wisdom ii. 6 *sqq.* is, if possible, a still more inexcusable muddle.

There are but few passages in the Apocrypha that can be brought to bear on disputed points of Old Testament criticism. Much the most important is the long review filling chaps. xlv.-xlix. of Ecclesiasticus, where, in a very full enumeration of Hebrew heroes and prophets, the names of Daniel and of his three friends do not occur. It is hardly possible that they could have been left unnoticed had the author been acquainted with the Book of Daniel; hardly possible that he could have remained unacquainted with such a book had it existed when he wrote (about 200 B.C.). Yet the omission is passed over in silence by Dr. Edersheim. On the other hand, he observes that,

"considering the developed angelology in the Book of Daniel, it seems strange that no reference should be made in it to Satan. Indeed, the apparent generality of the belief as implied in Ecclesiasticus seems incompatible with this silence in Daniel, if the authorship of the latter were posterior to that of Ecclesiasticus" (ii. 116).

Dr. Edersheim's first sentence contains the answer to his second. On any view the author of Daniel knew all about Satan. Perhaps, if he did not mention him, it was because there was no occasion to do so. Canon Rawlinson makes much of an allusion to Daniel in the dying speech of Mattathias (I. Maccabees ii. 59-60):

"His dying words were tolerably sure to have been remembered; and their recorder would have shrunk from interpolating into them a passage which, if Daniel were a historical romance, written in the thick of the struggle, his contemporaries would have known that Mattathias could not have uttered" (ii. 404, note).

It is supposed that I. Maccabees was written at least seventy years after the date assigned by modern criticism to Daniel, which by that time may well have come to be regarded as historical and canonical. Canon Rawlinson knows perfectly well that ancient historians had no scruple in putting fictitious speeches into the mouths of their characters, on their deathbeds and elsewhere (see his note on the pretended dying speech of Epiphanes in chap. vi.); and he knows that this particular historian does not shrink from much more bare-faced fabrications than the one here supposed. In the presence of such logic it is rather amusing to find Canon Rawlinson's opinion about the date of Esther quoted by Prof. Fuller as "the conclusion of historical criticism as distinguished from the subjective and 'tendency' criticism which refers the Book of Esther to the Maccabean period" (i. 366). The piece of German slang used by Prof. Fuller is apparently a way of saying that those critics who come to conclusions

that he does not like are actuated by some other motive than the love of truth. His other unimpeachable authority for the early date of Esther is Prof. Sayce, whose name might carry greater weight were the discussion one about the habitat of trees, and against which we may set the perhaps equal authority of Dr. Kuenen. Prof. Fuller himself talks airily of "the Greek Bible used by our Lord" (i. 367), as if such use were a fact too well-established to need proof. Mr. Ball, commenting on the "Prayer of Manasse," defends the authenticity of the narrative in Chronicles respecting that monarch's captivity and repentance against the objections of modern critics; but he omits to notice one of the most important, which is the evident assumption of Jeremiah—almost a contemporary—that the sin of Manasseh had remained unpunished (Jer. xv. 4). As Wellhausen justly observes (*Prolegomena*, p. 215), the mention of Manasseh in a cuneiform inscription, so triumphantly adduced by the Chronicler's defenders, rather tells against his story, since it represents the Jewish king in the character of an obedient vassal. Perhaps the feeblest of all these incidental apologetics is Dr. Edersheim's appeal on a disputed point of Hebrew scholarship to the authority of the translator of Ecclesiasticus. In translating the blessing promised to Abraham (Gen. xxii. 18),

"it is the contention of most modern critics that the Hebrew should not be rendered (as in the LXX.): 'In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed,' but that the correct translation is: 'With thy seed shall all the nations of the earth bless themselves.' It is instructive to find that, in opposition to the confident assertions of these critics, the younger Siracide (who presumably knew Hebrew) adopted the first translation, probably quoting from the LXX." (ii. p. 18).

Dr. Edersheim seems rather proud of his parenthetical sarcasm, as he repeats it *totidem verbis* on p. 211. But the LXX. "presumably knew Hebrew" as well as the younger Siracide, so that his adhesion adds nothing to their authority. Curiously enough Dr. Edersheim accuses his own oracle of "not unfrequent mistakes, due either to misreading or to misunderstanding of the original Hebrew" (ii. 23). With regard to the true force of the Hithpael of *barak*, one wonders what Dr. Edersheim makes of such passages as Is. lxxv. 16, and Jer. iv. 2, referred to in Mühlach and Volck's *Gesenius* as examples of its reflexive significance.

It is regrettable that such blots should disfigure the pages of this excellent and scholarly work; and it is to be hoped that the learned contributors will see their way towards removing some at least of them in the next edition. ALFRED W. BENN.

Poems. By George Morine. (Bell.)

THESE poems are to some extent remarkable, seeing that they are now published for the first time, when sixteen years have elapsed since the death of the author, and are put forth to the world not by any relative or connexion, but at the cost and by the liberality of a Yorkshire gentleman, Mr. Richard Morris, of Beechfield, under the editorship of the Rev. Richard Wilton, Rector

of Londesborough. Born in the same year as the Laureate (1809), the poet is said to have been among the earliest of Lord Tennyson's admirers, and to have possessed a copy of the *Poems* of 1833, inscribed with the words: "George Morine, from the author," which is now in the possession of Mr. Wilton. As is so often found to be the case with persons of surpassing genius, Mr. Morine was the offspring of parents belonging to different races—his father being of French descent, while his mother, whose maiden name was Lois Harland, was a native of Yorkshire. A portrait of him, painted by Mr. W. Beetham, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in or about the year 1838; and the likeness which forms the frontispiece of this volume is taken from a pencil-sketch of about the same date, and by the same artist. Coleridge is said to have grieved over the fact that he had not a noticeable face; but, if we may trust this likeness, Mr. Morine had no reason to complain in this respect, as the features are exceptionally striking, and the broad massive brow reminds one of Prof. Shairp's description of Clough in his lines on "Balliol Scholars."

The first fifty pages of the volume consist entirely of sonnets, and it is in this form of verse that his best work appears to have been accomplished by the poet. These sonnets, I may state at once, resemble, and are but little inferior to, those of Wordsworth and Hartley Coleridge; that is to say, they belong to the old school of sonnet-writers, and have not the rich colouring or the adorned, yet passionate utterance, of the compositions by Rossetti or those by Mr. Dowden. But they have a beauty of their own; and we are quite prepared to endorse the opinion of the critic referred to in Mr. Wilton's preface, who wrote respecting them, "The rhythm and cadences are often truly admirable—full, swelling, and tender—grave, and yet entirely musical." Here, for example, are two full of pathetic melody, which we may be pardoned in imagining that Milton himself might have read with pleasure, as they indicate a study of those eighteen "soul-animating strains" which form the sum of Milton's English sonnets.

TO WILLIAM BEETHAM.

December 1836.

"FRIEND of my bosom, I could learn to chide,
And vex with murmurs harsh, the gentle Power
That guards the Painter's room—Art's hallowed bower—
For that she keeps thee tarrying from my side:
But thou art winning honour, and my pride
In thy success, makes light the lagging hour,
Though dark December weeps in silent shower,
And thou, though promised long, art still denied.
Yet prithee come ere winter pass away!—
Come while the tapers gleam—while on the wall
The firelight dances, and the shadows fall
From many a glimmering bust in quaint array:
Come let us sit till midnight and recall
The fading dreams of many a lapse'd day."

"Man leaves a Monument for Earth to Hide.
"Man leaves a monument for earth to hide;
His generation and his name decays;
His footsteps vanish from the busy ways
Where life and death sit mocking side by side.
The warrior-kings who conquered far and wide,
Steeping in blood their perishable bays,
Now slumber with the dead of other days,
Their mighty bones to meanest dust allied!"

'Peace!—babbling moralist! Thy words are cast
Unnoticed on the world's tumultuous tide;
Man heeds no voice save passion's trumpet-blast—
No ensign save the banner of his pride:
Lord of to-day, he holds the present fast,
He dares the future and derides the past!'"

It is needless to point out that these are compositions of unusual merit, for they speak for themselves, and there are others in the volume equally good. Among such I would especially mention "Fanchon in Solitude," "Gott's Statue of the Young Apollo," "Wadworth Churchyard," "George Herbert's Temple," and "To the Memory of Sophia Woodrooffe."

But there is also another sonnet (p. 30) to which reference should be made, as it has become somewhat famous, owing to the very favourable notices which it received a few years ago, when included in an anthology of sonnets, edited by the present writer, one critic observing that "if the author of it left other work as good as this it were surely to be wished that it should be more widely published." As it may possibly be unknown to some readers of the ACADEMY, it is here quoted as an example of the poet's best work.

"SUNSET.

"Day—like a Conqueror marching to his rest,
The warfare finished and the victory won,
And all the pageant of his triumph done—
Seeks his resplendent chamber in the West:
Yon clouds, like Pursuivants and Herald's dress'd
In gorgeous blazonry, troop slowly on,
Bearing abroad the banners of the Sun
That proudly stream o'er many a warrior's crest.
In the azure field a solitary star
Lifts its pale signal, and the glorious train
Of errant sunbeams, straggling from afar,
Reform their glittering ranks, and join again
Their father Phoebus in his golden car,
Whose panting steeds have snuffed the Western main."

Of the lyrics and miscellaneous verse which form the latter section of the book, it is not necessary that I should give any lengthy criticism, as they do not call for any special remark. They are for the most part bright, graceful, and melodious; but some of them are lacking in originality, and a few are almost commonplace, both as regards subject and execution. This defect may possibly be due to the fact that the poet's life was one so singularly devoid of incident that he himself observed respecting it in one of his letters, "The sunny side of the street in winter, and the shaded side in summer give the sum of its variety." Mr. Wilton, however, informs us in his preface that the MSS bequeathed to him by Morine include a journal full of interesting personal details and literary criticism; and surely it is to be regretted that extracts from this journal have not been added as an appendix at the end of the volume.

But to return to the lyrics, it may be observed that some of them will please most readers, as, for instance, that at p. 65, of which the following are the two first stanzas:

"As down Life's stream we glide, our sight
Turns backward with a sad delight;
And wanders o'er
Each feature of the pleasant shore
We love, and leave for evermore.
That shore is in the distance now;
Faint and more faint its outlines grow:
And one by one,
Love's lamps that once so steadfast shone,
A moment glimmer—and are gone!"

There is, moreover, another poem that should not be left unnoticed, as it is a very striking and noble composition. It is entitled a "Dirge," and has reference to the death of Charles David Faber, who died in the year 1857. The late Lord Houghton, it may be mentioned, was especially pleased with the poem, of which we give the first and concluding stanzas:

"Raise the pillow, smooth the bed;
Gently turn that reverend head;
Shade the lamp, nor let its glimmer
Vex those eyes that still grow dimmer—
Dim, and dark, and dead."

"Life is fleeting—life has fled!
Drop the curtain round the bed:
Through its clay-encumbered portal
Wanders forth a Soul immortal—
Dust retains the dead."

"Bend the knee, and bow the head;
Let the last farewell be said:
So leave the chamber of the dead."

I think that I ought not to close this review of an interesting volume without some expression of the thanks due to Mr. Morris and Mr. Wilton for having given to the world poems which, though they may not be of the highest order, are, nevertheless, too good for us to be willing that they should pass away unrecorded and unpublished.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

Four Oxford Lectures, 1887. By Edward A. Freeman. (Macmillan.)

THIS volume consists of four lectures delivered lately by Mr. Freeman as Professor at Oxford of Modern History. The first two lectures contain a retrospect of the affairs of Europe during the last fifty years, so far as regards what the author calls "the political geography of the subject," that is, the changes wrought in the map of the Continent from 1837 to 1887. The succeeding lectures deal with a theme in which Mr. Freeman is more at home; while dwelling on the marked contrast which Teutonic conquest in Gaul and in Britain presents through its results in history, they maintain the positions held by the writer in well-known historical works, and refute the theories of opposing critics.

The book is not without characteristic merits; but it is, we think, less worthy of praise than any other product of Mr. Freeman's studies. The lectures which treat of the events of our own age abound, no doubt, in research and learning, often express noble and just sentiments, and contain passages of real and earnest eloquence. But, in our judgment, they misinterpret the march of events over large spaces; they often fail to assign the changes of the last half century to their true causes; they are occasionally singularly unjust and partial, especially as to leading men who have played a great part in a mighty drama; and they are more or less pervaded by views on politics as questionable as those of Rousseau and of Necker. Mr. Freeman, in short, condemns himself, when, with scornful irony, he talks of "professors who venture to open their mouths on current affairs," and when, with self-complacent vanity, he refers "to a man who knows how to grapple with the living problems of his own time." His historical estimate of modern Europe seems to us, in a great measure, untrue and

misleading. As for his excursions in the domain of antiquity, he has, we think, done very much better; he has successfully vindicated, to a large extent, the conclusions he has formed against recent objectors; but even here we cannot wholly accept the inferences he draws and the doctrines he lays down. The book, we should add, is much disfigured by the defects of Mr. Freeman's manner and style. It abounds in clumsy and pedantic arrogance; it is full of tautology and repetition; it is injured by endless obscure allusions; and the sentences are sometimes so ill-constructed that the author's meaning is not easily perceived. In one respect Mr. Freeman, we fear, will obtain little gratitude from his last allies in politics. He has flung himself into the cause of Home Rule without a particle of knowledge of the state of Ireland; but his dictum that "the relation of Home Rule is that of a *dependency* which manages its own internal affairs" is rank treason in the sight of true Irish Nationalists.

The accession of Queen Victoria to the throne placed England and Hanover under two sovereigns. This separation—in Mr. Freeman's judgment the most important fact of 1837—has led him into a long review (full of curious learning, but out of place) of the continental dominions of the English monarchy; but he remarks with truth that the effects of the change were not fully revealed until 1866, when Hanover was swallowed up by Prussia. Passing from this to his main subject, we agree with Mr. Freeman in his general summing up of the results of the great events he has sketched:

"On the whole the domain of right has been widened; the domain of wrong has been cut short; . . . our fifty years have been, on the whole, fifty years of advance for the cause of right and of freedom."

But his judgments on many of the chief passages of the time are, we think, often unsound and wrongheaded. The settlement of Europe in 1814-15 was, for instance, "revolutionary," in a certain sense; but it does not deserve unmixed censure, for it opposed a barrier to the aggressiveness of France, and, in a lesser degree, to that of Russia; and it is ridiculous to describe the Crimean War—a real effort to maintain the balance of power, and to set limits to Russian ambition—as a shedding of "Christian blood by Christian hands, for no cause but to keep the yoke of the unbeliever upon unwilling Christian nations." Not less unjust and historically false are Mr. Freeman's ponderous gibes against "the House of Habsburg and Lorraine," and the tyranny it has practised "in its family estate." The Austrian, like the British monarchy, to a certain extent represents the influence possessed by Rome in the ancient world—the welding together under a common government, with results not on the whole fruitless, of communities differing in race and origin; and be this as it may, two Austrian chiefs, Eugene of Savoy and the Archduke Charles, were, perhaps, the saviours of German independence. These are only a few out of many instances of Mr. Freeman's distorted views; but his worst error in this part of the book is his estimate of the agencies which throughout this period have promoted the cause of European progress. Diplomats and statesmen, according

to him, have been conspirators against the rights of nations. He does not mention the name of Canning with reference to the Holy Alliance, or of Palmerston in the liberation of Belgium. Napoleon III. was a mere plotter, and Cavour a clever but powerless trickster, in the events that led to the freedom of Italy; and even Bismarck played no decisive part in the drama that ended in German unity. How utterly untrue these ideas are is evident if we look back to 1848. The wild, popular movements of that memorable year, uncontrolled by minds accustomed to rule and versed in the difficult art of politics, ended in reaction and complete failure; and the tendencies of the age towards national freedom were only realised when directed by capable and far-seeing statesmen. As for another of Mr. Freeman's dogmas, we agree with him that modern history shows that "nations work out their own destinies"; but we must question a notion he evidently holds, though he does not express it in plain terms, that the mass of a nation must, as a rule, be right in determining its conduct and marking out its course. We are happy to perceive that he has no sympathy with the forcible annexation of Danish Sleswick, and that he even doubts the wisdom of tearing from France her loyal children in Alsace and Lorraine—Elsass and Lothringen we cannot write. But these instances of spoliation were not, as he hints, the work of military despots and chiefs. They were pandering to the revolutionary greed of Germany, the most overbearing of nations in success.

We have found fault with this part of Mr. Freeman's book; in return we quote the following passage, which abundant knowledge and earnest feeling make a specimen of real historical eloquence:

"Stand where we will in the circuit of the Golden Shell, by the small remnant of that *all haven* where the shipmen of Canaan first cast their anchor, and into which Belisarius bore his victorious eagles—stand on the plain where the legions of Metellus bore up against the brunt of the charging elephants—look from the height whence Hamulthar the Thunderbolt looked from his unconquered camp over land and sea—look from the less rugged height which good King William crowned with his glorious minster—stand by the tower whence tolled the vesper bell that rang the knell of foreign bondage—from all and every of these spots we may look forth on yet another spot, whose tale of our own days ranks beside all, surpasses all, which finds days and spots like itself in the story of Syracuse, but which finds more of the truth in the story of Palermo. Beyond the bridge of George the Admiral, beyond the pleasure-house of Roger the King, the eye turns to the left to look at that slight sinking in the mountain which marks the pass where the thousand followed the Deliverer to his work. And think of that other day, when that same Deliverer stood face to face with the king for whom he had won two kingdoms; how he laid down the rod of the ruler and the sword of the warrior, and turned aside, greater than honours, greater than crowns, greater even than the applause of a rejoicing world. And yet, we may ask, was not his work too swift, too thorough? By the throne of Roger, by the tomb of Frederick, by the many-coloured form of the great Admiral, we may be allowed to ask whether such a style as that of King of Sicily should so lightly have passed away from the roll of royal titles. We may be allowed to ask whether the crown of the kings and

Caesars who made Sicily the most brilliant realm in Europe could be unworthy to rest on the brow of any ruler of mankind. The crown of Monza, the crown of Palermo, why has not a King of Italy and Sicily taken each in turn to its own home?"

The second division of these lectures, though we do not wholly agree with the author, is nevertheless an able performance worthy of an occupant of Mr. Freeman's chair. To understand the nature and the characteristics of the settlement of the Teuton in Britain, we should direct attention, Mr. Freeman tells us—and this, we think, is perfectly true—to the essential differences of Teutonic conquest in the lands parted by the English Channel. The Frank overran and ruled in Gaul; but the social, and even the political, structure which he found in existence was but slightly changed: the Gaelic lands and cities retained their names; the Romance tongue remained the national language; and the conqueror accepted the faith of the conquered. It was wholly otherwise within the shores of Britain. The Saxon, wherever he made his settlements, all but effaced the institutions of Celt and Roman—within the greater part of the vanquished country almost every word on the map was altered; the dominant speech became that of the Teuton; and Christianity was, for many years, replaced by the worship of Thor and Woden. This undoubtedly proves that in vast tracts of Britain there must have been a displacement of the conquered race and a substitution of the conquerors in its stead; and Mr. Freeman has, we think, established his case—though he indulges in somewhat pedantic merriment—against those objectors who dwell on the fact that whole districts of Britain remain British in race and even, in some degree, in language, and who pay no heed to the qualifying bounds within which he has confined his argument. Mr. Freeman, too, we believe, stands on sure ground when he assures us that the Teutonic influence is the main fact in English national history, the essential force in English national life; though, in our judgment, he certainly underestimates the importance of other concurring elements, and he probably ascribes, in too large a degree, the institutions, the laws, and the civilisation of England to a purely Saxon or Teutonic origin. The Celt in Ireland transformed both Norman and Saxon; and we are by no means confident that the Celtic genius has not had a more potent effect in determining the character of the English race, and especially in forming our literature and art, than is supposed by writers of Mr. Freeman's tendencies. As for the England of the last eight hundred years, it owes more to the Norman conquest, to Norman centralisation, and to the Church of the Norman, than Mr. Freeman, we suspect, would admit; but this is an enquiry outside our present subject.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

A THEATRE IN SHAKSPEARE'S TIME.

Zur Kenntniss der alt-englischen Bühne; nebst anderen Beiträgen zur Shakespeare Literatur. Von Karl Theodor Gädertz. Mit der ersten authentischen innern Ansicht des Schwan-Theaters in London, und Nachbildung von Lucas Cranach's Pyramus und Thisbe. (Bremen: C. Ed. Müller.)

ALL lovers of Shaksperian literature and

students of the English stage will hear with delight of the discovery of the first authentic representation of the interior of an old English theatre, dating from 1596. This most interesting drawing is contained in a quarto MS. preserved in the university library at Utrecht, under the title:

"A. van Buchell. Aanteekeningen van den meest verschillenden aard; excerpten uit handschriften en boeken enz. enz. Op pag. 132 geteekende Afbeelding van het theater genaamd de Zwaan te London (c. 1600)."

Underneath the quaint delineation, of which the book before us gives a facsimile, stand the words: "Ex observationibus Londinensibus Johannis de Witt."

Of original drawings of London playhouses in Shakspeare's time very few have come down to us; and those show only the less important part—namely, the outside of the buildings. The earliest inner view, which represents the Red Bull Theatre, dates from 1662; that is, more than half a century after Shakspeare's withdrawal, and forty-six years after his death. Now, here we have—as Dr. Gädertz proves by a well-connected chain of arguments—a pen-and-ink drawing, somewhat faded through age, whose date must be fixed at 1596, when the greatest dramatist of all nations and all ages was still alive. Unfortunately, De Witt, a Dutch scholar, who made it a point during his journeys to enter into relations with all prominent scholars and artists, had no opportunity of seeing Shakspeare himself, who had in that very year retired to Stratford.

The interior of the Swan Theatre ("cujus intersignum est cygnus; vulgo te theatre off te cijn")—which could seat 3,000 persons under cover,* not counting the pit (or yard) where spectators stood in the open air—is likened in the MS. to a Roman amphitheatre. To judge from the representation, it was of oval form, in accordance with the allusion in "Henry V." to the Globe Theatre ("this wooden O"). The actual stage was in the open air. It was square, constructed of wood, resting on colossal blocks, the two front ones of which are visible in De Witt's drawing. We see on the stage two actresses, apparently a queen and a lady of the court, in the dress of Elizabeth's time. A messenger, with a martial Henri Quatre beard, lance or staff in hand, runs up to them with a seven-league stride. At the back of the scene is the "tiring-house" (*mimorum aedes*), its projecting roof supported by two large, high columns with capitals. The first storey of the tiring-house is divided into boxes separated by columns. There we observe ("over the stage in the lord's rooms") distinguished persons or unoccupied actors looking at the performance. A small upper storey above the tiring-house—covered, like the latter, with straw or bulrushes—rises beyond the roofing of the amphitheatrical galleries, which are also adorned with many columns. From this upper turret, where a banner floats with the sign of the "Swan," the Thames could,

* Regarding the capacity of the theatre, the words used by De Witt are "quippe quod tres mille homines in sedibus admittat." Can any of our readers adduce any evidence to corroborate a statement which seems to err so largely on the side of excess?—ED. ACADEMY.

no doubt, be seen. There are two windows and a door in it; at the door a trumpeter stands, who gives the "three soundings" as an announcement to the people outside that the performance is soon to begin. We see the place for the orchestra also, and the openings for ingress. Between the stage and the yard, where spectators had to stand exposed to every kind of weather, there are no dividing palings.

From the notes copied by Arend van Buchell from the MS. of Johannes de Witt, the original of which is lost, we learn that the Swan Theatre was built of flintstone ("of which there is an immense mass in Britain"), with wooden columns, "whose marbled colour might deceive even the most expert." The prominent position of the Swan Theatre, as well as its size and splendid arrangements, become evident, for the first time, from this description. As to the chronology, Dr. Gädertz aptly quotes a passage from the poetical account of the travels of Prince Ludwig of Anhalt-Köthen, who was in London in 1596, and who, later on, became known as a member of a society for the restoration of the purity of the German language. That passage agrees closely with De Witt's description of the four chief playhouses, as well as of the bear-gardens and the places for bull and dog-fights; and this—not to mention stronger arguments tending the same way—seems to fix 1596 as the likeliest date for De Witt's sojourn in London.

Arend van Buchell, who has preserved the important extracts, was a friend of Johannes de Witt—"born in the same year (1565) and brought up with us," as De Witt himself writes. The latter was canon of St. Mary's Church in Utrecht; but, having obtained a dispensation from his duties, mainly spent his time in travel, collecting materials for the history of art and literature. Among the MSS composed during his journeys was a catalogue of painters and paintings, entitled *Coelum Pictorium*. It was a work similar to the *Schilderboek* of Karel van Mander (1604), but, as De Witt says, far more comprehensive, though he does full justice to the researches of his predecessor. This catalogue was delayed in publication. De Witt then went to Italy, which he had longed to see for many years, and there again industriously made studies to complete the work. He was on the point of returning to Utrecht, when he died suddenly in 1622.

A mine of knowledge was thus irretrievably lost, so far as our present information goes; for the whereabouts of De Witt's MSS. is no longer known.

"Did he die at Rome or at Venice?" Dr. Gädertz asks. "Did the things he left remain at either of these places? Who was with him at the last moment? Who took care of his burial? Who was his heir? Have his MSS. gone astray into an Italian public or private library? Are there any documents referring to him in the chancery of the Embassy of the Netherlands? In Italy his last intercourse was with Paulus Brillius, Antonius Tempesta, Gerhard Honthorst, and Cornelis Poelenburg. Did any of these painters perhaps come into possession of his property? Or was it conveyed to Utrecht by the two last-mentioned, who were De Witt's compatriots? Might not Arend van Buchell, knowing, as he did, of the labours of his friend and relation

who died single and childless, have brought forward any claims? With united forces all explorers of art must now follow these traces and make their researches in Holland and Italy."

If the *Coelum Pictorium* is exhumed from the dust in which it must have lain for nearly three hundred years, the other MSS. of Johannes de Witt will, in all likelihood, be found with it. In that case it will be the merit of Dr. Gädertz, whose name is already favourably known by a history of the *Drama of Lower Germany* from the oldest times, to have pointed out the tracks leading to the recovery.

There are, in Dr. Gädertz's little book, some other contributions to Shakspearean literature, among them one concerning the interlude in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." At the British Museum Dr. Gädertz found an undated old German print by Johannes Sauro-mann, not noted in Jöcher's *Gelehrten Lexikon*, nor in Zedler's *Universal-Lexikon*. It refers to a session of the German parliament at Spire, probably of the year 1526. The print is remarkable for having on its title-page a woodcut representing the story of Pyramus and Thisbe. Under the mulberry tree, at the brook which springs from a cleft in the rock, lies Pyramus, in the garb of a German knight of the sixteenth century, with bleeding breast. Near him Thisbe, with manifest Babylonian features, clad like a noble German lady of the period, her hair dishevelled, and with the sword pointed at her heart, falls towards her lover with extended arms. In the background on the left is the roaring lion, and a town in the distance. On the right there is Thisbe once more, as she walks towards the wood. This drawing is topped by a monument in Renaissance style. No monogram indicates the artist. As printer of the fly-sheet, Georg Rhau is mentioned, who was also an important publisher at Wittenberg.

The opinion of Dr. Gädertz is that the drawing was probably made by no other than Lucas Cranach, who at that time lived at Wittenberg, and who drew many woodcuts and ornamental headpieces for Rhau, whose portrait he also painted. The Pyramus and Thisbe story was a favourite subject with German artists of the time, such as Hans Holbein and Cranach. Dr. Gädertz further concludes that the woodcut, being so well executed, and having no reference whatever to the political and religious theme of the pamphlet, which is mainly an exhortation addressed to all Christians to fight against the Turks, must originally have adorned the title-page of a German story of Pyramus and Thisbe, which possibly was the source of Shakspeare's interlude in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Among the books published by Richard Tottell in Shakspeare's time, there are two ("*A Dialogue of Comfort against Tribulation*," made by Syr Thomas More," and *The History of Quintus Curcius*) which both have the same woodcut on their title-pages as Sauro-mann's pamphlet. There are only a few slight deviations in detail; but the German dress is preserved in the figures. The hypothesis of Dr. Gädertz is that the London publisher used the Wittenberg original for a new block, and that he first brought out the woodcut with a translation of a

German work on Pyramus and Thisbe, afterwards making use of it for two other prints. Bold as the surmise may appear, Dr. Gädertz adduces arguments which cannot be lightly set aside. At all events, we have here some valuable suggestions which may lead to further discoveries.

KARL BLIND.

NEW NOVELS.

Wessex Tales: Strange, Lively, and Common-place. By Thomas Hardy. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

All Else of No Avail. By Ben Hayward. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Beyond Compare. By Charles Gibbon. In 3 vols. (Sampson Low.)

The Rat of the Land. By Mary Lester (Maria Soltera). In 3 vols. (Blackwood.)

The Fortunes of Philippa Fairfax. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Frederick Warne.)

Francis and Frances; or, an Unexplainable Phenomenon. (Bristol: Arrowsmith.)

She came Between. By Mrs. Alexander Fraser. (White.)

Mary Jane Married: Tales of a Village Inn. By George R. Sims. (Chatto & Windus.)

MR. HARDY has been a good many years before the public, but his *Wessex Tales* tell us something new about him—that he can work as effectively on a small as on a large canvas. Perhaps it will not be altogether new to readers who are in the habit of defining and analysing their impressions, for such readers will probably find that their recollection of anyone of Mr. Hardy's novels which they happen to have read some time ago is less a recollection of the book as a whole than of certain originally conceived situations—just the situations which, it detached, might serve as centres for short stories like those in his two latest volumes. The title of the new book indicates that the five tales of which it is composed have a common background, which is, of course, the background of West-country scenery and custom with which the author has made us all so pleasantly familiar. If we adopt Mr. Hardy's own classification we shall have no difficulty in placing the first two stories—"The Three Strangers" and "The Withered Arm"—under the first heading, and there is as little difficulty in deciding that the "lively" element is provided by "The Distracted Preacher." If the remaining stories—"Fellow Townsman" and "Interlopers at the Knap"—are to be described as "common-place," it must be remembered that the epithet is Mr. Hardy's own, for no critic worth his salt would be likely to use it; though in the simple sense of "ordinary" it serves well enough to describe the matter of the tales, which includes nothing in mere incident which is alien to ordinary experience. "Three Strangers" provides an appetising opening, being comparatively brief, novel in invention, and simple in construction. It is, indeed, an elaborated incident rather than a story proper—the accidental meeting in a lonely moorland cottage, where a merry christening party is being held, of an escaped

prisoner, whose execution had been fixed for the following morning, with the hangman, who is on his way to the county jail. In the midst of the grotesque humour there is a suggestion of creepiness which prepares the way for the powerful but unrelievedly painful story which follows—"The Withered Arm." This tale is the most striking and most elaborately wrought-out of the whole five; and it closes with a singularly impressive dramatic situation, in which a gruesome local superstition is utilised with wonderful skill and effect. Of the three remaining stories, "The Distracted Preacher" is most original in conception. The perplexities of the young Methodist minister—who, after falling in love with the pretty widow, his landlady, discovers that she is a not inactive member of a gang of smugglers provide capital material, of which Mr. Hardy makes the best possible use, treating the theme not farcically, but with a light humour which blends easily with the occasional pathetic touches. Mr. Hardy has one recurring structural idea, which appears with more or less distinctness in all the tales except the first—that of a man who drifts away for a time from a woman he has loved to return to her in the end, generally to find that he is too late. This conception is treated most pathetically and gracefully in "Fellow Townsman"; but in making use of it again and again Mr. Hardy runs the risk of producing an effect of monotony which is only averted by variety of treatment and by his inventive fertility in the matter of incident. Circulating library managers—who on this point are unquestionable authorities—declare that short stories are unpopular. It would not be difficult to make them popular if the task were attempted by a few writers of Mr. Hardy's calibre.

All Else is no Avail is a story which opens with a fine collection of healthy improbabilities. A Channel steamer running across from England to France is overtaken by a heavy gale, accompanied by a thick fog—a remarkable combination of natural phenomena—and is driven upon a rock and wrecked. A young lady is rescued by a young gentleman; and her confidence being won by this act of heroism, she, prompted apparently by natural ingenuousness of character rather than by any definite motive, confesses that she has just stolen a valuable set of diamonds, which she is about to hand over to her lover, who turns out to be the brother of her rescuer. The world being, as we know, very small, nothing is more natural and likely than that the hero should before long meet at his uncle's house the daughter of the lady who has lost the diamonds; and before we reach the end of the first volume, we perceive that things are becoming delightfully tangled. After this the story runs rather wild; but it has an intermittent liveliness, which may tempt the reader who is not fastidious about probability or grammar or accuracy of quotation, to run after it. The book is terribly slipshod, but it is slipshod in a not unamusing way.

It is quite impossible to say what person, place, or thing is referred to in the title of Mr. Charles Gibbon's *Beyond Compare*. Indeed everything in the book is very ordinary; certainly not with the ordinariness

of real life—of which it can hardly be said that we are ever reminded—but with the ordinariness of familiar melodramatic conventions. Most of the well-known stage properties are here, and the "business" has the charm of old association. There is a forged will which is in evidence, there is a genuine will which has unaccountably disappeared, there is a lonely tower supposed to be haunted, there is a mysterious pedlar, and so on, and so on. Villain number one agrees—of course for a consideration—to separate the hero and heroine and to obtain the latter as a wife for villain number two. In their dealings with the villains the hero and heroine exhibit the fatuous credulity which the necessities of melodrama demand; and there is no reason whatever that the nefarious plan should not be successful, except that provided by another melodramatic necessity—that villainy should be foiled and virtue triumphant. The story is not more absurd than others of its class; but "the pity of it, Iago," is that it should be written by the author of *Auld Robin Gray* and *For Lack of Gold*.

The Fat of the Land, unlike Byron's *Corsair*, has many virtues and one crime; but unfortunately the one impresses us much more forcibly than the many. The characters are lifelike, the sequence of very quiet incident is natural enough, and the literary style is without reproach; but what avail these things in a book which is so dull that the reading of it instead of being play is the hardest of work? Occasionally it seems as if it were going to brighten up, but, alas, it is only seeming! The scapegrace Marmaduke, who runs away with a ward in chancery, promises well, but his promise is unfulfilled; the scheming Miss Fanshawe is equally disappointing; and even Col. Leppell's theft of his daughter's diamonds, which really does seem likely to lead to something lively, comes absolutely to nothing. The book is also very long, and some people will call this a second crime; but length is not in itself criminal. *Vanity Fair* is a long book, so is *The Woman in White*, so is *Middlemarch*; but—readers must complete the sentence for themselves. When an unpleasant truth has been stated once it is needless to repeat it, especially when it concerns a book which does not exasperate, but only mildly depresses.

The Fortunes of Philippa Fairfax is certain to be liked by the public and praised by the critics, for the liking is well-won and the praise well-deserved. I cannot help thinking, however, that the latter would be expressed more heartily if the little story had some less known name than that of Mrs. Burnett on its titlepage. It is, perhaps, unfair, but it seems inevitable that the question asked concerning any book by a popular author should be not simply "Is it good?" but "Is it as good as it ought to be?" It is one of the most irritating of the grievances of authors that they are never allowed without complaint to do less than their best, and it is a grievance which is not likely to be remedied. If the portrait of Philippa Fairfax is hung between those of Joan Lowrie and the fascinating "fair barbarian," it will certainly be killed; but place it on a wall by itself and it will be found very winning and attractive. The most successful

character in the book is, however, Philippa's father, the scheming, sponging, utterly unprincipled but good-natured gambler who, after having all but irretrievably spoiled his daughter's life, takes the journey which he knows must be fatal in order that he may undo the wrong he has done. The book is very slight, but it is perfect in construction and charmingly artistic in workmanship.

Francis and Frances is one of those books which will prove most attractive to the reader who, like Lord Dundreary, loves to wonder. The beginning and the middle contain hardly anything that is interesting for its own sake, and will be read mainly with a view of getting through them to the end. A book which is certain to be subjected to the test of hasty perusal should be constructed to stand that test satisfactorily; and this is just where the present story fails, for, if the reader does not proceed slowly, and with as much attention as he would devote, say, to a text-book of biology, he will find himself becoming hopelessly befogged. The whimsical motif of the book—the alternate daily disappearance and reappearance of a twin brother and sister—would suit Mr. Anstey, though even he would find it difficult to work up to a satisfactory *dénouement*, without the use of such supernatural machinery as that employed to work the transformations in *Vice Versa*; and, as in *Francis and Frances* the mystery is entirely unexplained, the readers whose curiosity has led them on will feel themselves rather ill-used. The liveliest portions of the book are those which have no relation to the main action of the story.

She came Between is an utterly worthless story of the sentimental and "intense" order. The class is, unhappily, too familiar. The hero, a young man of the lowest mental capacity we expect to find outside of Earlwood, is, like so many of his race, "handsome and fair as a brave young Viking" (how sick we are of Vikings!), "tall and dignified as a young poplar" (a very young poplar must be meant, or Cyril would have been the chief attraction of a travelling show), and is altogether a most ineffable person. As the heroine tells her own story and cannot very well describe herself so elaborately, the impression of her physical charms is rather vague; but she disinterestedly devotes much eloquence to celebrate those of her rival—the young woman who "came between"—who possesses "an exquisite face," a "tall willowy figure," "a pair of liquid eyes, grey and dreamy," and also "a pair of perfect scarlet lips." High-flown amorous conversations, interrupted by kisses, constitute the contents of a story which is of absurdity all compact.

As a rule, a sequel to a successful work of fiction is more or less of a failure, as any artistic afterthought is likely to be; but *Mary Jane Married* is certainly an exception to the rule, perhaps because it is a sequel in form rather than in substance. We certainly renew our acquaintance with Mary Jane, of whom it is now more respectful to speak as Mrs. Beckett; but she is no longer the centre of interest as she was in the delightful *Memoirs*. She still manages to make her genial personality felt, but here she is simply the narrator, not the heroine; for *Mary Jane*

Married is really a collection of short stories, of which the heroes and heroines are the visitors to the Stretford Arm, of which Mrs. Beckett has become the mistress. Mr. Sims, whether speaking with unveiled face, or from behind a feminine mask, is a capital *raconteur*. He is pleasantly fertile in the kind of invention best suited to the purposes of the short tale; his hand, in dealing with a humorous or pathetic motive, is light and dexterous; and if the stories of the good hostess have not much specific gravity they provide very pleasant and entertaining reading.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

SOME BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY.

The Angler's Note-Book and Naturalist's Record. Second Series. (Elliot Stock.) This book is a medley of notes, piscatorial and bibliographic, of different value, yet all more or less pleasant in the eyes of a scholarly angler. Thus, there are papers on the *Geoponica*, on flint fish-hooks, on Martial's piscine epigrams, on trout-fishing in Belgium, and on Dame Juliana Berners. Prof. Skeat, the late Mr. Westwood, Mr. O. Lambert, and other well-known writers contribute articles; and there are some good original sonnets on angling subjects. The misfortune is so few scholarly anglers exist that there is a probability that such handy books of angling as this will fall unnoticed from the press. Originally projected by the late Mr. T. Satchell, the *Note-Book* has been finished by the kindly care of Mr. A. Wallis. It is impossible to turn over the leaves without finding articles of sterling value, such as Mr. Satchell's paper on the "Regimen Sanitatis Salerni," or that on "Old Angling Terms and Proverbs." Some of the matter collected in the dozen different papers called "Our Creel" is of ephemeral interest, but the rest of the book will always find readers among scholars when the angling season is over. It will also serve as a memorial of its projector, a man of literary tastes and much discernment in bibliography, who had gathered round him a little circle of scholarly anglers, and done much diligent and unselfish work for them, when a short rest from literature would probably have prolonged his own life.

Notes on the Birds of Herefordshire. Collected by the late H. G. Bull, M.D. (Hereford: Jakeman & Carver.) These notes were contributed by members of the well-known Woolhope Club; but it is not needful to plunge into the controversy as to the exact amount which was written by Dr. Bull. They are published partly in memory of that enthusiastic student of nature, partly to collect the scattered ornithological notes which have been from time to time read at the field meetings of the club. The late Dr. Bull would not himself have claimed much scientific value for his book. It contains for the most part pleasant gossiping notices of such birds as have been observed in the county of Herefordshire, garnished liberally (some will think too liberally) with poetic scraps bearing on each bird. Where investigation and practical knowledge have been applied to a bird the result is more valuable. Thus, the account of the partridge's habits, and, again, of the woodcock's range in Herefordshire, its relative abundance or scarcity in different years and the increase in the number of these birds which now remain behind to breed, are much to be commended. Every here and there a note on the ornithology of the county is worth remembering. We are told that *Motacilla flava* occurs every season at Belmont, near Hereford. Some authority,

however, for this statement is desirable. This bird is said to have been seen, too, at Lynton in 1840; but it "was not handled, and is, therefore, doubtful." The probability is that it has been mistaken for the common yellow wagtail, *M. Raiti*. Indeed, more strict supervision should have been exercised over many of the birds admitted as natives of, or found in, the county. Thus, the only recorded instance of the scap (*Fuligula marila*) is assigned to 1851, because a specimen is said to "have been seen in the flesh" at a bird-stuffer's in Hereford, which, to say the least of it, is somewhat vague. Nor can we accept the existence of the black woodpecker in the county, although it is said to have been seen (and even handled) by several observers. The arrangement of the book is objectionable, as it admits into the text all so-called British birds, merely bracketing such as have not been found in the county and adding a brief notice like "said to have occurred near Newcastle, and also near Exeter," or "once in Sutherlandshire and in Perthshire." It would have been less confusing to have treated only of Herefordshire birds, and in an appendix to have named the birds which have not been taken in that county. In the index to the present book such birds are printed in italics. A good feature in these "Notes" is a list of provincial names for the birds of the county. It is bad enough to see the grotesque mummies which country taxidermists frequently make of rare birds; but a still worse fate befell a specimen of that exceedingly rare bird, the sooty tern, which was picked up dead near Pembroke in May, 1885. A rustic bird-stuffer, in order "to make it fit a small case, carefully cropped the longest primary feathers of each wing." A scientific history of the birds of Herefordshire yet remains to be written. Many, however, will welcome this book for the characteristic portrait of Dr. Bull, which forms its frontispiece.

The Songs of the Birds; or, Analogies of Animal and Spiritual Life. By the late Rev. W. E. Evans. (Sampson Low.) Originally published more than forty years ago, this reprint is a good example of the school of religious poetry of the time, whereof Keble and Isaac Williams were prominent leaders. But the writer, being a practical ornithologist, fond of country sights, has confined himself to the poetry and spiritual teachings of bird-life. Taking all the common birds in order the author devotes a chapter of prose to each, in which he shows considerable insight every here and there into the habits of birds, and follows this with an ode or song to the bird, drawing out spiritual lessons from its characteristics and economy. Thus, the cuckoo becomes the personification of selfishness; the missel thrush is an unrestful bird owing to its overbearing quarrelsome temper, and the like. Mr. Evans wrote thoughtfully and well in prose, and much of his verse is far from mediocre; but his rhymes are occasionally faulty—"warning" and "morning," "him" and "in," "wept" and "swept," are examples. The book is a possession to be prized by all devout lovers of our birds, and of the quiet happiness of a self-contained retired life. Whether amid the anxious stir and fret of souls in the end of the nineteenth century there is room for a book of this meditative character may admit of doubt. But the work of Mr. Evans was well-known in his lifetime, and has been long out of print. It is still sure of a joyful welcome with the quiet natures referred to. The cuts are the old ones, if we remember aright, and they have not improved with age.

The Principles of Agricultural Practice. By J. Wrightson. (Chapman & Hall.) The excel-

lence of these lectures is rather obscured by occasional solecisms, such as the use of that vile word "examinees," or the expression—"It is difficult to see for why." The author throughout uses big words too, words surely beyond the understanding of the ordinary agricultural pupil. What would such an one, for instance, be profited by the information that "the nitrification of nitrogenous matter existing in a state of organic combination is one of the most recent and one of the most important facts brought out by agricultural chemistry"? The chalk formation does not end at Beachy but at Beer Head, towards the west; while to talk of the Yorkshire and Lincolnshire wolds "supporting a prosperous and intelligent tenantry" is scarcely a true statement, at present, of their condition. With such exceptions as these Mr. Wrightson's book contains much that is well reasoned, and ought to prove a valuable help to the young farmer. Without disgusting him with tables and statistics, it does not shrink from figures when they are useful; while the repetitions in the different lectures (for which the author apologises) strike us as unavoidable, if salient points and the relation of one topic to another are to be remembered by pupils, few of whom, presumably, have had the benefit of a regular literary education. Besides stating lucidly the theory of modern agriculture, the author every here and there descends to practical advice. Most farmers are amusingly distrustful of the man who writes; but the sound sense here concentrated, and the teachings necessary for these times of sorrow and trial to agriculture, will at once disarm suspicion, if the cautious reader perseveres and weighs the value of Mr. Wrightson's advice. Drainage, he rightly says, is of the first importance in a farm. A knowledge of geology will often prevent serious mistakes in treating crops and manures; and this is fairly given in three out of the fourteen lectures of which the book is composed. From soils the author advances to manures and crops, which are very fully treated, the preference being given to natural over artificial manures for the most part, and the subject of rotation of crops being exhaustively handled. The new phosphate, basic cinder, is carefully estimated as a fertilising agent. Mr. Wrightson deems that one-sixteenth less grain is grown in the country now than twenty years ago, and holds that the farmer in a clay country can only realise now £7 or £8 per acre on his corn crops instead of the £12 or £13 which used to be expected. Few but those who are practically interested in farming stiff clay land know to what depths in such a country agriculture has descended. Manure is absolutely necessary for a root crop; and a good root crop, as farmers know, means for the most part a good succession of crops. More nonsense, however, is talked about patent manures and their effects than about any other point in agriculture. It is refreshing to read Mr. Wrightson's excellent commonsense on the subject. We have formed a high idea of his little book, and hope that he will be encouraged in another volume to advance to the theory of stock-keeping and harvesting in general. In order to reduce his ideas to practice, besides the experience which comes out every here and there in his pages, we would supplement Mr. Wrightson's *Principles* with an admirable pamphlet on farming at the present day, and in the existing stress of agricultural matters.—*The Advantages of Well-bred Stock, and its Selection*. By Alfred Ashworth. (Riley: Darwen.) It is full of sensible suggestions. Mr. Ashworth himself is favourably known as a breeder of pedigree stock. Furnished with these two guides, the farmer ought, even during the present distress, to be able to make his occupation pay.

Profitable Dairy Farming. By H. M. Upton. (Sampson Low.) Cheshire farmers have already betaken themselves to the improvement of dairy produce, and found the benefit of it in these days of trouble. In the hope that farmers elsewhere will devote more attention to milk and butter, Mr. Upton has prepared this manual, which is cheap, concise, and full of excellent counsel. Seeing that this country imports annually some fifteen millions of dairy produce, they will be wise to turn their minds both to greater production of cheese and butter, and to maintaining an even standard in them. Irregularity of quality and appearance ruins the English dairy-trade; and to secure an improvement in these points the farmer must henceforth give more thought to theory and scientific processes in his dairy, and less to the old-fashioned rules of thumb, which are at present too common. Mr. Upton has useful chapters on crops, manure, milk, cream, and butter, with estimates of cost, management, and much information for all who keep a cow. Not the least of the advantages of this book are its abstracts of the different Acts recently passed on dairies and contagious diseases. We think, however, that his dogma of allowing no cattle on grass-lands after Christmas, in order to obtain the heaviest crops of hay, is somewhat over-strained. It is advantageous rather than otherwise to let cattle into them during any sunny gleams up to the middle of March.

Poultry for Exhibition, Home, and Market. By a Poultry Farmer. (Sonnenschein.) This is a decidedly useful book for all country folks. It does not hold out much hope, indeed, to poultry-farmers, and herein the author is right. Profit cannot be made as things are at present, except in very exceptional cases, by poultry-farming pure and simple. But as adjuncts of a stable or farmyard, fowls may always be kept with advantage. This little book gives careful details of the best breeds to be kept, rules for their management in health and disease, hints on artificial incubation, and on exhibiting fowls. Being written by a thoroughly practical man, the style of the book need not be criticised, or else it would have to be enquired what is meant by the assertion that "Mother Carey and her chicks play quite an important part in everyday life," if, indeed, it means anything. The author very properly condemns the cruel "dubbing," or cutting the combs of game-cocks, and the plucking out the fluffy feathers from black Spanish fowls, to improve their appearance. This hand-book will please some country lovers by a sensible chapter on pheasants and pheasantries, while many others will be conciliated by the excellent plates of the different kinds of fowls most in vogue with fanciers at present. But why is not a word said of the pretty Japanese bantams, although a good illustration of them is given?

Nature's Fairy-Land. Rambles by Woodland, Meadow, Stream, and Shore. By H. W. S. Worsley-Benison. (Elliot Stock.) No more excellent book could be placed in the hands of a boy or girl fond of nature during this year's sea-side holiday. It points out the methods of investigation to be employed in several popular sciences, and is thoughtfully as well as lucidly written. The papers on botany are especially clear and to the point. Indeed, all Mr. Worsley-Benison's book is attractive. Even elder lovers of the country will find novel views on accepted theories happily expressed every here and there; for the author has laid Tyndall, Huxley, Romanes, and other well-known names in biological research under contribution. But the popular views on the Druids which are here stated might be reconsidered with advantage. And when it is asked "Why should the misletoe be excluded from our sacred Services at Christ-

mas?" the answer is easy. The plant possesses so many heathen associations, and is connected with so much that is sportive in modern times, that it is very properly shut out from the decoration of churches. We believe it is carved in one Gloucestershire church. Otherwise, mediæval sentiment long ago declared against it. Again, Peter the Great could hardly have suggested to Evelyn to plant a holly hedge in his garden, 400 feet long, when much of the damage done to the diarist's garden by the Czar, for which the owner received a large compensation from the Crown, consisted in the holes made in such a holly-hedge by the royal shipwright driving wheel-barrow through it. When Mr. Worsley-Benison discards such padding, and discourses on nature by the sea or on the hills, we gladly listen. Such a book as this reveals wonders and beauty everywhere around us; and, as giving insight, and making men value more highly our English scenery and wild creatures, it deserves nothing but commendation.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MISS MARY ROBINSON'S new volume of verse will be issued immediately by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, under the title of *Songs, Ballads, and a Garden Play*.

MR. WALTER SCOTT is about to publish *Oak-bough and Wattle-blossom*, being a series of Australian stories and sketches, edited by Mr. Patchett Martin. Among the contributors are Mrs. Campbell Praed, Mr. Douglas B. W. Sladen, Mr. Haddon Chambers, Mr. Edmund Stansfeld Rawson, "Sebastian Oldmixon," and the editor. A special edition is being prepared for the Melbourne centennial exhibition.

ON June 15 Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. will publish the first part of a new monthly serial, entitled *Our Celebrities*. Each part will contain three portraits, with monographs from the pen of Dr. Louis Engel. The portraits selected for part i. are: the Duke of Cambridge, the Marquis of Salisbury, and Sir Frederick Leighton.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN announces for publication next week *The Paradox Club*, by Mr. Edward Garnett—a novel dealing with London life.

A Fresh Water Yarn: an illustrated account of a boat voyage up the River Avon, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

Ballades of a Country Bookworm is the title of a little volume by Mr. Thomas Hutchinson (dedicated by permission to Mr. Andrew Lang), which will be issued about September by Mr. Frank Murray, of Nottingham and Derby. The edition is limited to 160 copies.

THE next volume in the series of "Great Writers" (Walter Scott) will be *Goethe*, written by Mr. James Sime.

WE learn that the limited edition of the forthcoming *Dictionary of Slang, Jargon, and Cant* is nearly exhausted. In addition to the contributors already announced in the ACADEMY, Mr. Walter H. Pollock, assisted by Mr. Aubrey Stewart, has undertaken to supply a collection of circus and showmen's slang. The editors have also recorded an interesting contribution of tailors' slang from Mr. T. H. Holding, editor of the *London Tailor*; and Mr. Walter Rye will supply athletic and running slang.

A SPECIAL holiday number of *Little Folks* will be published on June 21, under the title of "Summer Tide." Its contents will include a large picture, entitled "Pickaback," by Mr. Burton Barber, reproduced in twelve colours; two pages of humorous illustrations in colours,

by Mr. Walter Crane; complete stories, &c., by Mrs. Molesworth, L. T. Meade, Mr. Clark Russell, Talbot Baines Reed, &c.; "An Out-of-Doors Play," by Mr. H. Savile Clarke; and "A Summer Song," by Mr. A. Scott Gatty. The number will be illustrated by A. Hopkins, M. E. Edwards, W. Rainey, Gordon Browne, and other artists.

THE July number of the *Theatre* will contain a paper by Mrs. E. S. de Courcy Laffan (Mrs. Leith Adams), entitled "The Poet's Cradle." The paper will be illustrated with views of Stratford-on-Avon, Trinity Church, the old Latin schoolroom where stood Shakspeare's desk, &c.

A FORTHCOMING issue of *Temple Bar* will contain a poem, entitled "Sea-foam and Drift-wood," by Mr. Arthur L. Salmon.

A FOURTH and popular edition of Mr. Ashby Starry's *The Lazy Minstrel* will be published next week by Mr. Unwin.

WE have received the first number of a new serial, entitled *North Country Poets*, edited by Mr. William Andrews, of Hull. Its object is to give short biographies, with examples, of modern poets who are natives of, or resident in, the northern counties of England.

ON Monday and Tuesday of next week Messrs. Sotheby will sell the collection of autograph letters and historic documents formed by the late Earl of Lonsborough. Among them are the sign-manuals of Henry V., Henry VI., Richard III., Edward VI., and other kings; a holograph sonnet of James I.; a proclamation signed by the Old Pretender; a letter from George IV. appointing the Duke of Wellington to the command of the army, with the duke's reply; besides several characteristic letters by Benjamin Franklin, Carlyle, and other modern personages.

THE Countess Agénor de Gasparin writes to us to say that she has taken no share whatever in the translation of her last work—*Dans les Prés et sous les Bois*. Neither the MS. of the translation nor its English title, "Sunny Fields and Sunny Woods," was submitted for her approval. A few pieces at the end of the translation, though in many points faulty, alone give such a rendering of the original as the author can approve.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:

"Several of your contemporaries, in noticing the death of Mr. W. L. Birkbeck, have fallen into the error of making Dr. Birkbeck the founder of the London Mechanics' Institution. There has hitherto been a popular impression to that effect, but, I believe, the real facts of the case are these:

"The entire conception of the plan of mechanics' institutes belongs to Mr. Francis Place. Having sounded his own personal friends, and obtained afterwards the support and pecuniary assistance of Brougham, Birkbeck, Burdett, and others, the affair was set on foot. Dr. Birkbeck became the first president of the London Mechanics' Institution; but Mr. Place was not only the author of the scheme, but the final preparation of the rules and orders was left in his hands."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

A NEW studentship has been founded at Cambridge, by the widow of the late Guy Lushington Prendergast, for "the furtherance of study and research in the Greek language, literature, history, philosophy, archaeology, and art." The proposed stipend is £200, for one year, of which some considerable portion shall be passed away from Cambridge; and it is specially provided that the Prendergast studentship shall not be awarded by competitive examination, nor be tenable together with the Craven studentship.

DR. E. B. TYLOR, reader in anthropology at Oxford, delivered a public lecture on Thursday, entitled "A New Method of investigating the Development of Institutions, with Applications of the Method to the Special Cases of the Laws of Marriage and Descent."

THE syndicate appointed by the University of Cambridge to examine the collection of papers written by or belonging to Sir Isaac Newton in the possession of the Earl of Portsmouth, the scientific portion of which he offered to present to the university, have reported as follows. They have carefully examined the collection, have divided it under such heads as seemed most appropriate, and have prepared a detailed catalogue of the whole. This catalogue has now been printed, and the syndicate recommend that it be published by the university. The books and papers retained by Lord Portsmouth are marked in the catalogue as returned to him. Some of these have been already returned, and the remainder will be sent back shortly. The portion of the collection presented by Lord Portsmouth to the university is ready to be transferred to the library as soon as a place is found for it. In bringing their work to a termination the syndicate express their sense of the interest and value of the collection, and of the liberality of Lord Portsmouth in thus bestowing the scientific papers of Newton on his own university. It will be necessary either to bind, or to do something in the way of mending, a considerable portion of the papers, as they have suffered much from fire and damp. As the greater portion of the miscellaneous correspondence is retained by Lord Portsmouth, copies of the more important of these letters have been made and placed with the portion of the collection presented to the university. With this has also been placed a copy of Brewster's *Life of Newton*, in which the letters printed from this collection have been corrected after careful collation with the originals.

PENDING a reconstitution of the Laudian chair of Arabic at Oxford Mr. D. S. Margoliouth has been appointed to give instruction in Arabic during next term. Mr. Margoliouth has been spending some time lately at Cairo.

THE hon. degree of M.A. has been conferred at Oxford upon Dr. Hermann Ethé, professor of Oriental languages at Aberystwyth, who has long been engaged in cataloguing some of the Oriental collections in the Bodleian, and who is now examining in the Oriental school.

THE president of Trinity College has printed, for private distribution, a paper that he recently read before the Church Society of the college, entitled "Religio Loci." By the help of the statutes and MS. records he seeks to depict the strong religious spirit which animated Sir Thomas Pope, the founder of the college; and incidentally he animadverts upon an historical inaccuracy in *John Inglesant*, where the musical service at Trinity is described as an attraction to the courtiers of Charles I. It appears, on the authority of Aubrey—himself a member of the college—that the organ presented by the founder had been removed previous to that time.

THE Rev. H. D. Rawnsley, vicar of Crowthwaite, and the enthusiastic champion of public paths in the Lake district, will deliver an address at Oxford on Thursday next upon "Rights of Way and Access to Mountains."

WE hear that Mr. Ignatius Donnelly has been invited to speak at the Cambridge Union in support of his Shaksperian cryptogram.

PROF. TERBIEN DE LACOUERIE has been compelled to postpone his lectures at University College, London, on "The Ideology of Languages in connexion with the History of Eastern Asia," announced in the ACADEMY of last week.

ONE of the latest issues of the Publication Agency of the Johns Hopkins University is a reprint from the *American Journal of Philology* of Prof. Maurice Blomfield's paper on "The Origin of the Recessive Accent in Greek." In this he argues, with much detail (p. 41), against the theory advanced in Wheeler's *Der Griechische Nomenaccent* (Strassburg, 1885), and reasserts his own view that

"the recessive accentuation in Greek is a modification of a special Greek law of enclisis, which has spread from the finite verb until it has absorbed many quantitative word-types in general in the Pan-Hellenic speech and all in the Aeolic."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

TATTON MERE.

At dawn I passed beside a silent mere,
So still, so smooth it mirrored calmly here
Its own green banks, the heavens, the passing
cloud,
And some grey willow with its branches bowed:
The day was closing ere I passed again,
The north wind blew a fierce and angry strain,
The cry of wild geese sailing o'er the wood,
The plash of wavelets reached me as I stood;
The rushes bent and rustled in my ear,
How quickly changed the lovely placid mere;
Yet not unwelcome are the signs of strife,
The rushing wind, the scream of birds, for life
Awakes that slept, and now with stir and strength
No more with passive heart receives, at length
Knows the new joy of motion, voice, and gives
To man the sympathy of all that lives.

B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

MR. C. E. PLUMTRE's papers on the rise and development of philosophy during the renaissance are finished in the present number of the *Antiquary*. They have been admirable so far as they go, but the length they take us is but short. It is a subject that has been discussed over and over again, yet there is room for a work which should deal with the history of thought from the fall of Constantinople till the days of Bacon in an exhaustive manner. But where is the scholar that can in these chaotic days be trusted to organise for us all this scattered knowledge? The concluding portion of the unsigned paper on the National Portrait Gallery is good in itself, and will be of service by attracting attention to an institution which is not so widely known or so much valued as it should be. The most important paper, however, without doubt, is that on the Walls of Chester, by the veteran archaeologist, Mr. Charles Roache Smith, who was working at Anglo-Roman history when most of the present race of antiquaries were in their cradles. No one, it may be safely affirmed, has given such long-continued attention to this subject. We have no doubt that his conclusions with regard to the fortifications of Deva of the Legions are correct. Mr. W. F. Ainsworth's account of Dara is interesting, and contains new knowledge. We wish that he had treated the subject more in detail.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GOETHE SOCIETY AT WEIMAR.

Berlin: June 2, 1888.

THE Goethe Society has just held its third annual meeting at Weimar. No similar society in Germany exhibits such an extraordinary growth. It now numbers, including the affiliated English society, nearly 2900 members. One fourth of the membership resides outside of Germany. The *Goethe Jahrbuch*, which had

been published before the foundation of the society, has become its organ; and the ninth volume has just been issued. The Goethe archives, containing the poet's MSS., are deposited in a wing of the palace. Through the munificence of the Grand Duchess, by the purchase of the Kohn collection, a valuable library has been brought together for the use of the editors. The acquisition of MSS. and of original editions will make Weimar a centre for the study not only of Goethe literature, but of all the contemporary literature of the period.

The additions during the last year have been of great interest, the most important being the papers of Eckermann and of the Chancellor von Müller. Among the Eckermann papers are a considerable number of poems, sketches, apothegms, letters of Goethe from Italy to the Frau von Stein, Herder, and Koppenfels, also a collection of twelve folk-songs which Goethe made for Herder in Elsass in 1771, "which he enticed from the throats of the very oldest mothers," and a letter on the first representation of Schiller's "Wallenstein." There is also a part of a MS. of Schiller and a letter to Goethe. The papers of the Chancellor von Müller present a mass of interesting material. Among them is a memorandum of Goethe respecting the disposition of his property. He regarded his extensive collections as of value not only for intellectual Weimar, but for all Germany. If care were not taken great loss might arise. For sixty years he had devoted annually 100 ducats to the purchase of interesting and instructive objects, and it would be occasion for regret if these were to be scattered. From every article in the collection he had learned something, and much could still be learned. He therefore wished that his collections might be preserved in this spirit. Coins and medals were to be given to the Weimar library. Everything else was to be preserved for twenty-five years, first for the culture of his grandchildren, and then for that of the whole people.

Among the gifts of the year have been Goethe's letters to Fräulein von Levetzow and to Nees von Esenbeck. Much other material has been discovered which it has not yet been possible to obtain. The discovery of eighty-three unedited letters of Goethe in Jena has just been announced. In connexion with these, further investigation has shown the existence of a series of contemporary diaries, which may possibly present additional and interesting facts relating to Goethe's life during the different periods of his residence in Jena and his relations with the university. A careful examination of the *Tagebücher* of the officials of the Jena library has lately been begun by Archivrat Burkhart, who edited Goethe's scientific writings.

During the year, five volumes of the Weimar edition of Goethe's works, published under the auspices of the Grand Duchess, have appeared. Of the four parts into which this publication is divided (literary and scientific writings, journals and letters), all are represented except the scientific writings. It is not yet possible to determine how many volumes this edition will embrace, but the number will probably exceed one hundred. Many of the most competent scholars of Germany are engaged in the preparation of this edition. The aim of the editors is to present, first, a pure text, faithful to Goethe's last revision and free from the arbitrary changes of his secretaries; and, secondly, to exhibit the material for text criticism found in the various MSS. and in the readings of the different editions. Occasionally the sources of certain passages are presented, as in the edition of the first part of "Faust," where Erich Schmidt has not only given the various readings, but has inserted extracts from obscure works, which explain certain scenes and frag-

mentary paralipomena. Illustrative passages from Goethe's correspondence and from his unpublished diaries are also given. The other works which have appeared are the first volume of the poems edited by Von Lörper, one volume of journals from 1775-87, and two volumes of letters embracing the period to 1775. The society has also issued to members one volume of the letters of the Frau Rath, Goethe's mother, and letters containing a diary of his residence in Italy. The text of the recently discovered Göchhausen MSS. of the "Urfaust" has been issued separately and not as a part of the standard edition. The society purposes to issue immediately to members an album containing twenty-two drawings by Goethe.

During the year, under the admirable skill of Hofrath Ruland, the director of the Goethe National Museum, the vast collections in the Goethe House have been, in part, arranged and made accessible; but before this was possible the most thorough restoration of the entire building was necessary in order to preserve it from falling. It has now been restored to its original condition.

The value of these collections is very great. There are possibly ten thousand geological and mineralogical specimens. These are being carefully transferred from the pavilions in the garden, where they were in Goethe's lifetime, which would no longer sustain them, to the ground-floor of the Goethe House. They are now in process of arrangement by a young scientist of the University of Jena. The number of specimens of Italian marbles and of volcanic products from Italy and Sicily is very great, as is the number of ores and minerals from various springs in Bohemia and Austria. The collection of *faience* includes a number of pieces, many of which are not surpassed in any museum of Europe. There are 1600 medals arranged in cases to illustrate the history of the different countries of Europe. Some of these medals are almost unique, such as that cast to commemorate the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, on which the French king is represented standing on the skulls of the murdered Huguenots. There is also the medal to faith and religion struck by order of the Pope to commemorate the same event. The antique bronzes present many choice specimens. In addition to about nine hundred drawings and paintings by Goethe himself, there are many original drawings by artists of the Dutch, Flemish, and Italian schools, by Rembrandt, Rubens, and Guercino, and by the German artists with whom Goethe was associated in Rome. There are also 140 paintings in water-colour of Goethe's friends, among them portraits of many members of the English colony in Weimar, and of visitors. The portfolios of engravings are also very numerous. Goethe's wide interest in art is shown by the discovery of several very interesting stained glass windows which date from the earliest period of the art, which are now being prepared preparatory to exhibition. These come from early Romanesque churches in Thuringia, some of which still exist, which were founded on sites where Boniface had preached.

The annual meeting of the society was held on May 26. The number of members present was somewhat less than 200. The honoured chief-justice of the empire, Von Simson, presided, and delivered a brief opening address. The interest of the court was shown by the presence of the Grand Duke and Duchess, the Hereditary Grand Duke and Duchess, the Crown Prince of Greece, the Princess Hermann of Sachsen-Weimar, and the Princess Olga of Stuttgart.

The annual address was given by Prof. Kuno Fischer, of Heidelberg, upon Goethe's "Iphigenia." Goethe's two plays, "Iphigenia" and "Tasso," had a double home—in Germany and

in Italy. "Tasso" was produced slowly, like the growth of an orange tree, the "Iphigenia" rapidly. The latter play was begun February 14, 1779, and in three weeks the first three acts were finished, the fourth act on March 19, on the Schalkenstein, near Ilmenau, and the fifth act on Lake Garda, on March 28. The tragedy of Euripides was made the basis, and a trilogy was contemplated—Iphigenia at Aulis, Tauris, and Delphi. The play was presented at Ettersburg July 3, 1779, when the Duke Carl August played the part of Pylades, and Goethe himself that of Orestes. The chief theme of the play was representative of vicarious suffering, through which the curse resting upon a family is atoned. In this respect there is harmony between its teaching and the corresponding doctrine of the Christian religion, from which comes the divine sympathy with human suffering.

The short address of Prof. Erich Schmidt showed how rich is the MS. material for the new edition of the Second Part of "Faust," which will appear in the autumn. In 1824 Goethe wrote down, for incorporation in an additional volume of *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, his plan of the Second Part of "Faust," which he had no hope to complete. These rejected sheets have been found in the Goethe archives. Later, when Goethe had been induced to resume work upon the poem, many features were modified and others abandoned. In the sketch which has been lately discovered there is no mention of the masquerade, paper money, Bacchalaureus, Homunculus, the "Mothers," or the classical Walpurgisnacht. The first scene is more operative. Faust, on awakening from sleep, is conducted to the court of the Emperor Maximilian in Augsburg. Mephistopheles is represented as the helper of Faust. Paris and Helena are evoked at the wish of the emperor. Here there is a closer adherence to the Volksbuch of Dr. Faustus. The emperor demands the magic mantle for a journey through the air to a chamois hunt in Tirol. After the scene where Helena is evoked, Faust falls in love with her and demands her for himself. They reside remote from Greece in the castle of a crusader in Palestine. There Helena, in solitude, longs for society and the homage of men. Faust, as a German knight, is at first repulsive to her, but she finally returns his love. Mephisto, as a female gypsy who had received Christian baptism, and a seneschal familiar with sorcery, serve the couple. A consecrated sword plays a certain part, and there are features which recall the mechanism of fairy tales. The son of Faust and Helena immediately after its birth leaps and fights. He becomes involved in a fracas with monks, peasants, and soldiers of fortune, and is slain. Helena, in grief, draws from her finger the magic ring, which has invested her with an illusory existence. Faust seeks to embrace her, but she vanishes, leaving behind her garment in Faust's hands. Faust then carries on war against the murderers. "Now that I have learned to despise this world, I am worthy to conquer it." Mephistopheles places the "three helpers" at his disposal. Everything is more German, more objective, coarse, vigorous, revolutionary, popular, naturalistic than in the later poem. There is a particular city and a particular emperor about which events cluster.

There has also been found in the Goethe archives a memorandum of the year 1827, in which Homunculus, "the dwarfish master of chronology," becomes the guide in the vest-pocket of his originator to the Thessalian night. Wagner puts a queer figure among the antique classical ghosts of Pharsalia. He collects in a vial phosphorescent atoms of earth composed of the remains of the dead in order to produce a Homunculus; and in this manner awakens the dead Roman legionaries, who expressly depre-

cate his use of portions of their bones. The lines

"Reden mag man noch so griechisch
Hört's ein Deutscher, der versteht's,"

may relate to Wagner.

A scene was planned, but not executed, where the centaur, Chiron, bears Faust to the Sibyls upon Olympus, and commends him to the favour of Manto for aid in winning Helena from Orcus. The MS. material presents a bewildering array of sketches, scenes, revisions, and new creations, with touches of fairy lore which vary greatly from the finished poem as we now possess it, and throw light upon many passages revealing a fancy exuberant in strange caprices. The paralipomena are very numerous. It is possible to trace the growth of the thought and expression in almost every line of certain acts, as in the Helena act, where there are often eight or ten versions of the same line, until the poet found at last the form that satisfied him. There is also a grand plan for an unexecuted Helena act. Rich as is the material for the new edition of the Second Part of "Faust," many loose sheets have disappeared through the generosity of members of the Goethe family after his death, and several of these have been found in Castan's Panopticon in Berlin. We miss the investiture of Faust with the land in this original sketch. Goethe kept to the end of his life the desire of revision and addition, and we find in his diary, in February 1832, the note—"New impulses to 'Faust.'"

The committee which had been entrusted with the work of suitably marking the graves of those associated with Goethe reported that measures would be taken to erect a monument to Minna Herzlieb in Görlitz, and that the grave of the actress Christiane Neumann, whom Goethe commemorated under the name of Ruphosyne, had been discovered, and would also be inscribed. The resting-place of Goethe's wife has long remained a mystery. Several years ago, Goethe's grandson told me that he had no knowledge where it was situated, and the Vulpian family were equally ignorant. Privy Councillor Kuhn believes that he has determined its position in the churchyard of St. James by the discovery of certain old records of burials. A substantial stone has now been placed over it. This discovery was called in question by Dr. Robert Keil, on the ground of an oral statement once made to him by one acquainted with the exact spot. The subject was referred for further investigation.

Two of Goethe's minor plays were performed in the theatre for the benefit of the society—"Die Laune des Verliebten" and the "Jahrmärktsfest zu Plundersweilern." The latter was given first in Weimar 110 years ago, and has not been repeated until this occasion. It was received with great applause.

W. T. HEWITT.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BODENSTEIN, O. Hundert Jahre Kunstgeschichte Wiens 1798-1898. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 10 M.
BRÜCKNER, A. Die Europäisierung Russlands. Land u. Volk. Göttingen: Perthes. 10 M.
BURGHARDT, D. Die Schule Martin Schongauers am Oberrhein. Basel: Schneider. 2 M. 40 Pf.
DESCHAMPEL, E. Boileau; Charles Perrault. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
DUMONT, A., et JULES CHAPLAIN. Les céramiques de la Grèce, propre, 1^{re} Partie. 5e Fasc. Vases peints. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 30 fr.
FELKNER, R. Geschichte d. deutschen Münsterthums. Karl Immermanns Leitung d. Stadttheaters in Düsseldorf. Stuttgart: Cotta. 8 M.
GARDNER, G. Th. Briefwechsel v. Jakob Grimm u. Hoffmann-Fallersleben m. Hendrik van Wijn. 1 M. 30 Pf. Zur Kenntnis der altenglischen Bühne, nebst anderen Beiträgen zur Shakespeare-Litteratur. 2 M. 40 Pf. Bremen: Müller.
GUILLAUME, Eug. Etudes d'art antique et moderne. Paris: Didier. 3 fr. 50 c.
HUGO, Victor. Œuvres inédites de. Toute la lyre. Paris: Hetzel. 15 fr. Théâtre en liberté. Paris: Champetier. 3 fr. 50 c.

JAHREBUCH der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft. Hrsg. v. F. A. Leo. 28. Jahrg. Weimer: Henschke. 12 M.
 LALLERMAND, Paul. Histoire de l'éducation dans l'ancien Oratoire de France. Paris: Thorin. 10 fr.
 MARR. Les Plages de Bretagne et de Jersey. Paris: Plon. 10 fr.
 RUSSLAND am Scheidewege. Berlin: W. H. F. 5 M.
 VIERHOFF, H. Die Poetik auf der Grundlage der Erfahrungselemente. Trier: Lintz. 7 M.
 WERNER, O. W. Die englische Fabrikinspektion. Tübingen: Laupp. 6 M.

THEOLOGY.

CORPUS scriptorum ecclesiasticorum latinorum. Vol. XVII. J. Casanovi de institutis coenobiorum, &c. Rec. M. Petschenig. Leipzig: Freytag. 20 M. 50 Pf.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

DAHMERS, J. Das Pontifikat Gregors II. Nach den Quellen bearb. Düsseldorf: Schwann. 1 M. 30 Pf.
 DEBONNE DE SEUTZ, F. La Cour de France et la société au 16^e siècle. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 3 fr. 50 c.
 GARNFELD, V. Die Triester Bischöfe d. 4. Jahrhunderts. Bonn: Behrendt. 1 M. 30 Pf.
 GUILLON, M. La France et l'Irlande pendant la Révolution: Hoche et Humbert. Paris: Oudin. 3 fr. 50 c.
 JOUBERT, Ch. Excursions historiques et philosophiques à travers le moyen âge. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 12 fr.
 JUREN DE LA GRAVIERE, le Vice-Amiral. L'Amiral Baudin. Paris: Plon. 4 fr.
 KAUFMANN, G. Die Geschichte der deutschen Universitäten. i. Bd. Vorgeschichte. Stuttgart: Cotta. 8 M.
 PUBLIKATIONEN aus den k. preussischen Staatsarchiven. 34. Bd. Leipzig: Hirzel. 16 M.
 REBOLLE, L. Du colonage partiaire et spécialement du métayage. Paris: Chevalier-Maresq. 10 fr.
 WERNER, O. Die Gräfschaft Lippe u. der siebenjährige Krieg. Detmold: Hinrichs. 3 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BARR, K. M. v. Ub. Entwicklungsgeschichte der Thiere. 2. Thl. Hrsg. v. L. Stieda. Königsberg: L. Fr. Koch. 4 M.
 GÜPFERT, H. B. Nachträge zur Kenntnis der Coniferen- und Paläozoischen Formationen. Berlin: Reimer. 9 M.
 WERNER, L. Beiträge zur Anatomie der Orbita. I. Tübingen: Laupp. 8 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

FROBEN, C. Quaestionum Plinianarum specimen. Königsberg: L. Fr. Koch. 1 M. 50 Pf.
 GRAMM, J. u. W. Deutsches Wörterbuch. 12. Bd. 2. Lfg. Bearb. v. E. Wülker. Leipzig: Hirzel. 2 M.
 KREGER, B. Quibus fontibus Valerius Maximus usus sit in eis exemplis emendanda, quae ad priora rerum Romanarum tempora pertinent. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALEXANDER POPE AND TWICKENHAM.

Richmond, Surrey: June 7, 1883.

On May 23, two hundred years ago, was born the great poet, critic, and letter-writer—Alexander Pope. To celebrate so important an event in the annals of English literature, and to do honour to the name of Twickenham's greatest genius, a few gentlemen in London and Twickenham are proposing to hold a Pope Festival in "The Literary Village," the date to be towards the end of July.

It is suggested that one of the leading features of this festival shall be a Popeian Museum, consisting of letters by Pope, portraits of the poet, editions of his works, views of the celebrated "villa" and Twickenham at the time of his residence—in short that the museum (which it is proposed to keep open for a week) shall consist of anything throwing light upon Pope and his friends, more particularly his Twickenham contemporaries, such as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu and Kitty Olive.

With this object in view, may I ask the publicity of your columns to invite the aid of all Pope students and collectors? The proceeds of the exhibition will be devoted to enriching the Twickenham Free Library with the best literature relating to Pope and his contemporaries.

THE EDITOR OF
 Richmond and Twickenham Times.

THE NAME OF MOSES IN THE CUNEIFORM TABLETS OF TEL EL-AMARNA.

Queen's College, Oxford: June 3, 1888.

The cuneiform tablets discovered last winter at Tel el-Amarna in Upper Egypt turn out to be even more interesting and important than I supposed. About 160 of them have been procured for the museum at Vienna, and have been examined there by Drs. Winchler and Lehmann. The result of their examination shows that the Amasis, whose name is found on one of M. Bouriant's tablets, does not belong to the XXVIth Dynasty, as I had imagined, but to the XVIIIth, and that the tablets themselves formed part of the archives of Amenophis III. and IV. They consist, for the most part, of letters and despatches sent to these monarchs by the kings and governors of Palestine, Syria, Mesopotamia, and Babylonia; and, as some of them were written by Burna-buryas, King of Babylon, their age is about 1430 B.C. I will not say anything here upon the new vistas in Oriental history which such an extraordinary discovery opens up, since my copies and translations of the tablets belonging to M. Bouriant will appear before long in the *Proceedings* of the Society of Biblical Archaeology. But there is one fact brought to light by them which is so curious that I cannot refrain from laying it before the readers of the ACADEMY.

In my Hibbert Lectures last year I pointed out that the Hebrew Mosheh or Moses is letter for letter the Assyrian Masu, and I gave reasons for believing that Masu would prove to have originally been a name of the Sun-god. One of the tablets from Tel el-Amarna has confirmed my conclusions sooner than I expected. It contains a reference to "the Sun-god rising from the divine day, whose name is Masu" or Masu. Masu was, therefore, a name already known in Egypt a hundred years before the date assigned by Egyptologists to the Exodus, and it is further proved that it was the name of the Babylonian Sun-god before it was the name of a man.

A. H. SAYCE.

"THE FIGHTING VERES."

St. Paul's School: June 2, 1883.

It may interest some readers of Mr. Markham's book (of which an appreciative notice appeared in the ACADEMY a fortnight ago) to learn that there is a slight presumption in favour of Sir Francis Vere's having been at St. Paul's School.

Among the MSS. in the British Museum is one (Reg. 12 a. lxvii.) containing sets of Latin and Greek verses, addressed to Queen Elizabeth, by William Malim, high master of St. Paul's School 1573-1581, and eleven of his scholars. Some of them appear to have been composed during the time of Malim's predecessor, John Cooke, who was appointed to the office shortly after Elizabeth's accession. The author of the last of the eleven is Franciscus Verus. There is no direct evidence, so far as I know, that this Francis Vere was the great captain, "the first great English general in modern history." But a few circumstances favour that conclusion. The collection of verses was probably drawn up by Malim for presentation at court soon after his own election; so that the real teacher of most of the boys would be his predecessor, Cooke. Now Cooke was either the schoolfellow, or friend from boyhood, of Cecil, the lord treasurer, as appears from a Latin letter addressed to him. To Cecil was intrusted the guardianship of Francis Vere's cousin, the young Edward Vere, afterwards seventeenth earl, who was born in 1550, and who afterwards married Anne Cecil, the treasurer's daughter. Though ten years younger (according to Mr. Markham's computation), Francis Vere was no doubt asso-

ciated with his cousin (according to the same authority) in his studies. The disparity of age would keep them from being long companions; but there is nothing unlikely in supposing that the lord treasurer, having his ward and future son-in-law up in London, might send the lad's cousins, one or more, to a master whom he appears to have spoken of in the highest terms. If it could be shown that there was any relationship between John Cooke and Sir Anthony Cooke (Lord Burleigh's own father-in-law) it would make it still more natural that St. Paul's School should be chosen for some of the young Veres. Malim, it may be added, had translated out of the Italian an account of the siege of Famagosta by the Turks in 1571, and dedicated the pamphlet to the Earl of Leicester in March, 1572-3, just as the great siege of Haarlem was going on. He had also been a great traveller in the East. If under him, therefore, during the latter part of his school-days, Francis Vere would be likely to get teaching congenial to his disposition.

I may, perhaps, be allowed to express a regret, in conclusion, that John Cooke, the master of Camden and Whitaker, and one of the most fluent Latin and Greek verse-writers of his time, should not have been admitted into the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The same sentence of exclusion has fallen on three other high masters of St. Paul's—Philip Ayscough, George Charles, and Timothy Crumpe.

J. H. LUPTON.

THE PROPERTY IN THE TITLE OF A NOVEL, AS AGAINST A LATER PLAY WITH THE SAME TITLE.

Nutfield, Surrey: June 5, 1883.

May I be allowed to ask, through the columns of the ACADEMY, if there be any means by which an author can secure, for future dramatic use, the title as well as the prose-matter of his novel? Does the recent judgment in the case of "Warne v. Seeborn" effect this matter, or does it only secure to an author his copy-right in a book that he has himself dramatised?

I ask these questions not only because I have a personal interest in them—a dramatic author having recently appropriated the title of one of my novels and written a play to it which is now being acted at a London theatre—but because I think it is a matter which directly concerns every author whose novel (title included) is likely, after it has run its three-volume course, to come before the public in dramatised form.

It seems to me a very unsatisfactory condition of things if any playwright may take the title of a popular novel, write a play to it, and score a success through the popularity of that novel.

C. L. PIRKIS.

P.S.—I do not mention the title of my novel, as I have no wish to advertise it or the play written to its title; but I enclose copies of the letters which have passed between me and the dramatic author on the subject.

"RECORDS AND RECORD SEARCHING."

London: June 1, 1883.

Miss Hopper wishes me to write and say that, in my book just published under the above title, I should have included her among "Record Agents" and not among "Transcribers."

WALTER RYE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, June 11, 8 p.m. Aristotelian: Annual Meeting for Business.
 8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Hudson's Bay and Hudson's Strait as a Navigable Channel," by Commodore H. E. Markham.
 TUESDAY, June 12, 8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Wine Growing in British Colonies," by Mr. Hubert de Castella.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "Mr. Flinders Petrie's Collection of Ethnographic Types from the Monuments of Egypt," by the Rev. H. G. Tomkins.

WEDNESDAY, June 13, 4 p.m. Society for Preserving the Memorials of the Dead: Annual Meeting.

4 p.m. College of State Medicine: "Some of the more Important Diseases common to Man and Animals," by Mr. G. Fleming.

8 p.m. Microscopical: "Additions to our Knowledge of the Carboniferous Foraminifera," by the Rev. W. Howchin.

8 p.m. Shelley Society: "Shelley's Women," by Miss M. Blind.

THURSDAY, June 14, 8 p.m. Mathematical: "The Correlation of Two Spaces, each of Three Dimensions," by Dr. Hirst; "The Determination of the Circular Points at Infinity," by Dr. C. Taylor; "Applications of Elliptic Functions to the Theory of Twisted Quartics," by Prof. G. B. Mathews; "Point, Line, and Plane-Curves of Second," by Lord Rayleigh; "Rationalisation," by Mr. H. Fortey.

8 p.m. Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts: Conversations.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, June 15, 4 p.m. British Museum: "The Social Condition of the Babylonians," II., by Mr. G. Bertin.

8 p.m. Philological: "The Proposed International Conference to perfect a Universal Language," by Mr. A. J. Ellis.

SATURDAY, June 16, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Count Tolstol as Novelist and Thinker," III., by Prof. C. E. Turner.

SCIENCE.

A ROMAN SCHOLAR OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

La Bibliothèque de Fulvio Orsini: Contributions à l'histoire des Collections d'Italie et l'étude de la Renaissance. Par Pierre de Nolhac, ancien membre de l'École française de Rome. (Paris: Vieweg.)

(Second Notice.)

THE biography of MSS., says M. de Nolhac very truly, is often as instructive as the lives of their possessors. It is odd enough that, being thus interesting, it is so rare. M. de Nolhac's volume probably contains more of such biographical details of precious MSS. than any English work that can be mentioned.

The *Augustus* of Virgil. In 1570 the Frenchman, Claude Dupuy, visited Rome and saw Orsini's library, of which he gives a short account in a letter cited on p. 84. In return for the kindness Orsini had then shown him he promised to send him a fine present. Three years later he enclosed in a parcel of books forwarded to Orsini's friend, Pinelli, a leaf of a very ancient Virgil, written in capitals, "quas unciales vocabant," which was once in the French Abbey of St. Denis. Pinelli sent on this leaf to Orsini, who suspected that the fragment was incomplete, and wrote back for the remainder. This also Dupuy sent. The whole fragment, amounting (p. 86) to two double leaves or eight pages, has since been supplemented by three leaves purchased at the Hague in 1862, and is assigned by Pertz to the first century A.D., by more recent and more sober palaeographers to a later time. It is written in large capitals, but not in what are now distinguished as uncials.

M. de Nolhac recounts the slow stages by which Torquato Bembo, the inheritor of Cardinal Bembo's library, was gradually induced to sell for a sum enormously below their value: (1) the famous Vatican codex of the *Opuscula Vergiliana* (on which I spent many hours last year in the new reading-room constructed by Leo XIII.); (2) the Bembo Terence; (3) the majuscule Virgil with pictures; (4) a Pindar; (5) a Dionysius of Halicarnassus; (6) an autograph copy of Petrarch's *Canzoniere*; (7) a large consign-

ment, including Herodotus, Nicander, Oppian, Lucian, Synesius, Xenophon, Seneca, Livy, and three MSS. in modern languages; a Dante, a copy of the *Cento Novelli*, and a volume of Provençal poets. Angelo Rocca, in his work published at Rome in 1591, *Bibliotheca Apostolica Vaticana a fratre Angelo Rocca a Camerino illustrata*, describes some of these in words which deserve to be quoted:

"Inter Graecos libros [belonging to Orsini] sunt quaedam scripta maiusculis literis exarata. . . . Sunt item inter Latinos libros aliquot codices litteris quoque maiusculis manuscripti, et praesertim Terentius, quem Petrus Bembo Cardinalis olim possedit, tempore Alexandri Severi imperatoris conscriptus. . . . Extat inibi Virgilius, quem prius Pontanus, deinde Bembo possederunt. De hoc libro manuscripto mentionem fecit Pierius. Hic codex antiquior est Virgilio, qui extat in Bibliotheca Vaticana, nec non Virgilio qui olim fuit Pomponii Laeti, deinde Angeli Colotii Episcopi Nucerini, et in bibliotheca extat Medicea."

Rocca here enumerates three of the most celebrated MSS. of Virgil: the Virgil with pictures mentioned above (Vat. 3225), which seems to have been in the possession of the Neapolitan humanist Pontano, before it passed into the hands of Card. Bembo; the Romanus, also in the Vatican; the Mediceus, in the Medicean library at Florence. M. de Nolhac traces the series of possessors of this last famous MS. on p. 273: Pomponius Laetus, Colocci (Orsini quotes it in his *Virgilius illustratus* as Colotianus), Card. Antonio del Monte, Pope Julius III., Card. Innocenzo del Monte, the Cardinal of Carpi, the Grand-duke Francis I., whence it came into the Medicean library.

As early as 1582, when Gregory XIII. assured him of his wish to that effect, Orsini had decided to bequeath his library to the Vatican. To this time M. de Nolhac assigns the original inventory of his MSS., annotated books, and papers (including a large amount of letters), a copy of which, executed by a somewhat ignorant scribe, is still extant, and has served as a valuable guide for identification. The fifth chapter of M. de Nolhac's work deals with the Greek MSS., the sixth and seventh with the Latin, the eighth with those in modern languages.

Among the Greek MSS., the Pindar mentioned above as Bembo's is identified with Vat. 1312. The inventory describes it as "Pindaro tutto integro con scholii et commenti nelli margini, libro antichissimo in papiro, legato alla greca, coperto di corame nero, in 4 foglio." It contains entire *Isthm. iv.* (v.) *Μᾶτερ ἀέλιον*. Tycho Mommsen assigns it to the twelfth century, and thinks it of great importance for the text of the poems. The Herodotus, also from Bembo's library, can only be Vat. 1359. It was written in the time of Theodore Gaza, in 1480. An Aristides, from the same precious collection, is beyond doubt Vat. 1298. Before Bembo it had been in the possession of Niccolo Tomeo; both Kramer and Dindorf give it a high place in the MSS. of Aristides. A very large folio codex of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, now Vat. 1300, is evidently that mentioned in the negotiations between Orsini and Torquato Bembo. The titles are in capitals, and it was written as early as the ninth or tenth century.

M. de Nolhac calls attention to what is now a very well-known fact—the slight palaeographical knowledge which even the best-informed collectors of that time possessed. Orsini's notifications of the dates of his MSS. are of the vaguest kind—*anticho* for codices anterior to the fifteenth century; *antichissimo* for those anterior to the fourteenth. The abbreviation *v. c.* (*vetus codex*) not unfrequently applies to MSS. of the fifteenth century. Thus he speaks of a Livy in his library as "*v. c.* qui est apud me scriptus manu doctissimi viri Poggii Florentini." The point is worthy of attention. Students of sixteen-century commentaries often find readings mentioned as drawn from some *v. c.*, and fancy themselves in possession of fragments of an early text. Nothing can be a greater mistake. Palaeography was then in its infancy; and little credit can be paid to statements of date unless that date is actually stated in the MSS., which, if we except MSS. of the fifteenth century, is, so far as I have observed, exceptional. In Greek, as might be expected, Orsini is even less reliable than in Latin MSS. Thus, a *Rhetoric* of Aristotle, written in the fourteenth century, is described in the inventory as "*di piu di 500 anni*"—i.e., as written in the eleventh century. Yet I think M. de Nolhac is a little too hard on our collector when he takes him to task for his description of the very ancient fragment of Dion Cassius, which he placed at the head of his collection and described as "*Dione il libro 79 et 80, imperfetti, in lettere maiuscole senza accenti, libro di più di mille et ducento anni, in pergameno in foglio*." Assuming that this is much too early, the fact remains that he was describing the most ancient MS. of his Greek collection; and this was not for that time only, but for every succeeding age of classical research, the important thing. If a Pertz could predate the Virgil leaves by a century or two, and this with the immensely advanced knowledge of our time, we may pardon Orsini for committing a similar mistake in the era of the Catholic revival.

The Latin MSS. are even more numerous and drawn from an even larger number of sources. The principal collections which contributed to form Orsini's Latin library were those of Petrarch, Poggio, Philaeus, Pomponius Laetus, Poliziano, Antonius Panormita, Colocci, the Bembo. The most ancient of them, indeed, would go back to Pope Nicolas III. (1279-80) if Orsini had not predated the MSS., both of Cicero's letters, and both written really in the fourteenth century, and ascribed them to an Orsini pope instead of an Orsini cardinal. From Poggio comes a MS., in his own handwriting, of the *Academica* and *De Legibus*, written in 1410-13, and with marginal corrections by Poggio, and remarks in the fine hand of Cardinal Bembo; also the third and fourth decades of Livy, written in a large hand in 1454 and 1453. The library of Philaeus contributed a twelfth-century Virgil, with the Commentary of Servius (Vat. 3251). Orsini possessed, besides, a Servius in Lombard characters (Vat. 3317), perhaps of the tenth century. In the hand of Pomponius Laetus, besides many other largely annotated volumes, is an *Agricola* of Tacitus, now one of the principal sources for constituting the text of this imperfectly transmitted work. It is bound

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, May 28.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Dr. A. Bain read a paper on "The Definitions of the Subject Sciences, with a view to their Demarcation." Starting from the position that a science is an aggregate of kindred topics, that is, topics more closely related among themselves than they are to any others outside, he considered the best mode of securing this condition in the sciences of the subject world. There was a standing temptation among the professors of any one science to overstep its boundaries, from the desire of including some pet subject, to the consequent derangement of the unity of the science. A contrasting illustration was given from the position of Aristotle, who included in his grasp the whole circle of the subject departments, by which he was freed from the temptation to aggrandise one at the expense of another, and, in point of fact, kept their several provinces distinct to a degree that was quite remarkable at his stage. The course to be pursued as suggested by this example, would be to review the round of the subject departments, by taking them in couples, namely, psychology-logic, psychology-ethics, psychology-philosophy, logic-psychology; these four couples being sufficient for the particular purpose of the paper, which was to isolate the topics most proper to make up a department of philosophy, as in a great degree synonymous in its present usage with metaphysics and ontology. As regards the treatment of the successive couples, the plan would be to fasten upon the most typical and universally received matters in each, and from these to shape a provisional text for judging of the admissions of the more ambiguous topics. In the exercise of this judgment the points in question would be doubly tested: being compared with the standard examples of both members of the couple, the comparative relationship would then be estimated under the most favourable circumstances. Thus in the couple psychology-logic, there was an ambiguous topic in the law of resemblance or similarity, which seemed to come under both alike. Here, however, the difficulty would be met by distinguishing two different bearings of the principle—the one, consistency as the test of truth, and necessarily all-pervading in logic, the other, similarity as a process of the reproduction of thought, and falling exclusively to psychology. Under the couple psychology-ethics, the unequivocally ethical topic would be the standard of right and wrong; while the nature of conscience would be somewhat ambiguous, but would incline to psychology, when the purpose was to decide whether it was a simple or a compound faculty, and, if compound, to assign its constituent among the psychological elements. The stress of the final discussion lay between the couples—psychology-philosophy, logic-philosophy, after surveying which a series of topics was arrived at more or less heterogeneous with the characteristic material of psychology, logic, and ethics, and thereby free to enter into the sphere of philosophy, having, moreover, on examination, a sufficiently common character to give unity to that sphere. The questions—external perception, the priority of the particular and the universal in knowledge, the unity or duality of knowing and being, the relative and the absolute, the knowable and the unknowable—would be among the received topics of philosophy, being unsuitably placed in the other departments. There was a final issue of supreme importance in making up the sphere of philosophy—namely, whether it should absorb theism, in consequence of its supposed application in that region. Reasons were advanced for keeping theism wholly distinct from philosophy.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, June 1.)

THE REV. DR. B. MORRIS, president, in the chair.—A paper, on "The Vocalic Laws of the Latin Language," by Mr. E. R. Wharton, was read by his brother, Mr. H. T. Wharton. The leading points of Mr. Wharton's system are—(1) the law of the "pre-tonic" vowel (which he believes to be his own discovery); (2) the application of the theory that Latin—like Welsh, French, German, and, perhaps, some other languages—possessed a modified *u* as well as a genuine *u*; and (3) the demonstration of the influence of dialect on vowels, and especially on the diphthongs. The Romans used

sometimes *u*, sometimes *i*, for their modified *u*, for which the Emperor Claudius proposed a sign like a half capital *H*: *hubet* is later *libet*, *clienus* goes with *cluo*, *pingo* with *pungo*; Angustus spells *sinus* for *sumus*. To dialect are due the changes of *e* into *i*, and *o* into *u*, in the root-syllable: beside *felix*, "fern," we have *felix*; beside *trebus*, *tribus*, &c. The oldest Romans said *humo* for *homo*; *culpa* and *pulex* have older forms, *colpa* and *polex*. The later Roman dialect turned *o* in monosyllables and finals into *u*: *homo* and *sont* became *huno* and *sunt*; *filios*, *opps*, *trebibus*, *populum*, *consul*, became *filius*, *opus*, *tribibus*, *populum*, *consul*. Also, initial *co* became *eo*. Distinguishing between stress-accent and pitch-accent or "tone," Mr. Wharton showed how the pre-tonic vowels changed, as *e* into *a*, in *salvus* beside *solidus*, *lacuna* (space) from *locus*, and how unaccented vowels tended to change. He then treated the influence of analogy; and, lastly, dealt with long vowels and diphthongs. A print of the paper was put into every member's hands to enable him to follow the compressed arguments and examples.—There was also read a paper on "Thirty-five Words of the Dialect of the Cayapas Indians living in the interior of Ecuador, with their equivalents in Quichua, the mother Peruvian dialect," communicated by Mr. C. Cheston.

FINE ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

It is impossible to admire the tendencies shown this year by the ever-shifting art of Mr. Hubert Herkomer. A painter who has given us the "Miss Grant" of two years ago, or even the idealised portrait-study of last year, must expect to be judged by a high standard. The level of his best work has certainly not been reached in the pompously posed, and not very conscientiously modelled, "Mrs. Arthur Sassoon" (316), which is, however, less open to objection than the series of masculine portraits contributed by the artist. In these a certain vigour of modelling, not of the soundest or subtlest order, is, no doubt, achieved, and a certain success attained in the reproduction of the mere exterior semblance of the sitter; but the higher problem of portraiture—the suggestion of a human personality as a whole—is hardly even attempted. The portraits now shown have in common a certain vulgarity of aspect and superficiality of general execution which are anything rather than attractive. With Mr. Holl we are always, to a certain extent, safe. He may on occasion show an unmistakable lack of interest in his subject; but his execution never lacks thoroughness, and never sinks below a certain point. Considerably above his average are the "Earl Spencer" (221)—a work as truthful as it is unaffectedly dignified; the "Sir William Jenner" (228); and, best of all, the very natural and living portrait of "John L. Townshend, Esq." (742). The art of Mr. Oulless is of a far higher type, though the dryness, the over-insistence on detail, and the failure to suggest atmospheric envelopment—which are characteristics of his technique—detract more and more from the due enjoyment of his work. For all that, the heads in the portraits of "Sir W. Ounliffe Brook" (287), and "Frederick Pitman, Esq." (293) are marked by a searching truth and an energy of characterisation in which they have not many rivals in the exhibition. Mr. F. Charles, in his realistic, almost pre-Raphaelite, presentment of "D. Radcliffe, Esq." (747), shows himself an earnest seeker after truth in the reproduction of natural fact and in the suggestion of vitality; but he fails to achieve complete success in consequence of his incapacity to sacrifice detail to the extent necessary to secure unity and veracity of general effect. One of the most characteristic and charming pieces of portraiture here is Mr. Edwin A. Ward's "Mrs.

Howse" (848). It is at the same time a refined and delicate tone-exercise, and a sympathetic delineation of old age under its most amiable aspect. Mr. W. Carter has, within a remarkably short space of time, made himself a place in the front rank of English portrait painters. It would appear that he is unable or unwilling to shake off that peculiar mannerism, that *sfumatezza* in the execution which conceals a certain hardness of touch; but, in other respects, his "Comte de Torre-Diaz" (155) and "H. Pickersgill Cunliffe, Esq." (1077), are works of a masculine vigour of execution, and a considerable power, if not a remarkable subtlety, of characterisation. Nothing in the whole exhibition shows this rarest of rare qualities, penetrating characterisation, in a higher degree than the modest pastel drawing (1326) in which Mlle. Anna Bilinaka has, with surprising success, conjured up an animated vision of her own engaging individuality. The peculiar type of the young painter—with its irregularity of feature, its swarthy complexion, and its extreme mobility of eye and feature—is less common on the walls of the Academy than on those of the Salon, and its effect here is to a corresponding degree greater. But the painter, in giving of herself so veracious and so subtle a picture, has achieved an artistic feat often attempted, but seldom truly accomplished. The "Know Thyself" is even more difficult of achievement in art than in introspective analysis; for the vision seen in the mirror is, in the process of interpretation, too often coloured by all sorts of *partis pris* and preliminary assumption. The execution of this unpretending but fascinating work is sober and firm to an uncommon degree, if it does not reach the limits of technical mastery.

The landscapes and marine pieces having real technical merit and the distinctiveness conferred by an earnest and personal interpretation of nature are even fewer than usual, though we meet with one or two instances in which artists of acknowledged reputation have shown a laudable ambition to leave well-worn grooves, and attempt subjects widely differing from those by which their fame has been won. We have first to deal with Sir J. E. Millais's "Murtly Moss, Perthshire" (292). This is a painstaking and enthusiastic effort to break away from former schemes of colour, and attain a delicate, opalescent harmony of general tone, akin to, though not identical with, that which the great masters of modern French landscape have often gloried in achieving. The master's pre-Raphaelite training, his love of detail in nature, and his somewhat prosaic insistence on ungeneralised fact, are all of them elements which, in the solution of such an artistic enterprise, militate against success. A pleasing, if not very inspiring, page of nature has been reproduced with much skill, but with a timid correctness which renounces all attempt to give back any portion of its higher truth and suggestiveness, or—by emphasising without falsifying its essential elements—to make clear a unity of design, and interpret a dominant sentiment, such as in all characteristic aspects of nature must lie hidden, though they do not necessarily show themselves on the surface, within the perception of the indifferent observer. To say that the picture is Sir J. E. Millais's is to say that it contains many fine points: among these may be noted the fine rendering of the stagnant grey pools in the foreground, with their delicate reflection of the rush-grown borders of the moss, and the dappled moist sky whose wide expanse canopies the whole scene. It is impossible not to admire the courage and enthusiasm shown by Mr. Vicat Cole in putting aside for the time his unemotional reproductions of English river and meadowland in order to attempt on a large

scale a subject of such exceptional difficulty as the "Pool of London" (350), with its inextricably involved masses of shipping, its rushing waters, and, in the background, its heaped-up towers and steeples. If we recognise here many of the artist's well-known defects—with a superadded over-anxiety and hesitation sufficiently natural under the circumstances—we find also a certain unwonted breadth and unity of design which gives to the vast canvas a veritable *raison d'être*, and makes us desire that it should constitute a new departure in the veteran painter's mode of conception and artistic method. Mr. G. H. Boughton is at his best in "A Golden Afternoon—Isle of Wight," a charming prospect of undulating cliff covered with field and broken meadowland, showing in the immediate foreground tree-trunks half stripped of their leaves, which—delineated as they are with a certain sharp accentuation of design peculiar to Mr. Boughton in such matters—greatly assist the rest of the composition. The broken green hues, the buffs and greys of the colour-scheme are harmonised with great felicity, the only drawback to enjoyment being a certain opacity in the sky and the far distance. The landscapes of Mr. Alfred East again prove that he possesses great feeling for unity of tone not pushed to the extent of undue monotony, as well as considerable felicity in composition. The easy breadth of his execution is, however, allied to a certain superficiality in the study of nature, betokening not so much a power of generalising fact, as of concealing imperfect or insufficient observation. His chief contribution, "A Frosty Sunset" (492), the general conception of which has much charm, is generally marred by this want of a thorough comprehension and true generalisation of detail, reacting as it does on the pictorial whole, and depriving it of serious value. Foreign training of quite another kind—apparently in the direction of the Belgian school—is shown by Mr. Yeend King in a number of landscapes, of which "Sylvan Solitude," a study of a river creek or backwater, overshadowed with a heavy canopy of summer foliage, is the best. The artist has a cold, unemotional way of looking at his subject, and he apparently cares to see in it only what is most obvious to all; but he is nevertheless a craftsman of considerable technical ability. Two shining lights of the Society of Water Colours—Mr. A. W. Hunt and Mr. H. Clarence White—are, not for the first time, unkindly treated by the hanging committee of the Academy. The strangely-named "On the Wings of the Wind" (739) of the former—showing a sad, deserted estuary bounded by low green banks, and seen under the light of a disquieting sunset—loses all significance where it is now hung. It is, nevertheless, a pathetic conception, wrought out with a subtlety bordering on over-refinement, but without the unity or breadth of execution necessary to give full effect to the artist's intentions. Mr. Clarence White's "Snowdon" (1010) has a very unsatisfactory foreground, but its middle and far distance of sunlit mountain, shown through a delicate vapour, afford a prospect full of fascination. Perhaps, on the whole, the most complete and satisfying achievement in the class to which it belongs is Mr. Adrian Stokes's "Upland and Sky" (1024), a work which—it may be on account of its calculated simplicity of design and its sober tonality—has attracted less attention than it deserves. Nothing meets the eye of the beholder but a projection of breezy, treeless upland, tenanted by a few cattle, and overhung by an expanse of overclouded grey sky, which moves languidly, and threatens to dissolve itself in rain. Unity and vigour of execution are here in perfect harmony with the subject expressed; and the artist most com-

pletely justifies his boldness in selecting it by the skill and directness with which he has made clear its pictorial value, both from the mere technical and the higher standpoint. If Mr. Stokes appears to have derived assistance from the example of the eminent Dutch landscapist, James Maris, he is yet no plagiarist. Few English painters could rival the rendering of the moisture-laden sky in this work, or the sense of all-enveloping atmosphere imparted to the scene. Mr. J. MacWhirter's "Edinburgh from St. Anthony's Chapel" (686) is, from a scenic point of view, admirably well laid out; but it is, like all the artist's works, hastily and incompletely executed. In Mr. Peter Graham's large sea-piece—"Driven by the Wind" (593)—the huge masses of tumbling green water and white foam, which cover the whole canvas, are given with a certain freshness and delicacy of colouring, but otherwise in a sufficiently unmeaning and superficial fashion. It is impossible not to praise year after year the splendid modelling and the glancing azure hues of Mr. Henry Moore's palpitating seas; but we wish that he could bring his skies up to the level of these by imparting to them a greater lightness and a more transparent depth. His "Nearing the Needles" (62) is an unusually fine specimen of his powers.

The improvement evident during the last few years in British sculpture—due to the initiative of a small band of true enthusiasts, belonging to the younger generation, who have declined to regard their art as merely a higher branch of commerce—is, on the whole, maintained. Two important works—those of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft and Mr. A. Gilbert—are so remarkable for originality and great technical excellence that they lend a certain distinction to this entire section of the exhibition. Mr. Thornycroft shows in his beautiful "Medea" (2062) the Colchian sorceress in the act of charming to sleep the dragon who guards the Golden Fleece. The style of the work is a little later than that of the "Teucer," in which the sculptor achieved his first great success; it is the post-Pheidian manner in its still severe and semi-architectural phase. He has, however, achieved the difficult feat of evolving in this peculiar style an entirely original creation, and one of great purity and penetrating power. The execution of the statue is, on the whole, deserving of high praise, though the flexibility of life has not been suggested, or, indeed, aimed at; it is apparently intended to be seen only from the front, the back portion of the figure being enveloped in draperies neither very graceful in fold nor very thoroughly worked out. The same sculptor's bronze relief, "Justice and Mercy" (2022), intended for the Gordon Memorial, is far less successful; the panel being, if it be considered from a purely decorative standpoint, overcrowded, yet not very happily filled, while the special technique of sculptural relief seems to be imperfectly understood. Mr. Alfred Gilbert's colossal model of a seated statue of the Queen—the original of which, executed in gilt bronze, has recently been erected at Winchester—is an entirely new departure in English monumental art. The sovereign is represented seated on a magnificent throne of a quasi-gothic rigidity of design—though its details are fancifully original—wearing a royal circlet and voluminous state robes, and holding globe and sceptre—the former, in unorthodox fashion, surmounted by a Greek Victory; the apex of the whole composition is formed by an overhanging crown of Tudor design, which bears a perilous resemblance to an ornate gas-lamp. The pose of the figure has great ease and dignity, and the modelling of the robes displays a really extraordinary skill, having nothing in common, how-

ever, with the frivolous *tour de force* of modern Italian sculpture. On the other hand, the treatment of the head, though very remarkable, is too realistic and too picturesque for a work coming within the category of monumental art, while the great mass of drapery formed by the robes—which are designed with a view to decorative effect, with an almost Berninesque exaggeration of fold—entirely fails to harmonise with the perpendicular and horizontal lines of the severely designed and strictly architectural throne. Before pronouncing, however, an absolutely definite opinion on the work as a whole, it should be seen in the open air with its surroundings. A group, "Death liberating a Prisoner" (1968), by Mr. Henry Pegram, contains some fine passages of modelling in both figures; but the central motive is not clearly expressed, and there is a want of coherence both in the conception and in the manner in which it is expressed. The "Fortune" of Mr. George Simonds (1913) shows that he, like Mr. Thornycroft, has a high appreciation of the finest period of Greek art; but it does not prove that he has been able truly to assimilate the great principles of that art, and thus to put it to new and worthy uses. Mr. J. S. Boehm is represented by several busts, and by a somewhat theatrical sketch of "Richard Coeur de Lion." Mr. Woolner has full-length statues of "Sir Stamford Raffles" (1915) and "The Late Dr. Fraser, Bishop of Manchester." Mr. Onalof Ford contents himself with two portrait-busts, those of the artist's mother and of General Gordon. A "Study of an Old Man" (2034), by Mr. J. W. Rollins, is far too close a pasticcio—though a skilful one—of Donatello's famous "Niccolo da Uzzano" at the Bargello. Mr. G. Nathorp's "Robert Browning" (1945)—a low relief executed in bronze—is a successful medallion-portrait of the great poet, in which the sculptor has cleverly overcome the great difficulty of presenting the full view of the human face in a bas-relief.

Want of space prevents us from noticing in detail the small plastic studies or the designs for medals, among which are to be found works displaying very considerable ability.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

It is not very easy, after looking through a kaleidoscope, to recall the exact combinations of form and colour that have passed before the eye; and still less easy is it to appraise their relative beauty. Some such difficulties, I think, are experienced by the conscientious visitor who has worked through the nine hundred and thirty-five water-colour drawings in this exhibition. He is conscious of having seen a great many "bits" of nature, more or less deftly rendered; but when he tries to bring them back to his memory in clear outline, they seem to elude and mock him, and he falters in the task of selection and comparison. This is what comes of overloading a gallery.

Still there are a good many pictures here that the spectator will probably have "carried away with him." Some he will perchance remember as being unusual in subject. Thus, Mr. Cattermole's "Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes" (725) may have struck him as a stray inadequate survival of the religious art that once held undisputed sway; or Mr. Fowler's "Death of Socrates" (748) as a rare ambitious attempt to grapple with a great historical scene. Possibly, also, he may have wondered whether it is owing to some want in himself that he feels so unmoved by the appeal to his imagination in Mr. Stock's "A Soul contemplating the Stars" (391) and "A Soul con-

templating the Grass of the Field" (683). Then these unclothed souls will lead him to reflect how very small a part the nude plays in an English exhibition; and he will suddenly call to mind Mr. Laing's "Girl and Snail" (847) as a pretty little well-drawn bit of rosy-tinted girlhood.

Then he must be an art-ascetic indeed if a well-told story has no charms for him. And of such there are one or two here, as Mr. Dollman's "Her Birthday" (435), with its clever study of horseflesh; and, very notably, Mr. Dadd's "All is not Gold that Glitters" (579), which not only tells its tale of highway robbery and baffled greed to excellent effect, but exhibits a real painter's gift in the disposal of light and shade. A story should suggest Mr. C. Green's illustration to "Bleak House" (565), and a very good illustration it is; and that, again, might fittingly suggest the question how far art may legitimately derive its inspiration from literature.

But if he is wise, my imaginary spectator will resolutely put aesthetic problems of this magnitude to one side, lest he should forget to recall three or four more figure-pictures that he ought to remember; and among them Mr. Caffieri's bright "Cookham Regatta" (884), which has atmosphere for all its brightness; and Mr. Langley's "Village Idyll" (164), with its honest attempt to paint the fisher-folk as they are, and unpretentious; and the excellent girl's figure in Mr. Austen Brown's "Summer" (783)—lest, above all, he should fail to do justice in his thoughts to the body of landscape art that lends its main charm to these galleries.

Landscapes—when once he begins to think about them, they will jostle one-another in his thoughts. Here are Mr. H. G. Hine's "Kingston Hill, near Lewes" (3), and "Wall of Severus, near Haltwhistle" (295), both less ambitious, perhaps, in size than some of his contributions of former years, but full of all his old dainty perfectness, his finely graded distances, his poetry of delicate still sunlight and imbathe atmosphere. Here, again, as if to mark by what different methods art can reach her ends, are the rougher works of Mr. Wimperis and Mr. Orrock—powerful, breezy, impressive, and with good composition in them too, as notably in the latter's "Kinharvey Moor" (193). Here, again, as if to show that nature has her moods of melodrama, are Mr. Keeley Halswelle's "Christchurch, Hants" (157), with its glooms and splashes of brassy light, and his cloud-vexed "Rainy Day, Medmenham" (330). "J'en passe, et des meilleurs," as Ruy Gomez says in "Hernani"; but yet should one mention Mr. Yeend King's "Through Meadows Green" (899), as having a distinct vigorous character of its own, and being a strong presentation of lush grass, and glassy water, and poplar-bark. And Mr. Frank Walton's shore-scapes, too, should have a word, for they are very clever, though I scarcely think the "Black Rock" (17) shows more than the prose of the place, or has in it any pictorial suggestion of the "troubled spirit of Featherstone," which is believed to be still imprisoned under the rock in question.

And a word, too, there ought to be for many another good man and true, and for the works on which he has expended time, skill, and sometimes thought. But always there is a point at which words must pass into silence.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

EXCAVATIONS IN THE FAYUM.

As my work in the Fayum is now suspended during the hot months, it is time to give a summary of the results which have been obtained since the discoveries at Biahmu,

which I reported in the ACADEMY in February.

The site of the Labyrinth is now fixed beyond reasonable doubt. After seeing the country, it is certain that the description in Strabo cannot agree with any site but that by the pyramid of Hawara. There is, indeed, no other pyramid anywhere near except at Illahun; and that has no extensive remains adjoining it. The question then lay thus: Can remains of any such building as the Labyrinth be traced at Hawara? The mud brick buildings planned by Lepsius as being part of the Labyrinth were long felt to be unsuited to it, and I could not hesitate at calling them a village of Roman age. On excavating, they were found to rest upon a mass of fine white limestone chips, and are posterior to the destruction of some great building on that site. Further, the stone chambers, figured by Lepsius as a part of the Labyrinth, are built in a pit dug amid the same fine white chips. They cannot, therefore, be of early work; and they closely resemble the tombs of Roman age found near at hand.

The result then is that, while Lepsius was wrong as to the buildings he attributed to the Labyrinth, it can hardly be questioned that he is right as to the site. All over an immense area of dozens of acres, on the south of the Hawara pyramid, I found the evidences of a grand building. In every pit I dug there was the flat bed for a pavement, either of clean flat sand, or usually of rammed stone chips, forming a sort of concrete. Over this bed in a few cases the pavement itself remained; while in all parts was a deep mass of chips of the finest limestone lying upon it.

There is no other site geographically for the Labyrinth; and there is no other building known to us to which such extensive remains could be assigned. This is the case for it; but of more direct evidence I fear none will ever be obtained, the destruction having been so thorough and entire.

The pyramid at Hawara was another object of my work there. No entrance has been found hitherto; and further work on the north side was fruitless, as well as a trial on the east. The south side was deeply encumbered, and so I determined to tunnel to the middle from the north. Thus I found the roof of the great chamber, which is sunk in a pit in the rock; but unfortunately I am still on the outside of it, and the work of cutting through it must wait for a few months. It is almost certain that it is the tomb of Amenemhat III., as his name is so constantly found in the temple adjacent. To have proved the existence and position of a chamber is a valuable point gained.

The remains of a group of chapels of the sacred crocodiles have also been cleared and planned; but all the stonework and inscriptions are destroyed.

While the above work was going on I turned my attention to the cemetery at Hawara, with most striking results. Altogether I unearthed sixty portraits, painted on panel with coloured wax, probably of the period from the Antonines to Gallienus. Though many of these are in bad condition, there are several brilliant ones, as fresh as when painted. Most of the fine ones are included in the dozen selected for the Bulak Museum; but among those which I have brought to England are many which will give a new light on the portraiture of Roman times. A large quantity of embroideries and patterned clothing has been found on the mummies. A sarcophagus with long inscriptions of titles and adorations throws much light on the state of the Fayum anciently. Of papyri there are pieces of hundreds of Greek documents, mostly accounts, lists, &c. The only literary papyrus is one of the second book of the Iliad. It is of the finest Greek writing, before the rounded uncials or cursive hand; and, though the ends

of the roll are rotted, the greater part is in fresh condition. This will be edited by Prof. Sayce. There are also many matters of minor interest, such as a glass vase with wheel-cut patterns, a number of funerary inscriptions in Greek, a double series of eight canopic jars of fine work, a large collection of flower wreaths, &c.

The above finds will be exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, from June 18 till the middle of July.

WM. FLINDERS PETRIE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GRAVE OF AN ETRUSCAN LADY AT TODI.

Lucca: May 31, 1888.

I recorded in the ACADEMY of June 11, 1887, the confiscation of the archaeological treasures found at Todi, in Umbria (described in my letter of October 16, 1886), by the judicial sentence passed at Perugia; also the infliction of a heavy fine on the owners of the garden where they were excavated.

After the elapse of a year the judgment has been reversed on appeal; and the tribunal, again sitting at Perugia, after a long discussion, ending on May 26, has ordered the restitution to the finders of the whole of the objects seized, together with a remission of the fine, and payment of all expenses. The Italian Government, however, retains its usual right of purchase under the Paoa law, before the proprietors can dispose of their property to other buyers.

I forbear dwelling on the delay and injustice to which Messrs. Orsini Brothers, the rightful possessors, have been exposed. I will only say I am glad to see that a letter from Rome, in the last number of the *American Archaeological Review*, adopts the same opinion which I entertain concerning this arbitrary conduct, most unfair to individuals, and unworthy of officials really desirous to benefit students of ancient art.

WILLIAM MEOGER.

"TARATHA" AND "JANUA."

Weston-super-Mare: May 30, 1888.

In referring to Dr. Neubauer, I had before me *Géog. du Talmud*, p. 305, note; and I wished to get to the bottom of the "Janua" explanation of Tharatha, for I thought Janua, "qu'on rapproche du temple de Janus," might have sprung possibly from the local name *Ianu* or *Ianui*, which we find in Egyptian records, and so might really have an ancient origin "which someone had blundered."

The fortress in question appears to have stood on the west side of the Euphrates. Leaving "Babia" out of view, is it possible that the name *Janua* in any way belonged to Hierapolis-Mabog?

I have not Assemani at hand. Does he translate Tharatha by Janua as a Latin equivalent? Or, if he simply "explains" the one by the other, may it not be an original name? I am simply an interrogator, and if any light can be thrown on the name or on the subject I shall be very grateful. For I do not feel sure that we have yet got to the bottom, or proved that there is none.

HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

SIR FREDERIC LEIGHTON has received the high distinction of being nominated by the German Emperor to the order "pour le mérite."

At the general meeting of the Royal Society of British Artists, held on Monday last, Mr. Wyke Bayliss was elected president, whereupon

Mr. Whistler, the late president, and some twenty-three other members of the society, forthwith tendered their resignations.

THE sixth annual meeting of the Society for Preserving Memorials of the Dead will be held at the Mansion House on Wednesday next, June 13, at 4 p.m., when the Earl of Northesk, the president of the society, will take the chair. The society will also hold next week, on Tuesday and the three following days, in the rooms of the Archaeological Institute, Oxford Mansion, an exhibition of drawings and photographs of monuments, &c., that have come under their notice.

Examples of Old English Houses and Furniture is the title of a folio of drawings about to be published from the pen of Mr. Maurice B. Adams. The plates, of which there are to be thirty-six, include several etchings that have been exhibited by the author at the Royal Academy. Among the old mansions represented are Borwick Hall, Bradshaw Hall, Burford Priory, Oxon; Blickling Hall, Norfolk; Ightham Mote, Kent; Little Moreton Hall, Cheshire; Speke Hall, Lancashire; Dutton Hall; South Wraxall Manor, Warwickshire; Kirby Hall, Northamptonshire; Broughton Castle, Oxon; and others, including sketches in Suffolk, Somerset, &c. The plates devoted to furniture will comprise many old examples as well as new; and the book will conclude with illustrations of some modern works executed from designs by the author.

THE STAGE.

TWO HESTER PRYNNE.

ON Monday night, Miss Calhoun had a hearty welcome in opening her season at the Royalty, London—may I be ungallant enough to say it?—is not very rich in quite young actresses of real intelligence and sensibility. We can count them on the fingers of one hand—not people who are pretty; not people who know their business; but those very rare people whose individual qualities have excited interest, and whose limitations have not been betrayed—who have (for that is about the plainest way in which we can put it) a serious chance of some day taking the place of Mrs. Kendal and Miss Terry. Miss Calhoun did enough when she was last among us—did it especially in her *Rosalind*, and in her *Mabel Vane* in "Masks and Faces"—to show that she belonged to this scanty company of legitimate candidates for a great position. Even outside the American colony, therefore, her return was something of an event. And, appearing as Hester in "The Scarlet Letter," she appeared in a character which only the clumsiest of dramatic treatment could have deprived of its charm. The dramatic treatment was not clumsy, the impersonation was excellent, the success of the actress was unquestioned. Yet there is something to find fault with in the play.

The piece by Mr. Stephen Coleridge and Mr. Norman Forbes is in five short acts; the acts, if anything, are even too short—too much wanting in detail and local colour. It begins with a very strong scene, but a scene of which the advantage is to some extent discounted—the scene in which Hester Prynne takes her place on the pillory, as only the first stage of the punishment given to her for her sin of love. The second act, in which Hester is in prison, follows upon this, and it is distinctly weaker; and, unless we may be presumed to

come to the theatre always with a knowledge of the novel on which the play may be founded, there is some difficulty in sustaining our sympathy here. We are sorry for Hester in the pillory, as we are sorry for a woman who has an accident in the streets; but we do not know enough about her to make allowance for what is called her "fall." We do not know—save by a word or two—the temptations, the singular circumstances, the unisons and the discords in character, which have brought this thing to pass. Still, so far as the acting, so far as the representative of Hester is concerned, the difficulty is at all events minimised; and by the time the curtain rises on the third act, the gentle influence of the now blameless life—the life with the child in the cottage—begins to tell, and there is established for the heroine that fulness of sympathy which other literary treatment might perhaps have earlier secured. This third act is admirable in all respects; it is so conducted as to show the dramatist's perfectly clear conception of what M. Francisque Sarcey calls the "scène à faire." In it, Hester Prynne pleads touchingly with the governor for the retention of her child; and Arthur Dimmesdale pleads for her; and Roger Chillingworth discovers in the earnestness of his pleading the accent of a personal emotion. Nor is the fourth act weaker. The action passes in a New England coppice, where there is a very brief, a very delicate, a very poetic love-scene between Dimmesdale and Hester. Dimmesdale is without courage. All the strength is hers. And it is only under circumstances, which all but the implacable would make allowance for, that Hester Prynne—with her husband plotting an insatiable revenge—decides to leave America in Dimmesdale's company: to take up her lot with him to the end of their days. And even then there is a reaction; and the curtain falls, in this fourth act, upon the lovers' final choice of duty, rather than rest. Again Boston, and again the pillory. Much of what happens in the short fifth act is very striking, but at the end of all a cheap and unworthy device turns the whole current of the story. Just as Arthur Dimmesdale is about to make confession of his share in the fault, Roger Chillingworth incurs the anger of the town by a false accusation, and he is torn to pieces by the mob. He leaves the stage, at all events, upon that understanding. And happiness is meanly secured for the still silent Dimmesdale and his love. I am told—and I can only hope—that this *dénouement* is likely to be changed. It must be changed. The way in which it can be changed best is, not by merely exacting from Dimmesdale the confession now accidentally withheld, but by frankly recognising the inevitableness of a tragic end to the sombre story—an end, lacking which, the story loses half its effect. I am not blood-thirsty in the least. There was a good deal to be said for Arthur Dimmesdale; a great deal for Hester Prynne. But to end in happiness such a story is to be inartistic—thoroughly.

Miss Calhoun has grasped the true character of Hester—proud and embittered when the town reviles her; penitent when alone; full of tenderness; full of womanliness. The performance is consistent and harmonious. It has real beauty. And some dignity, and as

much sweetness, as may be got into the part of Dimmesdale Mr. Forbes Robertson shows. Mr. Norman Forbes—often excellent, and here clearly doing his best—still makes Roger Chillingworth rather needlessly grotesque. Mrs. Huntley, in a smaller part, adds strength to the cast. A delightfully simple little child, named Arnott, remains in her place as Hester's daughter—is not permitted to assert herself and come "out of the picture." The other characters, though well enough played, are quite unimportant. The stage management is excellent, the dresses pretty, the scenery very appropriate.

On Tuesday afternoon another version of "The Scarlet Letter" was presented at the Olympic. Dr. Aveling, it seems, is responsible for the greater part of it; but Mr. Charles Charrington, the actor—it whose *matinée* it was produced—had had the happy thought of writing a prologue, and this he did so well that the piece was started under favourable circumstances, and appeared likely to have unqualified success. But the promise was not fulfilled. After the prologue—long, but not diffuse; ingenious, but not affected; and extremely useful as giving variety to the impersonation of Hester, and as justifying her in what was to follow—there came a strong scene, the scene of the pillory. But the next act, laid in the governor's hall—the act corresponding to the cottage act I have spoken of above—compared ill indeed with what is at the Royalty. Wherever the dialogue had occasion to depart from Hawthorne's own, it was apt to be both pointless and diffuse. The cleverest acting in Europe could not then sustain its interest. In the fourth act again—before we got to Hester's decision that Arthur Dimmesdale should not depart alone—we had a voluminous outpouring from an ill-conditioned and most superfluous woman in the woods. This may have been Hawthorne himself, for all that I know, but if so, that does not make it any the less undramatic. The thread of interest was again entirely arrested, and the coming together of Dimmesdale and of Hester, when it did occur, wanted the effectiveness it need by no means have been without. In the fifth act I can praise the adapter for having, at all events, left Hawthorne as he found him—for not having been wanting in the courage to understand that the thing is a tragedy.

The acting was unequal: some of it earnest but inappropriate; some of it, on the other hand, brilliant and moving. Earlier in this notice I let drop the phrase that the possible successors to Miss Terry and Mrs. Kendal could be counted on the fingers of one hand. Honest and competent observers of the stage, if engaged in that operation of counting, would find themselves reckoning Miss Janet Achurch before they got to the middle finger. To the later phases of Hester Prynne's character Miss Achurch does not give the sweetness which Miss Calhoun is successfully at pains to convey; nor is she—like the actress at the Royalty—subjected, in the pillory scene, to the tremendous test of having to express everything by gesture and by countenance, and nothing by speech. None the less is Miss Achurch's performance moving and brilliant; realistic and imaginative. Her most humane touch—the touch

that corresponds to Miss Calhoun's tenderness in the cottage, and delicacy in the wood—is at that moment in the prologue when Hester, half overpowered by Dimmesdale's declaration to her, does her best to steady herself, to bring back her thoughts into the channel of duty—to make the channel less dry. It is the little bit, in which—quite hungry for any excuse to be good—she asks her husband whether he didn't miss her when he was busy and away. It is easier to be intense and powerful than to strike a note like that with perfect precision. Miss Achurch strikes that note—and is intense besides. Mr. Charrington's Dimmesdale is obviously burdened with remorse, and in the last act he makes a terrible atonement. But I think I have seen the actor in a part better suited to him. Mr. Fernandez, as Chillingworth, is full of firmness, decision, and resource. The piece may have a chance yet, if it is "cut" mercilessly—but mercilessly, without question.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

HERR JOHANN SWENDSEN, from Copenhagen, was conductor at the sixth Philharmonic Concert on May 31. His Symphony in D (Op. 4), which stood at the head of the programme, is a work written many years ago, during his student days at Leipzig. Herr Swendsen follows the lines of the old masters, and his music is bright and clever. We cannot say that it is strongly original, but it is fresh, vigorous, and healthy. There are fine effects of contrast, and the rhythm is varied, while the skilful orchestration adds immensely to the general effect. It was well played under the direction of the composer, who wields the *bâton* most efficiently. The symphony was well received, but Herr Swendsen would have done well not to accept the *encore* for the third movement. In the second part of the programme Mr. J. F. Barnett conducted his "Pastoral Suite for Orchestra"—a revised and expanded version of a work composed for the Norwich Musical Festival of 1881. Mr. Barnett appears to think prudence the better part of valour. He does not venture a step out of the beaten track; so, if he errs at all, it is on the safe side. His music rests on a poetic basis; and the village maidens gathering corn, the reapers singing harvest hymns, the threatening storm, and the dances on the green, are all depicted in realistic fashion. The music is tuneful and lively. The Hymn of Thanksgiving at the close is perhaps worked up in too pompous a manner for a village festival. Mr. Alfred Hollins, the blind pianist, played Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto. If one takes his infirmity into consideration, the performance must be pronounced clever; but, as compared with many renderings of the work which we have heard, it left much to desire both in accuracy of technique and feeling. Mrs. Hutchinson was the vocalist.

Señor Sarasate gave his fourth orchestral concert last Saturday afternoon. He played with his usual brilliancy Emile Bernard's Concerto—a work of little musical interest, but calculated to show the performer's phenomenal skill as an executant. The same may be said of the Scotch Fantasia by Max Bruch. The hall was crowded, and Señor Sarasate was received with the utmost enthusiasm. So brilliant, indeed, has been his success that, to give those a chance who have been unable to obtain

tickets for his four concerts, he announces a fifth for to-day, in which he will play the concertos of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. Either of these would suffice to fill the hall.

Dr. Bülow commenced his Beethoven Cyclus at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon. During four recitals he will play eighteen of the master's Sonatas, and other works, including the famous "Diabelli" variations. These last have not been heard in London for many years. The programmes are arranged in chronological order, so that one can trace the composer's progress from the Haydn-Mozart period down to that of his fullest development. Beginning with the early Sonatas, the pianist had no opportunity of showing all his powers, but it was a treat to listen to his thoughtful interpretation of works whose glory has been dimmed only by the grand creations of the second and third periods. Dr. Bülow's reading of the Sonatas is of a highly intellectual type; but he manages to show that he not only understands, but feels the music. As a special instance of this we may mention his rendering of the slow movement of the Sonata Pathétique. The clearness and crispness of his playing were shown to great advantage in the merry finale of the Sonata in F (Op. 10, No. 2). We cannot agree with all the *tempi* adopted by the pianist. Surely the *allegretto* of the Sonata in E (Op. 14, No. 1) was taken too rapidly; and most certainly such was the case with the air and some of the variations of the Russian Dance Song. Dr. Bülow's recitals will increase each time in interest; the last, including the Sonatas Op. 101 and 106, and the "Diabelli" variations will, no doubt, be a special success.

Herr Richter gave his fourth concert on Monday evening. M. Henri Marteau, quite a

youth, gave a singularly brilliant performance of Max Bruch's Concerto in G. His tone is excellent, and his execution wonderful for one so young. He was recalled twice at the close. There were two novelties. The first was a transcription for orchestra, by Felix Mottl, of Liszt's pianoforte piece, "St. Francis of Assisi preaching to the Birds." The transcription is exceedingly clever; but Herr Mottl would do well to turn his talents to better account, for the piece is very uninteresting. The second was an overture to Shakspeare's "Twelfth Night," by Dr. Mackenzie—a clever and humorous composition, in which Olivia, Malvolio, and the Clown sing, sigh, and laugh. It is a work which deserves more than one hearing. It was admirably played, and Dr. Mackenzie was summoned to the platform at the close. The programme included Symphonies by Haydn and Beethoven, and the introduction to the third act of "Die Meistersinger."

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE annual conversazione of the Wagner Society will take place on Tuesday, June 19, at Prince's Hall, Piccadilly. The programme will include the first scene of the third act of "Götterdämmerung" (Siegfried and the three Rhine-daughters); the final scene from the same work (Brünnhilde); the quintett from "Die Meistersinger," the "Siegfried Idyll" and "Träume" for small orchestra, &c. Artists—Miss Pauline Cramer, Miss Marguerite Hall, Miss Alex. Elsner, Mr. B. H. Grove, Mr. William Nicholl, &c.; conductor, Mr. C. Armbruster.

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LITERATURE.

*Travels in Tunisia.** With a Glossary, a Map, a Bibliography, and 50 Illustrations. By Alexander Graham, F.R.I.B.A., and H. S. Ashbee, F.S.A., F.R.G.S. (London: Dulau, 1887.)

TUNISIA is still a tempting theme to African tourist-folk. Hereabouts arose the name of the Dark Continent which, according to Suidas, was originally (Ha-phirkah?) a section or suburb of Didonian Carthage, and is found in this volume (p. 43) as "Ferka," portion of a Dawar or encampment. Hence the term extended to Numidia, the Africa Provincia, alias Propria, alias Vera; to Mauritania and Libya; and, finally, it stood, as it now stands, for the whole quarter of the globe. It also begot a fine spurious family of legends and fables connected with an apocryphal Afrikús, King of Al-Yaman. But, while we can explain Utica ('Atikah = old town) and Carthage (Kar-hadith = new town), the origin of more ancient Tunis; the Tounis or Tunis of Polybius, Strabo and others, is not to be found in Numidian (Berber). Yet the Tunès Levkos (Ville blanche) of Diodorus Siculus probably originated the modern title "White Burnús of the Prophet," who, by the by, never wore a "burnús."

Tunisia is exactly what it should be, and might borrow a motto out of immortal *Eothen*: "From all historical and scientific illustrations—from all useful statistics—from all political disquisitions—and from all sound moral reflections these pages are thoroughly free." One author is an antiquary who has already printed professional papers upon Tunisia; and the other is a globe-trotter, as he loves to term himself—in his last letter to me he proposed voyaging round South America between January and June. The two friends distinctly perceived the require-

* A handsome, though not handy, volume of pp. 303; preface and table of contents, pp. viii.; the trips, pp. 206; a glossary of Arabic terms and words, pp. 3; a bibliography, which will presently be noticed, and an index, full and sufficient, pp. 7. The map is placed, as it should be, at the end of the volume opening rectò, and not, as too often, made to turn its back upon the reader. The binding is of green and red, "the colours of the Prophet" (?). The frontispiece shows at the north-eastern angle or sinister chief, "Al-Bahálat-fi-Túnisiyah = The Journey in Tunisia, for which I should prefer Bahlah fi'l-Túnisiyah, after the fashion of the older Arabs. The illustrations are of three kinds. The phototypes are frequently too dark and sombre, as must happen in the hot-dry air of Africa (e.g., the court in the Dar el-Bey, p. 30). The héliogravures, executed by a French artist after Mr. Graham's charming sketches, are well chosen; but their pale northern tintage, with milk-and-water skies, contrasts curiously with the dazzling and fiery hues of Libyan nature. The woodcuts are irreproachable, especially the headpieces and the culs-de-lampe.

ment of the age—a copiously illustrated narrative, like Cameron's most valuable *Across Africa*, showing to the eye of sense the most striking features of sundry popular tours. Their object was to produce a realistic journal, containing trustworthy information for readers and future travellers; and they described nothing they did not see. They shunned padding, generalisations, and politics (especially the "Last Punic War," the Enfida Estate, and M. Roustan); and even in the illustrations they were careful to eschew fictions like the palm-trees which disfigure the pages of Bruce.

The text opens with a short sketch of Tunis, and follow the various trips by steamer, carriage and horse to Soussa (Sússah), Sbeitla (Subaytálá), Sbiba, and Zankúr; by sea to Sfax, with an off-set to El-Djem (Al-Jam) of the Coliseum, which is carefully described and figured in chap. xii.; ending with the oasis of Gabes for the southernmost point. The western section was via Bona, La Calle and Tabaroc, with excursions inland to Tebessa and El-Kef; and the two embody the results of three tours in 1883-85. Readers will hardly thank me for following the travellers wherever they go, but some may be pleased with a few discursive notes upon the wanderings.

We (authors and critic) must agree to differ upon the use or misuse of the word "Arab," *les Arabes d'Afrique*, as the French term the Arabs, Moors, and Berbers of Egypt, Algeria, and Morocco. Hence the fondness of the "Arab" for his horse is no myth in Arabia, but it is among the negroids (p. 6); the "Arab" still follows Mohammed's injunctions not to maltreat his beasts (p. 131); and the "Arab" does not muzzle the ox that treadeth out corn, while the Syrian Christian, the Berber, and the Algerian Moalem do (p. 78). The disforested Sahará can recover its old fertility only by means of the artesian wells described by Ibn Khaldún in the early fifteenth century. The writers are wise in praising French civilisation, to which, like the encroachments of Russia in Central Asia, we should cry "all hail!" in the name of common humanity; yet it is pitiful to see that in Tunis and elsewhere the mosques have not been opened with a strong hand, an innovation found so easy at holy Kayrawán. That England is "conspicuous by her absence," and has lost all influence where she was once so much respected (p. 103), is what we must expect from the growth of Liberal and Radical feeling at home. "Borghaz or El-Bahirah" (p. 14) is, I presume, for Bughaz or Al-Buhayrah, the gorge and the gulflet. The "hand of Fatimah" (p. 24, with illustration on the title-page) is a peculiarly Tunisian superstition. The "hand of power," which originated in Egypt, and which is common throughout the Moalem world, has nothing to do with the lady; nor was the latter, as another tourist gravely informs us in "Chips," the mother of the Prophet. I have long ago explained the rags hung to trees (p. 56) as an old Fetish practice which transfers sickness from the animal to the vegetable. The following remarks of a French excursionist are commended to Europeans:

"When I saw passing before my door women [of Sússah] so simple, so ingenuously natural in

their quasi-nudity, I asked myself which was the less indecent, their extreme or that of the Parisian women, who exaggerate at one time certain parts of their body, and at another wear tightly-fitting garments more unchaste than the nude itself" (p. 66).

The description of "native music" (pp. 66, 68) is sensible and unprejudiced:

"We listened (after the first shock of surprise was over) with delight, unable to determine whether the voice or the instrument afforded the greater satisfaction."

The sponge market (p. 93) will be wholly changed by the discoveries of the Austrian Savant, who now plants the coelenterata from cuttings like potatoes.

The dancing of the Tunisian *ballerine*, mostly Jewesses whose morals are here abominable, stands out sharply described (p. 111). Of "Kairouan," I would note that the name is an Arabic corruption of the Persian Karwán, a caravan, and was given by Al-Okbah, who, planting his lance, cried: "Here is your Karwán," meaning *entrepôt*, or *place d'armes*. "Khaukáh" (p. 116), which we find in the Arabian Nights (viii. 330), is not a postern, but a tunnel; nor is *kiblah* a shrine (p. 119), but a direction of prayer; nor is the Grand Mufti "an archbishop as it were" (p. 121), but a chief doctor of the law while "Sidi-Sahab" (p. 124) should be Sidi Sáhíb—my lord, the Companion.

There is some mistake about the Arabs conquering Subaytálá "in the first year of the Hegirah." Hostilities with Western Africa began under Caliph Osman in A.H. 23 or 24; and the tale of Gregorius the Patrician, by the Arabs called king, and his daughter, deserves repeating. After her father was killed she fell to the lot of a barbarous Badawi from Kubá, near Al-Madinah, who placed his prize upon a camel and carried it away singing:

"O maid of Jurayjir, afoot thou shalt fare
In Hijáz; and a mistress awaits thee there,
And water in skin-bag from Kubá shalt bear."

"What saith the dog?" she asked; and when answered, the gallant girl threw herself from the dromedary and broke her neck.

The bronze cook on the Kasrin monument (p. 147), which was "so near heaven that, if nature had given it a voice, it would have compelled by its morning song all the gods to rise early," is akin to more than one marvellous fowl in the Arabian Nights. We have (p. 164) an admirable description of those sunset effects which are rivalled in The Cape and in The Brazil:

"Every point of the compass seemed ablaze, and hill and mountain caught up the reflected light; but the peculiarity of the glorious phenomenon was that in the west the colours were the least intense."

The notices of the Khomayr (vulg. Khroumir), who were found, politically, so useful, and of their country (chap. xxvii.) will repay readers; and the discovery of the long lost and lately recovered quarries of the old Numidian marbles, *giallo antico* and rose-coloured varieties (p. 194), is peculiarly interesting. An extract from the lively Lady M. Wortley Montagu (p. 199) shows that her corset was held by the Adrianopolitans to be a *corset-gardin*. Upon the spitting of the Badawin for good luck, a custom dating from Biblical days, and well known to the English

"navvy," a long note might be written for the benefit of "folklorists." I would not derive Gouletta or Goletta, port of Tunis, from "Halk al-Wād" = gullet of the valley (pp. 202, 203), but from the corrupt Neo-Latin diminutive of *gola*, Latin *gula* and French *goulu*.

Of the Glossary, let me observe that it matters little to the general how the traveller transliterates his Arabic, provided he keep to the same system or no system: the Arabist will at last understand him, and the non-Arabist will not. But if he aim at correctness he ought at least to learn the alphabet; at all events, he should not spell the same word in different ways, as Djamaa in the text (p. 118) and Jamâ in the glossary, when the right reading is Jâmi'. Also, it is unwise to use the makeshift French *ou* when we have the English *u*, as Zaouia (p. 122) for Zâwiyah. Mr. Ashbee forgets that he sent his Glossary to me for revision; but neither M. Pascual de Gayangos (p. iv.) nor I countenanced such corruptions as "Oust" for "Wasat," the middle, and "Medressen" for "Madrasah."

The exhaustive bibliography is truly valuable and gives weight to the volume. The seventy-six pages begin with an introductory note enumerating the books used by the authors and naming a score as necessary for the traveller. Then comes a catalogue raisonné in which every work, important or unimportant, is mentioned with more or less of detail. This is followed by (a) notes and notices of anonymous productions; by (b) publications on the Barbary States; by (c) studies of Tunisia proper; by (d) a list of maps; by (e) views and by (f) pictures. Like a certain pen, it is a boon and blessing to men; and it worthily forwards what Prince Hasan did for Egypt and Sir R. Lambert Playfair for Algeria. Mr. Robert Brown, I may note, promises the same for Morocco, and his work will supplant the defective sketches of M. Renou and De Mortinière. Finally, reference is made easy by an index giving alphabetically the names, ancient and modern, of every town, ruin, river, lake, mountain, &c., mentioned in the diary.

To conclude. The great lesson of the book appears to be that Tunisia is still a mine and a museum *in posse* of Roman and pre-Roman (megalithic) remains, which will supply epigraphs and architectural studies equally valuable to literature. Above ground much has been described and figured; but the earth has hardly been scratched, and great discoveries await the free use of spade and pickaxe. Despite, however, the French "Society for the Protection of Ancient Monuments" building progresses; the Arabs are carrying off sculptured stones, a railway is levelling all obstructions to its line, engineers are destroying bridges, and the upper part of a Numidian mausoleum was pulled down to secure a Libyo-Punic inscription. Before many years have elapsed the discoverer's task will, it is to be feared, be much simplified.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

Partial Portraits. By Henry James. (Macmillan.)

GOTHE says somewhere in the course of his *Conversations*, as reported by Eckermann—I

quote from memory, for the book is not at hand—that there are three classes of readers, those who enjoy without judgment, those who judge without enjoyment, and those who enjoy and judge at the same time. The critic in the pursuit of his vocation is necessarily shut out from the first class, for he reads solely that he may judge. He often takes a place in the second class, from compulsion rather than from choice; but I am convinced that he only does his best work when he can, for the time being, feel that he is enrolled in the third. I have never during my perusal of any of Mr. Henry James's novels been able to feel that I am so enrolled. I hope I am able to admire and appreciate the many high and rare intellectual qualities which they undoubtedly display, and which have happily been so widely recognised; but I have always felt—perhaps mistakenly—that in writing novels Mr. James is working under conditions not altogether favourable to the true bent of his genius. On the contrary, when I read *French Poets and Novelists* and afterwards the critical memoir of *Hawthorne* in the "English Men of Letters" series this feeling was altogether absent, and I have been quite unconscious of it during my perusal of the volume of literary essays to which the author has given the somewhat enigmatical title of *Partial Portraits*. Apart, however, from the opinions or feelings of any single reader or critic, it seems certain that, for some time to come, Mr. James's theory and practice of fiction will provide material for controversy among cultivated people; and, on the other hand, it is hardly less certain that he is already recognised by disputants on both sides as a critic of singular fineness of discrimination and exquisiteness of expression.

Now these are the very aptitudes which a critic of to-day stands most in need of. Criticism, which was once mainly judicial, has become mainly descriptive. We do not ask that it shall record a final verdict, but that it shall help us to record such a verdict by putting the evidence before us in such a manner that we can readily apprehend its significance. This evidence consists of the impressions stamped by a book, a picture, or any other work of art upon all our sensibilities—ethical, intellectual, and aesthetic; and therefore the critic who helps us most, and gives us the fullest measure of that intellectual satisfaction which is among our loftiest pleasures, is the man who has at once the most extended gamut of keen sensations, and the gift—which is half intellectual and half literary—of rendering his impressions with such precision of utterance that, even if we do not sympathise with him, we do, at any rate, understand him, and by understanding him are able to realise and define those impressions of our own which are antagonistic to his. Such a critic aids us when we agree with him by giving our feeling a concrete body of phrase or symbol, in which we can, as it were, survey it from the outside, and so learn to know it better; and he aids us hardly less when we disagree, because by defining his impression he compels us to define our own—to say nothing of the possibility that in defining it we may see in it for the first time some hitherto unsuspected blur or distortion.

The office of criticism is thus educational in the true etymological, not in the old colloquial, sense of the word. It does less in the way of putting something into us than of drawing something out of us; it may give us few new impressions from the outside, but it enables us to realise and revise impressions we have long ago received at first hand. We read Mr. Henry James's essays on two great writers whom we have lost within the last few years—Emerson and George Eliot—and in the mere gross matter of the thought we find, as we might expect to find, little that is new; but, in the manner and form of the thinking, the re-statement of the familiar, how much there is that is illuminating and instructive! When, for example, he says of Emerson that "life had never bribed him to look at anything but the soul," or of George Eliot that "nothing is finer in her genius than the combination of her love of general truth and love of the special case," we feel, not that we have received some novel truth, but that a set of vague impressions previously held in solution have been beautifully crystallised, and so converted into portable intellectual property. Mr. James has the happy gift of being able thus to interpret an author for us by interpreting ourselves to ourselves, not merely in an essay, a paragraph, or even in a sentence, but in a brief phrase, or, it may be, a happily-found illuminating word. When he speaks of Emerson's "high, vertical moral light" he puts into that single word "vertical" a mass of interpretative thought which might have been spread over a page without giving us any feeling of undue diffuseness. The word is, indeed, a condensed metaphor. Others have noticed the want of light and shade—that is, the want of shade to relieve the light—in Emerson's writing. Mr. John Morley, expressing his sense of the deficiency in the phraseology of Puritanism, has spoken of Emerson as wanting in "the sense of sin"; but here the truth is told in a word, which is not merely a word but a picture, having the grip which belongs to any vividly pictorial expression of a thought. We see Emerson walking in a world where the source of light is directly above him and directly above every object upon which he gazes, and how can he see or speak of shadows which are never cast?

I might give other examples, for they are numerous, of a like happy use of a single word, but such use is only the most striking manifestation of that quality of compactness of expression by which Mr. James's work is so eminently distinguished. In one place he speaks of George Eliot's style as "baggy." I do not think that the epithet is quite just, for I believe it will generally be found that even in the sentences of George Eliot which at first give us an impression of undue verbal amplitude the thought has a like amplitude—it fills out the words and does not permit them really to bag. Still, it may be admitted that the mistake, if it be one, is natural: it is not a *jugement saugrenu*, for George Eliot's was one of those large utterances which are apt to lapse into bagginess should the thought fail to sustain them and preserve them from unsightly creases. Bagginess, is, however, the last quality which even the most superficial and insensitive critic would predicate of

the style of Mr. Henry James. Few writers of our time have a finer gift of concentrated expression, a more remarkable power of filling a sentence with as much weight, and even complexity, of meaning as it will hold; and perhaps a critic, not superficial or insensitive, might find in this volume some few illustrations of the melancholy truth that Mr. Henry James, like the rest of us, has the defect of his qualities. Were it worth while, it would be possible to quote sentences in which we lose the thought by its escape from verbal clothing that, so far from bagging, is somewhat too strait for it; but such quotations, being in no way representative, would serve no purpose of edification. In spite of its compactness—indeed, to some extent, in virtue of it as a stimulation to intellectual alertness—Mr. Henry James's style has not less of lucidity than of brightness, the lucidity which is achieved by a writer who is able to strike his thought at once, and not to reach it tentatively and fumblingly by means of explanatory parentheses and modifying adverbs.

I have remarked that Mr. James often charms us by putting into finally satisfying words the thing that we have said to ourselves vaguely and without words; but not infrequently he does more than this, and we find him saying the thing we have not said, but only wish we had said when we see how obvious it looks. I take an illustrative sentence or two from the essay on George du Maurier, which is a convenient essay to quote from because it is so entirely free from matter that is in any way provocative of controversy. Mr. James is speaking of those *Punch* drawings in which Mr. du Maurier fixes on the block a momentary humorous situation, and he says:

"This is the kind of comedy in which Du Maurier excels—the comedy of those social relations in which the incongruities are pressed beneath the surface, so that the picture has need of a certain amount of explanation. The explanation is often rather elaborate—in many cases one may almost fancy that the image came first and the motive afterwards. That is, it looks as if the artist, having seen a group of persons in certain positions, had said to himself: 'They must—or, at least, they may—be saying so and so,' and then had represented these positions and affixed the interpretation."

These sentences deal with a comparatively trivial theme; but with what penetrating precision do they hit the gold. The suggestion is altogether a fresh one, but at once it makes itself at home in our mind, and consorts familiarly with the truisms which have been our life-long guests.

The essay on "The Art of Fiction" was so exhaustively discussed at the time of its first appearance that one may readily be excused for refraining from a re-discussion; but a review of this book which makes no mention of such important and interesting studies as those on Anthony Trollope, R. L. Stephenson, Alphonse Daudet, Guy de Maupassant, and Ivan Turgénieff certainly does seem to stand in need of some apology. I will shelter myself behind Mr. Henry James, and say that I too have aimed at producing only a "partial portrait"; though, of course, one cannot be quite certain in which of its two senses he employs the descriptive epithet. His special

criticisms are interesting, but one could canvas only a few of them; and his general method, which is equally interesting, can be discussed in a less obtrusively fragmentary manner. There is just one more remark that demands to be made. Mr. Henry James could not well have given a more striking indication of his fine feeling for form than his choice of the conversation rather than the essay as the vehicle for his thoughts on *Daniel Deronda*. The book has some qualities which attract him, some which repel him, some which attract and repel him at the same time; and to record these varying impressions in an ordered continuity of statement with any approach to unity of general effect would have been all but impossible—I think quite so. In the conversation he distributes his sensibilities among Constantius, Theodora, and Puloheria; and as every impression can be rendered with due precision of subtlety and weight, it is saved from the hard lot of being discredited in the very utterance by an irritating "though," or "but," or "nevertheless."

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

Winchester Scholars. A List of the Wardens, Fellows, and Scholars of Saint Mary College of Winchester, near Winchester. By Thomas Frederick Kirby. (Henry Frowde.)

SOMEWHAT late in the day the oldest of our public schools follows the example set by Westminster, St. Paul's, and Merchant Taylors by printing the register of its *alumni*. The task has been undertaken by the present bursar of the college, who is (we believe) not himself a Wykehamist, but whose enthusiasm for his adoptive mother is already known to the Society of Antiquaries. Complaints have reached us regarding the meagreness of the biographical notes which he has added; and it would not be difficult to point out errors both of omission and commission, especially in more modern times. But, as Mr. Boase has wisely said, in the preface to his *University Register* published by the Oxford Historical Society, the important thing is to get the MS. record put into type. The further work of annotation can now be carried on by any historical student, with a library at his command. Another matter requires to be brought into prominence. This list is limited to the scholars proper, *i.e.* (excluding the warden and fellows, who are both alike now doomed to disappear), to the seventy boys who alone had a place in Wykeham's original foundation. The "commoners," who began to appear almost from the first, and who are now (we suppose) at least five times as numerous as the "scholars," find no mention here, nor does Mr. Kirby deign to tell us whether any record of them has been preserved.

Despite this significant omission—to which we shall have to recur—enough is given to explain the position which Winchester has always held in the history of England. That we may not claim too much, it may be said at once that names of the very first importance, whether in literature, art, politics, or war, are conspicuously absent. Winchester has been at no time a nest of singing birds. While Westminster can boast of Jonson, Dryden and Cowper, St. Paul's of Milton, Christ's Hospital of Coleridge, Harrow of

Byron, and Eton of Shelley—Winchester has no poet to rank with these. She is practically unrepresented alike in the great epoch of Elizabeth, in the minor epoch of the Stuarts, and in the second great epoch of the early nineteenth century. (To avoid misconception we may explain that no Wykehamist would reclaim Matthew Arnold from Rugby on the strength of his twelve months' stay "in commoners.") The only period when Winchester can be said to have been prolific of poets was during the unpoetical eighteenth century, when she sent into the world William Somerville, John Phillips, Edward Young (who were all three contemporaries), Christopher Pitt, William Whitehead, William Collins, Joseph Warton (the three last again contemporaries), and, finally, William Bowles. More prominent than any of these in the history of English literature is Nicholas Udall (Owdall), author of "Ralph Roister Doister," and headmaster in succession of Eton and Westminster. In other departments of authorship, Winchester is scarcely more conspicuous than in poetry. The single name of the first rank is Sir Thomas Browne; while next to him we must be content to place Sydney Smith and Anthony Trollope, both of whom have written unkindly of their *alma mater*.

Wykeham's foundation has been more prolific, as he would doubtless have himself desired, in divines and paedagogues. To enumerate all the bishops and archbishops would be tedious; but it is impossible not to be struck by the number of those who (like their founder) occupied high secular posts at court. During the first two centuries we have noticed no less than nine ecclesiastics who are described as keepers of either the great or the privy seal, or as secretaries of state. Within the present century Winchester has given three occupants to the woolsack, and four members at one time to the cabinet; but all of these were "commoners." As regards education, it is perhaps not remarkable that every headmaster (*informator*) of Winchester seems to have been previously at the school. It is more important to record that William Waynflete took with him a draft of Winchester boys to open the daughter foundation of Eton in 1442; and that Waynflete was followed in the early days of Eton by at least three other headmasters from Winchester, besides a fifth of whom it is recorded "promotus ad informandum pueros Etonae." Udall was succeeded at Westminster by another Wykehamist, Robert Rolle; John Jakys (1503), "assumpsit onus scolae grammaticalis apud Charterhouse"; while the tradition has been continued almost to our own day by Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. Another long list of similar import is that of professors of Greek at Oxford, which begins with Grocyn (1483), and comprises no less than six names in forty years (1569-1608).

Quite apart, however, from distinguished personages, this school register sheds light on the vicissitudes of English history. On one of the earliest pages occurs the entry—"William Whyte. Civilista. A Lollard, burned at Norwich, *t. Hen. VI.*" The change of religion in the sixteenth century is brought before us very vividly. John Phylpott, archdeacon of Winchester, was burnt at the stake under Queen Mary in 1555; Nicholas Sawnder (*sic*)

perished no less miserably in Ireland *circ.* 1580-81, as all readers of Kingsley know; John Munden, a Jesuit, was executed at Tyburn in 1582; William Wygge, a Papist, was executed at Kingston in 1588; while his contemporary, Henry Garnet, was hanged in 1606 for complicity in the Gunpowder Plot. Still more numerous are the names of those fellows of New College removed for recusancy (1560 and 1562); while many, including the headmaster Hyde, fled over seas to Louvain, Douai, Paris, Rome, &c. During the Great Rebellion, Winchester emphatically "stood for the king." As Lord Selborne has put it

"And when the Scottish plague-spot ran withering through the land,
The sons of Wykeham knelt beneath meek Andrew's fostering hand,
And none of all the faithless, who swore th' unhallowed vow,
Drank of the crystal waters beneath the plane-tree bough."

To represent the parliament almost the only name is that of Col. Fiennes (Fenys), who, according to the tradition believed by every Wykehamist, protected the college from outrage at the hands of Cromwell's army. While, on the other side, such entries as the following are common:

"principal of Magd. Hall, fought for the king, and died in the Charterhouse." "major of royalist horse, then D.D." "vicar of Adderbury, slain by Roundheads." "rector of Hawarden, ejected by rebels and became major of cavaliers."

In this connexion we may also mention John Windebanke, M.D., secretary of state to Charles I., and John Betts, physician to Charles II. Indeed, at this time Winchester seems to have bred doctors of medicine, as just previously she had bred professors of Greek. Among the number is William Musgrave, one of the early secretaries of the Royal Society.

To pass to a later period. In the eighteenth century we first find the names of admirals—such as Sir Hyde Parker, lost at sea in 1783; Sir Richard Keats, Governor of Greenwich Hospital; and Raper, author of *A New System of Signals*. Generals hardly begin to appear till the end of the same century, when their number was exceptionally augmented by the "great rebellion" of March, 1793. Field-marshal Lord Seaton, indeed, seems to have left in the ordinary course; but his contemporaries and brothers in arms—Sir James Dalbiac, Sir Lionel Smith, and Gen. Cammae—were all included among the twenty-nine then expelled. We may be pardoned for here recording the name of another military schoolfellow of these—Major Pickwick, "son of the coach proprietor at Bath."

Space fails us to continue this bede roll into the present century; and if we were to attempt to do so, the exclusion of "commoners" would result in an entire falsification of the record. We will conclude with expressing a hope and venturing a suggestion—a hope that Mr. Kirby, or some one else, will be induced to carry on the work so well begun; and a suggestion that the governing body, who have now superseded the warden and fellows, will at once take steps to amend the form of register, by adding a column for the name and occupation of the boy's father.

JAS. S. COTTON.

Romantic Ballads and Poems of Phantasy.
By William Sharp. (Walter Scott.)

KEATS's sonnet, "On First Looking into Chapman's Homer," does not exaggerate the fresh feeling of delight which some books inspire in the reader. And it is the special privilege of poetry to exert this charm. A new poem that wakes the imagination, that stirs some depth in our nature of which we were not conscious before, marks quite an era in our life. We dwell upon the joyous experience as we first realise it, and it becomes so much a part of us that we can recall it at will. The poet has made us so much the richer by the rare gift he has given us. A gift of this rare kind we now owe to Mr. William Sharp; for this little volume, small as its compass is, contains some of the truest imaginative poetry. There are not many pieces in the book, nor are they long. It must be supposed that Mr. Sharp has written much other verse since his last published volume; but he has wisely saved the critic and the reader the trouble of avoiding the poorer sort and the padding by omitting it. What remains bears the very hall-mark of excellence. It is as though Coleridge had published the "Ancient Mariner" and "Christabel," with "Kubla Khan" and two or three of his ballads, in one precious little book.

The argumentative preface, which Mr. Sharp addresses to a friend, has itself somewhat reminded me of Coleridge, for it recalls that prefixed to the *Lyrical Ballads*. Mr. Sharp, like the Lake poets, protests against the merely literary quality in poetry. They wanted to infuse into it the freshness and simplicity of life. So does he, but life for him is all tintured with romance. It is life in which the imagination is active, and which is sympathetic not to every-day nature only but to "the light that never was on sea or shore." He believes that the poetry of the near future—as the painting also, and the fiction—will partake of this character; and he leads the way admirably in these ten exquisite poems.

The first, and most important, is a ballad in three parts, called "The Weird of Michael Scott," each part based on a legend relating to that mythical personage of mediæval story. In the first part the Wizard Michael practices his art upon an enemy, whom he changes into a creature of the woods; in the second his power to win a maiden by the same supernatural agency is thwarted; and in the third he meets his own doom. Throughout the poem he is represented as being vengefully pursued by his own soul—a feature of the legends to which Mr. Sharp gives a very impressive actuality. It is impossible to do full justice to this poem by quotations, for it is so perfect a whole that it can only be fairly judged by being read throughout. But detached passages will still have a graphic beauty or impressiveness of their own. Here are a few verses from the first part, describing the Wizard's headlong ride across the Haunted Brae:

"Across the Haunted Brae he fled,
And mock'd and jeer'd the shuddering dead;
Wan white the horse that he bestrode,
The fire-flaughts stricken as it sped
Flashed thro' the black mirk of the road,

"And ever as his race he ran,
A shade pursued the fleeing man,
A white and ghastly shade it was;
Like saut sea-spray across wet san'
Or wind about the moonlit grass."

"Down, down the Haunted Brae, and past
The verge of precipices vast
And eyries where the ospreys screech;
By great pines swaying in the blast,
Through woods of moaning larch and beech;

"On, on by moorland glen and stream,
Past lonely lochs where mallards dream,
Past marsh-lands where no sound is heard,
The rider and his white horse gleam,
And, aye behind, that dreadful third."

The pursuit of the Wizard by his soul is powerfully described again by the opening verses of the second part:

"Athwart the wan bleak moonlit waste,
With staring eyes, in frantic haste,
With thin locks back-blown by the wind,
A grey gaunt haggard figure raced
And moaned the thing that sped behind."

"It followed him, afar or near:
In wrath he curs'd; he shrieked in fear;
But ever more it followed him:
Eftsoons he'd stop, and turn, and peer
To front the following phantom grim."

"Naught would he see: in vain he'd list
For wing-like sound or feet that hissed
Like wind-blown snow upon the ice:
The grey thing vanished like a mist,
Or like the smoke of sacrifice."

I was almost tempted to italicise the last two lines, the more forcibly to draw attention to them; but no one can read them without remarking the singular fitness and the beautiful suggestiveness of the images employed. Quite as noteworthy is the vivid picture of wind-blown snow "hissing" along the ice. The sound and the natural fact itself are familiar enough; but the figure, as Mr. Sharp uses it, belongs to the highest level of poetry. Michael passes on to Kevan Byres, to invoke "fair Margaret," who dwells there, and bid her come to him:

"Come forth, May Margaret, come, my heart
For thou and I nae mair sall part—
Come forth, I bid, though Christ himself
My bitter love should strive to thwart,
For I have a' the powers o' hell!"

"What was the white wan thing that came
And lean'd from out the window-frame,
And waved wild arms against the sky?
What was the hollow echoing name,
What was the thin despairing cry?"

"Adown the long and dusky stair,
And through the courtyard bleak and bare,
And past the gate, and out upon
The whistling, moaning, midnight air—
What is't that Michael Scott has won!"

"Across the moat it seems to flee,
It speeds across the windy lea,
And through the ruin'd abbey-arch;
Now like a mist all waveringly
It stands beneath a lonely larch."

Michael again calls upon Margaret:

"But as a whirling drift of snow,
Or flying foam the sea-winds blow,
Or smoke swept thin before a gale
It flew across the waste—and oh
'Twas Margaret's voice in that long wall!"

"Was that a heron in its flight?
Was that a mere-mist wan and white?
What thing from lonely kirkyard grave?
Forlorn it trails athwart the night
With arms that writhe and wring and wave!"

"Deep down within the mere it sank,
Among the slimy reeds and rank,
And all the leagues-long loch was bare—
One vast, grey, moonlit, lifeless blank
Beneath a silent waste of air."

For striking imagery the third part of the poem is, perhaps, the finest. I must forbear to quote the supernatural incidents which enter into the plot of it, for their weirdness would suffer by detaching these passages from their place. I cannot refrain, however, from adding these few verses of picturesque description:

"At times he watched the white clouds sail
Across the wastes of azure pale;
Or oft would haunt some moorland pool
Fringed round with thyme and fragrant gale
And canna-tufts of snow-white wool.

"He watched the kestrel wheel and sweep,
He watched the dun fox glide and creep,
He heard the whaup's long-echoing call,
Watched in the stream the brown trout leap
And the grilse spring the waterfall.

"Along the slopes the grouse-cock whirled;
The grey-blue heron scarcely stirred
Amid the mossed grey tarn-side stones:
The burn gurg-gurgled through the yird
Their sweet clear bubbling undertones."

Striking as they are, the passages which I have extracted from this remarkable poem can give only a partial and insufficient idea of it. The subject demands imaginative treatment of the highest order, and that it has received. If Mr. Sharp had written this poem alone, and nothing else, it would be an unquestionable credential of his calling to the office of poet. But the nine other poems in the volume are each—with scarcely an exception—as perfect in their kind. "The Son of Allan" is as fine a tragic ballad as is to be found in modern literature; while anything more weird in conception or more imaginative in treatment than "The Death-Child," I do not know. Verse of this kind is so exceptional that one can only speak of it in terms of grateful appreciation. We shall naturally look for more of the same quality from the same source; but no fountain, however affluent, yields such streams every day.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

QUIGNON'S BREVIARY.

Breviarium Romanum a Francisco Cardinali Quignone editum et recognitum. Juxta editionem Venetiis A.D. 1535 impressam. Curante Johanne Wickham Legg. (Cantabrigiæ: typis atque impensis Academiae.)

LITURGICAL students are again under obligations to the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press. In 1884 they gave us the late Dr. Swainson's *Greek Liturgies*; in 1886 the issue of the *Sarum Breviary* was completed; and now we have before us from the same benefactors a reprint of the earliest form of Cardinal Quignon's Breviary, the Venice edition of 1535 (*Mense Junio*), collated with the edition published at Rome in the month of March of the same year. These two, with four other editions, all published before 1537, are the only editions that Dr. Legg supposes to contain the earliest form of the text.

The name, at least, of Quignon's Breviary is known to students of the English Prayer-Book as having, most probably, suggested the character of several of the reforms that were effected when the mediæval breviaries of the Church of England became the Book of Common Prayer, and as having, certainly, supplied in its *Prefatio* a considerable por-

tion of the *Preface* of the Book of Common Prayer (entitled "Concerning the Service of the Church" since 1662, when what is now called the "Preface" was prefixed).

Quite independent, however, of its relations to the Anglican service-book, Quignon's Breviary has many interests of its own. It was one of the earliest attempts at liturgical reformation within the Roman Church itself. Its construction was undertaken, at the request of Clement VII., by Francisco de Quiñones (a grandson of the famous Count Alvaro de Luna), a Franciscan, and Cardinal Priest of the Holy Cross. The cardinal's title, by the way, accounts for the curious mode in which the work before us has been sometimes referred to—viz., as *Breviarium S. Crucis*. The result of the revision, as seen before publication, was approved by Clement, and again by Paul III., who—as we find by his Brief of February 5, 1535, prefixed to the Breviary—gave permission to all secular "clerks and presbyters" to substitute the new Breviary for the old in the recitation of the office, on condition of obtaining a licence from the Apostolic See; and to encourage applicants, it was added that the licence should be issued without charge. The numerous changes made by Quignon, more especially the omission of antiphons and the reduction of the lections to three, whether the day were festal or ferial, were reasonably felt as removing much of the richness, variety, and colour from the ancient services; and strong opposition to the Breviary was made in various quarters. The Sorbonne censured it; and it was looked on with dislike and suspicion by many. Nevertheless it made its way, more especially, as it would seem, in France. Certainly the editions published at Lyons and Paris outnumber all the rest. Paul IV. in 1558 refused the issue of fresh licences for the recitation of this Breviary, and ten years later Pius V. went so far as to prohibit its further use.

The bibliography of this Breviary has yet to be written. Zaccaria, Arevalus, and Wadding's *Scriptores Ordinis Minorum* lay a useful foundation; but Dr. Legg's researches suffice to show that their knowledge of the early issues was very imperfect. While Dr. Legg, on the other hand, does not concern himself with the editions subsequent to July 1536. After this date the text was further revised. The later forms of the Breviary revert to the use of the antiphon, and some of the lections are altered. I wish some investigator would say when the third lection for the Feast of the Conception of St. Mary, which stands in the first form of the text, here printed by Dr. Legg, gave place to the lection in which Thomas Aquinas is cited as pronouncing in favour of the doctrine of the immaculate conception of St. Mary—a proceeding which afterwards so justly scandalised Maldonatus. The alteration I have seen in as early a copy as that of Paris, 1539 (apud Jolandam Bonhomme viduam Thielmanni Kerver).

In the first form of the text, again, Quignon's Breviary commits itself to a declaration in the third lection for the feast of St. Mary Magdalene, that there were great controversies among the learned as to whether Mary of Bethany, Mary of Magdala, and "the woman that was a sinner," are three persons or only one, and that the more probable opinion

is that they are three. The statement as to what is more probable is omitted in later editions. Despite, however, the statement of the lection, the collect yet inconsistently ran: "Beatae Mariæ Magdalene quæsumus domine suffragiis adjuvemur, cujus precibus exoratus quatruiduanum fratrem vivum ab inferis resuscitasti, qui vivis." The collect in the *Sarum Breviary* and that in the first Prayer Book of Edward VI., on the other hand, identified Mary Magdalene with "the woman that was a sinner." May it not be that the diversity of opinions emphasised in the lection of Quignon suggested to the Anglican Reformers to get rid of the difficulty by getting rid of the feast, as they did in 1552? The commonly received view in the Roman Church is to identify the Magdalene, the sister of Martha, and the "peccatrix"; that and the sanction more or less explicitly given by the Roman Church to this view (as in the *propria* for the Feast of St. Mary Magdalene in the Missal) would seem to invest this interpretation of Scripture with a high measure of authority for members of her communion. The matter is discussed in an able way by the late Dr. W. G. Ward in an article originally contributed to the *Dublin Review*, and since republished in his *Essays Devotional and Scriptural*.

Quignon, in his lections for Saints' Days, endeavoured to weed out the more improbable legends, and to cite only "ex probatis et gravibus auctoribus graecis et latinis." And even after the exercise of this care in his first edition the frequent *ut quidam tradunt* or *traditur* (which in the second was changed to *memoratur*) showed the critical temperament of himself and his assistants in the labour of revision.

Another motive that was at work in Quignon's revision was an outcome of the Humanist influence. The barbaric latinity that here and there disfigured earlier breviaries was a pain and grief to the cultivated reader. He declares that in the former Roman Breviary not a few of the histories of the saints were written "tam rudi stilo tam sine rerum delectu et gravitate" that they were objects of contempt and derision to the readers; and in his revision he desires that what is selected should not only be based on better authorities, but also appear "stilo paulo quidem cultiore non tamen fucato."

The suggestions supplied by Quignon's Breviary for the revision of the English Book of Common Prayer in 1549 are numerous, but are too well known to need notice here. But the English revision was more sweeping than even Quignon's first form, and certainly was in some particulars excessive, and injurious to the liturgical beauty of the service-book. Thus, the invitatory, as Quignon retained it, i.e., recited only once before and once after the Venite, could not be complained of as breaking the sense of the psalm; and, varying from feast to feast and from season to season, it would have early sounded with excellent effect the key-note of the service of each day. On the other hand, the lectionary system of the Church of England, even in its earliest reformed shape, and much more since the adoption of the new tables of lessons, is incomparably superior to Quignon's arrangement.

Dr. Legg has indicated in his indices of

hymns, collects, invitatories, &c., the materials which he has not found in the unrevised Roman Breviary of 1534 (the year previous to his work), and they prove to be of an entirely insignificant kind—five or six invitatories, and two or three collects. Much was removed, and much new matter supplied in the lectionary; but the revision of the rest of the Breviary consisted of pruning (and perhaps sometimes slashing and hacking), together with rearrangement, more particularly of the psalter.

The two first issues of this Breviary—those of Rome and Venice—were without the verses of sage counsel so commonly written in the mediaeval kalendars as guides to health, or to the timely execution of agricultural work. But they seem to have been missed; for one of the Paris editions of 1536 inserts them, and the good priest learned at what time of the year he might with safety pair his nails and take a bath, or received the warning in August, “noli sociare puellam.”

In a recent catalogue of Rosenthal, of Munich, I saw that a copy of the Venice (1535) edition—that from which Dr. Legg has printed the volume before us—was offered for 5000 marks. We should be glad to possess that precious little volume; but Dr. Legg and the Cambridge University Press have taken the sting from our fruitless longings.

J. EDENBURGEN.

NEW NOVELS.

The Academician. By Henry Erroll. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

A Woman's Face. By Florence Warden. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Ulu. By Joseph Thomson and E. Harris-Smith. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

Walter Stanhope. By John Copland. (W. H. Allen.)

Found, yet Lost. By Edward P. Roe. (Ward & Lock.)

A Glorious Gallop. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. (White.)

The Academician is an exceedingly clever book—admirably constructed, well-proportioned, written with scrupulous care. Henry Erroll draws an unusual number of characters, yet not one of them can be said to be a caricature, except perhaps Chesham, the sybaritic, odiously selfish stepfather of the heroine, Mabel Moore, who appears in the first chapter, and who occasionally strikes one as a vulgarised Skimpole. Then, although *The Academician* is full of art, artists, and the folk that cling to the skirts of both, there is in it no gush of this “school” or of that, and but little of studio shop-talk. Above all things, Henry Erroll succeeds in giving an air of reality to his chief character, although at first sight that creation seems a monstrosity, an altogether impossible compound of Michael Angelo and the masterful hero-villain of *The House on the Marsh*. Stephen Baring, who gives the name to this book, and pervades it, is represented as not only a Royal Academician of the first genius, and in the zenith of his fame, but as loving his art with a pure passion, which prevents him from loving aught else. Yet this man has the manners of a costermonger, the

heart of a Murdstone, the cold-blooded, unflinching unscrupulousness of the Napoleon of popular fancy. He is a miser, a liar, and, in intent, a bigamist, if not a murderer. Seldom, if ever, has there been told, in fiction, or even in the law courts, a more revolting story than that of how Stephen Baring marries Constance Durant for her twenty thousand pounds, only to break her heart, to trample on her little ideals of home-comfort, decorum, and beauty; how he tries to get rid of her by placing her in the hands of a model—who has been something more to him than a model in his days of coarse and utterly selfish Bohemianism—while he spreads the report that she has died of cholera in Paris; and all that he may marry another woman, whom he wishes to have beside him, to permanently inspire, not his heart, but his art. Yet such is Henry Erroll's skill in revealing and developing Baring's character that it is hardly possible not to come to the conclusion that such a man actually exists. With the exception already mentioned, all the characters are as lifelike, if not as startlingly lifelike, as Baring—poor soulless, rather than heartless, Constance; Mabel Moore, her unconscious rival; Hubert Durant, Mabel's somewhat unsatisfactory lover; and, above all, Barthélemy, Hubert's mentor in French impressionism. There are, indeed, only two weaknesses in *The Academician*; and they are weakness in plot evolution, not in character painting. It seems incredible that a man at once so unscrupulous and so astute as Baring should, instead of poisoning or otherwise getting rid of Constance, have placed her in confinement in England. To do this was but to tempt the detection that ultimately befell him. Then Hubert Durant's wanderings from the straight road of Burlington House rectitude into the miry paths of “morbid,” but profitable, French art are not adequately explained, even when due weight is given to the influence of Baudelaire and Théophile Gautier, as well as of Barthélemy and opium. “De Quincey, Hoffmann, and Edgar Allan Poe, helped Hubert a little further,” says Henry Erroll, “on the unreal slippery path he was treading.” This is, perhaps, the one utterly weak sentence in *The Academician*.

A Woman's Face proves that the special cunning in plot-construction of the author of *The House on the Marsh* has not deserted her. One gets a little tired of the mesmerism, hypnotism, and so forth, which she presses into her service; but she keeps her secret—and the secret of Lady Kildonan—to the end. The two women in it—the suffering and ill-treated Alma Crosmont and the madly selfish Lady Kildonan—are admirably drawn; and Lord Kildonan, although there is nothing specially Scotch about him, is an excellent sketch of an old, eccentric, self-contained, good-hearted man. The introduction into a Westmoreland mystery of the young Doctor, Frank Armathwaite, who is on his way to Glasgow, is managed with that peculiar skill which Miss Warden, almost alone among the sensational novelists of the day, possesses. It is impossible—and it would be unfair even if it were possible—to give a *précis* of the plot of *A Woman's Face*; for, as in all its author's works, each link in the chain of incidents is essential to, and cannot be detached

from, the whole. It must suffice to say that the power of physical fascination which Miss Warden is so fond of exhibiting finds realisation in Lady Kildonan to an even greater extent than in any character she has yet drawn. The one poor portrait in *A Woman's Face* is Ned Crosmont. He is too contemptible a weakling. He is unworthy not only to be the husband of Alma, but to be the tool of Lady Kildonan in the gratification of her hereditary passion for gambling. Ned Crosmont is, however, more than atoned for by the extraordinary wife and the not less extraordinary daughter—though she is extraordinary in a different way—of the Westmoreland doctor, whose place Armathwaite ultimately takes. Altogether *A Woman's Face* is very little inferior to *The House on the Marsh*, and is in all respects superior to *A Prince of Darkness*.

Mr. Joseph Thomson, the traveller, has, with the help of Miss Harris-Smith—perhaps it would be more accurate, as well as more polite, to say that Miss Harris-Smith has, with the help of Mr. Thomson—given us in *Ulu* what is termed on the title-page “an African romance.” Undoubtedly there is abundance of African scenery in it. There is also abundance of romance, at all events of the sort that Mr. Rider Haggard has rendered us familiar with. The second volume is filled with hunts and escapes and combats as prolonged as the duel between Macbeth and Macduff when fought out on the stage of a provincial booth. Yet *Ulu* is not “an African romance,” because *Ulu*, who is ostensibly its heroine, fails to create the true romantic interest in the mind of the reader. She has “a lissom, supple figure,” “snow-white teeth,” and a “low, soft, musical voice.” She is devoted, loyal, brave; quite unnecessarily, she dies in the end. But somehow she fails to create any feeling stronger than sympathy. The odour of rancid castor oil which heralds her presence in the fourth chapter never leaves her. Had she been an Amazon, a Pocahontas, a “She,” one might have got over the castor oil with the help of time, soap, and love. But she is nothing of the sort. She is merely a simple, pretty, submissive, characterless girl, who, towards the end of her story, falls into her true position as African lady-help to her successful Scotch rival, Kate Kennedy. Then the fundamental idea of *Ulu* is an inadequate, if not an impossible, one. It is based on calf-misogyny, which is even more insufficient as literary capital to build a romance upon than calf-love. Tom Gilmour, a young Scotchman, with a weakness for dreaming on hill-tops, returns from the East to Edinburgh, “master of a considerable fortune” left him by his father, and intending to marry Miss Nina Lindsay, daughter of an advocate. He finds her married to “a bantling millionaire” (by the way, when was this creature naturalised in Midlothian?), who, with more than Disraelian liberality, has strewn her wedding-gown with diamonds. She tells him “My day is Wednesday”; whereupon he flees from civilisation, settles on Mount Kilimandjaro, solaces himself for the loss of Miss Lindsay with hartebeest soup, Chaga mutton, and banana fritters, talks Byron-and-water to himself and (when he gets a chance) “emancipated” savant-and-bitters to missionaries. He contemplates

wedding some savage woman, Ulu, for choice; and, of course, he falls in love with the first European girl, in the person of a missionary's daughter, he comes across. The Gilmour of real life would have gone in for "serious drinking" for a week, allowed his hair to grow for three months, astonished the Dialectical Society of Edinburgh with some extravagant doctrines, then plunged headlong into the study of theology or medicine, emerging as the husband of a daughter of the manse, or of a professor of anatomy. But although Ulu is a disappointment, although the *raison d'être* of Ulu is incredible, although we have too much old-fashioned fine writing about "broad home parks, with their stately array of oak and beech and broad-leaved chestnut giving added dignity to lordly mansions, stern with the pride of high degree," Miss Smith and Mr. Thomson have written an agreeable, pleasantly exciting book, strong, if not in dramatic, certainly in human interest. If Gilmour is rather a poor creature, Kate Kennedy, the missionary's daughter, is the reverse, in spite of her being a "lady medical" and being "spoiled by the Edinburgh men." She is a bright, active-minded girl, full of fun and good sense, courageous, resourceful, and practical. The development of a rather stand-offish acquaintance between her and Gilmour into intimacy and love is traced with great skill and perfect delicacy. Then the Massai scenes, the dances, the fights, and all the rest of it, are full of life and reality. Kennedy, the missionary, is well drawn; and Uledi, Gilmour's faithful but bloodthirsty lieutenant, is almost as striking a character as Umalopogaas himself.

The only serious fault to be found with *Walter Stanhope* is that its author, like its hero, attempts too much. Mr. Copland seems to be a new writer; but he is evidently a man of culture, and is especially well acquainted with German habits of life and with English political history during the first quarter of the present century. It is greatly to his credit, also, that he writes in clear unaffected English, even although he does make Walter Stanhope, in the delirium of happy love, pray to be changed from "a floating weed, blown about by every wind of feeling and of doctrine, into a fixed and steady buoy, by which the poor mariner on life's stormy ocean may direct his course." But he should have been content, through Stanhope's experiences, to contrast England and Germany as regards social life, amusements, education, and politics. He should not have brought actual historical personages upon his stage. At all events, his efforts in this direction have met with but scant success. The Bismarck with whom, as a young man, he makes Stanhope meet, and who says that "the work before us is to be carried out by blood and iron; here is the blood (putting his hand on his breast), and our army has the iron, which will one day act like a magnet," &c., is but a pale copy of "the madman" of Prosper Mérimée, Napoleon III., Biarritz, and, more or less, of fact. The influence of Lord Beaconsfield is distinctly to be traced, too, in Mr. Copland's conception of his hero. Walter Stanhope, with his blue blood, his capacity for becoming either an Admirable Crichton or a jack-of-all-trades, his impulses, his pecu-

niary resources, which allow of his devoting a few years of his life to the gratification of these impulses, is just such an aristocratic Odysseus as Disraeli used personally to conduct on a circular tour of passion and pleasure to the Penelope's arms from which he started. But there is no slavish imitation of Disraeli in the actual incidents of Stanhope's journey. Mr. Copland's "German student" scenes are all his own, and they are very good. They are much to be preferred to the political and matrimonial intrigues in which Stanhope is plunged on his return to England. The adventures on our inhospitable shores of Minna, the Göttingen girl—who holds the first place in the susceptible Stanhope's affections until she is displaced by the Lady Hilda whom he marries—are agreeably told, although Mr. Copland might have spared her one, on the whole, improbable insult that is offered her. The unpleasant people in *Walter Stanhope* are the poorest sketches in it. There must be sirens in an Odyssey, of course; but Mr. Copland does not score a success with Lady Earlsfield, the attractive widow, who endeavours to supplant Lady Hilda. We hear a great deal of her "cynical immorality"; but, in Mr. Copland's pages, she only seems a somewhat passionate and vulgarly forward woman.

Found, yet Lost is much shorter than the majority of the stories that have gained for Mr. Roe the remarkable popularity he enjoys in the United States; but it accounts for that popularity better than his larger and more pretentious works. It appeals directly to the sympathies of that large number of novel-readers—still, in spite of the evident attractions of "realism," the preponderating majority—who think there is nothing so deserving of admiration and a good cry as faithful love in woman and unselfish devotion in man. Both are given in the fullest measure and of the best quality in *Found, yet Lost*, which is very nearly an American "Auld Robin Gray." Captain Albert Nichol, the affianced husband of Helen Kemble, the successful rival of Hobart Martine, and a gallant officer on the Union side in the Civil War, is struck by a fragment of a shell while leading his men to battle. He is reported dead. Martine seeks for but fails to find him. In due course of time Helen promises to reward Martine, whose high character this crisis has revealed, with her hand. Then Nichol is discovered—alive, a mental wreck, ignorant of his own personality, incapable of recognising his relatives, his friends, or Helen. Then—but it is unnecessary to say more than that Martine never swerves from the path of duty, and that the end of the story is such as nine out of ten of its readers will approve of. The heroic unselfishness of Martine, and the ripening of Helen's character in the sunshine of its influence, are the attractive features of *Found, yet Lost*, and they are, indeed, very attractive. This is one of those few stories that are good in all respects, and that yet one does not feel tempted, after reading, to place on the nursery shelf.

There is, it is unnecessary to say, a strong resemblance between *A Glorious Gallop* and Mrs. Edward Kennard's previous works. It is, however, superior, both in plot and agree-

ableness, to several of those. There is not much of a story, to be sure. Capt. Falconer is for a time undecided whether he should ask in marriage the fascinating, handsome, and unveracious Miss Geraldine Brotherton, or Maggie, her decidedly plain, but also decidedly honest, sister. But "a glorious gallop," which ends in Maggie breaking three of her ribs decides the question. The story, which leads up to this satisfactory but commonplace arrangement, is, however, very animated, and the dialogue is not throughout pervaded with hunting slang.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

SOME HISTORICAL BOOKS.

"STATESMEN" SERIES.—*Life of Viscount Palmerston*. By Lloyd C. Sanders. (W. H. Allen.) This is a very useful and interesting record of a remarkable career which, in its course, illustrates the current of British affairs through the middle part of the century. Mr. Sanders makes careful mention in his preface of very numerous sources of information. In some points this short biography is more complete than larger works, because of the many later publications which have been open to Mr. Sanders, who has gathered from Hayward's letters that Palmerston was attracted "by the absurd theory that the plays of Shakspeare were really written by Bacon." It is needless to dwell upon Palmerston's popularity, upon his good nature, upon his flippancy, or upon his failure as a legislator. No great statue bears his name and fame to the next generation. Lord Shaftesbury, who was not a bad judge, said, "I never knew any Home Secretary equal to Palmerston for readiness to undertake every work of kindness, humanity, and social good." When attacks are made upon the manners of this later time in Parliament, it is well to bear in mind that to-day no minister would reply to a member as Palmerston did to Mr. Bright, that he treated his "censure with the most perfect indifference and contempt." Mr. Sanders is not more full of admiration for Palmerston than is becoming to a biographer, but he does sometimes less than justice to others. When he accuses Mr. Gladstone of throwing himself "with great inconsistency into the arms of the peace party" in 1856, it would be well to have shown on what grounds that unfavourable judgment of Mr. Gladstone's conduct was based. No fair-minded Englishman can read a biography of Palmerston without admiring his courage, his self-confidence, his fidelity to his friends, his strong commonsense. But his policy does not commend itself entirely to any party in the present day, and irresistibly one is reminded of Cobden's judgment upon his old opponent: "The noble lord has cost the country a hundred millions sterling, and I think he is dear at the money." The foreign policy of Lord Salisbury would have appeared cautious and timid to the minister who was known as Lord Firebrand.

"The Story of the Nations."—*Chaldea: from the Earliest Times to the Rise of Assyria*. By Zenaide A. Ragozin. (Fisher Unwin.) This is, from a literary point of view, the most successful of all the volumes of this series that we have seen. The illustrations, also, are more numerous, and, on the whole, of much better quality, than in any of the earlier volumes. M^{de} Ragozin makes no pretence of being an Assyriologist, but she has evidently studied with care and intelligence what has been written on the subject by the scholars of greatest authority. The introduction, occupying about a third of the book, consists of a well-digested and interesting account of the progress of modern discoveries on the sites of

the Mesopotamian cities, and a general outline of the results obtained up to the present time. The remainder of the work gives a spirited and, in the main, trustworthy sketch of the history of Chaldees, and of the characteristics of its institutions and civilisation during the early period indicated on the title-page. The author has in some cases deferred too much to the authority of Lenormant, and the passages relating to the points of contact between Chaldean and Hebrew history or legend are not free from untenable hypotheses. The suggestion that Cain is the eponymus of the Turanian race is not very probable, and the specific arguments adduced for it ignore the obvious fact that the Adam-Cain-Lamech genealogy and the Enosh-Kenan-Lamech genealogy are simply two versions of the same pedigree. The author also accepts the assertion, which is utterly destitute of real evidence, that the ancestors of the Hebrew people emigrated from Chaldea because they were persecuted for their religion. Altogether, however, this is an excellent book of its kind; and we shall look forward with some interest to M^{de}. Ragozin's promised volume on Assyria, in which she will have the advantage of dealing with facts that rest on unequivocal historical evidence.

"ENGLISH HISTORY FROM CONTEMPORARY WRITERS."—*Strongbow's Conquest of Ireland*. With Illustrations and Map. By Francis Pierrepont Barnard. (David Nutt.) This volume consists chiefly of translated passages from Gerald de Barri ("Giraldus Cambrensis"); but it also contains extracts from the other contemporary writers on the English side, from the Irish annals, and from one or two unpublished charters. The passages are well chosen and well translated, the quaint affectations of Giraldus's style being often cleverly rendered. Perhaps Mr. Barnard has allotted too large a proportion of his limited space to that lively writer's entertaining gossip about the natural and supernatural wonders of Ireland; but the fault is at any rate easily pardonable. The quoted passages are connected by brief remarks by the editor, which will enable the reader to follow the course of the story with little difficulty, even if previously unacquainted with its outlines. The appendices include a genealogical table of the Geraldines, lists of the principal persons, Anglo-Norman and Irish, who were concerned in the war, an account of the territorial divisions of Ireland at the time of the Conquest, and a brief notice of the authorities quoted.

The Life and Times of Queen Victoria. Illustrated with numerous Portraits, Views, and Historical Pictures. By Robert Wilson. In 2 vols. (Cassell.) It would no doubt be an injustice to this book to judge it by any very high standard of literary workmanship; but it is far above the ordinary level of the books that have been written to meet the popular demand occasioned by the "Jubilee" of last year. Mr. Wilson shows both fulness of knowledge and independence of judgment. The style is lucid and vigorous, and the selection of material shows a sounder appreciation of the relative importance of events than is often met with in books of this occasional character. The author's opinions on the conduct of political leaders are expressed with frankness, and, however open to question they may be, are at any rate free from all suspicion of narrow partisanship. The same candour is displayed in the references to the Queen's personal action in matters of public interest. There is no want of cordial recognition of the enlightened public spirit by which her Majesty's conduct has, in the main, been characterised; but the author does not attempt to maintain that every one of her acts has been

judicious. Mr. Wilson has, of course, been obliged to make some concessions to the triviality which the public demands in a "Jubilee history"; but in spite of this he may be congratulated on having been able to give to his work so much of serious historical value. The illustrations—about 500 in number—are mostly well executed, and in nearly every case strictly pertinent to the subject.

Origins of the English People and of the English Language. Compiled from the best and latest Authorities. By Jean Roemer. (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) This curious volume contains two distinct books. The first 452 pages treat of the subjects indicated in the title-page; but the so-called appendix, which extends to 188 pages, is an account of the origin and development of the French language. Dr. Roemer, who is Professor of French in the College of the City of New York, would, we suppose, speak of himself as the "author" of the volume; but the title that really belongs to him is that of "compiler," in the sense assigned to that word by the Latin dictionary. We should not be surprised if his method of "compiling" were to bring him into trouble with certain English publishers. Messrs. Macmillan, especially, have good reason to complain of his procedure, many entire pages of the book being made up of sentences copied verbatim (without specific acknowledgment) from Canon Taylor's *Words and Places* and Mr. Kingston Oliphant's *Old and Middle English*. In the former case the offence is peculiarly flagrant, for the work in question is nowhere referred to by name, not even in the list of authorities, although that contains the title of the same writer's *Greeks and Goths*, which has also been pillaged. Whether there is anything original in the volume we are unable to say. We find, it is true, several gross blunders that we never met with before; but it is quite possible that Dr. Roemer may have "compiled" even these from one or other of his "best and latest authorities." There have no doubt been writers before Dr. Roemer who were ignorant enough to regard the name of the Jutes as "undoubtedly a variation of the Gothic root *thiuda*, *tiut*, *diut*, meaning 'men of the nation,' or to believe that the Northumbrian gloss on the Durham gospels is coeval with the Latin text, instead of being more than two centuries later. It must be acknowledged that the volume contains a large amount of valuable and interesting matter—among other things, an extensive series of specimens of Early English and Old French, and some well-executed facsimiles of MSS.; but it also contains so much that is inaccurate and misleading that we should have considerable hesitation in recommending it, even apart from the reprehensible manner in which it has been manufactured.

History of South Africa. By George McCall Theal. (Sonnenschein.) Mr. Theal's present volume is adapted from his previous work, *Chronicles of Cape Commanders*, and gives a minute account of the Dutch settlement at the Cape from the first landing in Table Bay, under Van Riebeeck, in April, 1652, to the year 1691, a period of not quite forty years. The Dutch governors kept an exact chronicle of every event, great or small, important or insignificant, that happened in the infant colony; and Mr. Theal follows their example. He remarks that there are circumstances under which the deeds of 600 individuals may be of greater importance in an historical retrospect than are ordinarily those of 600,000. History affords many such, but we cannot place the worthy Dutch burghers of the Cape in that category. It would have been easy to have condensed the early history of Cape Colony without in the slightest degree diminishing its interest or historical value; but condensation is not Mr.

Theal's forte. He is, indeed, singularly diffuse and prolix. Nevertheless, it must be remembered that he writes for the descendants of the original colonists, and they may be of a different opinion from ourselves. It is impossible not to admire his industry and perseverance. He tells us that the bulk of the records of Cape Colony is so vast that years are required to examine only the most important of them; and they have only lately been collected in one place, and are not yet arranged. All of them relating to the period treated of in the present work Mr. Theal has examined; and besides this he visited the Hague, and spent some months in examining manuscripts and maps relating to South Africa which had a bearing on his work. He is now occupied on another volume, which will embrace the remaining period of Dutch rule in South Africa.

A Concise History of the Australian Settlement and Progress. (Sydney: Fairfax & Sons.) This square pamphlet is an exact reproduction, in parallel newspaper columns, of a series of articles on Australia and New Zealand, published early in the present year as a centennial supplement to the *Sydney Morning Herald*, and of a very full description of the various ceremonies and rejoicings which took place at the centennial celebration. The former part supplies a large amount of information on most subjects connected with the Australian colonies, which will, doubtless, be of considerable use to travellers in Australia, though the form is inconvenient and the type trying to the eyes. There are two useful maps, one of the whole of Australia, the other, on a larger scale, of New South Wales with its divisions.

NOTES AND NEWS.

IN consequence of the temporary indisposition of Mr. Leslie Stephen, the dinner of the contributors to the *Dictionary of National Biography* has been postponed from Wednesday in this week to Wednesday, June 27. As previously arranged, the dinner will take place at the Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond, at 6.30 p.m. It is hoped that as many of the contributors as conveniently can will attend. Those intending to be present are requested to communicate as soon as possible with Mr. S. L. Lee, 14, Waterloo Place, London, S.W. We are glad to hear that Mr. Stephen is much better, and that he will certainly preside on Wednesday week.

MR. A. H. BULLEN is editing, for private issue in September, the works of Dr. Thomas Campion, the sweetest of the Elizabethan lyric poets. The volume will include, besides the songs, Campion's delightful masques, his interesting "Observations in the Art of English Poesie," and most of his Latin epigrams. Mr. Bullen will supply full introduction and notes. Four hundred small-paper and one hundred and twenty large-paper copies will be printed. The book will be printed at the Chiswick Press, Took's Court, E.C., where subscribers' names are now being received. Most of the large-paper copies are already subscribed for.

THE Rev. W. M. Metcalfe, of Paisley, has just sent to the press the last sheets of the first part of Barbour's *Legends of the Saints* for the Scottish Text Society, with annotations. Barbour is valuable to philologists for his store of old Scottish words, many of which have escaped record in Jameson's Dictionary.

THE delegates of the Clarendon Press have the following works ready for early publication: *Catalogue of Fossils of the British Islands*, part i., Palaeozoic, comprising the Cambrian and Silurian systems, on which Mr. Robert Etheridge has been so long engaged. It will form a small quarto volume. Hume's

Treatise on Human Nature, reprinted from the original edition and edited by Mr. L. A. Selby-Bigge, of University College. A school edition of Euripides's *Heracleidae*, by Mr. C. S. Jerram, on the same scale as his editions of the *Alcestis* and *Iphigenia in Tauris*. A school edition of Xenophon's *Hellenica*, books i. and ii., with notes and historical introduction by Mr. G. E. Underhill, of Magdalen College. *An Old High German Primer*, by Dr. Joseph Wright, corresponding to his *Middle High German Primer* recently issued. It is an elementary book, but it endeavours to bring within a comparatively small compass all the really important features of the language. *A Handbook to the Land Charters and other Saxon Documents*, by Prof. Earle. In his introduction Prof. Earle rejects Kemble's view of the elementary scheme of English life, and offers an entirely new exposition. He shows reasons for thinking that the manorial system was part of the first plantation, and this new theory will no doubt be canvassed by Mr. Seebohm and those who are interested in such questions.

Scribner's Magazine will begin in the autumn the publication of a romantic story of adventure by Mr. R. L. Stevenson, entitled "The Master of Ballentrac."

THE next volume in the "Story of the Nations" series will be *Turkey*, by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole.

A NEW novel by Mrs. Croker, entitled *Diana Barrington: a Romance of Central India*, will be published next week by Messrs. Ward & Downey.

MR. THOMAS GREENWOOD, author of *Free Public Libraries*, has just finished a companion volume on Museums and Art Galleries, which will be issued shortly by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. It will contain chapters upon the relation of the state to museums, the place of museums in education, and the British Museum.

MR. LELAND's *Practical Education* has already reached a second edition. He now intends to carry out the ideas set forth in that book, by a series of cheap illustrated handbooks on the minor arts and industries, each to consist of lessons, from the earliest rudiments, suitable for experienced amateurs and students. The series will begin with a manual on *Drawing and Designing*, which will be followed by *Wood-Carving*, *Modelling*, *Leather Work*, and others.

MARK RUTHERFORD's *Autobiography and Deliverance* having been for some time out of print, Messrs. Trübner & Co will shortly re-issue them in a cheaper form, revised, with a new preface, and some other added matter.

WE are promised this month another Anglo-American story in *Bledisloe; or, Aunt Pen's American Nieces*, by Ada M. C. Trotter. Mr. Alexander Gardner will publish it; and also *Tempted of the Devil*, a story retold from the German of August Becker, by M. W. Macdowell.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, of New York, announce, in their pretty little series of "Knickerbocker Nuggets," Thackeray's *The Rose and the Ring*, with facsimiles of the author's illustrations.

A MEETING of the Selden Society will be held in Lincoln's Inn Old Hall on Wednesday next, June 20, at 4 p.m. The Lord Chief Justice of England will preside, and a paper will be read by Mr. F. W. Maitland.

DURING the whole of the two next weeks, beginning on Monday, June 18, Messrs. Sotheby will be engaged in selling the first portion of the library of the late Robert Samuel Turner, well known as a member of the Philobiblon Society. Of all the historic collections that have been dispersed during the past few years,

this is perhaps the most representative of those rarities that are dear to the professed bibliophile. It is specially rich in romances and novelle, in volumes from famous libraries or bound by famous binders, and in privately printed books. It also includes Americana, first editions (of English authors as well as the classics), and some valuable MSS. Among the latter we may mention nine volumes in the autograph of Thomas Gray, chiefly consisting of notes upon Greek historians.

THE June volume of the "complete edition" of Lord Tennyson's works (Macmillan) fulfills the promise of the prospectus in containing "everything that the author has published," except the plays, which are to follow. Though numbered vi, it corresponds to vol. vii. of the edition of 1884. Like that, it begins with "The Lover's Tale" and the series entitled *Ballads, and other Poems*, which was notable as including "Rizpah" and "The Revenge." Then follow the contents of the volume published in 1885, under the title of *Tiresias, and other Poems*, with a few changes. "Balin and Balan" has now been put in its place before "Merlin and Vivien" among the *Idylls of the King*; while, by the bisection of "Geraint and Enid," the total number of *Idylls* is raised to twelve. But, on the other hand, we here have, for the first time in a collected edition, "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After"; the verses on "The Fleet"—

"You, you, if you shall fail to understand"—

which appeared in the *Times* in 1886, on the occasion of one of our naval scares; and the "Opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition by the Queen." Lastly, we may mention that the sonnet beginning

"Old posts fostered under friendlier skies"

now has a title given to it, "Poets and their Bibliographies." Despite, however, the fulness of the present volume, the original *Tiresias* will always possess an attraction for the book-lover in its dedication to Robert Browning, which (from the necessity of the case) is not repeated.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

IN accordance with general expectation, Dr. Sidney H. Vines, of Cambridge, has been elected to the Sherardian chair of Botany at Oxford, vacant by the migration of Prof. Balfour to Cambridge.

DR. F. H. H. GUILLEMARD, author of that fascinating and handsome book of travel, *The Cruise of the "Marchesa,"* has been selected by the Royal Geographical Society and the council of the senate to be the first university reader in geography at Cambridge, for a term of five years.

THE Rev. F. J. Smith, who has for some three years past been in charge of the Millard laboratory at Oxford in connexion with Trinity College, has now been appointed by the delegates of the common university fund to give lectures in practical mechanics and experimental physics.

PROF. POSTGATE has been appointed deputy reader in comparative philology at Cambridge, for Dr. Peile, during the Michaelmas term.

THE general board of studies at Cambridge has approved Mr. Walter Leaf, the Homeric scholar, for the degree of Doctor in Letters.

THE University of Oxford has conferred the hon. degree of M.A. upon Mr. R. E. St. Andrew St. John, of Wadham, teacher in Burmese at Oxford and also at Cambridge.

MR. G. P. BIDDER, of Trinity, has been nominated by the special board for biology and geology at Cambridge to occupy a table at the

Naples zoological station for six months from October next.

THE Rev. Dr. E. Moore, principal of St. Edmund Hall, and Barlow lecturer on Dante in University College, London, delivered a public lecture at Oxford on Wednesday of this week upon "Dante in Sicily."

AT a meeting held on Wednesday, June 6, in the president's lodgings, Trinity, a "local league" was founded "for the protection of the interests of the public in the beauties and antiquities of Oxford and the neighbourhood." The secretary is Mr. Matheson, of New College.

THE *Oxford Magazine* of June 13 prints a handlist of "current books of reference useful to residents in Oxford," compiled by Mr. F. Madan, who promises in the future similar lists from the early days of printing.

AN association has been formed at Edinburgh, following the example of Cambridge and Oxford, to provide lectures in academic subjects for those who have had no opportunity of benefiting by an academic course of study, but who are desirous of being brought into personal relation with the work done in universities. It is proposed to arrange for courses of twelve lectures each, in various local centres, in history, literature, science, and art. The president of the association is Sir Thomas Clark, the lord provost; the vice-chairman is Prof. Laurie; and the hon. secretaries are Messrs. H. B. Baildon and Patrick Geddes.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

TO A NIGHTINGALE.

"Forse a memoria de' suoi primi gual."—*Pwry.*

SAD bird, when thou dost flood the listening night
With liquid music from thy bursting heart,
Within some tangled thicket out of sight
Of moon and stars, till saddened they depart
And leave the world unlit, does thy quick brain
Teem with the dim remembrance of the past?
Dost thou forget thy bird-shape, and again
Put on that other self that once thou wast?
Does the deep love that erst attuned thine eyes
Now pour itself in music to the skies?
Lone bird, would thou could'st know how thou
hast wrought
My laden soul to sympathy with thine!
Would thou could'st know, and gladden with the
thought,
How, easing thy full heart, thou eatest mine!
PAGET TOYNBEE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

MR. W. H. JAMES WEALE, the learned author of *Bibliographia Liturgica*, has begun this month the publication of two periodicals devoted to the furtherance of his favourite study. One of these, *Analecta Liturgica*, is a quarterly, which will give at least 400 pages for a yearly subscription of £1. The first number consists of two parts, separately paged: (1) "Clavicula Missalis Romani," or an alphabetical index to the contents of the missal as authoritatively revised by Pius V. in 1570; and (2) the first instalment of what promises to be an invaluable "Corpus Hymnologicum," compiled by M. E. Misset in conjunction with the editor. The plan adopted is to take up first the early printed missals according to dioceses, and give a catalogue of all their *prose* and hymns, quoting in full those only which have never before been published; and then to treat in the same way the missals in MS. The compilers, who anticipate that the work will occupy them some ten years, state that

"nous avons dans nos cartons plusieurs milliers de Proses, d'Hymnes, et pièces liturgiques inédites, collationnées sur les manuscrits et les incunables de toutes les bibliothèques de l'Europe. Et malgre

cela nous ne nous dissimulons pas que nos collections sont biens incomplètes."

The second periodical, entitled the *Ecclesiologist*: Notes and Queries on Christian Antiquities, is to appear every six weeks, on the 1st and 15th of alternative months. The first number contains notes on the differences in the *Horae* of certain Uses; the text of a unique copy of a printed address by Bishop Alcock, of Ely (circ. 1499), which Mr. Weale rescued from an old binding in the cathedral library at Wells last year; and the first instalment of a catalogue of Breviaries, supplementary to that of missals in the *Bibliographia Liturgica*. Both of these periodicals are published by Mr. Thomas Weale, 2 Orange Street, Red Lion Square, W.C.

LATIN ADDRESSES AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE following is the text of the congratulatory letter written by the public orator, Dr. Sandys, on behalf of the Cambridge senate, and presented to the university of Bologna by the delegates of the senate (Dr. R. C. Jebb and Prof. J. H. Middleton) on the occasion of the celebration of the eighth centenary of that university during the early part of the present week. The orator quoted in the course of the letter is Burke; the "friend of Newton" is Count Luigi Ferdinando Marsigli, F.R.S.:

"Animo quam laeto nuper audivimus, societatem vestram antiquitate tanta venerabilem, ut orbis terrarum inter universitates vetustissimas numeretur, annis fere octingentis ab origine sua expletis, sacra saecularia esse celebraturam. O diem faustum et felicem, quo sapientiae sedes tam insignis, diu alterum Europae lumen, ad condendas Academias alterum exemplar, doctorum omnium qui ubique sunt oculos ad sese convertit, et vetera amicitiae iura cum illis denuo confirmat. Iuvat nos quoque professorum vestrorum fastos evolvere; iuvat illius praesertim memoriam revocare, qui iuris Romani disciplinam inter vosmet ipsos plusquam septem abhinc saecula illuminavit; iuvat praeceptorum plurimorum nomina illustria recordari, qui sive in medicina docenda sive in rerum natura investiganda sive in aliis studiis postea emiserunt; iuvat illarum denique laudes commemorare, quae in vestris sapientiae sacrariis, virginum Vestalium ritu, doctrinae flammam illibatam conservarunt.

"Tam praeclearis igitur professoribus ornata universitas illa vestra, in civitate florentissima collocata, olim per Europam totam legum nutrix, studiorum mater iure optimo nominata est: quin etiam urbs ipsa, prope centum abhinc annos, nostratium ab oratore quodam 'libera illa et fertilis et felix Bononiae civitas, iurisprudentiae denuo nascentis incunabula, scientiarum atque artium sedes dilecta' merito appellata est. Urbem vero tam insignem, tanta advenarum multitudine quotannis frequentatam, si quis nostro e numero forte invisit, libenter ille quidem vestra artium monumenta, vestras porticus, vestra palatia, vestra musea admiratur; sed singulari quadam veneratione atrium illud antiquum contemplatur, ubi tot clipei coloribus vividis depicti illorum nomina et gentes indicant, quoscumque titulo vestro honorifico olim ornavistis. Recordatur deinceps etiam ab ipsa Britannia quondam juvenes veritatis avidos ad doctrinae domicilium illud, tamquam ad oraculum, adventare solitos. Inde ad sedem vestram recentiore digressus, audit idem scientiarum institutum vestrum celeberrimum ab uno e Newtoni nostri amicis fuisse conditum.

"Ergo tot hospitii veteris vinculis vobiscum coniuncti, et communium studiorum cultu consociati, nihil hodie vobis auspiciatus exoptare possumus, quam ut plurima in saecula amorem doctrinae, amorem libertatis, vobis ingentem, fovere perseveretis; et veterem illam laudem, 'Bononia docet,' vobis velut olim in perpetuum vindicetis. Valet."

Of the fifteen speeches delivered by Dr. Sandys, on the occasion of the conferment of

honorary degrees at Cambridge on June 9, we have room to quote only the following:

"LORD ACTON.

"Salutamus deinceps virum doctissimum, qui in Italia prope pulcherrimum orbis terrarum sinum, montis Vesuvii in vicinia natus, in Bavaria inter Monacenses a professore illo eruditissimo educatus est quem historiae ecclesiasticae Nestorem nominaverim. Idem Britanniae inter senatores delectus et senatus illius ordini superiori adscriptus, postea in ipsa Roma fidei Catholicae antiquae acerrimus defensor exstitit. Quid dicam de libellis illis quos sive de Henrico octavo et Wolseio sive de Sancti Bartholomaei die fatali conscripsit? Quid de tot litterarum monumentis sive libertati vindicandae sive veritati investigandae sive rerum gestarum historiae fideliter narrandae consecratis? Si Plinius ille, qui avunculi sui eruditissimi cum memoria consociatum montem Vesuvium exardescentem descripsit, viri huiusce laudes hodie celebrare potuisset, sine dubio verbis eiusdem usus esset, quibus unum ex amicis suis posteritati tradidit: 'Nihil est illo gravius, sanctius, doctius; . . . quantum rerum, quantum exemplorum, quantum antiquitatis tenet! Nihil est quod discere velis, quod ille docere non possit. Mihi certe, quotiens aliquid abditum quaero, ille mihi thesaurus est.'"

"PROF. STOKES.

"Salutamus deinceps regiae societatis praesidem, professorum nostrum Lucasianum, senatorum nostrorum omnium consensu Britanniae senatoribus additum; quem in munere illo triplici Newtoni nostri in vestigiis insistere gloriamur. Atqui ipse, qua est morum suavitate et modestia, vix tali sese honore dignatur, sed a plausu populari remotus et seclusus, templum quoddam serenum occupat, ubi reverentia debita rerum naturae miracula perscrutatur, ubi 'in statione tranquilla collocatus' lucis leges obscuras observat, observatas ingenii sui lumine illustrat. Viro tali rerum naturam contemplanti crediderim apparere nonnunquam sedes illas quietas,

"'quas neque concutiunt venti, nec nubila nimbis aspergunt, neque nix acri concreta pruina cana cadens violat, semperque innubilis aether integit, et large diffusum lumine ridet.'"

"LORD RAYLEIGH.

"Venio ad nomen physicorum professoris quem non sine desiderio nuper amissimus, viri cum cancellarii nostri munificentia haud ita pridem consociati. Ex illo velut fonte, liberalitatis flumen amplum professoris nostri in provinciam defluxit, inque alias Academiae partes redundavit. Ipse fontium exsistentium et aquarum destillantium naturam quam feliciter exploravit; caeli colorem illum caeruleum quam dilucide explicuit; quicquid audiendi quicquid videndi ad rationes intimas pertinet, quam sapienter interpretatus est; quotiens in rerum natura eventis specie quidem inter sese diversis causas easdem subesse ostendit. Quam profundam rei mathematicae thesaurum, ut aiunt, cum quanta in experimentis institutis solertia coniunxit; quam subtilem denique scientiae cognitionem cum sensu illo communi consociavit qui non in magna tantum fortuna sed in omni vitae conditione rerum omnium est revera rarissima."

"PROF. CAYLEY.

"Pervenit tandem ad professorem nostrum Sadlerianum, virum non modo in recentioris quae dicitur algebrae provincia, sed etiam studiorum mathematicorum in toto regno inter principes numeratum; qui, quamquam iuris peritia honores summos adipisci potuisset, maluit sese scientiae illi dedicare, quae verbis quam paucissimis, quam illi quae verbis quam plurimis, rerum veritatem exprimere conatur. Quantum tamen prudentia eius Academiae profuerit, et senatus totius concilium et collegium plus quam unum testantur; neque Cami tantum prope ripas sed etiam in ipsa Europa atque adeo trans aequor Atlanticum fontes eius alii patuerunt. Idem, velut alter Socrates, ipsi rerum pulchritudini et veritati mentis oculis contemplandas sese consecravit, arbitratus illa sola quae studiorum suorum in puro velut caelo sint, revera esse, illorum autem imagines quas *φανέρωτα* vocamus, velut specus *εἰδωλα* videri; ipsam vero pulchritudinem percipi quidem posse sed non omnibus explicari. Quam dilucide tamen regnum suum quondam non campo deserto comparavit sed

regioni cuidam pulcherrimae primum e longinquo prospectae, cuius partem unamquamque posse deinde peragrari, cuius et clivos et vales, et rivos et rupes, et flores et silvas posse propriis maxima cum voluptate aspicere. Diu, inter numina silvestria, regionem illam laetam feliciter pererret professor noster insignis.

"PROF. ADAMS.

"Extra ipsas Athenas, stadiis fere decem ab urbe remotus, prope ipsam Platonis Academiam, surgit Coloneus ille tumulus Sophocleo carmine olim laudatus, Neptuni templo quondam ornatus, astronomi magni Metonis cum memoria consociatus. Et nos Colonom nostrum iactamus, clivum illum spatio a nobis eodem distantem, locum arboribus oblitum, avibus canorum, ubi in templo quodam stellis observandis dedicato vivit Neptuni ipsius inventor. Quid si Colono nostro deest Cepheus? sed aqua de olivo illo antiquitus deducta, collegii Herscheliani sub hortis transmissa, Newtoni in collegio in fontem exaluit. Quid si Neptuni inventi gloria cum altero participatur? sed, gloriae illius geminae velut imago perpetua, Geminorum in sidere est stella quaedam quae caeli totius inter stellas duplices praeceteris fulget. Idem neque stellarum geminarum cursus, neque Saturnum neque Uranum inexploratum reliquit; neque faces illas caelestes, Leonides vocatas, quas ter in annis fere centenis orbis suos magnos conficere ostendit; neque motum illum medium lunae qui cum mota diurno terrae collatus per saeculorum lapsum paulatim acceleratur. Talium virorum laudibus non debet obesse quod inter nosmet ipsos vivunt; pravum enim malignumque foret 'non admirari hominem admiratione dignissimum, quia videre, alloqui, audire, complecti, nec laudare tantum, verum etiam amare contigit.'"

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- KEUFFER, M. Beschreibendes Verzeichniss der Handschriften der Stadtbibliothek zu Trier. 1. Hft. Biel-Texte u. Kommentare. Trier: Lantz, 3 M.
MENDÈS, Catulle. Grande-Magnat. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
MORET-FATIO, A. Etudes sur l'Espagne. 1^{re} Série. Paris: Vieweg. 3 fr. 50 c.
SARRAZIN, J. Das moderne Drama der Franzosen in seinen Hauptvertretern. Stuttgart: Frommann. 4 M. 50 Pf.
SCHIPPER, J. Englische Metrik. In histor. u. systemat. Entw. d. d. dargestellt. 2. Thl. Neuenburgische Metrik. 1. Hälfte. Verlehrs. Bonn: Strauss. 9 M. 60 Pf.
STENDHAL, Journal de, 1801-1814, p.p. C. Strylenski et François de Nion. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
VARIOT, M. de. L'Océan Pacifique. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- BONGHI, R. Storia di Roma. Vol. II. Milan: Hoepli. 12 L.
DÜBI, H. Die alten Berner u. die römischen Alterthümer. Bern: Huber. 1 M. 20 Pf.
GRIFF, Fr. De l'origine du testament romain. 4 fr. Les droits de l'état en matière de succession. 4 fr. Paris: Chevalier-Maresq.
HOLT, H. v. Verfassungsgeschichte der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika seit der Administration Jackson's. 4 Bd. 1. Hälfte. Berlin: Springer. 6 M.
LACOUR-GAYET, G. Antonin le Pieux et son temps. Paris: Thorin. 12 fr.
LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, le Comte F. A. de. Palenqué et la Civilisation Maya. Paris: Leroux. 7 fr. 50 c.
MEMOIRES-JOURNAUX de Pierre de l'Estolle. T. II. Journal de Henri II., 1561-1569. Paris: Lemerre. 6 fr.
MONUMENTA medi aevi historica res gestas Poloniae illustrant. Tom. 10. Codex diplomaticus Poloniae minoris. Pars 8. 1839-1884. Cracow: Friedlein. 16 M.
ST. JAHN. Lebensbeschreibung d. Gregor Alexandrowitsch Potemkin d. Taurischen. Als Beitrag zu der Lebensgeschichte der Kaiserin Catharina II. von Russland. Karlsruhe: Rothemann. 5 M.
VINCENT, René, et E. PERAUD. Dictionnaire de droit international privé. Paris: Larose & Forcel. 20 fr.
WADDINGTON, Alb. L'acquisition de la couronne royale de Prusse par les Hohenzollern. Paris: Leroux. 7 fr. 50 c.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- AVENARIUS, R. Kritik der reinen Erfahrung. 1. Bd. Leipzig: Fues. 6 M.
BRESSON, L. Les trois évolutions: intellectuelle, sociale, morale. Paris: Reinwald. 6 fr.
ERRARD, F. Kritik der Kantischen Antinomienlehre. Leipzig: Fues. 3 M.
GAQUOIN, K. Die Grundlage der Spencer'schen Philosophie. Berlin: Haude & Spener. 1 M. 20 Pf.
LEONH, W. Üp. die Säugethiergattung Galeopithecus. Eine morpholog. Untersuchung. Berlin: Friedländer. 6 M. 60 Pf.

MARGHERIT, H. de, et A. HEIM. Les dislocations de l'écorce terrestre. Zürich: Wurster. 4 M.
 PLACZEK, B. Wiesel u. Kasse. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Hausthiere. Brunn: Epstein. 1 M. 26 Pf.
 REYER, H. Theoretische Geologie. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 30 M.
 ZENKER, W. Die Vertheilung der Wärme auf der Erdoberfläche. Berlin: Springer. 3 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

GABELLITZ, G. v. der. Beiträge zur chinesischen Grammatik. Die Sprache d. Ouan-Tel. Leipzig: Hirsel. 4 M.
 GROSS, W. N. Etude sur le papyrus d'Orbiney. Paris: Leroux. 12 fr.
 SCHULZ, A. Der altfranzösische direkte Fragesatz. Leipzig: Hirsel. 5 M.
 SCHWAB, E. Grammatik d. Altfranzösischen (Laut- u. Formenlehre). Leipzig: Fues. 8 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LOST DECADES OF LIVY.

Lancing College: June 8, 1888.

The *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1769 (xxxix., p. 131) contains a story "translated from a scarce little piece, entitled *Lettres de la Reine de Suède*" (Christina), to the effect that some MSS. of the eighth, tenth, and eleventh decades of Livy existed in the seventeenth century. The writer, by name Chapelain, dates his letter 1668, and says that forty years ago the Marquis de Rouville saw the parchment used for battledores near Saumur. The parchment had been bought as useless by an apothecary from the Abbey of Fontevraud, and sufficed for much more than twelve dozen battledores. I have failed to find, either in the Bodleian or the British Museum, the volume referred to. It is not the *Lettres secrètes de Christine* (Geneva, 1761). Perhaps some one else may be more fortunate, and be able to test the story told by M. Chapelain. It would at least give a hint to an imitation of Freytag.

F. HAVERFIELD.

A DISTRESSING BLUNDER.

Westborough, Massachusetts, U.S.A.:
 May 26, 1888.

In a recently published volume of *Selections from Browning*, by Mr. W. J. Rolfe, there is a note upon the phrase "cows and twats," l. 95 of the epilogue of "Pippa Passes." Mr. Rolfe says:

"*Twats* is in no dictionary. We now have it from the poet (through Dr. Furnivall) that he got the word from the Royalist rhymes, entitled '*Vanity of Vanities*,' on Sir Harry Vane's picture. Vane is charged with being a Jesuit.

"*'Tis said they will give him a cardinal's hat: They sooner will give him an old nun's twat.'*"

"The word struck me," says Browning, "as a distinctive part of a nun's attire that might fitly pair off with the cowl appropriated to a monk."

It would seem that Mr. Browning and Dr. Furnivall and Mr. Rolfe have, all three of them, made a distressing blunder. Luckily, it is only necessary to correct the error of Mr. Rolfe. The word in question is probably still in provincial use*, and may be found in its place in Wright's Dictionary.

H. W. FAY.

THE PUNCTUATION OF SHAKSPEARE'S 129TH SONNET.

Birkdale, Southport: June 9, 1888.

In my review of *Shakspeare and other Lectures*, by the late George Dawson (ACADEMY, May 12), I criticised Dawson's approval of a very eccentric punctuation of Shakspeare's Sonnet, "The expense of spirit in a waste of shame," which seemed to have the authority of Mr.

* Like many other provincialisms, it is also in use in London.—Ed., ACADEMY.

C. Armitage Brown, the sonnet—with a semi-colon at the end of l. 2—being apparently transcribed from Mr. Brown's work, *Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems* (1838). This work was not at hand for reference, and I assumed—perhaps rashly, for the editing of Dawson's Lectures was not proved impeccable—that the transcription was accurate. Mr. W. Aldis Wright has been kind enough to inform me that this is not the case; but that in Mr. Brown's book the accepted punctuation is followed, the line standing thus:

"Is lust in action; and till action, lust
 Is perjured," &c.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

PROPERTY IN TITLES.

London: June 13, 1888.

Had Mr. C. L. Pirakis confined himself in your last issue to the general question of property in titles, I should have had nothing to say; but when he makes statements which are not only inexact, but of whose incorrectness he is fully aware, it is, I think, time to enter a protest.

He asserts that a dramatic author—myself to wit—recently appropriated the title of one of his novels and wrote a play to it. The first statement is misleading, for one can hardly appropriate that of whose existence he is in perfect ignorance. The second is absolutely untrue—a fact which the copy of correspondence between Mr. Pirakis and myself (sent to you, by the way, without my permission) abundantly proves.

Mr. Pirakis is so anxious not to have himself advertised that, following his example, I do not mention either the name of his novel or that of my piece. But it may interest him to know that not until the last moment, when rehearsals were practically complete, was the title of the latter decided on. Even Mr. Pirakis may be brought to acknowledge the difficulty of "writing a play to a title" which is non-existent. Moreover, seeing that he only called my attention to the matter six weeks after the production of the piece; and that, in addition, he has received my assurance that I never saw or heard of his book, it is a little difficult to understand the state of mind which permits him still to bring against me a charge of literary theft.

I ask the insertion of these facts partly because the subject has been made the basis of adverse comment, founded doubtless on insufficient knowledge, in another paper.

T. MALCOLM WATSON.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, June 18, 4 p.m. Asiatic: "The Tantrikhyana: a Collection of Indian Folk Lore, contained in a unique Sanskrit MS. discovered in Nepal," by Prof. Cecil Bendall.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Botany of Syria," by Prof. G. E. Post.

TUESDAY, June 19, 7.45 p.m. Statistical: "The English Poor Rate: some Recent Statistics of its Administration and Pressure," by Major F. G. Craigie.

8 p.m. Wagner Society: *Conversazione*.
 8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Poison-glands of *Typhlocyba*," by Prof. W. Newton Parker; "Collection of Coleoptera from Korea made by Mr. J. H. Leech," by Mr. H. W. Bates; "Some Abnormalities occurring among Animals in the Society's Gardens," by Mr. J. Bland Sutton; "A Collection of Echinoderms made at Tuticorin, Madras," by Mr. Edgar Thurston.

WEDNESDAY, June 20, 8 p.m. Geological: "The Occurrence of Marine Fossils in the Coal-Measures of Fife," by Mr. J. W. Kirkby; "Directions of Ice-flow in the North of Ireland, as determined by observations of the Geological Survey," by Mr. J. R. Kilroe; "Evidence of Ice-action in Carboniferous Times," by Mr. J. Spencer; "The Greensand Bed at the Base of the Thanet Sand," by Miss Margaret I. Gardner; "The Occurrence of *Alpheia meridionalis* at Dewlish, Dorset," by the Rev. O. Fisher; "Fossil Fishes from the Herefordshire Beacon,

and the possible Origin of some Epidorites," by Mr. Frank Rutley; and "The Ejected Blocks of Monte Somma," I. "Stratified Limestone," by Mr. H. J. Johnston-Lavis.

8 p.m. Cymmrodorion: *Conversazione*.

4 p.m. Selden Society: Paper by Mr. F. W. Maitland.

THURSDAY, June 21, 5 p.m. Hellenic: Annual Meeting.

8 p.m. Linnean.

8 p.m. Chemical: "Chlorofumain and Chloromalin Acids; their Derivatives and Magnetic Rotations," by Dr. W. H. Perkin; "Combustion by Means of Chromic Anhydride," by Messrs. C. F. Cross and E. J. Bevan; "Metoxylsulphonic Acids," by Dr. G. T. Moody; "Isomeric Change," by Dr. H. E. Armstrong; "A New Method for the Production of Mixed Tertiary Phosphines," by Dr. N. Collie.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

8.30 p.m. Historical: "Austria as the Central Factor in the European Movement of 1848," by Mr. O. A. Fyfe.

FRIDAY, June 22, 3.30 p.m. British Museum: "The Social Condition of the Babylonians, IV. Civil Life," by Mr. G. Bertin.

SATURDAY, June 23, 8 p.m. Physical: "Continuous Current Transformers," by Prof. S. P. Thompson.
 8.45 p.m. Botanic: General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

A GERMAN STUDY OF PLATO'S "REPUBLIC."

Zur Lösung der Platonischen Frage. Von Dr. E. Pfeleiderer. (Freiburg i. B.: Mohr; London: Williams & Norgate.)

We have often thought that the readiness of scholars in our age to dissect a poet, a philosopher, or a historian into pieces improperly joined under a common name is really a result of over-education in the critics. They have been taught by their own training to expect too much from a piece of composition. On the one hand they have learned to aim at faultless accuracy in point of grammar, and on the other to look for perfect logical coherence and consistency in what is said. What has been expected of them they in turn expect of others; and they argue that where the grammar or the logic does not hang together the personality does not hang together either, and that compositions by various hands have been fused by time or fraud. Nor is this all. Having been taught (and very properly taught) to study the personal features of an author's style, they cannot away with a change in the familiar features. As a man writes habitually, so he ought always to write. If he do not, he is not the same man. They take Buffon's dictum, *Le style c'est l'homme*, much too literally. *L'homme* can only be allowed one style under penalty of losing his identity. Yet a man who writes simply, and as the birds sing, is just the person to reflect varying moods in varying tone; while a regular stylist cannot always keep up the strain of composition in one manner, and, even if he could, is likely to be ambitious of composing in more than one style. In fact, the critics expect greater regularity of their victims than anyone but a composition-master has a right to look for. They have acquired, owing to our special education, minds which are in one sense well trained; and they expect exactly the same class of negative merits from authors trained on a very different system (or on none at all), and often unable to revise effectually what they had written. They examine with a microscope what was meant to be seen with the naked eye. This insistence upon minute accuracy and conformity is surely the essence of pedantry; and from it spring theories that "Herodotus" was compiled at Alexandria, or that the eighth book of "Thucydides" is a forgery by St. Augustine.

Akin to these is the craze for breaking-up a book into parts, written from different points of view and published at different times by one author. To detect imperfectly hidden lines of junction is the latest ambition of German scholarship, and the pursuit seems to us to reflect little credit on the taste and ingenuity of a nation whose scholarship has far solder exploits to boast of. This turn of mind, however, is illustrated by Dr. Pfeiderer's criticisms on Plato's *Republic*. The Platonic question is narrowed down in his hands to the question of the unity of the *Republic*; for, from the character and combination of its disparate parts, conclusions may, he thinks, be drawn as to the history and proper grouping of the other writings. Coming nearer to the views of Hermann than to those of Krohn, he wishes to divide the *Republic* into three portions of different ages and belonging to inconsistent points of view (i.-v., 471c, with viii.-ix.; x.; v., 471c-vii.). There is more kinship between the first and second than between these and the third. The three were put together (after separate publication of the early parts) and published by Plato himself, who resolutely let the inconsistencies stand as a permanent memorial of his successive efforts.

This latter part of the theory is, of course, totally incapable of proof; and Dr. Pfeiderer would, no doubt, wish his views rather to be examined on the question of inconsistency and patchwork, where some sort of proof can be attained. The presumption must be at starting against the theory; for is there any certain and known instance of two or more works which have so got fused? Many are suggested, but is there one certain case? The inconsistencies here noted fall under four heads: (1) Dialectic and the Theory of the Ideas; (2) Psychology; (3) Ethics and Education; (4) General tone. The last is too impalpable a thing to lay hold of; it is so much a matter of individual impression; and thus the first three have to bear the burden of the argument. After going carefully through them, we come to the conclusion that most of Dr. Pfeiderer's points are of no real importance. He assumes that silence is contradiction; or that, if a view be not spoken of in each division of the work, the author did not hold it when he wrote that division. Thus the ideal-theory is, he thinks, wanting in the first part. Well, if it be not mentioned it is not necessarily unknown or rejected; and, as a fact, it does appear to be alluded to in 402c, though Dr. Pfeiderer holds that that passage proves nothing. To us it seems that Plato's skill is nowhere more clearly shown than in his keeping back views until the natural time comes for them; he does not load his pages and confuse his readers by talking of everything at once. But the views, though kept back, are throughout the *Republic* regularly indicated beforehand by some little phrase—a sign of what is coming; and such a preliminary hint we take 402c to be. Its value must be estimated by the number of similar small phrases introductory to great theories. Then we find the familiar assertion that there are two educations in the *Republic*, and that the author of the first had at the time no idea of going on to the second. But 416a-c suggest pretty plainly that there is a second, and a better,

stage of education yet to come. This is suggested three times—most plainly, perhaps, when Sokrates declines to say that the Guardians are already τῷ ὄντι καλῶς πεπαιδευμένοι.

But of course it is not our intention to deny that there are real inconsistencies in the *Republic*. Dr. Pfeiderer has got hold of one in the difference of the criticisms on art and poetry in books ii.-iii. and x. They do not hold well together; and he might even go on to ask why hymns to the gods are exempted from the general condemnation of poetry in 607a. Dr. Pfeiderer, too, might have added to his list that Plato never harmonises his statement that there are but four virtues with the longer list given elsewhere. But how many writers have been able to avoid inconsistencies in a book of any length? The novels of Dickens or Scott, and the philosophical writings of Berkeley, are not free from inconsistencies; and the conditions of composition and education were more unfavourable to precision and consistency among ancient writers than they are among ourselves.

FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

CORRECTION OF A WELL-KNOWN PASSAGE IN GIBBON.

WITH the present year the *Annuaire* of the Association pour l'Encouragement des Etudes Grecques has been transformed into a quarterly review (Paris: Ernest Leroux), edited by M. Théodore Reinach, which consists of original articles, documents and notes, bibliography, &c.

Among the contents of the first number is a paper by M. Henri Weil, entitled "Des Traces de Remaniement dans les Drame d'Eschyle"; the only cases of alteration by a later hand in the original text that he is disposed to admit are two in the *Eumenides* (vv. 767-774 and 667-673) and the conclusion of the *Septem contra Thebas*. M. Reinach himself contributes an elaborate interpretation, with facsimile, of the inscription of Lygdamis, found by Sir Charles Newton; the indefatigable M. P. de Nolhac writes about the study of Greek at Paris in the time of Louis XII.; and M. D. Békéas about the jubilee of the University of Athens.

But the article perhaps most interesting to us is that in which M. Spiridion Moraitis examines the well-known passage in Gibbon (c. 66) reflecting upon the morals of the women of England, as reported by the Byzantine chronicler, Chalcondyles (circ. 1460). Here are the words of Chalcondyles:

Νομίζεται δὲ τοῖσι τὰ τ' ἀμφὶ τὰς γυναῖκας τε καὶ τοὺς παῖδας ἀπλοικότερα· ὅστε ἀνὰ πᾶσαν τὴν νῆσον, ἐπειδὴν τις εἰς τὴν τοῦ ἐπιτηδείου αὐτῷ οἰκίαν εἰσῇ καλούμενος, κύσαντα τὴν γυναῖκα οὕτω ξενίζεσθαι αὐτόν. Καὶ ἐν τοῖς ὁδοῖς δὲ ἀπανταχῇ παρέχονται τὰς ἐαυτῶν γυναῖκας τοῖς ἐπιτηδείοις. Καὶ οὐδὲ ἀσχύνην τοῦτο φέρει ἐαυτοῖς κύεσθαι τὰς γυναῖκας αὐτῶν καὶ τὰς θυγατέρας.

On consideration of the entire context, it becomes clear that the words κύσαντα and κύεσθαι bear only the innocent meaning of "kissing" and "to be kissed," being precisely identical with the passage from the Letters of Erasmus, also referred to by Gibbon *ad loc.* It is not difficult to understand why a Byzantine would regard as indelicate what Erasmus deemed "mos nunquam satis laudatus." M. Moraitis, however, is able to clench the question by quoting from another Greek chronicler, Nicander Nuncius of Corfu, who accompanied the Venetian Gerard on a mission from Charles V. to the court of Henry VIII. It is hardly doubtful that Nancius must have had this very

passage of Chalcondyles in his mind when he wrote:

Ἀπλοικότερον δὲ τὰ πρὸς τὰς γυναῖκας σφίσι εἶδεται καὶ ζηλοτυπίας ἔνευ· φιλοῦσι γὰρ ταύτας ἐν τοῖς στόμασιν ἀσπασμοῖς καὶ ἀγκαλισμοῖς, οὐχ οἱ συνήθεις καὶ οἰκείοι μόνον, ἀλλ' ἥδη καὶ οἱ μηδέποτε ἑταροῦντες. Καὶ οὕτως σφίσι ἀσχύρην τοῦτο δοκεῖ.

M. Moraitis goes on to suggest that the interpretation of Gibbon was probably based upon the Latin translation of Chalcondyles by Clauser, who makes a sad mess of the whole passage, beginning it thus: "Parva ipsius uxorum liberorumque cura est."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE INSCRIBED STONES FROM JERABIS.

London: June 12, 1888.

As regards the curiously inscribed stones from Jerabis, the supposed site of Carchemish, various theories have been started, but none, I think, has hitherto been so fortunate as to win general acceptance. I have myself given a considerable degree of attention to a problem which many affect to treat as hopeless; and at last I seem to have arrived at a result of some plausibility.

The proper name, which occurs thrice in J. I. and twice in J. III., I transcribe,

AR—TA—MA—SE—TL.

That is to say, "Artavasdes." In J. III. 2. there is an important variant spelling:

AR—TA—MA—AZ—DA—A (?).

In J. II. 1, we have apparently:

AR—TA—MA—AZD SAR AR—MI.

"Artavasdes, King of Armenia."

These, and other results, with the grounds upon which they rest, will shortly be set forth in this month's *Proceedings* of the Society of Biblical Archaeology.

Of course, I write with a due sense of the possibility that my fabric, like those of some other builders, may turn out to be ill-founded. It is wonderful how, in an age when the sceptic is king, a man may still accord the most obstinate credence to his own individual fantasies.

C. J. BALL.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "MAMMON."

London: June 12, 1888.

With reference to the interesting philological note in the *ACADEMY* of June 9, in which it was stated that Mr. Pinches has made a new discovery as to the derivation of the word "Mammon," I should like to make the following remark. Mr. Pinches says, on p. 4 of his description of the tablets in the possession of Sir Henry Peek:

"S.A.G.A. These two characters, which have hitherto been read *šaga*, are undoubtedly an Akkadian ideograph. As the termination *ga* shows that the value of the foregoing character ended in *g*, it would be better to read *nigga* (or *niga*) as the Akkadian pronunciation. The most probable Assyrian equivalent is *mimnu*, or *mammnu*, 'anything,' 'everything,' 'property,' 'wealth,' a word of which the plural seems to have been *mammamni* or *mammēni*, probably weakened from *mammāni*. This is apparently the same word as the Chaldee מַמְמָנָא 'mammon,' Greek μαμμονᾶ."

I cannot agree with this derivation.

1. The ideograph S.A., of which a pronunciation *nik* was pointed out in 1885 by Delitzsch, *Lesestücke*, 3rd ed., p. 37, note 5, interchanges with *nin*, which is supposed to be a "prefix" with the meaning of "whatever," by Haupt, *Akkadische Sprache*, p. 10. S.A.G.A. is explained on K. 4110 by a word to be read not *ma-ak*

ku-hu as Haupt and Delitzsch have given, but *ma-ak-ku-ru*, as suggested by Strassmaier, *A.V.*, p. 620, and by Teloni, *Zeits.*, 1885, p. 374. See, also, the reference from K. 4806, given by Briannow, *List*, No. 1292. *Mimmu* is nowhere given as the equivalent to ŠA.GA in the syllabaries hitherto known.

2. *Mimmu* means "quidvis," which was pointed out as early as 1859 by Oppert, *E.M.*, II., p. 190. But there is no passage where it has the sense of "property" or "wealth."

3. It is not very likely that an indefinite pronoun in a Semitic language should have a plural. There is no proof that the word *me-me-ni*, which very often occurs in Assyrian letters, has anything to do with *mimmu*; very probably it is no plural at all.

We must not, therefore, connect the Chaldee מִמְּמוֹ with *mimmu*, or with the "plural" *mementi*, "weakened from *mammīni*." To do so is a mere assumption. At present, it is better not to apply to Assyrian for a derivation of the Chaldee מִמְּמוֹ, Greek *μυμμοῦς* (thus the nominative), but to be satisfied with the derivations already supplied by Buxtorf, or Castell, or Gesenius, and other competent scholars. C. BEZOLD.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PROF. MACNAB has been appointed to deliver the Swiney Lectures on geology, in connexion with the natural history department of the British Museum. The subject chosen is "The Fossil Plants of the Palaeozoic Epoch"; and the course will consist of twelve lectures to be delivered at the Natural History Museum, Cromwell-road, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 4 p.m., beginning on June 25. Admission is free.

THE Council of the Institution of Civil Engineers has made the following awards to the authors of some of the papers read and discussed at the ordinary meetings during the past session: a Telford medal to Robert Abbott Hadfield, for "Manganese in its Application to Metallurgy," and "Some Newly discovered Properties of Iron and Manganese"; a Watt medal to Peter William Willans, for "Economical trials of a Non-condensing Steam-Engine, Simple, Compound, and Triple"; a Telford medal to Dr. Edward Hopkinson, for "Electrical Tramways: the Bessbrook and Newry Tramway"; a Watt medal to Edward Bayzand Ellington, for "The Distribution of Hydraulic Power in London"; a Telford medal to Josiah Pierce, Jun., for "The Economic Use of the Plane-Table in Topographical Surveying"; a George Stephenson medal to Sir Bradford Leslie, for "The Erection of the 'Jubilee' Bridge, carrying the East Indian Railway across the River Hooghly at Hooghly"; and the Manby premium to the late Hamilton Goodall, for "The Use and Testing of Open-hearth Steel for Boiler-making."

A REPORT of the excursions undertaken last year by the London Geological Field Class, under the direction of Prof. H. G. Seeley, has been published as a pamphlet by Messrs. G. Philip & Son. It contains short notes of excursions to Lewisham, Oxford, Caterham, Merstham, Godstone, and Dunton Green. The notes have been prepared by Mr. Nicol Brown and Mr. W. May, the honorary secretaries of the class, and are illustrated by some useful horizontal sections.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

At the meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society on Monday next, June 18, Prof. Cecil Bendall will read a paper on "The Tantrākhyāna, a

Collection of Indian Folklore, contained in a unique Sanskrit MS. discovered by himself in Nepal."

Zu den Paroemiographien. Von L. Cohn. (Breslau: Köbner.) Nearly every large library in Europe possesses among its MS. collections of Greek proverbs the writings of the so-called "Paroemiographs." The study of these collections is due, in recent times, mainly to Gaisford, and is one of the many services rendered to philology by that forgotten Oxford scholar. But since his day a great advance has been made, and the Greek Paroemiographers, like the Latin Glossaries, have been subjected to a more or less scientific and elaborate examination. The work is not yet finished. Just as in the case of the Latin Glossaries, the immediate need is the publication or overhauling of fresh MS. material. This is Dr. Cohn's aim. He has collated several MSS., either new, or imperfectly known before, and publishes the results in the pamphlet before us. Whether his collations are correct we cannot say, but his discoveries certainly seem worth the attention of all interested in his subject. The MSS. examined are Cod. Laur. lviii. 24 (in the Florence Library), and Cod. Paris. Gr. 3070, ib. 1773, and Suppl. Gr. 676 (all three in the Bibliothèque Nationale). The first is interesting in its relation to two other important "Paroemiographic" collections, and the proverbs it contains are given in full. Of the Paris MSS., the first two were known before, but the information about them in Gaisford's work is here corrected and supplemented, while the third had never been examined at all. The net result is to throw a certain amount of light on the relations of various other collections, though we are still very far from being able to construct any certain genealogy, or even to constitute the several "families." A dozen or so fresh *παροιμια* have also come to light—none of very great interest. Cicero's *Διονύσιος ἐν Κορίνθῳ* (Att. ix. 9.1) occurs, apparently for the first time, in these collections. Another new proverb (p. 82), *χαλεπὸς βίος ἰσφρί ἔχοντος*, adds a new word to the lexicon and a new, but corrupt, fragment of the "Protesilaus" of Euripides—*ἔ' ἡ σ' λαμβὼν ἢ πεσοῦς ἂν ἰσφρίδῃ* *κευθμῶνα πηγαῖον ὕδωρ*. Heuychius gives us *ἰσφαίνω*, and Dr. Cohn connects both with *ἰσθμον* and *ἰσθμίδω* (= "be unhealthy," rejecting—and very rightly, too—the "Vulgate" explanation of the latter word—"to attend the Isthmian games." We do not feel sure that he is right about *ἰσφρίω* itself.

De Demosthenis quas feruntur proœmiis. By R. Swoboda. (Wien: Konegen.) Herr Swoboda, an Austrian scholar whose name is unknown to the present writer, here discusses the "proems," *προœμια* *δημηγορικὰ*, of Demosthenes. These are a tolerably well-known collection of fifty-six or sixty-two introductions to public speeches, in some cases identical with the openings of the earlier orations of Demosthenes, but of very disputed authorship. Herr Swoboda (or should we call him Gosp. Swoboda?) comes to the conclusion, after 100 pages of argument, that the collection was put together by a writer "a Demosthenis ætate non ita longo intervallo disiunctus," and is drawn partly from Demosthenes, partly also from Isocrates. The argument that in form and style these proems resemble Demosthenes too closely to be by anyone else—an argument advanced, among others by Mr. Mahaffy (*Gr. Lit.*, p. 339)—does not at all receive Herr Swoboda's assent. Following mainly Dobree and Cobet, he fills several pages with unDemosthenic words, phrases and points of style. The other argument of those who maintain the genuineness of these proems—that they correspond only with the earlier of Demosthenes' orations—is met by showing that

some proems belong to or are based on speeches delivered after 350 B.C. For example, proems 46 and 49 correspond to the *Παραρρησία*. One may add that the parallelisms with Isocrates do not seem to be strong. None "verbis et sententiis congruunt" but only "simile aliquid significantes vinculo quodam tenentur."

Dissertationes Hulsenses Philologicæ. Vol. viii. (Halle: Niemeyer.) This volume contains four articles. In the first page Röllig discusses the relationship between Photius and Suidas, and concludes that they both drew from the same sources. The writer attempts to draw up a sort of genealogy of Harpocration, Eudemus, Timæus, &c., and makes large use of a "lexicon paulo plenius" than that of Bachmann, but his arguments do not seem to entirely prove his conclusions. A. Nebe contributes a paper on the Eleusinian mysteries, which sums up what is known from inscriptions and other sources. G. Kalkoff discusses the MSS. of the Epitome of Harpocration, and the connexion between the Epitome and the MSS. of the fuller work. He compiles an ingenious *stemma codicum*, but his work would have been more valuable had he been able to consult and collate afresh the MSS. themselves. The last paper, by E. Herforth, is a very useful summary in 100 pages of the forms &c. employed in the Cretan dialect. The phonology and accentuation are fully worked out, but very little is said of the syntax beyond a casual allusion to final sentences (§ 43.6). The paper is also in much need of a conspectus of contents or an index.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, May 26) Miss FLORENCE HERAPATH in the chair.—Miss Emma Phipson sent a paper on "Marston as a Dramatist." The few facts known about Marston's life were first noticed. His literary career extended from 1598 to 1607, when he retired to prepare for clerical life. He was appointed to the living of Ohristchurch. His mind underwent a great change. When he ceased to write, he lost his interest in worldly matters, and took no part in the re-publication of his works. He resigned his living in 1631, and died in 1634. His earliest writings—the Satires—gained him many enemies. In humour, he seems to be entirely wanting. His comedies sparkle with smart sayings, but have no hearty ring of mirth. When personal animosity guides the satirist's pen, his wit becomes jealous rancour and loses its charm. Marston seems to have been animated too often by mere rivalry, notwithstanding his repeated assertions that no attacks were ever made by him on individuals. Dramatic compositions afford a good opportunity for the satirist to convey his admonitions, and are eminently adapted for the instruction of the public mind. But this method of enforcing a moral is too often quite destructive of the play as a work of art. A writer who has some ulterior motive cannot lose himself in his work. There is a strong tendency to introduce characters only as types of men whom he is anxious to abuse, or as mouthpieces for witticisms or for personal attacks which do not sit well upon them. A play written for the sake of satire, like a novel with a purpose, generally fails to interest; and the works of Marston are no exception to this rule. There are more poetical passages to be found in "Antonio and Melinda" than in Marston's other plays. Miss Phipson then gave an outline of several of the plays. "The Malcontent" was pronounced to be the most interesting. Its language in the serious scenes is dignified and compact, and some of the descriptions are very graphic. "The Dutch Courtesan" deserves notice chiefly for the sprightly dialogue, but it is too unrefined for modern taste. "Eastward Hoe," written in conjunction with Chapman and Dekker, is valuable for the vivid insight it gives into the manners and customs of the Elizabethan age. "Parasitaster" is ingenious and amusing. "Sophonisba" is a well-intentioned and not undramatic production. Hazlitt considered

Marston to have been even more of a freethinker than Marlowe, on account of his frequent and not unfavourable allusion to sceptical notions. But the whole tone of his writings seems to contradict this view. Whatever his private opinions may have been, Marston is somewhat dogmatically theological in his expressions. He took a gloomy Calvinistic view of human nature. The fact that he gave up his literary career for a clerical life is a sufficient answer to such accusations of unorthodoxy. Had Marston reached a maturer age and outgrown the impulsiveness, intolerance, and cynicism of youth, he might have left some dramas more worthy of the powers which he undoubtedly possessed. His semi-Italian origin must not be forgotten. To this may be traced his fiery, impulsive temperament, his sharp wit, quick temper, readiness to take offence, delight in fierce and terrible incidents, as well as his frequent introduction of Italian speeches and phrases, and his too frequent use of words of Latin origin. Marston was led by his ambition to attempt to excel in branches of his art that were beyond his reach. Had he devoted himself to comedies of life and manners, with his keen wit, his power of observation, and his faculty for characterisation, he might have achieved much. His temper was apparently sardonic and unhappy, slow to appreciate the "soul of goodness in things evil," which Shakespeare's more genial, all-loving nature ever recognised.—Mr. L. M. Griffiths read a paper on "Some Shakespearisms in 'Antonio's Revenge.'" Such a play should not be judged entirely from a nineteenth-century standpoint. When it was written the taste for horrors on the stage was strong; and it must also be borne in mind that the play was acted by the Children of Paul's, whose audience consisted only of "gentlemen and scholars." This explains the frequent introduction of scraps of foreign languages. In its broader features "Antonio and Mellida" can be compared with "Romeo and Juliet." "Antonio's Revenge" can in like manner be compared with "Hamlet," for the incidents on which the plots of the two plays develop are similar, and many of the situations are much alike. Also many of the characters and much of the phraseology have a strong Shakespearian likeness. Marston's lighter style, which he freely exhibits in "Antonio and Mellida," is here made subordinate to the tragic character of the play, which, apart from its few exquisitely pathetic passages, deserves careful study as an integral and representative development of the more finished drama as it left Shakespeare's hands. The closing scene, though, in quantity, it falls short of the slaughter at the end of "Hamlet," makes up for it in quality, and altogether the scholarly audience in the school-room of St. Paul's, who had gone for a feast of horrors, must have felt that a rich treat had been given them. The Shakespearian resemblances of detail are not so many in this play as in the first part, which was rather a record of Marston's contemporary London life than a serious attempt, as this is, at a consistent tragedy where unity of action was steadfastly kept in view. So it comes to pass that, in this branch of dramatic work, Shakespeare had no difficulty in showing his marvellous pre-eminence, although he would, in the delineation of life and manners, be always closely run, and sometimes surpassed, by such keen satirists as Ben Jonson and Marston. But in the presentation of the more complex forms of human motive and human passion, Shakespeare's powers of expression transcend all efforts of other writers. Judged by the Shakespeare-standard, Marston's works must be pronounced failures. Yet it must be admitted that they have in detail a considerable amount of power, if not of beauty.—Mr. S. E. Blugough read a paper on "The Similes and Metaphors in 'Antonio's Revenge.'" Some general observations were first made on the use of simile and metaphor. Analysis of the metaphors here employed by Marston discovers almost every species of offence against good taste; but yet it must be granted that the reader is startled with occasional flashes of genius lighting up with a single phrase a whole region of thought or quickening with electric life men's dormant passions. In this play there is a large excess of figurative language. Few plays are more thickly strewn with metaphor. There is any amount of vigorous thought not under due control, and not

subordinate to artistic aims. Grace and beauty always involve a certain reserve of power. But Marston puts forth all his strength on every occasion. There seems to have been a vein of most outrageous coarseness in Marston's nature, and this was always near the surface.—This meeting brought to an end the society's thirteenth session. The work for next session is "As You Like It," "A Woman killed with Kindness," "Twelfth Night," "Julius Caesar," "A Yorkshire Tragedy," "Hamlet," "Epicoene."—The hon. secretary (9 Gordon-road, Clifton, Bristol) will be grateful for any magazine-articles, newspaper-scrap, or anything else to add to the society's library, which now consists of 319 volumes.

NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Friday, June 8.)

Dr. F. J. FURNIVALL in the chair.—The chairman read a paper entitled "A few Suggestions on Greene's Romances and Shakspeare," by Prof. C. H. Herford, who pointed out that while Lyly's influence on Shakspeare had never been ignored, that of Greene, which, though less, was somewhat of the same kind, had been less completely acknowledged. In Greene's *Farewell to Folly*, the wit-combats of Benedetto and Katherine found their nearest parallel in those of Beatrice and Benedick; and, while it would be going too far to attempt to attach Shakespeare's Benedick to Greene's Benedetto, yet, though we can rarely put our finger upon Shakespeare's models, we can nearly always indicate the group of literary or social antecedents within which any of his creations have grown up. Again, in *A Mourning Garment*, the discourse of the father of Philador had a very close relation with Polonius's utterances to Laertes, the situation also being analogous. With regard to "Troilus and Cressida," of all the poets from Benoit de S. More, Boccaccio, and Chaucer, to Lydgate and Henryson, who have treated the Cressid story, Greene's treatment was the nearest approach, not in genius but in manner, to Shakespeare's, in his *Euphues*, *His Censure to Philantus*; in which, too, might be found a hint of Shakespeare's characterisation of Cressida.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, June 11.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Miss F. A. Mason was elected a member. The following were elected officers of the society for the ensuing session:—Mr. Shadworth H. Hodgson, president; Messrs. S. Alexander, B. Bosanquet, and E. P. Scrymgeour, vice-presidents; Prof. W. B. Dunstan, editor; and Mr. H. W. Carr, hon. secretary and treasurer.

FINE ART.

J. M. W. TURNER'S CELEBRATED WORKS.—"Crossing the Brook," "Caligula's Bridge," and "Child Harold's Pilgrimage"—(National Gallery)—also Mr. KEPPLE HALLWELL'S "October Woodlands"—(Grosvenor Gallery). Important Etchings of the above works are now in progress by Mr. DAVID LAW.—For particulars apply to the Publishers, Messrs. DOWDESWELL, 160, New Bond-street.

THE ARCHAEOLOGY OF THE GREEK STAGE.

Die Griechischen Bühnenalterthümer: the Third Volume of K. F. Hermann's "Griechischen Antiquitäten." By Dr. A. Müller. (Freiburg i. B.)

It is as safe as it is easy to prophesy that this will for many years be the standard work on the archaeology of the Greek stage. The importance of the work is not only that it contains the conclusions of a scholar who has devoted many years to his subject, but also that it for the first time collects all the enormous amount of scattered work which has been published during this century on the Greek stage, and which has hitherto been hidden away from most readers in inaccessible programmes, dissertations, magazines, year-books, &c. It is hardly necessary to say that the references to, and the quotations from, original authorities are most copious and

complete. The only omission that I have noticed is on p. 153, where one would have expected that, in discussing the machine by which the *deus ex machina* made his appearance or disappearance, Dr. Müller would have referred to the *kremathra* on which Socrates appears in the *Clouds* (l. 218 f.), and to the ridicule which is poured on this machine by Alexis, in a fragment of the *Lebés* (iii. 19, Meineke iii., p. 439).

In the work, viewed as a whole, there is a certain want of perspective, which is due to the fact that the author is so thoroughly immersed in his subject and in working out its details. Thus he rarely uses the modern stage for purposes of comparison or contrast, even when the comparison would be most enlightening. Again, the connexion of the drama with the state is only alluded to, not worked out so as to give the reader a proper conception of the revolutions which constitutional changes might effect in a state-established drama, such as was that of Athens. Another instance of this want of perspective is to be found in the insufficient account given of the Great Dionysia. Dramatic contests were not the only performances that took place at this festival; and one would have liked to know whether, or how far, the dramatic performances were affected by the other proceedings. And this is not merely a question of style, or a case of omitting something interesting but not necessary to the purpose of the author; it affects a question, on which Dr. Müller, strange to say, has nothing to tell us—that is, the question how many *choregi* there were in a year, and how and by whom the number was fixed. This, again, affects the important question, how many poets were allowed to compete at the same festival; or, in other words, how many choruses were granted. If Dr. Müller is right in believing that the number was six—three tragic and three comic—then four of the tribes were left out in the cold, unless we assume that they provided the lyric choruses of men and boys which competed at the Great Dionysia. The perspective of time, also, is much neglected; there is little or no attempt made to give us a connected view of the chronology of the drama. Yet it is, at the least, interesting to group together the events which happened, say, about 458 B.C. About that date comedy, so far as we know (*C.I.A.*, ii. 971), first became state-established; in that year, too, Aeschylus put on his three great plays—the *Agamemnon*, the *Choephori*, and the *Eumenides*. About that year, according to Boeckh's conjecture, the *theoricon* was first introduced. All this, therefore, inclines us to think that Mommsen (*Heortologie*, p. 61) is probably right in suspecting that the Great Dionysia were instituted by Pericles, as part of his policy of magnificence. It is, indeed, possible that 458 B.C. was not the first year in which the Archon granted comedy a chorus, or in which the Great Dionysia were first celebrated. But if the festival was instituted by Pericles it is not unnatural to suppose that he would willingly be chosen to act as choregus for his tribe on the occasion of the first celebration of his new festival. The interesting inscription just referred to shows that Pericles did act as choregus, and that the plays which he produced were those

of Aeschylus—a fact which must give cause for reflection to those who still believe that the *Eumenides* was designed by Aeschylus as a protest against the policy of Pericles in the matter of the Areopagus, but which is intelligible enough, if we suppose that the play was meant to reconcile the more old-fashioned Athenians to the changes which had been made, and that the new festival was itself intended to relieve the tension of the political and religious situation. A similar use had been made of the drama by Cleisthenes, who gave his new tribes an interest in the dramatic contest by providing that the competing choruses should be supplied by and be representative of the newly invented tribes.

In a work touching on so many disputed questions it is not to be expected that every reader will agree with all the conclusions of the author. There is, however, one position taken up by Dr. Müller which will, probably, meet with universal dissent. He has thought fit to revive the attempt made many years ago by Wieseler to show that the orchestra was boarded over to a considerable height; and that it is this boarding to which Suidas (s.v. *skéné*) refers under the name *thymelē*. It is only necessary to say about this that it is based, as N. Wecklein pointed out in 1879 in Bursian's *Jahresbericht*, on "a remarkable mode of interpreting" the passage, and that such a structure would have prevented people in the front seats from seeing anything on the stage because of the legs of the chorus. As for the passage in Vitruvius, v. 7, 2, I venture to suggest that the word *thymelē* does not refer to the chorus, but to performers in musical contests, which took place in the Odeum, and, therefore, prove nothing about the theatre.

The most exciting thing in the book is undoubtedly the letter from Dörpfeld, published in the appendix. He has discovered an orchestra in the market-place; and, as the ground round it is level, it is plain that the spectators to see must have stood on wooden platforms rising one higher than another. This lends every probability to the statement made by Suidas that, during the performance of a contest between Aeschylus, Pratinas, and Choerilus, the stands for the spectators (*τὰ ἵκρια*) broke down, and that, in consequence of this accident, in 500 B.C., performances were transferred to the Lenæum. Suidas says that it was in consequence of this accident that the theatre was built, and it has hitherto been generally believed that the oldest remains of the theatre in the Lenæum go back to this date. But Dörpfeld declares that the whole of the stone auditorium belongs to the fourth century; and that before that time the audience must have sat either on the bare hill-side or, at the best, on wooden seats. In confirmation of this I may point out that we have literary evidence in the mention of these wooden stands not only in Cratinus (*fr.* 51, Meineke ii., i. 192), but also in Aristophanes, and that in a play as late as the *Thesmophoriazusæ* (l. 395), 411 B.C. as well as in *Ach.* 24. Further, Dörpfeld's excavations have shown that the stage-buildings in no case belong to a period before the fourth century. Before that time there was neither a stone stage nor a substructure to support a stage. If there was a stage at all, in the time of the three

great tragedians, it must have been a mere temporary wooden affair. It is evident that these discoveries must modify considerably the views that have hitherto been held as to the mounting of plays in classical times. The earliest plays of Aeschylus were performed in the open air in the market-place, and without scenery; for we have it on the authority of Aristotle that Sophocles introduced scenery. That the scenery was of the simplest kind, we may well believe; but scenery there certainly was, and stage machinery as well, such as the *oecyclēma* and the *kremathra*. Unfortunately, Dr. Müller apparently did not receive Dörpfeld's letter in time to modify his views; and, accordingly, he attributes to the classical stage much in the way of mounting which now seems very doubtful.

F. B. JEVONS.

THE NEW GALLERY.

II.

NOT even Mr. Burne-Jones's elaborate pictures will be remembered so long as Mr. Watts's profoundly impressive "Angel of Death," grand in its simplicity, awful in its tenderness, one of the greatest of all his designs. The colour of it is wan and greenish, gravely suggestive of the theme, but not repulsive. The Angel herself—grand and beautiful in feature—a very death in life and life in death, with heavy, half-shut eyes, bends tenderly over the child which she holds like a mother. The folded wings curve grandly round the group, and add greatly to the sense of peace and shelter and loving care.

From Hyperion to a satyr is not, perhaps, so far as from the Angel of Death to a centaur; but Mr. Arthur Lemon distinctly deserves mention among the artists who have successfully treated a theme of pure imagination. He has two pictures here of centaur life, in which he has endeavoured to conceive, if not a possible centaur, at least one in which the disparity between the human and the equine should be reduced to the minimum, and the impossibility of one animal with two trunks be bridged over as far as possible. The difficulty of realising a "mixtum genus, prolesque biformis" has never perhaps been so faced and mastered before. It would not trouble an artist like Mr. Burne Jones, who cares nothing for possibilities. A similar problem is presented by the idea of a mermaid; but he never thought of solving it in his famous and solitary contribution to the Royal Academy, but frankly spliced a salmon's tail to the body of a woman. Mr. Kennedy, in a clever picture now at the Grosvenor, has had more regard for continuities. The cod-like tail that he has given to his mermaid has more affinity in surface and substance to human flesh than the scaly mail and stiff body of a salmon, but he has evaded the difficulty of the junction by hiding it in a mass of sea-weed. Miss Dorothy Tennant's charming little picture of "The Dead Mermaid" (203), if, by reason of its small scale, it did not present so much difficulty, is successful in this respect, almost too successful perhaps; and it shows how realism is invading the province of imagination that Mr. Lemon should have taken such pains to make his centaurs credible. He has succeeded at least so far as to establish human sympathy with his race of half equine savages. In the struggle on the sea-shore every limb and muscle of the duplex creatures is brought into play with such apparent unity of effort that no doubt is aroused as to truth of construction; and in the still finer conception of "The Vendetta" the creature rears and falls with so life-like a movement, semi-human,

semi-equine, that we become ourselves half man, half horse in our sympathy.

Among other more or less imaginative pictures are Mr. Albert Goodwin's "Enchanted Lake" (26), not one of his most successful pictures of the kind; Mr. Hallé's "Paolo and Francesca" (44), which has much richness of colour and sweetness of expression; and Mr. Philip Burne-Jones's "Vision of Ezekiel" (51), the most impressive picture he has yet exhibited.

To turn from the painters of the unseen to those whose whole heart is in the truthful record of daily experience—Mr. La Thangue's "Gas-light Study" is the most striking work of this class, and one of the most pleasant. The young lady at the writing-table is charming in herself, and as a study of flesh-painting under gaslight is excellent. Her pretty hands are beautifully drawn. The picture on the wall may be quite "right"; but the fact that most persons take it for a window with an old man and a landscape outside shows that it is not quite successful in producing the intended impression. Mr. Clausen's study of an old woman, "A Toiler Still" (37), has his usual merits; but it is somewhat cold, and is not so fine an example of his extremely masterly execution as his young peasant lad at the Grosvenor, which, by some accident, I forgot to mention. Mrs. Swynnerton, in her picture of robust girls with ruddy faces and rich-coloured dresses, seen against a sunset sky, has succeeded in producing a very clever, if not a very agreeable, work; and her "Bacchante" (103) is equally strong, and is remarkable not only for its colour but for its humour, both of which may be called broad. Another lady, Miss E. A. Armstrong, has a fine study called "Apprentices" (45). Other good works of this character are Mr. F. D. Millet's charming "Quiet Hour" (150), and Mr. W. H. Bartlett's "Wool-washing" (72); but both these artists are better represented elsewhere. Mr. David Carr's "Sea Urchins" (143) marks an advance.

With portraits and works of the portrait class the New Gallery is at least well furnished, if not very strong. Mr. W. B. Richmond has succeeded so well at the Academy that it is disappointing to find so little to praise in his many contributions to the New Gallery. His portraits of Mr. Cunningham Graham and Mr. Drummond are certainly striking both in design and colour, but they are more elaborate than successful. Mr. Holl has two portraits, one of which at least—that of "Robert R. Symon, Esq."—is of his finest quality. The same may be said of Mr. Herkomer's admirable portrait of Mr. Macmillan, and, with some reservations, of those of Sir George Maclean (23), Mr. Burnand (105), and of Julia, Marchioness of Tweeddale (113). Mr. John Collier's portrait of "Miss Ethel Huxley" (154) nearly achieves a remarkable success. The tall girlish figure in a white dress, with her back to you, and her head just turned to show something less than a profile, is set in a finely painted landscape—white dress, buff gloves, fair skin and hair sympathising with the blooms of the tall meadow sweet which grows around her, make up with the foliage a tender and original scheme of colour; but the whole effect is a little tame and featureless. No greater contrast in feeling and colour to this tender ineffective picture could be found than Mr. J. J. Shannon's spirited portrait of "Mrs. Williamson," full of elegance and style, and painted with singular power and ease—by far the best of all the female portraits here. Among the portraits may also be mentioned Sir John Millais's "Last Rose of Summer" (157) and "Forlorn," which cannot in any way be regarded as worthy of the master.

Among the landscapes which have not yet been mentioned praise is due at least to those

of Mr. Alfred Hunt, Mr. North, Mr. Grace, and Mr. Helcké; but of these and of the work of Mr. Colin Hunter, Mr. Macallum, Mr. Hemy, and Mr. Henry Moore, there is nothing special to say. Mr. Hennessy's charming "April Day" (149) has a delicacy of colour and tone which should not be overlooked, and two little slight landscapes in the Gallery by Mr. Maurice Pollock (174 and 265) deserve a word for the same reason.

This notice must not close without mention of Mr. Alma Tadema's contributions. Though not large, they make a very palpable addition to the attractions of the New Gallery. There is the sketch for his "Heliogabalus," small but exquisite; one of his pretty little classical *genre* subjects, "He Loves Me, He Loves Me Not"; two portraits strongly characterised; and a charming little unfinished picture of a little ancient Roman girl holding a figure of Mars like a doll, full of beautiful painting of air, and sun, and sky, and marble, and oyster shells, and flesh.

Of sculpture there is not much, but it is nearly all interesting, if not important. There is a bronze reduction of Mr. Thornycroft's "Mower." Mr. Harry Bates's reliefs in terra-cotta of "Peace and War" (317 and 318) are the finest of the original designs, and Mr. Bowcher has some elegant figures. Mr. Swynnerton's "Love's Chalice" is a clever group, ingenious, well modelled, and picturesquely effective. Miss Hallé shows fine feeling, and skill also, in her low relief of "Dead Christ," which is like, but not so like as to be regarded as an imitation of, M. Legros's painting.

Several excellent busts, two or three interesting cases of medals, and some of the charming little wax reliefs of the Misses Casella, agreeably vary this part of the exhibition; and, lastly, I would call attention to a work of peculiar tenderness—the low-relief of "Mary" (348), by Mr. G. G. Frampton.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

EXHIBITION OF J. C. WINTOUR'S WORKS.

THERE is at present on view in the gallery of the Messrs. Dott, Edinburgh, an exhibition of more than common interest, consisting of nearly a hundred and fifty works in oil and water-colour by the late J. C. Wintour, A.R.S.A.—a painter probably less widely known than he deserves to be, but certainly one of the most noteworthy figures among the landscapists of Scotland. Born in 1825, and trained, like so many of the best artists of the North, in the "Trustees' Academy," under Sir William Allan, he began with portraiture and figure subjects, but soon turned towards that landscape work in which lay his true faculty.

Among the earliest of the landscapes now on view are a series of water-colours, subjects refined in feeling and delicate in handling, but utterly destitute of that decision of touch and force of varied colouring which he afterwards attained, especially in his work in oil. In the latter medium he fully declared himself in such important pictures as "The Cottar's Well," 1855, and "The Miller's Cottage," 1856—subjects very brilliant in their chromatic arrangements, and admirably spirited in their suggestion of the richness and intricacy of nature's detail. In their general treatment, these owe something at least to the example of Constable. Indeed, without at all sacrificing his own very pronounced individuality, or merging his personality in that of any other painter, Wintour learned much from the artists who had preceded him, or were his contemporaries; for he was a man delicately sensitive to every influence, keenly receptive to all impressions of beauty, whether they came

to him directly from nature, or reached him through the mediation of art. The influence of Constable is certainly that most clearly traceable throughout his work. But, manifestly, in "A Shady Pool," 1859, he has learned from the oil-colours of David Cox; while his "Driving to Pasture, near Melrose," 1858, is suggestive of Alexander Fraser; and the general tone of water-colours like "Balhousie Castle, Perth," 1857, and "Study from Nature at Menstrie Burn"—their combinations of cool blues, warm browns, purplish greys, and sharp greens that verge towards blackness—very distinctly recalls similar exquisite subjects by the present President of the Royal Scottish Academy. Gradually Wintour's work tends towards breadth of effect, and shows an increasing impatience of detail. Harmony of tone and colouring, truth and delicacy of lighting and atmosphere, become paramount in his art. And, by the unity of impression for which he seeks, by his synthetic grasp of his subject as a related and harmonious whole, he shows such a return towards the aims and practice of the earlier school of British landscape as is visible in the work of no other contemporary Scottish painter—if, indeed, we except the quite recent experiments in similar directions of Mr. J. Campbell Noble and Mr. Robert Noble. This work of the later, and, as we must judge it, most fully developed period of Wintour's art, tends usually towards a certain sumptuousness of potent colouring, and treats, by preference, scenes and moments in which the pomp of evening plays its part. He was fond of painting ardent sunsets, where the tenderest aerial clarity has succeeded a day of rain. The great "Gloaming on the Eye"—one of his latest works—in spite of the looseness of its handling, is a noble example of such an effect, with an exceeding delicacy, and the subtlest sense of fluctuating changeableness in the sky against which the black, sharply struck shapes of birds soar and sway—the very sky of "fleeting rose and kindling grey" of which the painter-poet has sung. "On the Ellwand," 1879, is a smaller, but more crisply touched, and even more luminous, rendering of a similar sunset. But the artist was not less successful in his moods of greater quietude—in the gentle daylight, and the infinite gradation of filmy, white, ascending clouds in the "Border Castle" of 1872, in the moonlight shed "softer than sleep" upon the placid water and the lonely towers of "Blairlogie."

J. M. GRAY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE STATUE OF RAIAN AND THE LION OF BAGDAD.

Weston-super-Mare: June 4, 1888.

Mr. Griffith's letter is full of interest. There are a few points on which I shall be glad to comment briefly.

(1.) Some years ago I carefully sketched the Bagdad lion for a book of mine, and Mr. Ready made me a cast of the cartouche which I had photographed in opposite lights and heliotyped for *Studies on the Times of Abraham*. While I was drawing the lion Dr. Birch and I carefully examined it, and I pointed out to him that it had been apparently an androsphinx like the sphinxes of Sān of similar type; that the royal features had been knocked off, and the features of a lion very rudely "roughed out." Dr. Birch agreed, I believe, in this view. It was Th. Deveria who in 1861 first (I think) proposed to read the name Ra Set Nub (*Rev. Arch.* 1861, p. 256.) On receiving my photographs Dr. Birch wrote:

"Many thanks for the photographs, which confirm my opinion as to the little trust to be placed in the cartouche, and the possibility of its being after all spurious,

The lion is figured in Playte's *Religion des Préhistoriques*, pl. i. fig. 9, and noticed by G. Smith in *Assyr. Disc.*, p. 420. I must say that I always felt disposed to believe in the cartouche, and to ascribe Dr. Birch's doubts to his characteristic extreme caution.

Mr. Griffith will allow me to ask whether he is correct in saying "Dr. Birch and others settled, in sheer despair, that the cartouche upon the lion must have been an unprecedented manner of writing the name of a Hyksos king 'Ra Set Nub,'" &c. To me Dr. Birch always expressed incredulity as to the cartouche and the reading "Ra Set Nub." He used to say: "It is cut with a knife."

(2.) I should be most glad to compare the praenomen on the Raian fragment with the name on the lion (or sphinx) of Bagdad, but I have been unable as yet to procure a photograph to examine.

(3.) It is interesting, in view of the alternative of late (Saite) date, as at first suggested by Mr. Griffith, that the beautiful green basalt statuette in the Louvre, taken by Deveria as a Hyksos king, should be referred by Maspero to the Saite period. Will M. Maspero adhere to that opinion? On examining the figure itself, and subsequently the excellent photographure in the splendid work of Maspero and Rayet (of which Prof. Maspero kindly sent me a proof copy), it has always seemed to me that the features are of the same type as those of the Sān sphinxes and the Fayūm head and the Ludovisi fragment and the fish-offerers. I should like to see the Louvre statuette brought into the comparison, in view of the newly discovered statuette of Bubastis.

HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society have now made arrangements for holding their first exhibition in the New Gallery during October and November of the present year. The exhibition will be arranged under the following twelve sections: textiles; gold and silversmiths' work, including enamelling; metal and iron work; fictiles; decorative painting; wall papers; book-binding; printing; glass; stained glass; wood and stone carving; cabinet making. It is insisted on as special features that all work must be exhibited under the name of the designer or responsible executant; and that each section will be treated in the catalogue by a writer thoroughly conversant with the particular art. A guarantee fund of £700 has already been subscribed. The president of the society is Mr. Walter Crane; and the secretary is Mr. Ernest Radford, who may be addressed at the New Gallery, Regent Street.

Now that the great galleries have somewhat lost their bloom, a number of minor shows are again being offered to the insatiable public. Next week there will be opened (1) a collection of pictures by James Maris, together with some examples of the work of Matthew and William Maris, at the Goupil Gallery; (2) Mr. E. A. Abbey's illustrations to "She Stoops to Conquer," and drawings in black and white by Mr. Alfred Parsons, at the Fine Art Society's; (3) some sketches in oil of Venice, by Mr. W. Heath Wilson, at Messrs. C. E. Clifford & Co.'s, in Piccadilly, and (4) an exhibition of watercolours at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall. In addition to these, there will also be on view Sir J. E. Millais's contribution to the Royal Institute Art Union; Laurits Tuxen's large picture of "The Queen and the Royal Family at Windsor, 1887," at Mr. Mendoza's, in King Street, St. James's; and Mr. A. B. Houghton's "The Exit of Useless Mouths from a Besieged City," at Messrs. Vicars's, Eagle Place, Piccadilly.

AN annual prize competition has been started in connexion with M. Ludovici's art school for lady students, for the best subject picture. Three money prizes and three orders of merit in gold, silver, and bronze, will be given. The awards will be made in October, 1888, the judges being Messrs. Albert Moore, Mortimer Menpes, and G. H. Broughton. Messrs. Dowdeswell & Dowdeswell have consented to lend their gallery in Bond-street for the public exhibition of the competitive paintings.

MR. W. J. HENNESSY, who has been unable to complete any important picture for this year's exhibitions, though he is represented by charming little works at the Grosvenor and the New Gallery, has a little gathering of his more recent pictures in oil and pastel at 11 Holland Park Road, which will repay a visit from those who appreciate his delicate and refined art. They are for the most part executed in a brighter scheme of colour and render more sunny effects than he has attempted for the last few years. Two scenes of "Summer" and "Winter," part of a set of "The Seasons," of which the "Spring" is at the Grosvenor, are especially successful.

THE annual meeting of the Hellenic Society, for the election of council and officers and to hear the council's report, will be held at 22 Albemarle Street on Thursday next, June 21, at 5 p.m. Mr. Sidney Colvis, vice-president, will be in the chair.

THE STAGE.

"THE TAMING OF THE SHREW."

WE did not manage to see the Daly Company's performance of "The Taming of the Shrew" so soon as we should have liked; but let us lose no time now in saying in plain English to our readers that it is a performance which it is their business to witness. In spite of great difficulties—of some obvious disadvantages—it is a distinguished success. It is now some time since anything Shaksperian has been presented with such force in London. The scenery—which is the least important thing of all—is sufficient, and is in the most excellent taste. The costumes are singularly rich and harmonious—they are a study for Sir James Linton or Mr. Gregory. Bishop's "Should he Up-braid" is sung, in the fifth act, by fresh and charming voices. And as things go, nowadays, these things would render tolerable, in the eyes of many managers and many audiences, a second-rate interpretation of the comedy. Happily they are not, on the present occasion, asked to discharge any such function. They are in their right place, as the accessories only; what one remembers best, and enjoys most, is the actual performance. From the "Induction" to the very end, this is as it ought to be.

Mr. William Gilbert strikes the right note, from the first, as the bibulous good-natured tinker: from the moment he is on the stage the play's low comedy has begun. The entry of Miss Ada Rehan marks the signal for the beginning of the high comedy—or, rather, for one of the most brilliant of its effects. To her and to the representative of Petrucio—Mr. John Drew—the spectator is indebted for most of what gives force and charm to the representation. The acting of Mr. Drew is singularly authoritative and confident. However shrewish Katherine may be—"curst" and a scold—she has her master in the Petrucio here made visible. Mr. Drew bears himself bravely, and even in his audacity there is discretion. But the greatest honours of all fall to Miss Rehan. We are now privileged to see her art in the fulness of its development. She has been upon the stage, probably, those "ten years"

which are required, the French say, "to make a comedian." And her high comedy is, in many ways, the firmest and the most brilliant that has been witnessed in London in our day from any actress speaking the English tongue. In its fearlessness of method, in its delicacy of effect, it is fit to be regarded along with that of the very best mistresses of comedy whom the Théâtre Français has possessed. Miss Rehan's art would hold its own against that of the Brohans or of Mme. Arnold Plessy. She is more sympathetic than they, and is of a different generation. Just now our younger English actresses would do well to study her minutely—to get by heart, some of them, with their pretty, charade manner, the largeness of her style—her novel breadth. The concentrated passion of Miss Rehan's Katherine, her ungovernable spirit, her immediate explosiveness, are quite remarkable. A large Venetian blonde, splendidly habited, now in various reds, and now in whites, yellows, and golds, she is picturesque, and the delight of a colourist. But her various expressiveness is fully as notable. And it is with a thoroughly mastered art that Miss Rehan portrays the gradual declension of Katherine's violent and froward spirit, and how at last she is persuaded to the full that it is only in willing submissiveness that a wife fulfils her function. Her speech of counsel to the young widow, who is about to be wed, is given in a voice of fine quality and with admirable feeling. We had occasion to praise Miss Rehan a good deal when she was here, two or three years ago, in "Nancy and Co." But she has matured since then; and it is well that the public—which sometimes takes inexplicable fancies, and sets up idols, we will not say of brass or clay, but by no means of gold—should be told roundly that she is a very great comedian. She is one of the few women on the stage who can put aside their own personality. Her Katherine is a creation. Like whatever is really fine in any art it is at once a lesson and an enjoyment.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

THE *matinée* of Friday in last week—"Clara Vere de Vere"—at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, was certainly only a success as regards the actors; the piece itself having few qualities to commend it to any audience. Mr. Campbell Rae-Brown was the author of it. From its title it may have been imagined that the story of the play would practically be that of Lord Tennyson's poem. But the scornfulness and pride of Tennyson's Clara are reproduced but scantily in the character sketched by Mr. Rae-Brown; nor indeed would the sympathetic art of Miss Alma Murray have easily or favourably lent itself to the impersonation of a Clara so conceived. In the play with which we have to deal, it is not very easy to know how far Clara is or is not in love with the young countryman, Hubert Lawrence. He, after a stage career of pronounced sentimentality, commits suicide, for which she is naturally sorry. But then his foster brother, Lord Hylworth, comes back incognito from foreign travel—plays the part of a steward—makes love to her, at first, only that he may have an opportunity of breaking with her—of disappointing her—as she had disappointed Laurence; but the young woman, in the end, proves really too attractive, and it is confessed that she was not heartless nor was he for ever implacable. Certainly, good opportunities for dramatic effect are provided, or might be provided, by the adequate development of such a plot as we have outlined. But Mr. Campbell Rae-Brown's conceptions and treatment appear alike somewhat common. Characterisation, distinction,

literary style, are, it must be confessed, lacking to the work. We have said nothing about two quite prominent characters, both of them very ridiculous. They are a newly made lord—Lord Capelcourt—and his son, the Honourable Tom Bullion. We can assure the author that the very latest additions to the peerage are not of that style. Lord Capelcourt and Tom Bullion are wholly impossible people. The satire is so gross and exaggerated that it has no real point. Only the most ignorant of socialists could in any way approve of, or be amused by, it. We doubt if we shall see the piece again. That it afforded to Miss Alma Murray a very prominent part was almost its unique merit. Mr. Frank Rodney had to be uninterestingly sentimental as the earlier of the two lovers—in circumstance and temperament a Claude Melnotte of our day. Mr. William Herbert played Lord Hylworth with some strength. And Mr. William Farren, junr., was at times effective as the father of the youth who omitted to recognise the futility and the unspeakable cowardice of self-slaughter. Nor was it difficult to see that, if Mr. E. M. Robson had only had a good part, and not a part the fun of which was forced and impossible, he would have made a distinct success. As it was, he made us laugh a little. Miss Alexis Leighton was ill placed in a character we have not had occasion to name, and so was far less effective than in the last performance by the Browning Society. As for Miss Alma Murray, we have implied, of course, that she was artistic, interesting, agreeable. But fancy that talent—a talent so delicate and, as the French say, "just"—fancy that talent expended upon a piece so common, upon writing so hopelessly poor! Mr. Campbell Rae-Brown has indeed much to learn. Possibly he has the wit to sit down steadily and learn it.

MR. ERNEST PERTWEE and MISS BERTHA MOORE had a distinct success on Wednesday in last week at the Marlborough Rooms, Mr. Pertwee showing a pronounced advance on the excellence which we were glad to note last year. He is probably now quite the first among our younger masters in recitation. "Gabriel Grub" is one of the least effective of Dickens's pieces; yet even here Mr. Pertwee made his mark. We should like to have heard him in the delicate humour of "Copperfield and the Waiter." It is precisely suited to him. But in the stronger characterisation of "The Charity Dinner" he was extremely good. Miss Bertha Moore sang with her now well-recognised charm of voice and of delivery Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Orpheus and his Lute"—a composition to which she is giving prominence—and also sang admirably a song of Grieg's, and Schumann's "Humility," and some lighter *Lieder* by Meyer Helmund.

AN interesting *matinée*, for the benefit of the Provident Infirmary for Women and Children, is announced for Wednesday next at the Novelty Theatre, when two new pieces will see the light. The authorship of "Laura"—a comedy in three acts—is not announced; but the piece has the advantage of presenting Miss Mary Rorke as its heroine, and it will be further supported by Messrs. Thalberg, Robson, William Poel, and others. The second piece is by Edith Cuthell—"The Wrong Envelope"—in which the author will herself appear.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA.

THE performance of "Don Giovanni" at Covent Garden last Thursday week was in many respects excellent. Mdlle. Arnoldson is an exceedingly graceful Zerlina, but her voice does not appear to be increasing in volume. Mme. Fursch-

Madi played the part of Donna Anna with effect. Mdle. Macintyre has a pleasing voice, and her songs were much applauded, but she is scarcely equal, as yet, to the rôle of Donna Elvira. M. Lassalle is a capital "Don," both as singer and actor. Signori Ravelli, Navarini, and Ciampi played and sang in their usual manner. Mr. Harris has mounted the ball-room scene most brilliantly. The "Marriage of Figaro" was given on the following evening, when Mdle. Ella Russell as Susanna, and Mdle. Arnoldson as Cherubino, won much applause. What an improvement it will be when these two operas of Mozart are not spoilt by encores!

On Saturday evening "Les Huguenots" was presented for the first time this season, with a strong cast, and an imposing chorus of 160 voices. With Mdme. Nordica as Valentina, Miss Ella Russell as the Queen, and the two De Reskes as Raoul and St. Bris respectively, the principal characters were in safe hands. It was not, however, the success of any one, so much as the united efforts of all, both principal and subordinate, which gave such *éclat* to the performance. The "Benediction des Epées" was given with immense effect. Where everything was so good, it seems needless to go into detail. We ought perhaps to mention that Mdme. Scalchi was the Urbano, and Signor Navarini the sturdy old Huguenot Marcello. For the splendid mounting of the piece, and for the admirable performance, Mr. A. Harris and Signor Mancinelli deserve the highest praise. Meyerbeer, however, unlike Wagner in most respects, resembles him in this—that, to produce any effect, his works need to be presented with the greatest attention to every detail. It is gratifying to be able to add that this brilliant performance drew a brilliant house.

Covent Garden was again crowded on Monday evening, when an excellent representation of "Faust" was given. Mdme. Nordica may not be an ideal Marguerite, but it is certainly one of her most successful impersonations. It is unnecessary to say a word in praise of M. J. de Reske as Faust, and of his brother as Mephistopheles.

"L'Africaine" was given for the second time on Wednesday evening. The rôle of Selika was undertaken by Mdle. Columbia. Selika is not the only part of importance in this last and most unequal of Meyerbeer's operas, but still it is one of which much may be made by a good actress and singer. Mdle. Columbia is, apparently, not new to the stage, but her voice is not of pure quality, and her intonation most uncertain. How far she may have been affected by nervousness we cannot say; but at her best she would not be able to do justice to the part of the dusky queen. By way of compensation Miss Macintyre sang excellently in the part of Inez, and from her first appearance gained the sympathy of the audience. The two De Reskes were magnificent—the one as Vasco, the other as Don Pedro. Mr. Lassalle as Nelusko was also efficient. The stage effect in the ship scene of the third act was very good. Signor Mancinelli conducted.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

RECENT CONCERTS.

WE were sorry not to see a larger audience at Mdme. de Pachmann's pianoforte recital last Saturday afternoon. But there is much music going on just now; and on that particular afternoon, Señor Sarasate, with his magic bow, was tempting concert-goers with a programme including the Beethoven and the Mendelssohn Concertos. Mdme. de Pachmann is a rising artist, and has made enormous progress since she appeared a few seasons ago at the Popular Concerts as Miss Maggie Okey. From the first

her technique was good, but now there is more poetry and refinement. With full remembrance of Mdme. Schumann's simple yet beautiful reading of Beethoven's "Adieux" Sonata, we thoroughly enjoyed Mdme. Pachmann's performance of this work. No exaggeration, no affectation, no imitation; nearly everything was given with the right accent and feeling. A Sonata in E minor for pianoforte and violin, composed by the lady herself, was another feature of interest. The music is exceedingly graceful, and the writing is clever. The lady has carefully avoided diffusion, the besetting sin of so many modern composers; the four movements are all admirably concise. The influence of modern Germany may be traced in the music, but in time Mdme. de Pachmann will develop her own ideas with more individuality. The sonata was well played with Mr. Gompertz, an experienced violinist.

Herr Richter gave his fifth concert on Monday evening. Mr. Henri Marteau, the youthful fiddler, made his second appearance, and played with wonderful decision and finish M. Saint-Saëns's showy Rondo Capriccioso in A. His reception was most enthusiastic. Dr. Mackenzie's "Twelfth Night" Overture was repeated. A second hearing strengthens the favourable opinion made upon us last week. At the same time we fancy it is somewhat long, and that there is not quite enough key-contrast. It was again well received. Wagner's "Trauer-Marsch" and Charfreitag's "Zauber" were played very well, though the wind instruments were, at times, a trifle coarse in the former. The programme concluded with the "Jupiter" Symphony.

Dr. Hans von Bülow gave his second "Beethoven" recital on Tuesday afternoon. He commenced with the Sonata in E flat (Op. 27, No. 1), taking the first movement in slower time than is usual. The added note connecting the Allegro molto with the Adagio was, perhaps, a slip of the finger. The first two movements of the so-called "Moonlight" were beautifully rendered; the Finale pleased us less—there was not enough left to the imagination. A brilliant performance of the Variations on the Theme from the "Eroica" was marred by a rough and exaggerated rendering of the Oda. The Largo and Finale of the D minor Sonata (Op. 31, No. 2) were, in our opinion, the gems of the afternoon. The programme concluded with Op. 31, No. 3, and the C minor variations. The audience was highly appreciative.

Mdme. Sophie Menter gave her second recital at St. James's Hall on Thursday afternoon. With the exception of a small slip of memory, her reading of the first two movements of Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 81a) was excellent; but the "Retour" was somewhat exaggerated. Schumann's "Carneval" was at times hurried, at times incorrect, and often very noisy. Mdme. Menter was heard, doubtless, to better advantage in the Liszt transcriptions which followed.

Space prevents us noticing in detail many interesting concerts during the past week. But we must just mention that of Mr. Gardner at Willis's Rooms last Saturday, when Beethoven's Trio in G, lately given at Mr. Beringer's concert, was performed with the proper instruments, i.e., flute (Mr. Barrett) and bassoon (Mr. Wotton); a *matinée* by M. and Mdme. Breitner at Belgrave Square on Monday afternoon; and Mr. Austin's Testimonial Concert on Wednesday evening, in which Mdmes. Valleria, Patey, Trebelli, Antoinette Stirling, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. E. Lloyd (his first appearance since his return from America), Mr. Santley, M. de Pachmann, Messrs. Richter and Cousins took part. There was a full house, and with such a list of artists the audience was naturally most enthusiastic.

MUSIC NOTES.

Two special musical services were held in Bristol Cathedral to celebrate its completion, last Friday and Saturday, when "Israel in Egypt" and "Elijah" were performed, conducted by Mr. G. Riseley. The solo singers were Miss Anna Williams, Miss Hilda Wilson, Mr. Kearton, and Mr. Santley, with a chorus of 600 voices and a band numbering one hundred. After recording the presence of some thousands of persons who paid the closest attention to the works rendered, the feature most worthy of note was the fine singing of the choir, especially in the double choruses in "Israel" and in the dramatic portions of "Elijah."

Echoes of Hellas. (Marcus Ward.) The letterpress and illustrations having been noticed in the ACADEMY of May 19, it only remains for us to say a few words about the music composed by Messrs. Otto Goldschmidt, Malcolm Lawson, Walter Paratt, and Dr. W. H. Monk. The first named has contributed only the short prelude (for piano, four hands) to the "Tale of Troy," a graceful and melodious *andante sostenuto*. Dr. Monk also has written but one number, "The Song of the Shuttle," for soprano voices, with accompaniment of harp, flute, and clarinet. It is simple, yet taking, with some pleasing touches in the small score. Mr. Paratt has furnished three numbers for "The Tale of Troy," and the whole of the music for "The Story of Orestes." He makes use of modern harmonies; but throughout there is a quaintness and simplicity of melody and rhythm which give to his numbers an old-world flavour. The chorus of maidens, entitled "The Sacrifice of Iphigenia," and the bass solo, "Lament for the House of Atreus," are very effective. The writing throughout is musicianly. Of Mr. Malcolm Lawson's four pieces in the *Odyssey*, the "Lay of the Trojan Horse" appears to us the most characteristic. The others are graceful and pleasing, but essentially modern in character.

UNDER the Union of Benefices Act, the Church of St. Olave, Jewry, near the Guildhall, is in course of demolition. The remains of Dr. Maurice Greene (born 1695, died 1755), who held the post of organist of St. Paul's Cathedral from 1718 to 1755, were formerly deposited therein; but they have now been removed to the crypt of St. Paul's.

AGENCIES.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1888.

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LITERATURE.

The Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha. By Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra. Done into English, with Notes Original and Selected, and a new Life of the Author. By Henry Edward Watts. Vols. I. and II. (Bernard Quaritch.)

It was a bold undertaking to bring out a new translation of *Don Quixote* so soon after the publication of those by Mr. Duffield and Mr. Ormsby. For the ordinary reader either of these editions, certainly that of Mr. Ormsby, would suffice. Mr. Watts's work, as appears by the very conditions of its issue (the edition being limited to 250 copies), will not supersede these. It appeals to another and an inner circle. These volumes will have a warm welcome from all lovers of Cervantes, and not the least from those who have studied most carefully, and are most alive to the merits of, the preceding versions. Bibliophiles, too, will hail this edition with delight. In paper, print, and binding, it seems almost perfect. Strong and yet light; though a quarto, yet not too heavy to be held in the hand; clear in type, with head and tail-pieces not too obtrusive, but which repay investigation—it is materially a model of what a student's edition of a favourite author should be. *Beati possidentes.*

The whole work is to be completed in five volumes. Vols. i. and ii. are now before us. Vol. i. contains the preface, introduction, life of Cervantes, various appendices on bibliography, the romances of chivalry, and especially a translation of Heine's essay on Cervantes and *Don Quixote*. Vol. ii. contains the first part of the *Quixote* to the end of cap. xxiv., also with useful appendices, particularly those on the *Amadis*. In the following remarks I shall deal chiefly with the life of Cervantes, reserving criticism of the translation until more of it has been completed.

Mr. Watts, throughout vol. i., shows his high ideal of what a translation of his original should be. He has in the fullest extent what the French call "the courage of his opinions." It is almost a shriek of defiance to assert (p. 2) "that *Don Quixote* is the book of all others in the world the most translatable, which is proved, I maintain, by the fact of its being the book most often translated." Well, if this be so, then the Old and New Testaments, and Homer, should be still more easy to be translated. Grant that it is so in parts of the former, did our latest revisors find it to be so throughout? Will any true lover of Homer say that any version gives even tolerable satisfaction to one familiar with the original? We fear that it is a *non-sequitur* to argue from the frequency of translation that the original is easy to translate. It is the very difficulty, the danger of the task,

that is often sufficient lure—witness the countless versions of Horace, those of *Faust*, and of Heine's poems. The attraction is that of the enchanted castle in the fairy tales—"the many fail, the one succeeds"; and each latest champion hopes that he will be the favoured, the exceptional, the unique, the only one to make his own the hidden beauty within. Excellent are the rules for translation of the *Quixote* laid down in pp. 15-19 of this introduction. Few would have had the boldness to present critics with such an arm to be used against themselves. We think none the worse of Mr. Watts for the frank confession—"I must acknowledge that sometimes I have failed to make sense of the words as they stand." These are golden words; and, were I an autocrat, they should be inscribed on the front of every edition of a foreign or an ancient classic put into the hands of school boys and undergraduates.

The life of Cervantes is an excellent one. It brings before us the man in his nobility, his manliness, his courage, his large-heartedness, his hard fortunes, and his unfailing genial humour, not the mere writer only. There was nothing petty or mean about Cervantes. His absolute fearlessness is shown best, I think, by the influence that he gained over his Algerian masters. Tyrants such as they, cruel and capricious, if they be only brave themselves, often like just the one man who is not afraid of them, who, in straits of life and death, shows to them the same careless genial humour which he evinces to his fellow captives. This I deem to be the secret why that arch-plotter of escape, Cervantes, was spared the blows and mutilation and death which fell so often on his fellow-captives, who had not done half so much (from the slave-owner's point of view) as he had done to deserve them. The presentment of Cervantes is given well. In one point alone does it seem to me that the author is mistaken. Mr. Watts is free from the idolon of British insularity; but here and there appears the working of the leaven of English religious narrowness—the incapability of looking at certain subjects unless through Protestant spectacles. Philip II. is still the unnatural monster in his eyes which he appeared in the eyes of our fathers. Sta. Teresa is "a female *Quixote* if ever there was one." *Don Quixote*, if not written with anti-Roman Catholic and anti-inquisitorial tendencies, still shows a secret, if unconscious, leaning that way. This is a mistake. Heine's words (pp. 314, 15, 17) are rigidly exact: "There is in *Don Quixote* no trace of anti-Catholicism; neither is there any of anti-absolutism, and the critics who detect such are clearly mistaken." There may be traces of a feeling against the Dominicans *versus* the Redemptorist fathers. Such family jars have continually arisen in the Spanish Church, the divers orders belabouring one another in the press, and from the pulpit, with epithets as strong as those ever bandied between Calvinists and Arminians, Evangelicals and Ritualists, and sometimes compelling the interference of the secular power to silence them; but there has been no thought of heresy or anti-Romanism in all this. As to Philip II.'s subserviency to the Pope or to the Church in mere politics, it is all moonshine. He was within an ace of

making himself as much a Pope over the Spanish Church as Henry VIII. was over the English Church. The difference is simply that of a man with a masterful will, and one weak and irresolute, if persistent. The decline of Spanish constitutional liberty had begun long before his time. We are sorry to see, in a note on p. 222, such an expression on the wretched last years of Lope de Vega, that his conduct "was one not unworthy of a priest and a familiar of the Inquisition." I am aware of the damning and incontrovertible evidence as to the morals of some of the Spanish clergy of that and other periods; but this cannot make us overlook the noble lives of others, nor the fact that Spanish religious literature of that age, for beauty of style, for intensity of devotion, for depth of spirituality, is equal to any in Europe.

To descend to particulars. In a note on p. 25 Mr. Watts mentions "Juan Calderon, the author of an admirable little book, entitled *Cervantes Vindicado* (Madrid, 1854), "of whom I can learn nothing but that he was a refugee in England and had turned Protestant." I have before me *Don Juan Calderon, sa vie écrite par lui-même* (Paris: J. Bonhoure et Cie. 1880). From the preface it appears that this autobiography had been already published in Spanish at Madrid by Ucoz in 1855. His name also appears in vol. i., p. 53, of Boehmer's *Spanish Reformers of Two Centuries*. He was the editor in succession of two Spanish journals published in London, *El Catolicismo Neto* and *El Examen Libre*, and author of several grammatical and religious works. I do not find his book on Cervantes mentioned among them; but this is not surprising: even Wiffen does not seem to be aware of Ucoz's literary works previous to his conversion. Juan Calderon died in January, 1854. His son is the distinguished member of the Royal Academy. I quite agree with Mr. Watts that the dedication of the *Quixote* to the Duc de Bejar, as it now stands, may not be wholly from the pen of Cervantes; but I cannot join with him in rejecting the "Relacion de lo sucedido en la ciudad de Valladolid" on the occasion of the Earl of Nottingham's embassy. The assertion of the contemporary sonnet (whether written by Gongora or by any other disappointed scribe), coupled with the other evidence brought forward by Señors Gayangos and Ramirez de Villa-urruia, is too direct and decisive to be set aside by any merely subjective criticism. As to the acquaintance of Cervantes with Arabic and with Mohammedan customs, besides his captivity in Algiers, Mr. Watts seems to forget that Arabic must have lingered still in many parts of Southern and South-Eastern Spain among the Moriscos, and that Cervantes's official duties necessarily brought him into contact with these country people. Critics, of course, will continue to differ about the comparative value of Cervantes's writings. No one can affect to dogmatise in such matters. I should not place the *Nunantia* quite so high as Mr. Watts does on p. 141. On the other hand, I should give more prominence to *La Gitanilla*, with its creation of Preciosa, the fruitful mother in literature of such offspring as the Esmeralda of Victor Hugo, the Preciosa of Longfellow's "Spanish Student," and, per-

haps, of the *Spanish Gipsy* of George Eliot. She is for all Europe as much the typical ideal of the Spanish gipsy girl, as Don Juan is of the reckless Spanish libertine. I must cut short these desultory remarks, only asking if the surname *Duro* should not be attached to the "Don Ceráreo Fernandez" of note, p. 245; and mentioning that the letter of Cervantes (p. 238, note) has just been bequeathed by the Marqués de San Roman to the Real Academia de la Historia to be there preserved with due honour in glass case under lock and key.

One glance at the translation. The difficult prefatory verses are here rendered more literally than by Mr. Gibson in Mr. Duffield's edition. While they are not equal to these as English poems, they perhaps give a truer idea of what the Spanish is; but in one line Mr. Watts has violated one of his own canons of translation (p. 26, l. 3): "The provender which proves thy providence" introduces a verbal play not to be found in "Que mostraron tu cuerda providencia." As to the commentator's notes on p. 12, Cervantes merely echoes at first or second hand the Vulgate text (1 Reg. xvii. 2), "Vallem terebinthi," without a thought of anything else. This is an instance, I believe, of commentators seeing more than their author ever dreamt of. For Don Quixote's Saturday supper of *duelos y quebrantos*, Mr. Duffield's "resurrection pie," Mr. Watts's "hotch-potch," would not "skin and grief," if it has not become obsolete within the last thirty years, be the best equivalent? This was the name given in my youth by Buckinghamshire shepherds to the hurt or worn-out sheep with which they were occasionally presented by their employers: "Thank-ee, measter, it's nought but skin and grief." I have also heard the phrase applied to human beings, "old skin and grief," as the most cutting of all possible terms of contempt.

These alternative suggestions will not, I hope, lead anyone to undervalue Mr. Watts's version. It is too soon yet to affirm that he is "the master bowman," with the highest score attainable; but he has certainly sent an arrow fair, and pierced an inner ring, even if he has not cleft the mark, and distanced all competitors.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

The Tripartite Life of Patrick, with other Documents relating to that Saint. Edited, with Translations, by Whitley Stokes. (Rolls Series.)

THE character of the present work and the high reputation of Mr. Stokes as a Celtic scholar, if in themselves sufficient guarantee for thoroughness of treatment, evidently preclude anything like a detailed criticism of it in this place. It must suffice to give a general idea of the scope of the work, together with such remarks as are suggested by a careful perusal of it.

Of all the documents here printed the substance has long been known to students of Irish ecclesiastical history. But, apart from its special reference to St. Patrick, this edition of the *Tripartite Life*, with its elaborate Introduction, has a particular interest for the historian and philologist. Perhaps (though the remark savours somewhat paradoxical) we should not be far

wide of the mark if we were to assert that the interest attaching to the life of the saint is wholly subordinate to these two wider and more general claims upon our attention. Indeed, if we accept (as we undoubtedly must) Mr. Stokes's conclusion that the *Tripartite Life* is a production of the eleventh century its importance as an authority for St. Patrick's life is very trifling. For it is evidently nothing more than a mere gloss upon the authentic documents contained in the Book of Armagh. So far as St. Patrick is concerned, the translation, or, as Mr. Stokes more properly describes it, the "paraphrase for edification" of old John Colgan, published at Louvain in 1647, and the more recent translation of Mr. Hennessy in Miss Cusack's *Life of St. Patrick*, were quite sufficient to demonstrate its unreliableness. Nevertheless, as I have said, it is not without its interest for the historian and philologist alike. And in this respect Mr. Stokes's Introduction of nearly two hundred pages leaves little to be desired.

Nor do I think, considering the class of students for whom it is intended, and the glaring inaccuracies of the printed catalogue, that any valid objection can be raised to the lengthy and apparently irrelevant description of all the contents of MS. Rawlinson B 512. But it is a point of more general interest to learn that of the three MSS. used by Colgan, and which he describes as "pervetusta," not one now exists—a fact which, having regard to the considerable lacunae that occur in the MS. of the present text, naturally seems to enhance the value of Colgan's work. In opposition to Colgan, who believed, with excusable credulity, the *Tripartite Life* to have been written by St. Evin, supposed to have flourished in the sixth century, and to Dr. Petrie, who calls it "a compilation of the ninth or tenth century," Mr. Stokes's argument—from an historical and linguistic point of view, that it was compiled in the eleventh century, after the Middle-Irish period had well set in, but from documents many, if not all, of which were composed before A.D. 1000—appears irrefutable. The linguistic argument is evidently one of great merit, and will naturally attract the attention of all students of Old Irish.

In the fifth section of his Introduction Mr. Stokes enters upon a systematic and exhaustive analysis of the documents he has printed in order to discover what light they throw upon the social condition of the early Irish. This, as it appears to me, is the most valuable, as it is the most interesting, portion of his work; though I cannot say that the result adds very much, even in ecclesiastical matters, to our previous knowledge on the subject, while the argument from the *Tripartite Life* to the doctrines professed by St. Patrick strikes me as extremely hazardous. It is clear that the *Tripartite Life* can only be brought in evidence of the opinions held by the writer of it and his contemporaries. To me it appears about as valuable for the doctrines of St. Patrick as the Apocryphal Gospels are for those of Christ. There are one or two points, however, that seem to call for notice. According to Mr. Stokes (p. clix.) the Druids did not in Ireland constitute a hierarchy, or separate class, as they are said to have done in

Gaul and Britain; but were simply a species of wizards, sorcerers, or enchanters. But surely the two brothers, Moel and Caplait, of whom it is said (p. 93) that they "reared Loejaire's two daughters, Ethne, 'the fair,' and Fedelm, 'the ruddy,'" were teachers and instructors of youth, as well as wizards. Indeed, it will be remembered that, in his *Lectures on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Irish*, Dr. O'Curry lays very great emphasis on this point. Of the curious legal procedure of *troscas*, or fasting, which has long ago been compared to the Indian *dharna*, Mr. Stokes notices that it is mentioned in the documents he publishes three times. First (p. 218), when Patrick fasts against a merciless master to compel him to have compassion upon his slaves. Secondly (p. 418), where Germanus and Patrick fast against a heretical city to compel it to become orthodox. Thirdly (p. 556), where Patrick fasts against the pagan king Loejaire to constrain him to his will. It would be interesting to know whether the following curious incident (pp. 113-121) is not an example of the same method of procedure. The story runs that on Saturday of Whitsuntide an angel came to Patrick and said, "God gives thee not what thou demandest, because it seems to Him excessive and obstinate, and great are the requests." "Is that His pleasure," saith Patrick. "It is," saith the angel. "Then this is my pleasure," saith Patrick, "I will not go from this rick till I am dead, or till all the requests are granted to me." Then, the story proceeds, Patrick abode in Cruachan in much displeasure, without drink, without food, from Shrove Saturday to Easter Saturday. The angel tried to overcome his obstinacy, but Patrick refused to leave the place till he obtained a promise that all his demands should be granted by God. Then said Patrick, "A blessing on the bountiful king, who hath given; and the rick shall now be departed from." The sanction here is evidently suicide by starvation and not fear of the divine displeasure. Many of St. Patrick's miracles recorded in the *Tripartite Life* present a curious resemblance to the familiar aetiological myths of early Roman history. Here, for example, we read (p. 181):

"The Hui Torrorrae stole and ate one of the two goats that used to be carrying water for Patrick, and they went to perjure themselves to Patrick; but the goat bleated out of the bellies of the three who had deceived him. 'My God's doom!' saith Patrick, 'the goat himself announces the place in which he was eaten. From to-day for ever,' saith Patrick, 'goats shall cleave to your children and your race.' Which thing (adds the writer) is still fulfilled."

According to Colgan the descendants of these thieves had always beards "caprinis sub-similes."

The first volume being taken up with the Introduction and *Tripartite Life*, the second is devoted to all those other documents which in any way relate to the life of St. Patrick. All the materials for a biography are thus to hand, with such criticism of them as is necessary to enable the student to appraise them at their right value. It is curious to note how little we really know of Patrick, and how much is mere conjecture. Two pages of Mr. Stokes's Introduction are

sufficient for all the facts about him. Nevertheless, nothing could be farther from the truth than to doubt his existence. Despite the accretion of monkish legend, his personality is unmistakable as a modest, shrewd, generous, enthusiastic missionary, with a Celtic tendency to exaggerate failure and success. Like St. Paul, desirous of martyrdom—a man of strong passions, but of still stronger will.

The present work, with its valuable indexes, especially that of places and tribes, for which every student of Irish history will feel deeply grateful to Mr. Stokes, will naturally supersede those of Dr. Todd and Miss Cusack—despite the length of the addenda and corrigenda lists.

R. DUNLOP.

A Book of Verses. By William Ernest Henley. (David Nutt.)

IF these verses of Mr. Henley are nothing else, they are at least fresh—fresh in expression, fresh also in subject; for even in these days of "impressions" and realism it is not often that we find a poet who sings of sensations mental and physical during a long and weary sojourn in a hospital ward. He cannot be said to teach in song what he has learnt in suffering, because his muse is not didactic; but he has evidently suffered, and he does sing. Even the dullest and most disagreeable experience seems to have a "tune in it" for him, or if not a tune at least a rhythm. He has the gift, even at the most unpromising times, of "dropping into poetry." The swaying of the hospital basket in which he is carried to the operating theatre suggests a measure, and he wakes from chloroform pregnant with a sonnet. The verses which record such experience must be grim; but they are verses having at least this quality of true poetry—they say in verse what could not be said so effectively in prose. From a note at the end of the series of twenty-eight lyrics, entitled "In Hospital," it would seem that his sojourn in this sad hostelry lasted for more than a year—a little life within a life, with its own special stages between entrance and exit—a theme *prima facie* not ill adapted for artistic treatment.

If Mr. Henley's treatment of it is not quite the noblest or the most beautiful which it is possible to conceive, it is powerful, genuine, and manly throughout. It may be shortly described as a series of self-vivisections photographed, mixed with pictures of hospital life from the point of view of an in-patient. His theme is therefore primarily himself, but he looks outside rather than in; and there is little of the invalid in his verses.

He is no professional emotionalist, making poetical capital out of pain, but evidently wrote only for solace in suffering intensified but made less deadly by imagination and sympathy for others. Though sometimes he causes a shudder of revolt against the naked horror of his pictures, and sometimes a smile at the trivial items of a sick man's chronicle, he never exaggerates or wails. Through the Dantesque world of his infirmary the joy of a strong life runs ever like a stream.

It is this which keeps his verses sound. They are vivid, but not morbid. Their vividness is, indeed, their excuse. In the

first sonnet he makes us realise "what it feels like" to enter a hospital with its "loud spaciousness and drafty gloom," and one's spirits fail with his, because

"A tragic meanness seems so to environ
These corridors and stairs of stone and iron,
Cold, naked, clean—half workhouse and half jail."

As an introduction to the hospital poems, the sonnet from which these lines are taken is excellent. It strikes the chord of the whole; but perhaps the finest of the sonnets descriptive of personal sensation is the following:

"BEFORE."

"Behold me waiting—waiting for the knife.
A little while, and at a leap I storm
The thick, sweet mystery of chloroform,
The drunken dark, the little death-in-life.
The gods are good to me: I have no wife,
No innocent child, to think of as I near
The fateful minute; nothing all-too dear
Unmans me for my bout of passive strife,
Yet I am tremulous and a trifle sick,
And, face to face with chance, I shrink a little:
My hopes are strong, my will is something weak.
Here comes the basket? Thank you. I am ready."

But, gentlemen my porters, life is brittle:
You carry Caesar and his fortunes—steady."

The operation over, the poems become naturally calmer and more contemplative. In the long months "lived on one's back," there is time to think and observe. The little world of the ward with its doctors, nurses, and patients affords its pictures and its dramas. The life personal is not excluded, for there are restless nights and memories and hopes, but it is no longer paramount. Several of the portraits are excellent. The best, perhaps, are the "Staff Nurse: Old Style," with her "experienced ease and antique liveliness" and

"The sweet old roses of her sunken face,
The depth and malice of her sly gray eyes;
The broad Scots tongue that flatters, scolds,
defies,
The thick Scots wit that tells you like a mace."

The "Lady-probationer" with

"A bashful air, becoming everything,
A well-bred silence always at command."

The "Visitor," described in a question,

"Can you conceive a Fairy Godmother,
The subject of a real religious call?"

Such are the pleasant sights of the ward, and there is mirth, too, on New Year's day, when

"Kate the scrubber (forty summers,
Stout, but sportive) treads a measure,
Grinning, in herself a ballet,
Fixed as fate upon her audience."

"Stumps are shaking, crutch supported;
Splinted fingers tap the rhythm;
And a head all helmed with plasters
Wags a measured approbation."

And there are sad sights also of "Casualty" and "Suicide," and two or three beautiful lyrics, including a hymn to Death called "Ave Caesar" and a "Pastoral," which contains lines like these:

"O the brilliance of blossoming orchards,
O the savour and thrill of the woods,
When their leafage is stirred
By the flight of the angel of rain!
Loud lows the steer; in the fallows
Rooks are alert; and the brooks
Gurgle, and tinkle, and trill. Through the
gloaming,
Under the rare, shy stars,
Boy and girl wander,
Dreaming in darkness and dew."

This, and many other of the best poems in the book, are in unrhymed verse, more or less irregular; and in these Mr. Henley shows unusual power of rhythmic phrase, the words following the subtlest and quickest motions of thought and feeling so closely that they seem to have been born together. From Collins he may have learnt much, from Walt Whitman not a little, from Longfellow he got at least the metre of "Hiawatha," which he employs now and again with effect; but few, if any, writers in English have employed unrhymed verse with such variety and success. He has attempted several forms of stanza untried before; and in these, as well as in more irregular verse, his lines carry their own music with them quite independent of rhyme.

This is perhaps the "newest" fact in the book; for some of the Hospital sonnets which were published in the early days of the *Cornhill* have not been entirely forgotten, and his skill in writing rhymed verse of a more complicated kind is still better known. Some of his ballades, rondeaux, and other "French forms" are reprinted in this volume in a section called "Bric-à-Brac," and will hold their own with the best. One, at least, of the ballades, that "On a Toyokuni Colour-Print" has not appeared before, and is quite a *chef-d'œuvre* of its kind; and of the rondeaux there is one, at least, that is also new and perfect. It deserves quoting, if only to show that this form may rival the sonnet for the expression of serious emotion:

"What is to come we know not. But we know
That what has been was good—was good to
show,
Better to hide, and best of all to bear.
We are masters of the days that were.
We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered
even so."

"Shall we not take the ebb who had the flow?
Life was our friend. Now, if it be our foe—
Dear, though it spoil and break us!—need we care
What is to come?"

"Let the great winds their worst and wildest
blow,
Or the gold weather round us mellow slow;
We have fulfilled ourselves, and we can dare,
And we can conquer, though we may not share
In the rich quiet of the afterglow,
What is to come."

It is also worth quoting because it expresses in the finest manner what is most noble in the writer's philosophy. It is for the most part a very simple philosophy, deeply impressed with the solemn mystery of life, but in default of a solution, taking for its maxims "Carpe Diem" and "Nil Desperandum," yet it is brave and strong enough to send a breath of life throughout the volume. It is more especially the burthen of that section of it not yet mentioned, which is called "Life and Death"—a section which, if not so striking as the "Hospital" poems, or so ingenious as the "Bric-à-Brac," has more of the true lyric note than either, for the poet's voice is neither strained by sickness nor fettered by artifice. It would take many extracts to do justice to the variety of thought and music contained in these forty-two songs. One of the most beautiful is the twenty-seventh—an invitation to an old friend to go "a-maying." The next is a charming allegory of life, dedicated, to judge from initials, to another old friend and collaborateur; but most of them are love songs, warm,

and throbbing from the heart. With one of these let us conclude:

"The nightingale has a lyre of gold,
The lark's is a clarion call,
And the blackbird plays but a box-wood flute,
But I love him the best of all.

"For his song is all of the joy of life,
And we, in the mad spring weather,
We, too, have listened till he sang
Our hearts and lips together."

The blackbird's note is, perhaps, the least common of all in modern poetry, and it is not the least charm of Mr. Henley's volume that he lets us hear it again.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

Encyclopædia Britannica. Ninth Edition. Vol. XXIII. Article "Temple." By W. Robertson Smith, LL.D. (Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black.)

In this monograph, which is almost exclusively concerned with the temples erected at Jerusalem by Solomon, Zerubbabel, and Herod in succession, Dr. Smith has supplemented the article contributed by him to a former volume on the ancient topography of the Holy City. As in the latter he vindicated with masterly power the limitation of the metropolis of David to the eastern hill, so now he has, as it seems to me, with equal ability, justified his preference for the measurements assigned by Josephus to the temple, over the exaggerations of the Talmud.

With the exception of Ferguson, Lewin, and Sandie, I doubt if there is one of the numerous writers on this subject before himself who has not, with a strange persistency, preferred to adopt the curious theory that the Jewish historian—of all writers specially prone to exaggeration, especially in what concerned the credit of his own people, and the magnitude of the efforts of their Roman foes—should yet, in a matter which concerned the chief architectural ornament and principal fortress of the capital, have grossly, and over and over again, underestimated its dimensions. Four times over he tells us that it comprised a square of 400 cubits or 600 feet; and he was speaking of what he had seen with his own eyes. Yet it has become the fashion to accept the measurements of the Mishna, at least three hundred years later than his day, against these repeated asseverations, and to take the square as one of 500 cubits, or 750 feet, with the result that the whole width of the eastern hill is required for the location, and that from the area so occupied it is impossible to exclude the site of the Dome of the Rock.

It is not difficult to see how the original error arose. It was long ago pointed out by Ferguson. In the prophetic sketch of the temple given in chaps. xl.-xliii. of Ezekiel there is nothing to clash with the dimensions of Josephus until reference is made, in chap. xlii., to the measuring of the sides by a measuring "reed," which would necessitate the enlargement of the area to a square, not of 500 or 750 ft., but of no less than 4500 ft. It is clear that the prophet is here referring to the area not of the temple itself, but of the sacred enclosure in which it and its courts were in prophetic vision seen to stand, and which is the first of the prophetic divisions of the Land of Israel referred to in chap. xlv. In

the Septuagint, however, we find "cubits" substituted for "reeds," and to the dimensions thus brought out the Talmudists seem to have felt bound to accommodate themselves. It landed them in a curious dilemma. Their internal arrangements exactly corresponded in all other respects with the measurements of Josephus; but, after using up the whole inner area, they found they had a large surplus of 100 cubits remaining, and "not knowing what better to do with them, put them into the court of the women" (Ferguson's *Temples of the Jews*, p. 64), with the result of making it nearly twelve times as broad as that of the men of Israel.

Adopting, then, the area of Josephus, Dr. Smith proceeds to justify the location of that area in the south-western corner of the present Haran. His arguments, to my mind, are irresistible; but their effect to the casual reader must be a good deal weakened by the unfortunate insertion of a diagram on which are reproduced the wholly imaginary contour lines which have obtained currency on the plans of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and to which I have had more than once before to direct the attention of the readers of this journal (*ACADEMY*, January 8, 1881, and October 25, 1884). It is true that in a note it is added that many of these lines "are almost purely conjectural," but the effect produced by them on the eye is much to be deprecated.

In the short note on the topography of the wall and gates of Nehemiah, which concludes the article, it is to be regretted that Dr. Smith has not dealt more at large with the area intervening between the eastern wall of the temple and the present line of the eastern wall of the Haran. He indicates indeed by a dotted line in his plan the limits within which he conceives this may have in early times been occupied by the palace of Solomon; but its occupancy in the days of Herod, and its relation to the wall of Ophel discovered by Sir Charles Warren form two of the great problems of the location still to be solved.

ALEX. B. McGRIGOR.

Reynell Taylor: a Biography. By E. Gambier Parry. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.)

Who was Reynell Taylor? the incurious reader may, perhaps, ask, and be not wholly satisfied by the answer that he was another Indian hero. For we have been somewhat overdone with heroes—weaklings that we are—and India is always a weariness. Be this as it may, the Punjab Puritans were a set of very real people in their day; and it is good for us to be occasionally reminded of their doings. Even if Longfellow may have gone too far, and it be not quite true that we can all make our lives sublime, it cannot in any case do us harm to know that a number of British and Irish gentlemen lived such lives not many years ago. Here is the testimony of their Arthur to the merits of this modern Round Table.

"I was very fortunate," wrote Henry Lawrence, "in my assistants, all of whom were my friends, and almost everyone was introduced to the Punjab through me. George Lawrence, Macgregor, James Abbott, Edwardes, Lumsden, Nicholson, Taylor, Cocks, Hodson, Pol-

lock, Bowring, Henry Coxe, and Melville, are men such as you will seldom see anywhere." Other names will be easily added by those mindful of the time.

Reynell Taylor, the subject of Mr. Parry's volume, was a perfect type of such a class. Tall, strong, handsome, a good rider and consummate swordsman, a rigid Evangelical, an active and intelligent administrator, with a revolver in his right hand and a religious tract in his left—so he appeared in the stony places of the frontier, pushing back barbarism and upholding his country's cause. Mr. Parry's book, modest and conscientious as it is, does not, perhaps, give the full measure of the man. Taylor was not an egotist. The diaries and despatches by which some men—especially in India—achieve greatness are not largely available to this biographer. Such distinction as he won was due to an unceasing and unostentatious performance of whatever duty was devolved upon him by the course of his employment, and by the habits of self-sacrifice engendered by that discipline. Born in 1822, the son of a cavalry officer singularly accomplished and devout, he was educated at home, deriving his qualities alike from inheritance, from instruction, and from example. In 1840 he obtained a "direct cadetship" for the Bengal Cavalry; and sailed for Calcutta, early in that eventful year, while the Afghan war hung in the balance.

His person is thus described, in words supplied by one of his brothers. He was

"a remarkably good-looking boy, with bright complexion, and wavy brown hair. He was not quite six feet in height then, but he subsequently attained that height. He was strong and muscular, but with a light and active figure; good at all outdoor exercises, . . . and in every way calculated to make a good soldier."

His regiment was the 2nd Bengal Cavalry, but he had not had an opportunity to join when it was disbanded for misbehaviour in Afghanistan. In 1842 it was reformed as the 11th. Taylor joined it at Cawnpore; and the earlier part of his service passed in learning drill, in studying Hindustani, and in the sports and amusements of a young Indian officer. In 1843 the 11th took part in the Gwalior campaign, and was engaged, though not very deeply, at Maharajpur. At the end of that brisk little war Taylor was selected for the adjutancy of the governor-general's body-guard. In connexion with that corps he next made the campaign of the Satlej—1845-6, and acquired both wounds and glory. As a reward for this service he was appointed assistant to the political agent at Ajmere, the (locally) distinguished Col. Dixon, to whose work on Merwara he contributed some assistance. In January 1847 he received an offer of employment at Lahore, and soon afterwards entered upon what was to be the field of his exertions for the next thirty years—the remaining portion of his public life.

These years were those of the annexation and formation of that province which, after shaking the empire to its base, became its chief source of moral and physical stability. At Banu, Kangra, and elsewhere, Taylor combined with the ordinary work of a sub-prefect a considerable amount of dangerous and important military service. As commissioner of the Derajat—the long group of

wild districts on the Sulaiman slope—he continued the same combination in a position of still greater authority and responsibility. He also, at great expense to himself, established a branch of the Church Missionary Society (which now, it seems, boasts fifty-nine baptised members) and obtained the distinction of C.B. Transferred to Pesháwar, in the like capacity, he accompanied the force sent to put down the fanatics of the Black Mountain, and took part in the dramatic destruction of the fastness of Malka-Sitána. After a short furlough in England, Taylor returned to the Punjab, and obtained the pleasant post of Commissioner (Prefect) of the Ambála Division. Less expert in the arts of peace than in those of war, he passed a troubled time at Ambála, and was finally transferred to the neighbouring Commissionership of Amritsar. While here he had the honour and gratification to receive from Lord Northbrook the offer of political employment as resident at the court of Sindhis, Maharája of Gwalior, which offer, however, he elected to decline. Early in 1877 he retired; but, before leaving the Punjab, he was entertained at Lahore, where a public banquet was given in his honour, and many of his old friends assembled round him for the last time. On returning to England he settled in Devonshire, the shire of his family; and he died, somewhat suddenly, on February 28, 1886. Copious testimony to his modesty, chivalry, and Christian sincerity, was borne by Sir Robert Montgomery in the *Times* newspaper; and his fellow-parishioners recorded their sense of his devotion and distinction on a brass tablet in Wolborough Church. Other memorial brasses, in India and in another Devonshire place of worship, bear a long inscription from the pen of Gen. R. MacLagan, in which the story of his life is admirably epitomised.

Of the religiosity—somewhat aggressive and fanatical—which Taylor shared with Edwardes and other of his colleagues, this is not the place to speak. The careers of an earlier race of Anglo-Indians—Wellesley, Elphinstone, Metcalfe, &c.—are enough to show that men could be brave, devoted, and successful without this element of character. In other respects the evangelising zeal of the Punjab Puritans has produced but small results. Like Mr. Greetheart, of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, they were more distinguished for quelling giants and slaying wild beasts than for paving the Valley of Humiliation or lighting the Shadow of Death. But their countrymen should not soon forget their great services and their noble lives.

H. G. KERN.

NEW NOVELS.

The Rebel Rose. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Peccavi. By Emily F. D. Osborn. (Sonnenschein.)

Robert Holt's Illusion. By Mary Linskill. (Ward & Downey.)

The Lassies of Leverhouse. By Jessie Fothergill. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Sunny Fields and Shady Woods. By Madame de Gasparin. (Sampson Low.)

The Argonauts of North Liberty. By Bret Harte. (Spencer Blackett.)

First and Last. By Ella James. (London Literary Society.)

Tin. By Edward Bosanketh. (Fisher Unwin.)

PERHAPS the most surprising thing in contemporary literature is the political novel. Who reads it? To the "young person"—who is commonly supposed to be responsible for the mental consumption of two-thirds of three-volume fiction—it must be as Hebrew. To the lover of sensation and manifold incident it must be as caviare. To the ordinary male, who every morning religiously reads his "leader" and "political summary," it must be as unappetising as the proverbial cold mutton. As for the reviewer—it is to him as the Dead Sea Apple—almost, if not quite, as fearsome as its Irish rival with its two-thirds of Home-Rule padding. Perhaps the dreariest fate that could overtake the lover of literature would be confinement to a south-coast watering-place out of the season, with nothing to read but reports of electioneering intrigue and lobby gossip involved in a hotch-potch of fictitious narrative. It is, therefore, to the credit of *The Rebel Rose* that it is by no means a wearisome novel, although it deals with parliamentary details to a disastrous extent. The heroine, who is very nearly an original creation—who just falls short thereof, indeed, by an indeterminate yet distinct lack of the final vivifying touches—is a charming young woman whose specialty is her claim to wealth and honour through her descent from the royal Stuarts. She is, in a word, the representative of Mary, Queen of Scots, and is theoretically a claimant to the throne of her ancestors. This remarkable young woman—a cross between a lady-horsebreaker and Queen Mary, as she is described by a disinterested spectator in the opening sentence of the story—appears in the House of Commons in a long stiff bodice with a sort of modern adaptation of the old-fashioned stomacher; with rosary and cross hanging from her girdle; with bonnet peaked in front and edged with large jet beads, with full lace ruffle—"all harmonising with a face startlingly Stuart in outline." This modern representative of the White Queen, the Hon. Mary Stuart Beaton, as she is called, has for guardian and chaperon an elderly Anglo-Austrian officer, General Falcon, who always addresses her as Madame, and deferentially treats her in all respects as a princess. The only attempt at tragedy, unless it be the dramatic death from apoplexy of Lord Saxon at an awkward moment for Lady Saxon and "the liberal leader," is afforded near the close of the third volume, when General Falcon practically abducts Miss Beaton and endeavours to force his witless love upon her. The plot is a very poor one, and the whole story is a mixture of absurdity dished up with stale political sauce. In the end the Rebel Rose very sensibly discards her royal assumptions and marries Lord Rand—I mean, Mr. Bellarmin, the fiery young Tory Democrat. The political personages are very thinly disguised: Sir Victor Champion, the Liberal leader; Lord Saxon, his Whig lieutenant; the Tory leader, the Marquis of Bosforth; Sir Rowland Chase; Lord de Carmel, the late Conservative chief; and so forth. There is something theatrical, unreal,

about the whole story. Not that such a personage as the "Rebel Rose" is impossible, or that social intrigues do not play an important part in the minor phases of parliamentary life; but, after all, the House of Commons is not a mere assemblage of noodles with a sprinkling of scheming duchesses, countesses, and leaders of parties. The *Rebel Rose* may be recommended to the unsophisticated country cousin, who, after perusal of it as a story, will preserve it as an excellent guide to the "House."

If the title of Miss Osborn's novel might be taken as a personal confession in connexion with her authorship, the critic could benignly reply, "Well, well, let bygones be bygones—but don't do it again." It is not Miss Osborn, however, who cries *peccavi*, but a headstrong young woman named Milly Devereux, who, after jilting a wealthy lover in the person of Mr. Tomkinson, comes to grief with a *roué*-husband named Dering. The main interest of the story is centred in the struggles of Charlie Devereux and his wife Ruth after they have been cast adrift by the rich, but miserly and cross-grained, old uncle, John Falconer. The story recalls a kind of novel which has long ceased to be the vogue; but mere oldfashionedness would not matter if there were originality of plot, vigour of narration, and pleasing style. Unfortunately none of these essentials is fulfilled. There is not an interesting leading character in the book. Ruth is an amiable creature; but the "hero," her husband, is an incapable fool, and supremely selfish. The miserly uncle is, of course, stock property. On the whole, I fear that *Peccavi* is as little likely to make its author famous as *Fetters of Gold* to reinstate the broken fortunes of Captain Charles Devereux, late of the —th Hussars, and for a time producer of "light literature."

Miss Linskill's writing has always a charm about it. She has lived so long by the north-country shores, whose life she describes so well, that the salt breath of the sea and the fresh moorland wind breathe through and animate her pleasant tales. Her faculty of description, indeed, is perhaps surpassed by none, mainly because she does not describe, but suggest. Here, for instance, is all that is necessary for a mental picture of Stonebeck Gill. Not a word is wasted; every epithet is not only apt, but the most apt.

"Presently, by a turfy track leading down from the moor, he comes to a kind of ravine. A noisy sienna-coloured beck runs over the stones that lie at the bottom of it; rugged scaurs, grey and yellow and red, rise up on either hand; stunted trees and whin-bushes fringe the top; a few hazel-trees grow near the water; there is abundant bracken; and here and there a purple foxglove, here and there a patch of spreading coltsfoot."

Again, the effect of such a passage as the following, introduced incidentally, and not by way of descriptive padding, is unmistakable:

"Behind the long black rocks day was coming up out of the sea; grey, ghostly sails were moving slowly against the horizon; there was a splash of wavelets on the beach; a solitary sea-gull hovered on the edge of the cliff. . ."

In the delineation of certain types—strong, simple natures, of either sex—Miss Linskill is also more than ordinarily excellent. The

fault of her writings is a frequent tendency to make her humble personages dress and talk in an impossible fashion—indeed, solecisms of this kind are a distinct characteristic of Miss Linskill's fiction. Sometimes these solecisms are so oddly introduced that one is inclined to wonder if the author finds the usual run of coast-folk so unfitted for romantic treatment that she has perforce to "brighten them up." The volume under criticism consists of three tales: one of considerable length, called "Godwyn"; "Robert Holt's Illusion"; and a short tragic idyll—if the conjunction be permissible—entitled "Raith Wyke." The first is a somewhat dull, though well-written, story. In the second, Miss Linskill has in Robert Holt and Hester Shepherd characters after her own heart—the woman of infinite love and forgiveness, the man of wayward impulse and strong passions, but loyal and even noble at bottom. It is one of the author's best tales. In "Raith Wyke" the "pity of it" will bring tears to the eyes of a sympathetic reader; but the pathos is genuine, there is no malingering, as in so many stories of the kind. None of the tales is new; and the last, if I mistake not, appeared so far back as thirteen years ago.

Miss Fothergill's new book is also a reprint of old matter, but the result is less agreeable than in the case of Miss Linskill. The author of those charming novels, *The First Violin* and *Probation*, could hardly do otherwise than write well and pleasantly; but *The Lassies of Leverhouse* is—well, the author should have been content with its serial appearance in the *Bolton Journal*. Not that the story is an unworthy one; the objection is that it is simply much below the literary level of the books wherewith Miss Fothergill has made her deservedly high reputation. The Howarths, the lassies of Leverhouse, are a pleasant family; and it is something to be thankful for to have associated for an hour or two with real people, even though the narrative of their sins, follies, and virtues be as uneventful and unexciting as a day's roach-fishing in a midland stream.

It is now many years ago since the Comtesse Agénor de Gasparin—or M^{me}. de Gasparin, as she is known to the world of readers—first obtained a widely extended English audience by her *Near and Heavenly Horizons*. It is strange that her most charming book, *Dans les Prés et sous les Bois*, has so long remained untranslated. Probably the fact is due to the circumstance that most of the contents of that volume appeared separately in magazines and journals. Although the emotion is occasionally merely sentimental—to use the word in its common acceptation—it is in the main as genuine as it is gracious in expression. Ten episodes make up the volume, every one of them well worth reading. The ardent religious spirit which dominates the book is so free from anything sectarian, or narrow, or offensive, that none save a bigot could resent its continual intrusion. M^{me}. de Gasparin may best be described as an impulsively fervent evangelical Richard Jefferies. She has the same keen love of nature and thorough understanding of the life of the fields and the woods, and, if too diffuse, has a rare faculty for exquisite description. "Mar-

jolaine," "The Slippers of Venus," and "Serinette," are beautiful little *contes*, and in "Our Great Grandfathers" a deeper note is touched than is usual with this author. The translation might have been considerably better. It is faulty in parts and inadequate in others; but neither for the English rendering nor for the title is the author—as she has already assured readers of the ACADEMY—responsible.

In *The Argonauts of North Liberty* Mr. Bret Harte has broken new ground. His narrative is primarily the story of a Puritan girl belonging to a wretched little Presbyterian community in Connecticut—a prim, prude-like "daughter of grace," but with the dormant passions of a Lucrezia Borgia and the readiness to abandonment of a *Lais*. Whether such a character as that of Joan, in such an environment, and in the circumstances described by the author, be possible is a matter of extreme doubt. That Mr. Bret Harte, however, has made a thrilling romance out of the impassioned wantonness of the prim daughter of Deacon Salisbury is beyond question. Her first husband, Blandford, strikes me as a somewhat shadowy creature; but Dick Demorest, the lover with whom she had such fantastic antenuptial dalliance, is real flesh and blood. It is one of the author's best stories, and, to my mind, is none the worse for the fact that there is so complete a change of characters and scene.

If there be any amusement derivable from *First and Last* it must be on account of its extraordinary style and its innumerable solecisms. I doubt if there be a single correctly written page in the volume; there is certainly not a well-written one. The story itself is foolish and sentimental to the last degree; and if it were not that the author is manifestly very young, or, at any rate, very inexperienced, the best advice that could be given would be for Miss Ella James to discontinue a profitless pursuit. But crudeness of thought and style can be outgrown, so perhaps some day Miss James may write a readable book. When she begins it, may it be with the determination to limit herself to, say, one-hundredth of the French and Latin phrases and words wherewith she sprinkles the pages of *First and Last*! To find one's way through ever-recurrent confusion of the tenses, I may add, is a more laborious and disheartening task than to perceive the clue in the most complicated of mazes.

Tin is a story of the Cornish mines. It is indifferently written, and can, I should think, have none other than a local interest.

WILLIAM SHARP.

SOME PHILOSOPHICAL BOOKS.

The Creator and what we may know of the Method of Creation. The Fernley Lecture of 1887. By W. H. Dallinger. (Woolmer.) Mr. Grant Allen, in one of his clever little stories, describes the mental agony experienced by a pious naturalist when he comes across a fossil which bears convincing testimony to the truth of the evolution theory. It seems to him that in presence of this fearful fact all his previous moral and religious beliefs must go by the board; and he goes home to his wife in a truly pitiable condition, whence he is gradually rescued in part by her good sense. Dr.

Dallinger is, like the Prof. Milliter of the story, at once a biological specialist and a minister of religion; but there is no appearance of his ever having been troubled by the same dilemma. At once a fervent Theist and a thoroughgoing evolutionist of the Darwinian school, the development of species through the survival of the fittest in the struggle for existence is the "method of creation" hinted at in the title of his lecture; and in a passage more remarkable for good logic than for good grammar (pp. 77, 78), he maintains that the origin of man offers no exception to the general rule. So clear an expression of adhesion to the new doctrine has great importance, coming as it does from one whose scientific competence and religious orthodoxy are equally above suspicion; and it will, let us hope, carry due weight with those to whom it is principally addressed. But no work with the microscope, however patient and successful, will supply the place of philosophical training; and that Dr. Dallinger does not possess such a training, that he cannot walk without stumbling on the slippery paths of metaphysical reasoning, nearly every page of his lecture too painfully shows. At the very outset we find it asserted that "because we can act and produce phenomena, we infer that all phenomena were inevitably produced by some transcendent but equivalent act of conscious power." Passing over the complete illegitimacy of such a generalisation, the underlying assumption may fairly be construed as equivalent to an acknowledgment of human free-will. But subsequently (p. 58) Dr. Dallinger speaks favourably of the hypothesis according to which miracles are the result of natural laws so arranged from the beginning as to bring about an apparent break in the order of nature at a particular moment. Now to provide for such an occurrence all the human actions antecedently connected with it must have been accurately foreseen by the Creator—a supposition absolutely incompatible with that free-will which gives us the primary assurance of his own existence. Pursuing the subject of causation, we soon light on the expression "an infinite cause," which is a *contradictio in adjecto*, since any cause *plus* in effect must be greater than the cause alone. In other words that which existed before the creation of the world could not have been infinite, since it was capable of increase. Again citations are multiplied to show that in the opinion of good authorities there can be no causal action between mind and matter (or motion); and the antithesis between them is pressed home to the great discomfiture of materialism, while it is assumed throughout that organic adaptation is an evidence of the action of mind on matter. Finally, it appears that "a 'mind' that is not a mind in any sense as [sic] we know it, is, to us, nothing" (p. 74); and that "mind is inseparably associated with neural matter" (p. 82); whence the obvious inference seems to be that the Creator has a brain. But who designed that brain? After all, it would be more interesting to know what in Dr. Dallinger's opinion is the bearing of the new scientific ideas on the more specific doctrines of orthodox Christianity: what, for example, he would say about a work issued under the auspices of his own religious body, the Rev. J. Fletcher's *Rational Demonstration of Man's Corrupt and Lost Estate*, as illustrated by Darwin's *Descent of Man*.

The Ethical Import of Darwinism. By Jacob Gould Schurman, Sage Professor of Philosophy in Cornell University. (Williams & Norgate.) So far as one can judge from this little volume, the author is a clear-headed, well-read, and conscientious scholar, rather than an original or penetrative thinker. The book is dedicated to Dr. Martineau; and, coming from an old pupil of that theologian, it

starts from a position rather hostile to Darwinism. In the historical sketch there is, perhaps, a tendency unduly to minimise Darwin's special contribution to the theory of evolution, and to magnify proportionately that of his predecessors. It is misleading to say that, "if our agnostic scientists reject the theology of Aristotle, they will give him credit at least for his idea of cosmic development of a world subject to evolution" (p. 48).

Who would suppose from reading this that Aristotle believed in the eternity and immutability of organic species, that he resolutely put his foot on the evolutionist hypotheses of his predecessors? The often-repeated, but sufficiently unmeaning, assertion that Darwin was anticipated by Empedocles, naturally meets us again in these pages. The notion that the different parts of the organism, such as the head, arms, legs, &c., were separately formed by spontaneous generation, and afterwards coalesced into a complete animal, seems sufficiently unlike the notion that they were formed by differentiation from a homogeneous lump of protoplasm. On this subject, Prof. Schurman should study the excellent paper, reprinted by Ed. Zeller, in the third series of his *Vorträge u. Abhandlungen*. With regard to the more immediate subject of his treatise, our author holds that Darwinism really favours one ethical theory no more than another; but, finding that it is (although, in his opinion, accidentally) associated with the cause of utilitarianism, he devotes a whole chapter to a sharp attack on that doctrine, which would carry more weight were it not considerably weakened by the admissions with which the volume concludes. Darwin's own speculations as to the genesis of morals may safely be abandoned to the tender mercies of his critic. The attempt to derive moral distinctions from the habits and instincts of animals was an enterprise doomed to failure, because moral conduct can only be conceived as conscious obedience to law, in other words, as a rational act; so that its origin and growth can only be studied in connexion with the origin and growth of reason as a whole. Nevertheless, the Darwinian theory exercises a certain regulative and limiting function in relation to ethical theories. It proves that no standard of conduct can be permanently upheld the observance of which does not further the vital interests of humanity, and those alone—the preservation and propagation of our race in the only world that we know. This is why it has been welcomed by utilitarians as a natural ally. Prof. Schurman's last chapter, although the most interesting of the work, is but loosely connected with his main subject. It deals with the history of the family; and, while rebutting the theory that promiscuous intercourse was a necessary or universal phase in the evolution of the sexual relations, it brings facts to show that chastity was and is a virtue absolutely unknown to certain tribes. Our author fully admits that the virtue in question cannot be intuitively recognised as such, but clings to the notion that morality must have an intuitional foundation of some kind. It is, in his opinion, the business of history and observation to ascertain "the number and the nature of the primitive and universal moral intuitions" (p. 256). The enterprise seems a tolerably hopeless one; and the result, so far, is more favourable to Prof. Schurman's opponents than to his allies.

Miscellanies, Vol. II. *Essays, Tracts, or Addresses, Moral and Religious*. By F. W. Newman. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) The papers collected in this volume extend over a period of forty-five years, the earliest being dated 1841, and the latest 1886; but by far the greater number were written between 1868 and 1878. Prof. Newman fears that they will not

be much read by the English public of the present day; and there are good grounds for his apprehension. Such a prognostic implies no disrespect either for the author or for the public. A generation ago, Prof. Newman had a great work to do, which was the emancipation of England from the evangelical theology; and he did it so effectually as to make himself superfluous. An anecdote told in this volume will well illustrate what is meant:

"I was certainly startled when confronted (perhaps for the first time in my life) with a thorough-going Calvinist—an old clergyman of the Anglican Church. The moment I was in his company he came up to me abruptly and said: 'Mr. N.! I have a question to put to you. If you were God, what would you do?' I was so taken by surprise that I merely replied: 'The hypothesis is so strange that I know not what to answer.' In another moment I should have said that I needed Divine wisdom to predict Divine action; but before I could get this out, he resumed the discourse himself, thus: 'Oh, nothing is easier. The answer is on the surface. If you were God you would seek your own glory'" (p. 367).

It is largely due to the labours of Prof. Newman that nobody in the present day would even dream of such an answer as the old clergyman's. So violently, indeed, has the tide of rationalism swept along that at the present moment Prof. Newman seems to find himself more in sympathy with his orthodox opponents than with those who have pressed his own principles to what they thought their logical conclusion. But, in fact, his own creed is such as to isolate him from all parties alike. A fervent and even fanatical Theist, without any faith in human immortality, his true place is to be found among the old Stoics, whose thorough-going optimism he also shares—an optimism which, perhaps, has for its necessary foundation the vigorous and inexhaustible vitality of this octogenarian sage. Apart from other interests, these essays would well deserve to be studied for the sake of their style; only, as Warrington says, "the people in this country don't understand what style is." Least of all can they appreciate a style the principal charm of which lies in the absence of all effort and pretence, in the perfect clearness, sincerity, and seriousness of thought that it expresses. One paper, the "Reply to a Letter from an Evangelical Lay-Precacher," shows still higher qualities than these, and deserves to rank with Spinoza's great epistle to Albert Burgh, as a model of austere and scathing intellectual eloquence.

Ethical Forecasts: Essays. By William F. Revell. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.) These "forecasts" consist of four agreeably written essays. The first insists on the necessity of testing the teaching of religion as we test the teaching of science; the second discusses the probable nature of the religion of the future; the third deals with "causation in morals," and the last with "the safeguards of morality." The essays are thoughtful and easily read—perhaps, considering the difficulty of the questions they discuss, too easily read. We are instinctively suspicious of the philosopher whose reasonings require no particular effort for their comprehension. In his discussion of religion, Mr. Revell ignores the point that many minds will deny that he treats of religion at all. They will object that religion, if, indeed, there be such a thing, is given as well as sought for; and that any discussion of it which ignores this is futile. Religion is primarily a faith or belief about what is unseen. It is either this or nothing; and only confusion is produced when the fact is not recognised. We sympathise on the whole with Mr. Revell's attack on Prof. Drummond; but, when he accuses Prof. Drummond of "leaving the spiritual world in the region of hypothesis," we think that, like Prof. Drummond, he misunderstands the spiritual

world; for the present it must be "in the region of hypothesis." The essay on "Causation in Morals" refuses to consider the question whether causation in the physical world is a reality. "With causation would also go invariability of sequence itself, since an invariable sequence means a sequence that cannot be varied, and not simply an unvarying sequence." But Mr. Revell cannot prove the last half of this statement. We can see no reason why "an unvarying sequence" must be "a sequence that cannot be varied." At the same time we agree with Mr. Revell's declaration, "Do what I will, I cannot rid myself of the conviction that causation is a veritable fact, and means more than succession and contiguity and sequence." But if causation must rest on such an irresistible conviction, why not moral responsibility also?

Faith and Conduct. An Essay on Verifiable Religion. (Macmillan.) The anonymous author of this work describes himself as "a lay member of the English Church." It may be briefly described as a defence of what used to be called "natural religion," and covers much the same ground as Dr. Martineau's recent work on that subject. It is unfortunate for one who is by his own admission an amateur in philosophy that his treatise should appear almost simultaneously with that of the veteran theologian. The latter is an amusing book to read, whatever we may think of its arguments, whereas the "layman's" volume, though written in a clear, crisp, epigrammatic style, is somewhat dull, and will certainly convince nobody who is not already convinced. The leading *motif* may be described as an attempt to reclaim and utilise for the traditional theology Mr. Matthew Arnold's celebrated definition of God—"the Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." According to this author the moral law can only be understood as a direct revelation of God to the human conscience; and the inward happiness that accompanies its fulfilment points to a similar supernatural interposition. He knows that there are ethical theories professing to explain moral phenomena by purely natural causes; but he seems to be very imperfectly acquainted with their contents, and dismisses them after a very perfunctory examination. His own answer to the question—"How can we know what is right?" (p. 59) is singularly weak and evasive. When we ask for bread he does not even give us a stone, but a pinch of dust. As to the contention that right conduct gives happiness, it is virtually retracted in the chapter on "The Future Life," where he argues quite in the traditional style that, as many good people die in misery, there must be some compensation for them hereafter. This is not "verifiable religion," whatever else it may be. The argument that belief in God is necessary as a "practical postulate" of morality has been before the world for a hundred years, and has gained no ground in that time. *Faith and Conduct* will not increase its chances of success.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that the second series of *Essays in Criticism*, by the late Matthew Arnold, which is announced by Messrs. Macmillan, will consist entirely of literary papers that have already appeared in magazines. The selection was made by the author himself last January.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S biography of Principal Tulloch will not be published, as has been stated, within a few days. It will not appear, we hear, before October, if even then.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co. announce for immediate publication, *Authority*:

a Plain Reason for joining the Church of Rome, by Luke Rivington. It is understood to contain an exposition of his own reason for leaving the English Church, and also to deal with Canon Carter's new book on "The Roman Question."

A SECOND series of Carlyle's Letters, edited by Prof. C. E. Norton, will be published shortly by Messrs. Macmillan, in two volumes. The period covered is from 1826 to 1835.

MESSRS. FIELD & TUER, of the Leadenhall Press, the original publishers of Mr. Eric Mackay's *Love Letters by a Violinist*, are about to issue a new volume of poems by the same author.

THE next volume in the series of "Twelve English Statesmen" will be *Henry II.*, written by Mrs. J. R. Green.

Contemporary Medical Men, edited by Mr. John Leyland, with many portraits, will shortly be published at the office of the *Provincial Medical Journal*, Leicester.

THE Royal Academy of History of Madrid has undertaken the publication of the recently discovered palimpsest of the *Lex Romana Visigothorum*. Facsimiles will be given of the MS., and its deficiencies supplied from the edition of Haenel. The general editors are Fernandez-Guerra, Cárdenas, and Fita, with J. Muñoz to assist in palaeographical difficulties.

THE council of the Society of Arts have awarded a silver medal to Sir William Wilson Hunter for his paper on "The Religions of India," which attracted so much attention when read before the society in February of this year.

THE seventy-eighth annual meeting of the Swedenborg Society was held on Tuesday, June 19. The committee's report states that 2854 volumes of the society's publications have been delivered during the year, of which 35 were in Welsh, 27 in Latin, 5 in French, 1 in Polish, and 3 in German. Seven hundred volumes have been presented to free libraries and other institutions, to clergymen and others. The first volume of the Swedenborg Concordance, by the Rev. J. F. Potts, has been completed. In Italy a work is in preparation on Swedenborg, "biographical, expository of his doctrines, and critical." A friend to the society, residing in St. Petersburg, has received copies of the Life of Swedenborg, and of the Chapter on the Ten Commandments from the True Christian Religion, both in Russian, which he is distributing.

THE following is the text of the operative section of the American bill on international copyright, as passed by the Senate and now before the House of Representatives:

"No person shall be entitled to a copyright unless he shall, before publication in this or any foreign country, deliver at the office of the Librarian of Congress, or deposit in the mail within the United States, addressed to the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, District of Columbia, a printed copy of the title of the book or other article, or a description of the painting, drawing, statue, statuary, or a model or design for a work of the fine arts, for which he desires a copyright, nor unless he shall also, not later than the day of the publication thereof in this or any foreign country, deliver at the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, District of Columbia, or deposit in the mail within the United States, addressed to the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, District of Columbia, two copies of such copyright book or other article, printed from type set within the limits of the United States, or in case of a painting, drawing, statue, statuary, model, or design for a work of the fine arts, a photograph of the same. During the existence of such copyright the importation into the United States of any book or other article so copyrighted shall be, and

it hereby is prohibited, except in the cases specified in section twenty-five hundred and five of the Revised Statutes of the United States, and except in the case of persons purchasing for use and not for sale, who import not more than two copies at any one time, in each of which cases the written consent of the proprietor of the copyright, signed in the presence of two witnesses, shall be furnished with each importation. All officers of customs and postmasters are hereby required to seize and destroy all copies of such prohibited articles as shall be entered at the custom house or otherwise brought into the United States, or transmitted to the mails of the United States. In the case of books in foreign languages, of which only translations in English are copyrighted, the prohibition of importation shall apply only to the translation of the same, and the importation of the books in the original language shall be permitted."

We hear that, though a majority of the House have expressed a favourable opinion of the bill, there is little hope that it will be taken up out of its order. It is expected, however, that it will be passed in the December session, after the presidential election has been determined.

Correction.—Sir Richard F. Burton writes to correct a slip in his review of Graham and Ashbee's *Travels in Tunisia*, published in the ACADEMY of last week. The Egyptian bibliography there referred to (p. 406, col. 1, l. 41) is, of course, that compiled by H. H. Prince Ibrahim Hiluy, of which, by the way, the second and concluding volume has been issued this week by Messrs. Trübner.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

MR. HENRY JAMES's new story, dealing with literary life in London, will be begun in the July number of the *Universal Review*.

THE *Reliquary* for July will contain: "Armorial Ledger Stones, Holy Trinity, Hull" (illustrated), by D. Alleyne Walter; "Pedigrees from the Plea Rolls," by Gen. the Hon. G. Wrottesley; "Two Mediaeval Chalcies" (illustrated), by T. M. Fallow; "Notes on the Great Fire of London," by J. E. Price; "The Norman Porches of Yorkshire—Brayton" (illustrated), by J. Romilly Allen; "Recent Discoveries at Jerusalem," by the Rev. J. Hirst; "The Blackfriars of Norwich," by the Rev. C. F. B. Palmer; and "The Retreat of 1745" (illustrated by plans), by Chancellor Ferguson.

THE *Century* for July will contain: "Pasteur and his Granddaughter," from a painting by Bonnet; "Lichfield Cathedral," illustrated by Joseph Pennell; "The Steppes of the Irish," by George Kennan; "The Career of the Confederate Ram *Albatraz*," "Dreams, Nightmares, and Somnambulism," by D. Buckley; and "Sinai and the Wilderness," by E. L. Wilson.

Scribner's for July will contain an article by Prof. T. D. Seymour, of Yale, on "Life and Travel in Modern Greece," illustrated by Mr. Frank Millet. Mr. R. L. Stevenson's paper in this number is entitled "Popular Authors."

Time for July will contain: "Actresses as Actors," by Mr. Schütz Wilson; "Diplomacy," by a Secretary of Legation; "French Journalism before the Empire," by Tetta Blaze de Bury; "Immortality," by Prof. Knight, of St. Andrews; "That Dreadful Season," by Norman Pearson; together with papers on "Potsdam" (illustrated), the "Trouble with Thibet," "Labour Representation," &c.

Two new serial stories will be commenced in the July number of *Little Folks*—the one, entitled "Little Oddity," by the author of "Little Empress Joan," &c.; the other, "King Penguin Land," by Theo. Gift. Both these stories will be illustrated—the former by M. E. Edwards, the latter by J. Finnemore.

EARLY in July Messrs. Roper & Drowley will commence to publish a new literary journal—the *Writer and Reader*—which is intended to form a link between readers of all classes of books and their authors.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. ROBERT SEYMOUR CONWAY—whose essay on *Verner's Law in Italy*, originally written as a dissertation for the second part of the classical tripos, was reviewed in the ACADEMY of February 4—has been elected to a fellowship at Gonville and Caius, Cambridge—the college, we may add, of Mr. E. S. Roberts and of Prof. Ridgeway.

DR. JOSEPH WRIGHT has been appointed Taylorian teacher of German at Oxford, in succession to Dr. A. A. Macdonell, now deputy-professor of Sanskrit.

MR. E. J. BROWNE has been appointed resident university lecturer in Persian at Cambridge for a term of five years.

THE syndics of the Cambridge Press have undertaken to publish, in ten volumes demy quarto, the collected mathematical papers of Prof. Cayley.

WE regret to record the death of the Rev. R. L. Clarke, fellow and librarian of Queen's College, Oxford, who had been ill for more than two years past.

WE learn from the *New York Critic* that a department of journalism is to be opened next term at Cornell University, under the charge of Prof. Brainard Smith, who was himself at one time a newspaper man. Prof. Smith will lecture to seniors, juniors, and post-graduates, on the condition of newspaper work in the great cities. He will also act as managing editor of a staff of students organised like that of a daily paper, and give instruction in editing copy, condensing it, preparing it for the printer, and in writing head-lines.

THE Government Bureau of Education in the United States is issuing "Circulars of Information" for the benefit of the public, two of which, for the year 1887, are before us. The first is an account, by Dr. Herbert B. Adams, head of the department of history and political science in Johns Hopkins University, of the history of William and Mary College in Virginia, interesting as the second institution for the promotion of higher education in North America, coming next to Harvard in date of foundation, and the earliest institution of the sort in the South. William and Mary College suffered its full share from the results of the Civil War, and has long been in a declining condition; but the present treatise is less a plea for its reimbursement (a subject publicly mooted more than once) than an account of the course and influence of the higher education in Virginia and the South generally, the need of popular support for its maintenance, and more specially the revival of political education as a definite branch of study.

THE second circular, from the pen of the same author, is of much greater bulk (299 pages as compared with 89), and deals with the Study of History in American Colleges and Universities. It begins with Harvard, as the oldest, tracing the historical methods pursued there from the foundation down to the present time, and does the like successively for Yale, Columbia College, Michigan University, Cornell University, Johns Hopkins University, and the four colleges for women—Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, and Bryn Mawr. Then the special study of American history in the various schools, colleges, and universities is surveyed in a single chapter, followed by another treating of

Washington High School separately. A final chapter, by another writer, Carroll D. Wright, on political education, and a set of statistical tables, close the number. Both circulars have illustrations, meant rather for utility than adornment, being chiefly representations of class-rooms and reading-rooms, showing what arrangements are made to facilitate study and reference.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

ON THE DEATH OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK.

Not only on the battle-field
With wonted courage thou didst wield
Thy sword of might,
When cruel sickness laid thee low,
Another weapon thou couldst show
In thy last fight.

For, though 'tis Death that wins, some say,
We cannot reckon thee to-day
Weak and discredited;
Thou hast but left this lower sphere,
Death cannot follow; he is here,
But thou hast found
A vantage spot he cannot tread,
Thy valiant spirit, upwards led,
Gives Death defeat.

Three months of power and of pain,
And we may grieve thy life, thy reign,
Not here complete;
Thy eagle soul has soared above
These lower plains where Death can rove;
Thou hast a name,
Glorious among the warriors bold,
The heroes of the days of old
Thy kinship claim.

B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

OBITUARY.

DR. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

THE death is announced of James Freeman Clarke, on June 8, in his seventy-ninth year.

Dr. Clarke's name is intimately linked with the Transcendentalists of New England; for, although he can hardly be described as one of the leaders in that movement, he was in many ways so closely connected with its leaders, and was so imbued with its spirit that, when its history comes to be fully written, it will be found that his influence, though quiet, was far from insignificant. He was one of the original members of those social gatherings of liberal thinkers which were popularly known as the Transcendental Club; but, said Dr. Clarke, they called themselves "the club of the like-minded, I suppose, because no two of them thought alike." In other ways he took a share in the same work. He translated De Wette's *Theodor* for the series of "Specimens of Foreign Literature," with which, in 1838, George Ripley strove to transplant German philosophy into America. Later, from 1840 to 1844, he was a frequent contributor of prose and verse to *The Dial*. He was also (so Mr. G. W. Cooke states in his interesting essay on *The Dial*) the author, jointly with Christopher P. Cranch, of a work not published, and not intended for publication, which represented Transcendentalism in quite another aspect. It was called "Illustrations of the New Philosophy, 1835," and consisted of humorous pictorial interpretations of selected sayings of the Transcendental oracles. Several of Emerson's phrases, made ludicrous by detachment, served the purpose readily, such as: "Standing on the bare ground, I become a transparent eyeball"; "The great man angles with himself; he needs no other bait"; "We are lined with eyes; we see with our feet"; "I expand and live in the warm day like corn and melons." Evidently Dr. Clarke was a hearty and incorruptible Transcendentalist; for a man's faith is not perfect until he can afford, on fitting occasion, to make it a subject for good-natured laughter.

Dr. Clarke was essentially a theologian and divine. Emerson abandoned the pulpit for the platform; George Ripley left it to organise Brook Farm; Parker did not leave it, but he converted it to unaccustomed purposes of social as well as religious reform. But Dr. Clarke was a clergyman from first to last. Yet the brave and many-sided man was not obscured in the clergyman. Among Transcendentalists, as well as in the unregenerate world, there were antipathies. Parker failed to appreciate Alcott, and Alcott was not an enthusiastic admirer of Parker. Margaret Fuller and Lowell said some bitter things of one another. But Dr. Clarke, like William Henry Channing, was a man with sympathies so wide that he could be the friend of all. When Parker's early heresies had offended the Unitarian as well as the Trinitarian "orthodoxy" of his day, and the persecution had reached such a depth that to befriend the outcast preacher was almost to outcast oneself, Dr. Clarke was not to be deterred from exchanging pulpits with him, although he by no means agreed with the doctrines Parker was announcing. His association with others was not less intimate. While editing the *Western Messenger* (1835-39) he encouraged Emerson to allow three of his earliest poems to be printed in its pages. He was the officiating minister at Hawthorne's marriage, and, twenty-two years later, at his funeral. A similar wide-mindedness impressed itself on his literary work. As Mr. Frothingham, referring to his book on *Ten Great Religions*, says, it shows "the power of the Transcendental idea to render justice to all forms of faith, and give positive interpretations to doctrines obscure and revolting. It detects the truth in things erroneous, the good in things evil."

In conjunction with Emerson and W. H. Channing, Dr. Clarke prepared the *Memoirs of Margaret Fuller* (1852). His other works are chiefly of a religious character, and include *The Legend of Thomas Didymus* (1881)—a remarkable and far from unsuccessful attempt to "reproduce the times in which Jesus lived," to picture him and his companions and surroundings just as they appeared to his contemporaries.

The club of 1829, made famous by Dr. Holmes, has lost in Dr. Clarke one of its noblest members. He died in the fulness of time. Many of his friends had gone before, but he has left many others behind.

WALTER LEWIN.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE June *Livre* has two articles of a wider (by which we mean a less specially literary) interest than usual, and both are very well worth reading. The first and shortest, by M. de Contades, is a somewhat desultory but agreeable miscellany on "Les Livres et les Courses," that is to say, on the chief passages of recent French literature dealing with racing. It is illustrated with a plate of a *Reliure Sportive*. The second, and more generally interesting, is by M. Maurice du Seigneur (any relation to Jehan?) on Caricature, and is illustrated freely with unpublished designs of the highest interest from the author's collection. The examples of the *Portrait-Charge* here given from the work of Eugène Giraud (Sainte-Beuve and Flaubert) are less unfamiliar than some specimens of an artist very little, we think, known in England—Albert Coinchon. Coinchon seems to have had something of Gillray and something of Gavarni in him, which will be admitted to be an unusual combination; and his design to illustrate the *Châtiments* as given here is exceedingly remarkable. A couple of satirical sketches of Mérimée's, too, show that that master of the

pen was by no means a dunce with the pencil. It is a very interesting paper.

THE articles in the *Revista Contemporanea* for May are mostly continuations of those in former numbers. The critical observations of Fernández Merino, on the "Etymologies of the Dictionary of the Academy," resolve themselves into a discussion on the Galatians and Celts. The notes of Jimenez de la Espada on the *History of New Granada*, by Juan de Castellanos, show the worst side of the Spanish conquest. The chapters by Acero y Abad on "Ginés Pérez de Hita," deal with the genealogy and the bibliography. Adolfo de Sandoval gives some interesting particulars about the immediate disciples of St. Catherine de Siena. Francisco Pons describes some of the native libraries in Algeria and Tunis, and also the libraries and museums of antiquities of the French—so much superior to those of Spain that he asks, "Is it not to be wished that Africa began at the Pyrenees?" Catalina Garcia continues his transcript of the "Fuero of Brihuega," and F. Hardt his Madrid news. José Mareca writes on Milton, comparing "Paradise Regained" with "La Cristiada" of Fray Diego de Hojeda.

THE *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia for May is chiefly occupied with some valuable Roman inscriptions lately discovered. The most important is a bronze *tessera* of Clunia giving the right of hospitality to, and fixing the names of, the consuls for the first six months of A.D. 40. There is a good engraving from a cast, and an admirable commentary on the inscription by Fernandez-Guerra. Next is an account of Arabic MSS. relating to Spain, discovered by St. Codera in Tunis and Algeria; lastly, some fresh notes on "Columbus," by Fernandez Duro and Augustin Muñoz y Gómez. The *Historia de la Enseñanza en España*, of Vicente de la Fuente, is most favourably reported on by Rada y Delgado; while V. de la Fuente himself gives only qualified praise to M. Macías's *Historia de Salamanca*.

THE CREWEIAN ORATION AT OXFORD.

WE quote the following passages from the Creweian oration delivered by Mr. F. T. Palgrave at the Oxford Commemoration on June 20, in which he refers to his two predecessors in the chair of poetry, both recently dead—Matthew Arnold and Sir Francis Doyle:

"Hoc in primis notandum, hoc exempli optimi apud Universitatem ponimus, quod Litterarum antiquam illam dignitatem et amplitudinem a iuventute usque ad exitum firmaverit. Procul ab hoc vitia illa speciosa, quae indies apud scriptores ubivis exaestuant, quibus satis videatur volubiliter aliquid chartis illinere, modo auram popularem blanditiis capient, modo in loculos nummum demittant. Optima querebat; nec protinus offerentibus se gavius est. Itaque 'multa magis quam multorum lectione' ingenium finxit; 'sincera illam sermonis Attici gratiam' neque consecutus. Homerum, Sophoclem, Pindarum, primores quoque inter antiquos, in manu semper verebat; quae amotis a schola, ab universitate, culturam animi veram sanamque nullo modo exutare posse iustissime credidit. Nec interdum bonarum litterarum oblitus est, quascunque saecula recentiora attulerint: neque haec studia solum iuvenis persecutus est. Memini equidem ipsum mihi nuper dicentem, se noctu semper perlegere Comedias Dantianae illius vere Divinae cantum: unde aethera hoc terrestri largiorem, et lumen caeli purpureum sibi non frustra vindicabat.

"Superest, ut de Poeta Arnoldo pauca quaedam at ex corde dicamus. Hunc unum recentiores inter poetas quos genuit Oxonia, praestantissimum audeo dicere. Hic,—id quod ubi de vate certo agitur, neque videmus,—vera facultas; hic vera gloria, perennis. Sincera ingenium, homo ipse,

in versibus inveniendus; his se totum tradidit; Poesi super res a musico, a pictore gestas, sceptrum iure vindicans. Sunt poete, qui arti suae, formae, elegantiae, se nimis dant: sunt qui id maxime curant, ut doceant. Has inter Symplegadas, ut ita dicam, recto cursu navigabat Arnoldus. Arte igitur, haud secus ac materia valet. 'Non illi vis, non subtilitas, non amaritudo, non dulcedo, non lepos defuit.' Opus hinc tersum, iucundum, et plane in ipsius domo, ut aiunt, non alius poete culusedam, confectum:—"puro tamen fonti." si ad summam respicias, "quam magno flumini propius." Quanta arte, coloribus quam nitidis ad pictoris exemplar, hic ruris montium amnium aspectum descripsit! Quam miro modo numina nymphas heroas, fabulis Graecis decantatos, quasi ante oculos legentium ponit! Praeterea multa: quis autem est quin in memoriam redigat Idyllia illa pulcherrima; alterum Scholaris culusedam errabundi Oxoniensis vitae deditum; alterum, in quo Thyraïdos sub nomine, amore atque ingenio pari amicum,—albi mihi que amicissimum desideratissimumque—morte ablatum conciliavit. In hoc genere supremas sibi laudes conciliavit noster. Ludit etiam aliquando amabiliter; fabulas, mythologica, amores cantavit. At Musam quodam loco pinxit suam, specie externa festivam, cilicio intus vestitam: austeram simul ac venustam. Atque hoc pro vero eius ludicio tenemus. Scripsit itaque severiora multa; inter quae Empedocleum illud carmen ipsius philosophi dignum, laudatissimum. Ast hinc maesti aliquid frequentius apud poetam invenies: audienda saepe vox illa Philomelae dulcissima; Alaudae nunquam. Sonat amore philosophiam pacem lyra eius: spem non sonat."

"Praelectorem alterum, poetam alterum, amicum alterum, eundemque mihi necessitudine coniunctum, amissum ploro. Doylii autem laudes decentius alitis linquendas: hos flores saltem spargam,—Anglum neminem, nominis, honoris, armorum Anglicorum magis studiosum, patriae dilectissimae ex imo corde amantorem, exultantem. Nec quae de virtute militari Britannica cecinit carmina, peritura credo:—pauca quidem, at Tyrtaea."

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BARDOUX, A. *Études sociales et littéraires: Madame de Oustine.* Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
BOULANGIER, E. *Voyage à Merv.* Paris: Hachette. 4 fr.
DE LA FERRIÈRE, H. *Amour mondain: amour mystique. Jeanne de Piennes; la jeunesse de Henri III; Anne de la Boderie.* Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
GEMAUZ, E. *Voltaire (1743-1794), d'après sa correspondance, ses manuscrits, ses papiers de famille et d'autres documents inédits.* Paris: Alcan. 15 fr.
LABONNE, H. *L'Islande et l'archipel des Faeroer.* Paris: Hachette. 4 fr.
LANG, M. *Goethe's Quellen u. Hilfsmittel bei der Bearbeitung d. Reineke Fuchs.* Coburg: Warnke. 1 M.
LEBIENZ, C. *La Comédie en France au XVIII^e Siècle.* Paris: Hachette. 7 fr.
LUGARI, G. B. *Le Ostacombé ossia il Sepolcro apostolico dell' Appia.* Rome: Loescher. 12 fr.
L'ILE D'HAVI, *Géographie de, contenant des notices historiques et topographiques sur les autres Antilles.* Paris: *Spécialité Militaire.* 10 fr.
PLOT, Ch. *La nature des dieux: études de mythologie gréco-latine.* Paris: Vieweg. 10 fr.
SEVENSON, E. *Topografia e Monumenti di Roma nelle pitture a fresco di Sisto V. nella Biblioteca Vaticana.* Rome: Loescher. 18 fr.

HISTORY, ETC.

- BARREAU, A. *La France et Paris sous le Directoire: lettres d'une voyageuse anglaise, suivies d'extraits des lettres de Swinburne (1796-7).* Paris: Firmin-Didot. 3 fr. 50 c.
CORRESPONDENZ, politische, Friedrichs d. Grossen. 16. Bd. Berlin: Duncker. 12 M.
FORER e Forster pontificale alla fine del Secolo decimosesto. Rome: Loescher. 25 fr.
LEHMANN, K. *Abhandlungen zur germanischen, insbesondere nordischen Rechtsgeschichte.* Berlin: Guttentag. 5 M.
QUILLER sur Geschichte der Juden in Deutschland. 1. Bd. Berlin: Simon. 12 M.
REGESTA Honorii Papae III, ex Vaticanis archetypis aliisque fontibus ed. P. Pressuti. Vol. I. Rome: Loescher. 60 fr.
TROTHA, Th. v. *Zur Geschichte der russisch-österreichischen Kooperation im Feldzuge v. 1769.* Hannover: Helwing. 4 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

- BRICHSON, W. F. *Naturgeschichte der Insecten Deutschlands.* 1. Abth. Coleoptera. 6. Bd. 5. Lfg. Bearb. v. J. Weise. Berlin: Nicolai. 6 M.
FRÜHLICH, I. *Allgemeine Theorie d. Elektrodynamometer.* Berlin: Friedländer. 10 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- COMMENTARIA in Aristotelem graeca. Vol. XVII. J. Philoponi in Aristotelis physycorum libros quinque posteriores commentaria, ed. H. Vitelli. Berlin: Reimer. 19 M.
EPHMERIS epigraphica. Vol. VIII. Fasc. 1 et 2. J. Schmidt, Additamenta altera ad Corporis Vol. VII. Berlin: Reimer. 8 M.
HATTENDORF, W. *Sprache u. Dialekt d. spätmittelenglischen Romans of Partenay.* Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
HEINEMANN, O. v. *Die Handschriften der herzoglichen Bibliothek zu Wolfenbüttel. 1. Abth. Die Helmstedter Handschriften. III. Wolfenbüttel: Zwise. 15 M.*
HÜBNER, B. *Syntaktische Untersuchungen zu Rabelais.* Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
HOSIUS, O. *Apparatus criticus ad Juvenalem.* Bonn: Cohen. 8 M.
HUMBERT, C. *Die Gesetze d. französischen Verses. Ein Versuch, sie aus dem Geiste d. Volkes zu erklären.* Leipzig: Seemann. 1 M. 50 Pf.
LITTERATURDENKMÄLER, elsisische. 5. Bd. Parzival v. O. Wisse u. Ph. Colln (1831-1836). Zum ersten Male hrsg. v. K. Schorbach. Strassburg: Trübner. 10 M. 50 Pf.
MARUCCI, O. *Il grande Papiro egizio della Biblioteca Vaticana contenente il sat per em heru.* Rome: Loescher. 20 fr.
SPESIMIAN palaeographica Regestorum Romanorum Pontificum ab Innocentio III. ad Urbanum V. Rome: Loescher. 20 fr.
THEODORI PRODOMI Commentarios in carmina sacra melodorum Cosmae Hierosolymitani et Johannis Damasceni ad fidem Codd. MSS. primum editi H. M. Stevenson senior. Rome: Loescher. 10 fr.
THOMAS, P. *Lucubrations Manilianae.* Ghent: Clemm. 2 fr.
WIEHMANN, F. O. *De genere dicendi Xenophonteo deque prioris Hellenicorum partis condicione quaestiones selectae.* Giessen: Ricker. 1 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A REGISTER OF "COMMONERS" OF WINCHESTER SCHOOL.

The Palace, Salisbury: June 19, 1888.

Mr. J. S. Cotton, in his appreciative notice of *Winchester Scholars* (ACADEMY, June 16), after referring to the significant omission of "Commoners" from that book, expresses, as I understand him, a hope that the work of bringing out a list of "Commoners" may be taken in hand.

I venture, therefore, to inform your readers, and especially such of them as are of Wykehamical families, or are interested in works of this kind, that a register of "Commoners," from 1668 to the present date, has been for some time in preparation. The work will be divided into two parts—the first from 1668 to 1836, the second from 1836 to the present date. Prior to 1668, I regret to say that there do not appear to be any definite records of even the names of the commoners of the school. With the year 1668, however, commences the series of "Long Rolls," on which the names of commoners and scholars appear side by side.

The first part will consist, if circumstances permit, of a transcript of the "Long Rolls" themselves, which are in manuscript until after the commencement of this century, and which are the depositaries of many interesting facts relating to the history of the school. After-life particulars of the commoners on the rolls will be given in every case possible, and perhaps information may be added as to some of the scholars at present without record in Mr. Kirby's valuable list.

The second part, which will be published first, and which is approaching completion, consists of the names of the commoners printed from the head master's register, which was commenced by Dr. Moberly on his going to Winchester in 1836. Dr. Fearon has asked me to edit this portion of the work; and has commenced it by having had slips of the earlier entries printed and sent round to a considerable

number of old Wykehamists, asking for biographical and other details.

In all cases, for both portions of the work, as full and accurate particulars as can be obtained on the following points will be recorded, viz.: full date of birth; name and address of father; subsequent places of education, with University and other honours; degrees, commissions in the services, business and other appointments, with dates; names of works written or edited; date and name of person to whom married; and date of death.

I have to thank many who have already helped me; but there are still, I regret to say, a large number of names, even in the period since 1836, of which I have no after-life record. I appeal, therefore, earnestly to all old Wykehamists to enable me to fill up these blanks, by sending me particulars of themselves and of their contemporaries, and by referring me to likely sources of information.

Finally, with regard to the first portion, 1668 to 1836—which is my own enterprise—I shall, of course, be equally grateful for any particulars on the points already mentioned, with regard to the names; but I wish specially to ask for the loan of any "Long Rolls" prior to 1730, to compare with those which I have already, and to complete certain gaps in the series.

C. W. HOLGATE.

PARIS AND TRISTAN IN THE "INFERNO."

Stanhoes Grange, Norfolk: June 16, 1888.

In the two former letters to the ACADEMY (October 1, 1888, and Feb. 7, 1888) on the above subject I quoted passages from Chaucer and Eustache Deschamps in support of the opinion that in *Inf.* v. 67, the allusion is to the classical, not to the mediæval, Paris; in spite of the commentators, who maintain that the coupling of the classical Paris so closely with the mediæval Tristan would be unnatural.

To these I may now add the following passages (for the first two of which I am indebted to a friend), where Paris of Troy and Tristan are mentioned together in close connexion, as Helen and Iseult were in those already given.

The first is from Chaucer's *Assembly of Foules*:

"Semyramus, Candace, and Ercules,
Biblys, Dido, Tesbe, and Piramus,
Tristram, Iseude, Paris and Achilles,
Eleyne, Cleopatre, and Troylus,
Silla, and eke the moder of Romulus:—
Alle these were peynted on that other syde,
And al her love, and in what plite they dide."
(vv. 238-294)

The next is from the *Roman de Renart*:

"Seigneurs, oi avez maint conte
Que maint conterre vous raconte,
Comment Paris ravi Elaine,
Le mal qu'il en ot et la paine:
De Tristan qui la chievre fist,
Qui assez balement en dist
Et fabliaus et chancon de geste."
(Branche II., vv. 1-7: Vol. I., p. 91, ed. Martin.)

The third is from a thirteenth-century MS. belonging to the Ashburnham Collection, from which extracts have been printed in the *Bulletin de la Société des Anciens Textes français* (1887, No. 2).

"Li cortels Tristam fu enginâé
De l'amor et de l'amisté
Ke il ont envers Ysolt la bloie.
Si fu li beau Paris de Troie
De Elaine e de Penelopé."

It is evident, from the various passages I have adduced, that the mention of Paris and Helen, and of Tristan and Iseult, as typical instances of lovers whose woes were wrought

by love, was regarded in the Middle Ages as a poetical commonplace. There need be no further difficulty, therefore, in assuming definitively that Dante's allusion is to the Paris "qui de Gresse ravi Helaine," and not to the comparatively unknown hero of the mediæval romance.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

"STEERMAN."

Adelbert College, Cleveland, Ohio, June 2, 1888.

Following Mr. Paget Toynbee's letters in the ACADEMY of May 12, I would call attention to the following statements and quotations:

Ducange ed. Henschel knows not only the Anglo-Saxon *steoresman*, but also the latinised *sturemannus*, under which we read:

"Gubernator navium, Germanis Steurmann, Angli. Steersman. Liber nig. Scaccarii, p. 369: Item constituantur boni et legales homines in portibus . . . qui capiant sacramenta omnium Sturemannorum et marinellorum navium ibi applicantium."

Ducange also knows *esturmain*. In the *Glossarium Gallicum* we find: "*Estrument, Vaisseau, navire. Gl. Strumentum, [et Esturment, Pilote, Flore et Blancet, vers. 1365, &c.]*" It is evidently an error to give to *estrument* the meaning "*vaisseau*," as is done under *Strumentum*.

"Nostrum *Estrument*, pro *Instrument*, etiam dixerunt. Le Roman de Vacoce MS:

"De Constantiu lor fist bons Estrumenz baillier, Qui bien sourant par mer et sigler et vagier."

Diez, *Etymol. Wb.* 4th ed. p. 578, has:

"*Esturman* altfr. *steuer mann*. Ignaur, p. 65 (*esturmant* Fl. Bl. 1365, *estirman* Brt. ii. 226, *stieresman* G. Galm. p. 33): vom ndl. *stuurman*, age. *steorman*, engl. *steersman*. Vgl. Fr. Michel zum Ger. de Nev. p. 14. Des einfachen *estiere* *steunerruder*, bedient sich Mar. de France i. 462."

The same forms are given by Burguy in his *Glossaire*.

The form *estirman* occurs in at least two other passages of the Roman de Brut.

In Layamon's Brut we find *stermen*, i. p. 335, and *steormen*, iii. p. 136, as well as *steoresman* or *steresmon*, i. p. 57, and *steores-mon*, or *steresman*, ii. p. 75.

Jamieson's Scottish Dict., abridged ed., has: "*Sterman-fee*. s. The wages of a steersman. 'To pay vii. sh. of sterman-fee.' Aberd. Reg."

ARTHUR H. PALMER.

PROPERTY IN TITLES.

Nutfield, Surrey: June 15, 1888.

Whether Mr. T. M. Watson wrote his play to my title, or merely selected one which extensive advertising and the railway bookstalls had made very familiar to the reading public, seems to me a question beside the mark. The question at issue is not *how* he has done this thing, but whether he had a right to do it at all.

If Mr. Watson, or anyone else, will answer this question, he will confer a benefit on the fraternity of literature.

C. L. PIRKIS.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, June 25, 4 p.m. Natural History Museum: Swiney Lecture, "Plants of the Palæozoic Epoch," I, by Prof. W. R. McNab.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Explorations in Central Africa," by Lieut. H. Wissmann; "Christmas Island, Indian Ocean," by Capt. W. J. L. Wharton, with Illustrations by Dioptric Lantern.

TUESDAY, June 26, 4 p.m. Statistical: General Annual Meeting.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: Exhibition of Pottery from Recent Excavations in New Mexico, by Mr. A. S. Burr; "The Nicobar Islanders," by Mr. E. H. Mann.

WEDNESDAY, June 27, 4 p.m. Society of Arts: Annual General Meeting.

4 p.m. Natural History Museum: Swiney Lecture, "Plants of the Palæozoic Epoch," II, by Prof. W. R. McNab.

4 p.m. College of State Medicine: "The Rise and Progress of Sanitary Engineering within the Present Century," by Sir Robert R. Wilson.

THURSDAY, June 28, 8.30 p.m. Antiquaries. FRIDAY, June 29, 2.30 p.m. British Museum: "The Social Condition of the Babylonians, IV., Laws," by Mr. G. Beria.

4 p.m. Natural History Museum: Swiney Lecture, "Plants of the Palæozoic Epoch," III, by Prof. W. R. McNab.

SCIENCE.

The Principles of Sound and Inflection in Greek and Latin. By J. E. King and C. Cookson. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

MESSRS. KING AND COOKSON are unquestionably right in holding that there is a real need for some adequate English text-book, setting forth the recent results of the comparative study of Greek and Latin. In German, these results have been collected by Brugmann and Stolz in Iwan Müller's *Handbuch*. In French, a very convenient summary has been given by M. Henry in his lately issued *Précis de Grammaire comparée du Grec et du Latin*. But the English student has been left without any means of acquainting himself with the researches which have, within the last ten or twelve years, largely modified, if they have not transformed our notions of both the phonology and the morphology of the classical languages.

It may be said at once that our authors have carried out their task with full competence, sound judgment, and great accuracy. The work makes no claim to be an original contribution to philological science. It is not the function of a textbook to put forward new speculations; and even on those points where certainty has not been reached, and new views might have been acceptable, the authors have preferred to state the most plausible theories, sometimes, but not always, indicating their own judgment. But they have used the best authorities, especially of the "young grammarian" school, and it is rarely that any important suggestion has been overlooked. They have "in great part followed the plan, and embodied much of the material, of the articles of Brugmann and Stolz"; but it would be unjust to regard this work as merely an adaptation for the English reader of these treatises. There are abundant signs of independent study; and even where the facts are already to be found in Brugmann or Stolz, the indications of the sources whence they are derived are often a welcome addition. It would be superfluous to praise the general accuracy of the work. If the excellent authorities used did not almost preclude the possibility of error, the approved scholarship of the Provost of Oriel and the Rector of Lincoln, both of whom have corrected the proofs, would be a sufficient guarantee that no slips would be allowed to pass. A critic might content himself with recording the appearance of a work which fills so serious a gap, and is sure to find wide acceptance as an authoritative text-book. But perhaps a few suggestions may be offered towards the improvement of a second edition.

In the first place, although much has been done, more might be added with advantage in the way of references to the literature of the subject. It is difficult to see always on what principle references have been given. The

book will come into the hands of many who have been unable to follow the progress of philological science. They will naturally be desirous to learn where they may find new theories or comparisons, given here *ex cathedra*, discussed and established. Unfortunately the references given are, as a rule, only to the more accessible authorities. Monro's *Homeric Grammar* and Rutherford's *New Phrynichus* are referred to repeatedly, but these are just the books which the English student is not likely to overlook. The references to Osthoff and De Saussure are more generally helpful; but it might be worth while considering whether these and the like should not be given more frequently.

One or two somewhat dubious suggestions are borrowed from Havet—a scholar more distinguished for ingenuity than for sobriety. For instance, if *jārbha* appears in Latin as *globus* (p. 136), it is difficult to see what it has to do with *vulva* (p. 137), or what is the significance of the fact that the latter word often appears in MSS. as *bulba*. No error is more common than the confusion of *v* and *b* in MSS.; but surely no scholar would lay any stress on corruptions like *cibes*, *bixit*, or *bibere* (for *vivere*), to explain the origin of the words. If it is held that *g* of *g* drops, leaving only *u*, the mention of the corrupt *bulba* is misleading. Havet is also responsible for the statement that *nepos* means "nephew" in Latin. No earlier authority for this is adduced than Suetonius (*Cass.* 83); and a glance at the context shows that Freund and his followers, even Lewis and Short, have fallen into an absurd error here. *Sororum nepotes* were undoubtedly the grand-nephews of the dictator, but that does not prove that *neposes* alone has this meaning. To Havet, too, is due the bold, but not very valuable, suggestion that *latera* is borrowed from *λάπαρα*, with assimilation to *lātus* and *lateo*. On p. 73, we find *oncure* apparently identified with *uncare*; but the two words are quite distinct, and are used of different animals. The connexion of *μῆπος* with *morosus* is surely in no way to be defended; this is one of those cases where a reference to the propounder of the connexion is to be desiderated. The important quotation from Josephus on p. 57 is unduly compressed. The place assigned to *Idus* on p. 246 will certainly lead the unwary to suppose that the *i* is short. It might have been noticed that both *pēdēs* (Plaut. *Stich.* 311) and *turbidēs* (Ter. *Trin.* 835) are somewhat doubtful; and, in any case, each is followed by a word beginning with a consonant. "The fact that Cato uses *fociem*" might have been stated more precisely, or readers might have had the means supplied to them of acquiring greater precision for themselves by a reference to *Neus.* ii. 447. Apparently the sentence on p. 360—"The form *mehē*, quoted by Quint. i. 5, 21, is noticeable"—has been displaced from its proper position at the end of the preceding paragraph; it is confusing as it stands. A note on the *κ* of *κιστός* (p. 194) would have been desirable, when it is compared with *hedera*; to a thoughtful student it might have been sufficient to insert (**χθ-ος*). And if *λοβός* is to be compared with *lop-eared*, we ought to have something about the loss of the *s* in English (*cf.* p. 140).

These points are but trifling; and it speaks

well for a book of such bulk that a careful examination of it shows so few. On the other hand, there is much which calls for warm praise. The introductory chapter is admirable; the second—though, perhaps, somewhat out of place in what is not a treatise on comparative philology—will be useful to many. The volume is handsomely, and extremely correctly, printed. In this respect, as well as in the possession of ample indexes, it has a great advantage over its German predecessors. In short, it can be recommended with full confidence to all who wish to learn the latest results of comparative philology as applied to Latin and Greek.

A. S. WILKINS

SOME BOOKS ON GEOMETRY.

The Harpur Euclid. Book I. By E. M. Langley and W. S. Phillips. (Rivingtons.)

Geometrical Drawing. By W. N. Wilson. (Rivingtons.)

Geometry in Space. By R. C. J. Nixon. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

THE editors of the *Harpur Euclid* state in the preface that Euclid's sequence of propositions is retained, but that some of his demonstrations are replaced by easier ones, and that much superfluous matter has been discarded from those retained. As no indications are given where changes have been made on Euclid's text, it may be well to point them out here. They are the addition of the second case to prop. 7, of the first case to prop. 35, the substitution of other demonstrations for props. 24 and 26, a slight shortening of the proofs of props. 34 and 45, and a modification of the diagram for prop. 48. Many of the propositions are followed by useful notes and exercises; and at the end there are, besides a collection of miscellaneous exercises, a short and interesting article on the classification of quadrilaterals, remarks on loci and on the methods of solution of geometrical problems. The only unsatisfactory feature of the book is the arrangement of the definitions. Take, for instance, the word rhombus. On p. 7 we are told that it is a quadrilateral which has all its sides equal; the same thing is repeated on p. 21; on p. 97 we are told that it has all its sides equal, but its angles are not right angles; and, lastly, on p. 101, that in modern works on geometry it is usual to employ the word in a wider sense than that assigned to it by Euclid. Again on p. 6, preparatory to the first proposition, an equilateral triangle is defined, and in the notes we learn that a triangle is sometimes regarded as standing on a selected side called its base; on p. 14 we are introduced to the fifth proposition, "The angles at the base of an isosceles triangle," &c., without any explanation of what an isosceles triangle is, or which of its sides is selected for the base. On p. 28, in connexion with a four-sided figure, the term diagonal occurs without previous explanation; on p. 41, we learn that a five-sided figure has five diagonals, and that of a six-sided figure, $AB C D E F$, there are three diagonals, AD , BE , CF ; on p. 64 we are told that the diagonal of a quadrilateral is the straight line joining two of its opposite angles, and that diagonals of a parallelogram are sometimes called diameters. There are one or two other terms, such as perimeter (p. 41), which should have been defined before being used. To a few of the miscellaneous exercises references are appended, in each case with a slight typographical oversight. Two, at any rate, of these references may be carried farther back. Ex. 156 is the first proposition of the fourth book of Pappus's *Mathematical Collection*, and Ex. 169 is found

in McDowell's *Exercises on Euclid and in Modern Geometry*, § 29.

Mr. Wilson's aim in writing has been twofold,

"to provide a school text-book which shall contain all that is necessary for the army examinations and be an introduction to the mechanical drawing of engineers, and to place geometrical drawing on a more sure basis as a study of great educational value."

While it should be said that in the first part of his aim the author has been more successful than in the second, it ought also to be stated that this text-book is much superior to many of the ordinary manuals of practical geometry. It gives the usual collection of problems, prefaces some of them with the principles which underlie their solution, and, what is not usual, adds the proof that the solution is correct. On p. 9 the author states that there is no simple geometrical construction by which an angle containing a whole number of degrees less than 15° can be constructed. Surely the construction for an angle of 9° is not so complicated but that it might have been indicated, especially after the problem of dividing a line in extreme and mean ratio has been solved. The construction (approximate) for inscribing in a circle a regular figure of any given number of sides is really of no practical value, and might have been omitted; and the accurate construction for the regular pentagon or decagon been inserted instead. Some of the principles by the aid of which figures are inscribed in symmetrical figures might have been elucidated more fully. They are well enough exemplified in the problems given, but a short statement of when figures are similar and similarly situated and what a centre of similitude is, would have made the methods employed clearer to a beginner. Each of the chapters of the book is followed by a good collection of exercises, and at the end there are a dozen of examination papers. The answers are given in all cases where they are numerical.

Mr. Nixon has followed up his *Euclid Revised*, which treated only of plane geometry, with a manual containing parts of Euclid's eleventh and twelfth books, and some properties of polyhedra and solids of revolution. In the opening chapter the first twenty-one propositions of Euclid's eleventh book are given much as in the ordinary school editions, but with sundry improvements. In the fourth proposition, however, which is proved in Legendre's manner, there is assumed the solution of a problem for which no previous authority can be quoted. The second chapter is on polyhedra, and embraces all the important elementary theorems whether of ancient or modern discovery. The third chapter on the solids of revolution contains also an extension of the modern geometry of lines and circles to planes and spheres, or at least an outline of such extension. It is to be hoped that the author will in a future edition expand this outline, and particularly the very brief section relating to surface spheres. The parallelism, often complete, now and then partial, between the theorems of the first and third books of Euclid and the corresponding theorems of spherical geometry is not only interesting in itself, but is valuable for the light it throws on some of the fundamental ideas of geometry. A short appendix on the geometrical theory of perspective in space, written by Mr. Alex. Larmor, concludes the work. Each of the chapters is accompanied by a considerable number of exercises to be solved, some of which, if considerations of space did not intervene, might well have deserved a place in the text. As in *Euclid Revised* the greatest possible brevity of expression has been studied, and there are no references to preceding proofs. Throughout

the book Mr. Nixon has, in connexion with several of the theorems, mentioned the names of their discoverers, but he has made one notable omission. He has nowhere even alluded to Archimedes. The treatise on solid geometry published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge is ascribed to De Morgan—curiously enough, for it does not betray any of the characteristics of De Morgan's style. It was written by Pierce Morton. The typographical mistake of "frustrum" for "frustum" is perhaps hardly worth calling attention to.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SAYANA'S COMMENTARY ON THE "RIGVEDA."

Bombay: May 29, 1888.

Will you let me break a lance with Prof. Max Müller, if that distinguished scholar will honour me by accepting the combat? The ground may be said to be of his own choosing.

In the preface to the sixth and last volume of his edition of the *Rigveda*, it will be found that Prof. Max Müller, in order, as he tells us, to justify his critical proceedings, cites, *inter alia*, Sayana's explanation of the words "yasyemāḥ pradiśo yasya bāhū" (*Rigveda* x. 121, 4) as a case in which changes of a bolder character than others he has been referring to are required for a restoration of Sayana's commentary. Prof. Max Müller's MS., as do also mine, virtually agree in reading here: "Yasya chemāḥ pradiśāḥ prārambhāḥ āgneyyādyiḥ konadiśa īsitavyāḥ." In the edition three changes have been made. "Prārambhāḥ" has been changed to "prāchyārambhāḥ." "Īsitavyāḥ" has been changed to "Lānāntāḥ." Lastly, what I will call a sky-lotus has been added, in the shape of the word "vā," of which there is no trace in the MSS. It is fair to add that this last change, not unnaturally, raises some little misgiving in the editorial conscience. "Lastly," Prof. Max Müller pleads, "I was driven to add a 'vā' at the end, in order to get a proper construction, though I confess that the absence of any trace of such a particle makes me doubt whether, after all, my correction is quite right."

Rigveda x. 121 is one of a number of hymns from the *Rigveda* which are prescribed for the B.A. examinations of this university. I have been engaged for some time on an edition of these hymns with Sayana's Commentary, and had, of course, to decide whether I should follow the MSS. here, or give Prof. Max Müller's restoration. How are the changes justified? I give Prof. Max Müller's own words:

"Sayana's first idea was evidently to take 'pradiśāḥ' in the sense of 'diśāḥ,' the principal regions, or four points of the compass; but he saw that he had to explain 'yasya bāhū' independently, and wishing to assign to the arms of Prajāpati the place of the principal regions, he recollects himself, and assigns to 'pradiśāḥ' the meaning of 'vidiśāḥ,' or 'konadiśāḥ,' the intermediate points of the compass."

What may be called the major premiss of this argument follows, that "the MSS., as they stand, are simply unintelligible." Let us see. To me, at least, it seems clear that Sayana begins and ends by taking "pradiśāḥ" in his text here to refer to the intermediate regions. He cites them by name (āgneyyādyāḥ). He gives a synonym (konadiśāḥ). Lastly he adds a word which specifies more closely the relation of dependence intended. The intermediate regions are Prajāpati's (yasya), because they stand at his bidding (īsitavyāḥ). The remaining word "prārambhāḥ" is put forward as an etymological explanation of the prefix "pra" in "pradiśāḥ," going to show how that word may be taken here to refer to the intermediate regions. I am not sure that I understand it. But I should be sorry on that account to

say that it is unintelligible, and still more reluctant to change it for another word. It seems to me to be dealing hard measure to Sayana to put in his mouth a word he did not use, and on that charge him with writing his commentary in the slipshod manner suggested.

So much for the idea that Sayana at any time thought of taking the "pradisaḥ" of the text in the sense of the principal regions. The reason assigned for his sudden abandonment, in the middle of a sentence, of that explanation appears to me to be equally chimerical. There is nothing in Sayana about wishing to assign to the arms of Prajapati the place of the principal regions. Sayana's comment on the clause "yaśa bāhū" is simply that the dual is used for the plural here, and that by "arms" we must understand in this context the principal regions, which Sayana speaks of, rightly enough, as "pradisaḥ" also. He gives a reason—a far-fetched one it must be said—why "bāhū" may be held to bear such a meaning. And he adds "svabhūtaḥ," precisely as before he added "īṭavyāḥ," to specify the exact relation of dependence intended by the genitive case.

If the foregoing be right, as I believe it is, have we not here one more case in which we shall ultimately have to fall back on the reading of MSS. which are only "simply unintelligible" in the sense that they have not been understood? I have reason to know that in calling attention to similar cases, as I judge them to be, in Schlegel and Lassen's *Hitopadesa*, I have seemed to some to be wanting in respect to illustrious scholars. If the remarks which have given offence were a little too vivacious in style, I regret it. But surely something is due, too, to Sayana, to say nothing of the patient copyists. I confess I think that European editors of Sanscrit texts do occasionally forget that, to quote the great commentator himself, "it is not the fault of the poet if the blind man runs his head against it."

I am not afraid of the antagonist I have provoked being too sensitive. It is very possible that Prof. Max Müller may have himself already reconsidered this passage, or had his attention called to it by others. If not, I shall hope to hear that the arguments I have brought forward have convinced him that this restoration must be abandoned. P. PETERSON.

"MOSHEH" AND "MĀSU."

Cambridge: June 18, 1883.

In a matter necessarily so doubtful as the etymology of *Mosheh* (for which Prof. Sayce refers to the Akkadian and Babylonian *Māsu*, a name of the sun god) every point must be considered which bears even indirectly upon the question. One such point is the fact that there is no certain instance of the name of a Babylonian deity ever occurring as, or in, the proper name of an Israelite. Samson, for obvious reasons, is not a case in point. Again, it is somewhat difficult to imagine at what time such a name could have been given to the great Israelitish leader, when it would have been consistent with either the faithfulness of the narrative or the carefulness of the redactor. Moreover, were it probable that these names would be so used, should we not expect well known ones, e.g., Sin, Rammānu, &c., rather than such as *Māsu* and *Savul*?

G. W. COLLINS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PROF. K. MARTIN, of Leyden, has published, as the first part of his *Geologische Studien über Niederländisch West-Indien*, an excellent memoir on the geology of the islands of Curaçao, Aruba, and Bonaire. The geological

structure of these islands presents a striking resemblance to that of the mainland. They consist fundamentally of crystalline schists, believed to be of archæan age, associated with much diabase, and overlain by cretaceous rocks and coral formations of pleistocene and recent date. The coral limestones have become partly converted into phosphorite, by the action of infiltrations from deposits of guano. It is notable that gold-bearing quartz-veins traverse some of the diabasic and dioritic rocks of Aruba. Prof. Martin has illustrated his memoir by three coloured maps and sections, and by two plates of fossils.

The Baths and Wells of Europe. By John Macpherson, M.D. (Stanford.) Dr. Macpherson is a well-known and highly-esteemed physician, and, moreover, of large experience in those diseases, often induced by life in India and by luxury everywhere, which, once the London season is over, defy fruit salts and blue pill, and clamour for complete change of air and life. The most grateful and successful treatment of such cases is a visit to some one of the many fashionable baths of Europe; and from this handbook—a model of its kind—all may learn what resort is most suitable to particular complaints, tastes, and purses. The author is very happy in his arrangement, whereby endless repetitions are saved. He deals first of all with the action of water, hot and cold, pure and mineral, taken as a drink and used as a bath, upon the body in health and disease. Then, under certain well-considered heads, he passes in rapid but discriminating review each bath and well of value or repute in Europe, states its peculiar claims, indicates its real use, and withal, describes its climate, environ, social advantages, and medical appliances. In a word, all that doctors and patients wish to know beforehand they will find given here plainly, systematically, and briefly, without exaggeration and with most judicial impartiality. Dr. Macpherson is master not only of his subject but also of a dry humour and Scotch scepticism which make his chapters very palatable and piquant reading. He is a student, at least a quoter, of Montaigne, and this book too, we can assure our readers, is essentially one of good faith and commonsense.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE next volume in Messrs. Macmillan's "Classical Library" will be *Pliny's Letters to Trajan*, edited, with notes and introductory essays, by Mr. E. G. Hardy.

Cornell University Studies in Classical Philology. Nos. 1 and 2. (New York: Ithaca.) The authorities of the Cornell University have determined "to publish, in connexion with their classical work, such papers by instructors or students as may be thought to have an interest for workers in classical philology elsewhere." The two first of such papers are now before us: "The Cum Constructions," by W. G. Hale, Professor of Latin; and "Analogy," by B. I. Wheeler, the Professor of Greek. The former, of which apparently only the first part has appeared, is entirely "critical." Prof. Hale occupies his seventy pages in examining the different theories by which previous scholars have attempted to explain and give reasons for the constructions of *cum* with the indicative and subjunctive in Latin. The main part of the pamphlet is occupied by a minute refutation of Hoffmann and Lübbert. We are inclined to think that Prof. Hale has succeeded so far as his destructive efforts are concerned, and we shall look eagerly for the constructive part which is to follow. The second paper is an attempt in fifty pages to classify the examples of analogy in ancient and modern languages.

The classification seems to be based on that of Paul, and the article does not contain much that is exactly new. But the scheme put forward is a good "working hypothesis," the collection of instances brought together is both interesting and useful, and the full references to the literature of the subject are very convenient. The *Cornell University Studies* promise to be a valuable series of papers, if they keep up to the level of the two opening numbers.

De vi atque indole rhythmorum quid veteres indicaverint. By G. Amsel. (Breslau: Köbner.) This is a somewhat disappointing pamphlet. The title leads one to expect that it aims at solving the difficulties of Greek "rhythmic," and that its solution is based on the only solid material we have—the fragments of Aristoxenus and other Greek writers on the subject. Such a book, working out and criticising Westphal, is much needed. Instead of that, we have chapters on such subjects as "divina rhythmorum origo," or the *æres* of the iambic, and a good deal more that might well have been omitted. The pamphlet is, however, worth consulting for two reasons. First, there is a good deal scattered up and down its 160 pages which deserves attention, especially, perhaps, from a writer on Plato's rhythmic. From p. 97 we may quote a new version of Horace A. P. 80, in which *popularis strepitus* is rendered *sermocotidianus*, though one desiderates a parallel for this use of *strepitus* earlier than Apollinaris Sidonius (*Ep.* ix. 13). Secondly, the last fifty pages are taken up with collations of MSS. made by L. Cohn and Studemund, and not yet published. Most of these are taken from Italian MSS. of Aristides, and are of value for future editors and students of that writer.

Essai de Métrique Grecque. By A. E. Chaignet. (Paris: Vieweg.) M. Chaignet goes tooth and nail for the received ideas about Greek metres and rhythms. He will have none of the long syllable which balances a trochee (—) or spondee (u), he introduces anapaests into the middle feet of the ordinary iambic, and does a variety of other things by the side of which J. H. H. Schmidt's wildest rhythmical periods seem the impotent efforts of an unimaginative speculation. M. Chaignet has also new ideas on prosody. His book might be popular with schoolboys who do not mind anapaests and spondees "in the fourth place." We do not think scholars will regard it as an advance in the difficult study of the Greek metres and rhythms.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LITERARY SOCIETY.—(Monday, June 11.)

THE President in the chair.—Mr. T. Onions read a paper on "Robert Burns." After a sketch of his life and education, the character of the poet was dwelt upon; his openness, hatred of hypocrisy, independence, and, above all, his kindly disposition were emphasised. His greatest charm is his love of nature and his beautiful descriptions of country and country life, of which he was a close and loving observer. His poetry is eminently simple, natural, and plain; in quaintness, originality, power of graphic description, humour and humourous pathos, he is unsurpassed; as examples we may take "The Elegy on Poor Mailie," and "Death and Dr. Hornbook." "Holy Willie's Prayer" was given as an example of his satires, which are most cutting. Mr. Onions then discussed the poems on Mary Campbell, "The Jolly Beggars," "Halloween," "The Address to the De'il," "Tam o' Shanter."

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, June 15.)

HENRY BRADLEY, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. Alex. J. Ellis read a paper on "the conditions of a universal language in reference to the invitation

of the American Philosophical Society of Philadelphia, U.S., to send delegates to a congress for perfecting a universal language on an Aryan basis, and its report on Volapük." Mr. Ellis reviewed the whole question with respect to phonetics, the construction of roots, the nature of an artificial grammar, the formation and position of Volapük, the various other proposals made both on an Aryan and non-Aryan basis, and the adaptability of a congress for discussing such points, and concluded by moving that the Philological Society should take no action in the matter? first because the subject could not be properly dealt with in a congress, even if a complete programme were submitted; secondly, because it was not clear from the report what an Aryan basis meant, or whether it was *a priori* desirable; and lastly, because of the large acceptance of Volapük, which was excluded by the terms of the invitation, but which is the only scheme with a completely elaborated grammar and dictionary, and counting its adherents by the hundred thousand.—This resolution was seconded by Prof. Rieu, supported by Dr. Furnivall and the chairman, and carried unanimously. The society then adjourned till November 2.

FINE ART.

J. M. W. TURNER'S CELEBRATED WORKS.—"Crossing the Brook," "Caligula's Bridge," and "Child Harold's Pilgrimage" (National Gallery)—also Mr. KEBLEY HALLSWELL'S "October Woodlands" (Grosvenor Gallery). Important Etchings of the above works are now in progress by Mr. DAVID LAW.—For particulars apply to the Publishers, Messrs. DOWD SWELL, 160, New Bond-street.

Memoir of Peter Dewint. By Walter Armstrong. (Macmillan.)

THE publishers have issued, in a form of hopeless awkwardness, what might have been in all respects a pleasant possession—the memoir of Dewint. It is a book in which the illustrations have dominated, and it is only a few of them that are at all successful. Low as was the key in which Dewint's colour was pitched, colour itself was of the very essence of the effect in his work. He was marvellously sober, and an unerring harmony of hue was half his charm. Very skilfully executed mezzotint—such mezzotint as might be produced by Mr. Frank Short, were he minded to address himself to the reproduction of this master—would conceivably render Dewint's tone, and the extreme subtlety of his gradations within narrow limits. But illustrations by the photographic processes as a rule do nothing of the kind. At the best, of course, we should miss colour; but there would be some suggestion of it in the balanced translation of Dewint's own colour into light and shade. Photographic reproduction gives us no translation at all. It gives us, generally, an arbitrary substitution. The thing may be tolerable—may convey something of the character of the master. Or it may be, as here it sometimes is, intolerable; conveying nothing of the master whatever, except such part of his work as can display none of the individuality of his vision and his touch.

Many of Dewint's drawings—as all students of his art will remember—are very long oblongs. That was the form best adapted to views or compositions which were often panoramic in their character and extent. Dewint's drawings are in this way a most complete contrast to the compositions of George Barret. In George Barret's drawings there is continually a great extent of country. You look across to the horizon through depth beyond depth of plain. But in Dewint's drawings, while the land represented is seemingly as extensive, it stretches

to the right hand and stretches to the left. To reproduce the forms of such drawings at all in a printed book—unless upon a scale on which their features must be sacrificed—the printed book must be of a very awkward shape to read and to handle. The printed line upon the page is immense in extent; it is absolutely fatiguing. And this obvious adaptation or subordination of the literary part of the volume to the pictorial part of the volume—which yet is, on the whole, unsuccessful—subjects the writer, perhaps unjustly, to the suspicion of having furnished what the trade calls "text." The book is too much a drawing-room book, and not a very pretty drawing-room book. Any facts about Dewint hitherto unknown might well have been presented in a form more compact. The truth is, however, that, though Mr. Armstrong has done entirely his best, and has written excellently what he has written at all, there was very little to know, very little to relate. The "memoir" has but six and forty pages. The origin of the book, as I take it, was the possession on somebody's part, of these not very portable, not very comely, illustrations. Or there was a deep sense of duty, that Dewint's life, although uneventful and uninteresting, had somehow to be written.

Peter Dewint was really an estimable person, but estimable like the first *bourgeois* in the street. The best of him—of his character, that is, in private relations—nearly all the good in him was shown, not to men of distinction on the high level of their friendship; not to youthful, poor, or faulty artists whom, with a sympathy with the work common to them all, he might have helped; but to his own immediate family and to one friend, Hilton. He was as domestic as a linendraper in Brixton. He had no errant sensibilities—no extensive mental range—few human associations to feed him with a various diet. But he taught drawing to well-to-do and well-placed people; earned steadily an excellent income, rather by that than by any considerable prices received for his work. He lived an ordinary life. A single fellow-artist of eminence, it seems—John Constable—appreciated his work to the point of actually buying it. But in the main his buyers were "the gentlemen"—"the gentlemen" and Mr. Vokins, who was amazingly like "a gentleman" too. Dewint died, having conducted, as it may be said, a successful business. And then, afterwards, some connoisseurs and critics—the sort of people popular painters and ignorant writers are fond of telling us about as "differing in opinion" so much, as unsafe guides, as judges somehow accepted (Heaven knows why, since probably malicious, and certainly foolish!)—these people, when the chance was given to them, saw the genius which the popular painter had passed over and the average writer had ignored, though Mr. Vokins had seen it in good time. Dewint's immortality was declared. He takes up his rank—an uninteresting man, it may be, for the public to read about; but an artist with a vision of his own, exquisite, if homely. Thenceforward a great name in Art—a name to stand beside the name of Constable and the name of David Cox.

Dewint was, in great measure, of Dutch descent, and very Dutch—admirably Dutch,

may one say?—was his satisfaction with homeliness, his content with the unexalted. That must be borne in mind as the true keynote to his work. That was its dominating spirit. Perfectly unpretentious, he was unambitious also. He saw the material for his art in the first field that stretched beyond the small provincial city where he took up his summer quarters; and though, indeed, in the course of a fairly long life, he painted a little in Normandy, and painted in the Lakes, and in the Isle of Wight, and in the Vale of Gloucester, he would have gained a distinction hardly less enviable than that which he has now acquired—nay, hardly at all different from it—if he had performed every morsel of his work within three miles of the cathedral and the upper town of Lincoln. Save for the presence of the coast in a very few of his drawings, it is possible to see within three miles of Lincoln everything, practically, by which Dewint was ever inspired. Walking out into the country that distance is enough to throw the great towers, the chapter-house, the Galilee porch of the noblest of English churches, into quite a remote background, so that they shall rise against the sky far away, after furlong upon furlong of field and fen. Turning your back upon the city altogether, there comes almost directly the real and quiet land: the barton, the strawyard, the waggon, the immense cornland—the "la Beauce" of England. All that—that sometimes in strongish sunshine, but chiefly in grey weather—Dewint painted much as it really lay, yet in rhythmic composition, with restful breadth, with simplicity, in quiet hues. Of course there was a very definite connexion between the man's own temperament and the capacity to do this perfectly, to do it with content, and to do little besides. And certainly his Dutch origin must be remembered continually when we are in presence of the work which, with attachment, but never with passion, Dewint wrought, bringing before us a landscape of quietude, effects entirely unseasonal, far-stretching, yet uneventful, skies.

A good deal has been written already about the art of Dewint. Even Mr. Ruskin—busy in turn with the interests of Turner and the interests of the race—has found time to pay a tribute to the directness, the sincerity, and (by implication) the wholesomeness of his work. But one side at least of this delightful artist's excellence has never been better expressed than in the following paragraph, the closing, and I think the most careful, one in Mr. Armstrong's book:

"Dewint's place in English art is with Constable and David Cox. Like Constable, he saw instinctively the true capabilities of English landscape, and, like Cox, the true powers of the medium in which he worked. His *coup d'œil* for a subject was even finer than theirs. He seized with a quicker instinct on the best point of view, the most rhythmical combinations of line, the most effective chords of colour. His sense of unity was almost unerring. In his most hasty sketches, no less than in his finished pictures, there is ever a central idea led up to and enhanced by every touch of his brush. He was less robust than Constable. He had none of his inability to follow; none of his desire to combine illusion with balance, to make the restlessness of nature shine through the repose of art. Neither had he the intense sympathy with Nature's moods which distin-

guished Cox, nor his sense of the brotherhood between still-life and humanity, nor his love for the infinities of colour. His greatness depends more on insight than imagination, more on selection than inclusion, more on unity than width of view. He was, in short, more strictly—more narrowly, some might say—an artist."

Having said quite enough about the incapacity of the illustrations, in the main, to really recall the characteristics of Dewint's work, let me single out two or three that do in great measure represent him. No. 7 and No. 10—"Haymakers" and "Canterbury Meadows"—make an inevitable, yet none the less a happy record of his composition, of his fashion of seeing the world. We are well reminded of his actual touch in the "Gloucester" (No. 17), and it was very right to include among the subjects chosen such a study of still life as is afforded by the "Weeds" (No. 8). That, perhaps, is hardly "still life" proper; but it at least approaches it, and it shows, as well as anything else, with what largeness and nobility of vision Dewint approached the commonest and the most familiar material.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"TARATHA" AND "BABIA."

London: June 14, 1888.

The goddess Babia may or may not have been worshipped at Carchemish, wherever that was, as well as at Damascus; but there are indications that a deity of the like or the same name was honoured with more than a merely local cultus. The statement of Damascus that "the Syrians, and especially those in Damascus, call infants and even striplings Babia, from the goddess Babia worshipped by them," reminds me that *ba-bu* is one of the Assyrian terms for "child" (see the list of synonyms of *māru*, 2 R. 36). The Syriac (Nisibene) proper name Bābai seems to be connected with that of the goddess; and Baba is the name of a god in the Vannic inscriptions, according to Mordtmann (*Z.D.M.G.* xxxi.). In the case of folk so fond of verbal allusiveness as the Semitic peoples appear to have been, it would be strange if the likeness in sound between *bāba*, "gate," and these divine names had been overlooked.

Lastly, it appears that Zirpanit, the Babylonian goddess of procreation, had a chapel in the temple-gate called KA KHILISŪ or *bāb kuzbu* (*E. I. H.* ii. 51; Grotf. i. 31-33, see Flemming's note on the former passage); so that "gate-goddess" would not have been a meaningless epithet in her case at least. I would, however, prefer to suggest a connexion between the "goddess Babia" of Damascus and the Pahlavi *Bāb*, *Bābai*, "father," a title of fire. The Greek writer may be answerable for the Greek ending. C. J. BALL.

THE HYKSŌS KING RA-LAN AND THE BAGDAD LION.

Weston-super-Mare: June 20, 1888.

Through the kindness of Miss Edwards, I have now before me a photograph of the sculptured throne and legs of Ra-lan; and on comparing the signs composing the prænomen with those of the cartouche on the breast of the Bagdad lion (in the accurate cast taken for me by Mr. Ready), I am quite of Mr. Griffith's opinion that the two must be identical. On the lion (or rather sphinx) the upright ears and

the feet of the third sign are distinct in a good side light, and doubtless led to the suggestion of Deveria that it was intended for the sitting Set-monster. The last sign, cut (as Mr. Griffith says) with such difficulty, may be identical in the two.

In my last letter Playte is misprinted Playte.

HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. W. BISCOMBE GARDNER—who is probably best known as a wood-engraver by his masterly interpretation of pictures by Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Alma Tadema, &c.—is also himself by no means unskilled with the pencil, as those know who remember his illustrations to an article by Mr. Grant Allen in the *English Illustrated Magazine* a year or two ago. He now proposes to exhibit a collection of his work in black and white, dealing mainly with Surrey farms and landscapes in the neighbourhood of Dorking. The exhibition will be held at 17A Great George Street, opposite Westminster Abbey; and the private view is fixed for to-day.

MISS MARY BOYLE is engaged on a biographical catalogue of Lord Bradford's pictures at Weston Park. The volume will be printed for private circulation by Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE July number of the *Magazine of Art* will contain an article by Sir John Millais, entitled "Thoughts on our Art of To-day," which is understood to be the first occasion on which the painter has expressed his views in print. It is gratifying to know that he is

"emphatically of opinion that the best art of modern times is as good as any of its kind that has gone before; and, furthermore, that the best art of England can hold its own against the world."

The article will be illustrated with two portraits: one, at twenty-one years of age, from a pencil drawing by Mr. Holman Hunt; the other after Mr. Frank Holl's diploma picture.

A SPECIAL number of the *Art Journal* will be published on June 28, devoted entirely to the Glasgow Exhibition. It will contain about sixty illustrations, including reproductions of the newest designs in industrial art, engravings of the most important pictures and sculpture, with several drawings of the exhibits in the Bishop's Palace. The number will contain, in addition, four full-page representations of the main entrance from the grounds, the royal reception rooms, the Bishop's Palace, and the Gray Street front.

THE School and Guild of Handicraft at Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, is to be opened to-day by Sir William Hart Dyke.

MR. W. HEATH WILSON has a little exhibition of little pictures at Clifford's in Piccadilly. Venice is the subject of most of them, and the title by which it has been chosen to advertise them; but they comprise a good many views in the neighbourhood of Florence and elsewhere in Italy—indeed, some of the best are taken from the bank of the Arno, the hills of Fiesole, and near the quarries of Carrara, and a few are scenes in Suffolk. Some of Mr. Heath Wilson's larger pictures of Italian scene have attracted some attention at the Royal Academy of recent years, and this little collection of his studies sustains his reputation as a colourist and as a faithful and poetical observer of nature. They are all very clever, very pretty, and very cheap.

WE are requested to state that the Royal Academy *soirée*, which was fixed for Wednesday next, June 27, has been postponed to Wednesday, July 11.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

"THE SQUIRE" was revived on Saturday night at the St. James's Theatre. The revival of "The Iron Master," it appears, had no very real success; but the performances of "The Squire" are intended, it is said, to continue to the end of the season—a period not indeed very distant. It is likely then that Mrs. Kendal will take her farewell of the St. James's audience in the character of Kate Verity—a character in itself profoundly sympathetic, and one which she interprets with the best profundity of her art.

A WELCOME change—a change in the direction that nearly all qualified writers, who have expressed themselves about it, have ventured to advise—was made on Saturday, by Mr. Stephen Coleridge and Mr. Norman Forbes, in the ending of their "Scarlet Letter." While the death of the revengeful Chillingworth at the hands of the mob is retained—that Hester may be rid at last of a husband who has become only a persecutor—the death of Dimmesdale, her lover, is for the first time accomplished, that a deep and fitting pathos may settle over the end of the story. So treated, the piece—albeit but slightly relieved throughout its course by the humour which an audience loves—is from beginning to end a worthy presentation of the main theme of a powerful romance. An opportunity afforded to us on Tuesday of seeing the play at the Royalty a second time served to persuade us more strongly of the quite unusual excellence of its literary style. It is true indeed that Mr. Coleridge (by implication) represents Goethe as having been indebted to a young New England divine for one of his famous phrases—"the spirit that denies"—but this anachronism may be pardoned in a composition from which the commonplace is banished wholly. We are thankful for dialogue so terse, so sober, and, at need, so vivid. Altered as it now is in the sense in which we have indicated, the piece ought certainly to receive the continued support of the best playgoers in London; for, in closing with the appropriate and, as we dare to think, the inevitable sadness, it gives to its principal exponents—to Miss Oaloun and to Mr. Forbes Robertson—only one opportunity the more for fine effect. And the opportunity is fully taken. The "Scarlet Letter" is unquestionably a performance which it is an artistic and even a social duty not to miss.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. C. HALLÉ gave his fifth concert last Friday week, and played Beethoven's Sonata in B flat (Op. 106). It is not often that one has a chance of hearing this remarkable work. It is nearly twenty years since it was given at the Popular Concerts. Mr. Hallé interpreted it with his usual precision and refinement; but, before the close of the terribly exacting fugue, he seemed somewhat exhausted. The first three movements rank among Beethoven's finest inspirations; but the fugue, if clever, is long and laboured. Beethoven, it is said, added it to make the work sell—a proof how little he was a man of the world. The programme included an exceedingly interesting pianoforte Trio in A minor (Op. 26), by M. E. Lalo, the composer of the *Symphonie Espagnole*, with

which Señor Sarasate has made us familiar. The Trio combines modern German style with French clearness and elegance. The first movement, *Allegro passionato*, has most attractive themes, and the working of them shows a skilful hand. The *Presto* has much character. The *Très lent* is, perhaps, slightly monotonous in rhythm, but is nevertheless a fine movement. The *Finale* is bright. The work deserves a hearing at the Popular Concerts. It was admirably interpreted by M^{me}. Norman-Néruda, Herr Néruda, and Mr. C. Hallé.

The last Philharmonic Concert took place on Saturday afternoon at St. James's Hall. Herr Svendsen conducted Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony. On the whole he gave a very characteristic reading of this familiar work, although we could not agree with his fast *tempo* in the first three movements, nor with the pause before the storm. Fräulein Soldat played Brahms's Violin Concerto with considerable effect; but we should prefer to hear her in a work in which she would be less hampered with thankless difficulties, and in which she could show what she possesses of grace and refinement. M^{me}. Sophie Menter played Rubinstein's Pianoforte Concerto in G—a work full of immense technical difficulties which, of course, she overcomes with the greatest ease. Unfortunately, from a musical point of view, the Concerto is of small interest. The programme included Dr. Mackenzie's Scotch Rhapsody (No. 1), conducted by the composer. Besides, there were some songs sung by Herr Mayer from Cologne; and altogether the concert was too long. There was a good attendance.

Berlioz's "Faust" was given at the sixth Richter Concert on Monday evening. It is strange that this work, which since its production by Mr. Hallé in 1880 has become so popular, should only now be taken in hand by Herr Richter. That the conductor would do justice to the instrumental part was a foregone conclusion. The Hungarian March was given with all brilliancy, and the Ballet of Sylphs with all delicacy. The solo parts were taken by Miss Mary Davies, Mr. E. Lloyd, and Messrs. Pierpoint and Santley; and they all sang with much effect. Mr. Santley, unfortunately, was not in good voice. With respect to the chorus, the ladies deserve great praise, but the tenors were limp and at times flat. The programme-book gave an interesting account of Berlioz's first setting of "Faust." The *Huit Scènes de Faust*, as it was called, did not please the composer, and he tried to have all the printed copies destroyed. Some were, however, preserved; and Mr. Barry, having obtained one of these from Mr. Dannreuther's library, was able to give a brief account of it. Another copy has been preserved in the library of the Conservatoire at Paris. The performance of "Faust" was preceded by the impressive Funeral March from the "Götterdämmerung," in commemoration of the death of the German emperor.

Dr. Bülow was in splendid form last Tuesday afternoon. In his readings of the earlier Sonatas there was some dross mixed with the gold; but this time, when he set himself the formidable task of playing five of Beethoven's grandest creations for the piano, there was not a trace of eccentricity or of exaggeration. His reading of the "Appassionata" was pure and dignified; and in the three last Sonatas (Ops. 109, 110, and 111) he displayed all his powers both as executant and interpreter. With Dr. Bülow, the harder the task the greater is his success; the finer the work, the finer the playing. It is unnecessary to go into detail; and, indeed, where everything was so good and so well balanced, it would be difficult to do so without becoming monotonous. One little remark, however, may be made about the

second movement of the Sonata in A flat (Op. 110), in which Dr. Bülow takes the liberty of playing the trio twice. In his edition of the Beethoven sonatas he tells us that by this means the movement is improved. We will not venture to quarrel with the learned doctor's assertion, but it seems scarcely right to make such a change in the text without proper notification.

On the same afternoon, M. Ovide Musin was giving an orchestral concert at Prince's Hall. While Dr. Bülow was playing the "Adieux" Sonata and the Fantasia (Op. 77), we went there and heard part of the programme. M. Musin, a clever violinist, played a Concertstück in the form of a serenade by the late Dr. Damrosch. The music is light and graceful. The second movement is the best. Beethoven's Symphony in A was performed under the direction of Mr. W. Damrosch, the conductor of the Opera House at New York. This gentleman is not lacking in energy—a very good thing in its way; but too much of it is aggravating to the audience as well as to the players. Mr. Damrosch is, however, young, and shows signs of promise.

The Wagner Society held their annual conversation at Prince's Hall on Tuesday evening. To do justice to the genius of Baireuth a stage and large orchestra are absolutely necessary. But the society is at present in its infancy, and is obliged to accommodate itself to circumstances. The "Siegfried" Idyll for small orchestra was given under the direction of Mr. Armbruster, and excerpts from the "Götterdämmerung" were sung with pianoforte accompaniment. One cannot but admire the skill and zeal displayed by Mr. Armbruster in trying to make the music acceptable with such a poor substitute for the orchestra. The principal vocalists were Miss P. Cramer, Miss M. Willis, and Miss M. Hall. The pure and refined singing of choruses from "Rienzi" and "The Flying Dutchman" by the ladies of the H. de Park Academy, under the direction of Mr. H. F. Frost, deserves special mention.

The performance of "Lohengrin" at Covent Garden on Saturday last was one of special interest. It would be difficult to find a stronger cast. M^{me}. Albani was the Elsa; M. J. de Reske, the Knight of the Graal; and his brother, the King. The difficult rôles of Ortrude and Tetramund were most effectively played by M^{lle}. Hastreiter and Signor D'Andrade. The chorus was not all that could be desired, but at times sang exceedingly well. Signor Mancinelli is an able musician, but not an ideal Wagner conductor. It is scarcely necessary to add that the house was crowded in every part.

There is no need to enter into any detail respecting M^{me}. Christine Nilsson's farewell concert at the Albert Hall on Wednesday evening. There were, of course, many attractions; but the interest centred around the artist who, for nearly a quarter of a century, has been a star of the first magnitude in the musical firmament. The crowded hall, the enthusiasm, and the encores testified to the great esteem in which she is held by the public. Her triumphs on the stage and in the concert-room will not be for a long time forgotten.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Fünf Stücke, Two Musical Sketches, Bourrée, Seguidilla. By Herbert F. Sharpe. The selection of suitable music is always a difficulty with teachers. For some pupils it must not be too dry, for others not too difficult. Pianoforte pieces, then, that comply with both these conditions are exceedingly useful, and among such we may class most of the above-named. The *Fünf Stücke*, especially Nos. 1, 2 and 3, are

very pleasing. They have a strong Schumann flavour; but who can escape the influence of this composer? The two Sketches are scarcely equal in merit, yet they are not without interest. The Bourrée is a good study in staccato, and the Seguidilla is quaint and lively. Mr. Sharpe has also written some "Character Pieces" as pianoforte duets, a "Legende" for violin and piano, an "Idylle" for flute and piano—all interesting. His duets for two violins, with pianoforte accompaniment will please young players. His song, "Twilight Visions," is only moderately interesting, and the constant repetition of words is not to our taste.

Four Pieces and Bolero for pianoforte, by Sydney Shaw, may be recommended as light drawing-room music above the average. Nos. 2 and 3 of the Four Pieces are graceful. No. 1 is rather weak, and No. 4 is uncomfortably written. Composers of this kind of music should avoid as much as possible large stretches. Mr. Shaw's "Romance" for violoncello and piano is a showy piece. His "Three Songs," "Can you Forget," and "The Angel and the Child," are not without good points; yet there is more of sentimentality than sentiment in them.

Mr. G. Saint-George is not an ambitious composer. His pieces are light, but often very graceful. The "Chant d'Amour," for violin with pianoforte accompaniment, and the "Fueilles d'Album" for the same, will suit players who like flowing melody and simple rhythm. Of a similar character are his pianoforte pieces, "La Gioconda" and "Toujours toi"; and his songs, "The Magyar's Home," "The Castle in the Air," and "Mabelle." He has also written an overture for orchestra, entitled "Réveil du Printemps."

Mr. A. S. Beaumont writes music of a very similar character. His "Lullaby" for piano, violin, viola, and harmonium; his "Lullaby" for orchestra; his "Idyll" pianoforte duet; and the songs, "Resignation" and "Sleep, Sleep," are all more remarkable for softness and grace than for strength and originality.

Trois Danses de Salon, by Carl Weber, are light and pretty; but the trio of the Gavotte is rather common, and does not match well with the rest of the piece.

Caprice and Souvenir, for pianoforte, by W. Davies, are two simple but well-written pieces we prefer the former.

In Fairyland, for pianoforte, by J. C. Forrester, does not quite come up to the title, but it is pretty. It would have gained by being shorter. His song, "Phyllis," is simple but rather taking.

Of light pianoforte pieces we may mention, "Resignation," by E. Wagner; "Valse de Concert," by De Orellana; "In Olden Time" (minuet), by S. E. Oldham. Of songs, "Love's Return," by S. E. Oldham; "Guardami" by the same; and particularly "Sae far away" and "A Rosebud by my Early Walk," by J. J. Haakman.

All the above named pieces are published by Mr. C. Woolhouse.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1888.

No. 843, *New Series*.

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LITERATURE.

Finance and Politics: an Historical Study, 1783-1885. By Sydney Buxton. In 2 vols. (John Murray.)

THIS is a useful work, the preparation of which has involved great labour and political research. Its value must be tested by its merits as a book of reference, for it is anything but light reading; and the man who follows our example, and peruses every one of Mr. Buxton's 700 pages, has before him about as tough a task as any two volumes issued by Mr. Murray ever imposed upon a reader.

From this point of view the arrangement becomes of primary importance; and, though in matter so greatly complicated, it would not be difficult to find fault with Mr. Buxton's plan, it appears far less easy to suggest improvement. The period including and preceding the time of the great war is undoubtedly well chosen. The finance of Gladstone is inseparable from that of Pitt. With such a start we are better able to study the conditions of the "forty years' peace" which followed upon Waterloo; and thus we are carried forward to "the date of the Crimean War—a date which the Devil must have marked with a white stone in his calendar"—a date from which "began a series of chronic wars and disturbances on our imperial frontier or in connexion therewith," the result being that "time after time, against their own will, our rulers have multiplied the nation and, as of old, have not increased the joy." In quite a friendly way Mr. Buxton explains in his preface that his notes are too numerous and discursive. He "couldn't part with them," but "the reader is at full liberty to skip." This self-accusation is not made without some reason; but the notes contain so much valuable and interesting matter that we would far rather have the surplus than be without them. If Mr. Buxton should ever rewrite his volumes, he might find that incorporation of the best of these notes would enliven the tremendous specific gravity of his text.

Again, it may be questioned whether Mr. Buxton has been prudent in demonstrating by his own industry that every matter of foreign politics and domestic concern is within the scope of his work. The current of financial affairs would have run more clearly without some of these digressions, which, however, are brief and summed up with much skill. Since the Prince Regent was advised to declare in 1817 that our government was "the most perfect that had ever fallen to the lot of any people" much has happened with which Mr. Buxton has hearty sympathy. Before the end of his second chapter we arrive at 1841, when the historic Whig party "disappeared. Not annihilated, as the Tory

party had been annihilated at the time of the Reform Bill before an outburst of Liberalism. The great Whig party had been simply muddled away. So ended the Reform era, opening so hopefully, closing so pitifully."

The Free Trade policy occupies many pages. Disraeli did not, perhaps, know he was talking nonsense when he said that in 1842 no Dorsetshire farmer worked his horses after three because he had "to take his illicit cargo at night." But the reduction of dutiable articles was extraordinary:

"Peel found the tariff with over a thousand articles subject to duties, and left it with but half the number; the total number of duties reduced by him was 1035, the total number entirely repealed 605, duties for the most part on articles which concerned the food, the clothing, and the comfort of the people, or which, as levied on the raw material of manufacture, affected employment."

Like Peel, Mr. Gladstone "was not and has never become a man of the world"; but he found the customs tariff loaded with nearly five hundred duties, and left it with that number reduced to fifty. Mr. Buxton notes Mr. Gladstone's three failures—to reduce the interest on the Debt, to calculate aright the yield of succession duty, and to extinguish the income tax. One of his beneficent successes has been in connexion with a duty still in force. The reduction of the tea duty by twenty pence a pound has been the work of Mr. Gladstone. In the number of his Budgets, only Walpole, North, and Pitt have surpassed him. Did Mr. Gladstone, as Mr. Buxton thinks, lay down "one of the most valuable principles of taxation in saying, 'If you want to do the labouring classes the maximum of good, you should rather operate on the articles which give them the maximum of employment'?" This was used as an argument against the further removal of taxation from articles of food. We have not a word to say against the relief of any materials from taxation; but security of the maximum of employment cannot be disconnected from the cost of subsistence. Cobden's argument that cheap food brought high wages, because the workman had a greater margin to spend upon manufactures, points just as surely as Mr. Gladstone's principle to the maximum of employment. It is difficult to recall how strenuously our fathers maintained those navigation laws which decreed that no goods whatever, the produce of Asia, Africa, or America, might be imported into, or exported from, England or Ireland, or into the Colonies, except in British ships; and one remembers with surprise that the venerable nobleman is still alive who, as Foreign Secretary, declared that without Protection "this great kingdom would soon return to its normal and natural state—a weather-beaten island in the North Sea."

The annals of many governments are traced in these volumes, and we see how large a number have fallen upon questions of finance. It is consoling to remember that the changes since 1885 have not exceeded those of the eight years from 1852 to 1859, when there were six changes of government. One of the most profitable uses of such a long record as that of Mr. Buxton is to show that Liberal governments are more liable to the internal malady of dissension, which operates not only to their

downfall, but more injuriously, in preventing useful and progressive legislation. The most united Liberal administration of our time was that of 1869, which disestablished the Irish Church, passed the Irish Land Act, the Education Act, and the Ballot Act, which abolished University Tests, Army Purchase, created the Local Government Board, the High Court of Judicature, and established halfpenny postage. How unfavourably does the work of the Cabinet of 1880 contrast with all this! Mr. Buxton is quite right in saying that "the country might have been better governed if there had been a little less ability and a little more unanimity." A united Cabinet is strong not only against opposition, but for legislation. It is more prompt to recognise its own errors, and to take the wind from the sails of any jealous rival or adversary; and, if directed with energy and ability, it is a happy and a successful government. But, as Mr. Buxton is obliged now and then to write: "Let us go back to finance." Shortly after the Crimean War, which "cost the English some seventy millions of money," occurred the French treaty, under which the consumption of French wines rose in 1873—the highest point ever reached—to 6,242,000 gallons. In this connexion it is worth mentioning that while the consumption of spirits has declined, the quantity in bond has increased from 4,000,000 gallons in 1854 to 72,000,000 gallons in 1884; so that "upon the least breath of suspicion of an increase in the duty" the owners could so operate as to make the increased taxation for a long time practically ineffective. It may be needless for Mr. Buxton to refer to the deeds of the *Merrimac*, but one of his luminous notes contains in a few words the most stupendous financial proceeding up to 1871. The debt of the United States in 1860 was £16,000,000; in 1865 it was £580,000,000, bearing interest at nearly 7½ per cent. By 1887 this had been reduced to £248,000,000 bearing about 3 per cent. interest. Mr. Buxton, who never gives too much of his own opinions, advocates in one line a graduated income tax. He would have done well to explain how this can be made to operate fairly between joint stock and individual enterprise, which has always appeared to us to be a fatal objection to any graduated taxation other than upon legacies and inheritances.

These volumes are mainly useful for reference, and therefore we must not complain when Mr. Buxton consolidates information on the Dog Tax in one page and repeats it in part upon another. Sir Stafford Northcote, in 1878, raised the tax from 5s. to 7s. 6d.; but he gained nothing, because the addition reduced the number of dogs brought to charge from 1,300,000 to 896,000 in a single year. Mr. Buxton's care and accuracy—at fault only, so far as we have noticed, in an excess of £1,000,000 devoted to public works by the Acts of 1863-64—are throughout admirable, nor is there discernible any trace of partiality. If he does less than justice to Mr. Lowe's fair argument that the careless use of dangerous articles makes in favour of taxing them, he is as just to Mr. Disraeli and Sir Stafford Northcote as to Mr. Gladstone. His subject presented immense difficulty, because it excludes nothing. If the work approaches the usual character of history it

avoids it in one particular: for we do not remember to have met with a single reference to the sovereign. We may conclude, with Mr. Buxton, that

“it may be, as Pepys remarked 200 years ago, ‘impossible for the king to have things done as cheap as other men,’ but if we cannot get economy we ought at least to have efficiency; of late we do not seem to have secured either the one or the other.”

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

Songs, Ballads, and a Garden Play. By A. Mary F. Robinson. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE note of mournfulness, rarely absent from the best of Miss Mary Robinson's poetical work, is again discernible in this last volume of hers. It is a sad little book. Indeed, for this, the etching of Dürer's "Melancholia" which fronts the title-page will prepare the reader, and give him its keynote as a keynote of quiet sorrow, almost of dejection. And the songs, as he reads them through, fascinated meanwhile by their delicacy and music, will only confirm this impression. Such unhappiness, however, forms part of the secret of Miss Robinson's power to charm as a singer. And, if here or there in them we have a sign of something fantastic, affected, her new songs and ballads are all skillfully fashioned, being marked by sweetness of melody and truth of colour. In saying this, we only say a trite thing. For Miss Robinson has been justly praised for such poetic excellences before. The present volume certainly reminds us that they are hers.

In the first division of the book, under the heading "Songs of the Inner Life," admirers may find much to charm them. Three of the pieces in this part first appeared in the exquisite French translation which M. Darmesteter gave to Parisians only a short time ago. They have not the effect for us of a song in three motives called "Tuberoes." It opens thus:

"The Tuberoes you left me yesterday
Leans yellowing in the glass we set it in;
It could not live when you were gone away,
Poor spike of withering sweetness changed
and thin.

"And all the fragrance of the dying flower
Is grown too faint and poisoned at the source,
Like passion that survives a guilty hour,
To find its sweetness heavy with remorse.

"What shall we do, my dear, with dying roses?
Shut them in weighty tomes where none will
look

—To wonder when the unfrequent page uncloses
Who shut the wither'd blossoms in the book?—

"What shall we do, my dear, with things that
perish
Memory, roses, love we feel and cherish?"

The writer gives us only seven "Spring Songs"; but in these her talent as a lyricist is perhaps most apparent. The first is delightful as a piece of music and as a picture. It tells us of spring's awakening as imaged by "La Belle au Bois Dormant," in

"A forest thick and dim.
Overgrown and hoar indeed,
Hung with lichen, choked with weed.
To the brim.
Sleeps the knight and sleeps the steed
Under him.
Here the pale princesses
Lying on the green.
Pillow with their tresses
'Their enchanted queen,'"

"Going South" deserves quotation as a graceful lyric that in form and accent is quite Greek. In fact, it is in her close approach to classic models that Miss Robinson so notably succeeds. And we should fix upon the Hellenic note in her best pieces if asked to name another of the distinguishing charms of her verse. The following song may bear us out in our assertion:

"GOING SOUTH.

"A little grey swallow
I fled to the vales
Of the nightingales
And the haunts of Apollo.

"Behind me lie the sheer white cliffs, the hollow
Green waves that break at home, the northern
gales,
The oaks above the homesteads in the vales,
For all my home is far, and cannot follow.

"Oh! nightingale voices!
Oh! lemons in flower!
O branches of laurel!

You all are here, but ah not here my choice is:
Fain would I pluck one pink-vein'd bloom
Of sorrel,
Or hear the wrens build in some hazel bower."

The "Ballads" which follow the "Spring Songs" are styled by the writer in her dedication "superficial and fantastic." She must permit us to disagree with her as to the superficiality. They show decided ability to tell a story graphically, in the not-too-easy ballad-metre. And, of course, Miss Robinson's power as a colourist and painter of landscape is abundantly displayed. How vivid is the effect produced by the following lines from "Rudel and the Lady of Tripoli":

"For pale across the wan water
A shining wonder grows,
As pale as on the murky night
The dawn of grey and rose.

"And dim across the flood so grey
A city 'gins to rise,
A pale, enchanted, Eastern place,
White under radiant skies.

"O domes and spires, O minarets,
O heavy-headed drowse
Of nodding palms, O strangling rose,
Sweet in the cypress boughs!"

E così avanti. We could let our zeal for quotation carry us down another column before all the good things in this dainty little book had been used up. Yet that were not quite fair to the poet; and, in truth, we have passed beyond our limits already. She to whom Miss Robinson gives this set of "short pieces and stories" (as she calls them in her page of preface) is certainly to be envied. "Little things," so the Greek critic phrased it, "little things; but roses." Many of Miss Robinson's little things are undoubtedly roses. And who of her admirers would not feel glad and proud to have such fragrant blossoms offered to him in so light and graceful a way?

PERCY E. PINKERTON.

Philo Judæus; or, the Jewish-Alexandrian Philosophy. By J. Drummond. (Williams & Norgate.)

THE darkness which has long brooded over Philo so far as English students are concerned, and which Prof. Jowett's well-known Excursus only partly relieved, has just been sufficiently illuminated from two independent sources. Dr. Edersheim's learned and elaborate article in the fourth volume of Smith's *Dictionary of Christian Biography* has been followed

within a few months by Prof. Drummond's masterly monograph on the same subject. Henceforth the English student will have no cause to bewail his ignorance of the German language as the sole available passport to a comprehensive acquaintance with the founder of the "Jewish-Alexandrian Philosophy."

Dr. Drummond's work is partly historical, partly expository; and this not so much of his own choice as by the exigencies of his subject. Philo was the first thinker of any note who tried to find an intermediate standpoint between Judaism and Greek philosophy. Not that he originated such a point of view—it had already been provided for him by the similar tendencies of Judaic and Hellenic speculation. Forced by the stress of all thought which deals with the larger problems of the universe, both Jewish and Greek thinkers set themselves to find mediating persons or agencies by which the gulf between the infinite and finite, between the divine and human, might be spanned. It was characteristic of the several tendencies that the Jewish thinker devised intervenient created beings, such as angels, to serve his purpose, while the Greek philosopher postulated impersonal agencies or forces with the same object. With his keen eclectic intellect, Philo perceived that the initial need of the two thought-efforts was the same, however much the method of satisfying it might differ. He thereupon conceived the bold possibility, by interpreting each in the light of the other, to fuse the nearest assimilable elements of the two speculations into a kind of thought, conglomerate—it would be absurd to term it a system—which should, at the same time, best represent the aggregate of his own diversified conclusions.

This primary position and object of Philo is recognised by the plan of Dr. Drummond's work. Standing at the junction of two streams of noble proportions and far-reaching course, he perceives that the only method of ascertaining the force and composition of the confluent is to investigate in turn each of its branches. Accordingly he devotes his first book to a discussion of Greek philosophy from Heraclitus to the Stoics, selecting the salient features embodied by Philo in his teaching. He next considers, in his second book, "the blending of Hellenism with Judaism till the time of Philo"; wherein he recounts, with admirable clearness of thought and arrangement, the rise and growth, in the Old Testament, the Apocrypha, and the Sibylline oracles, of those theories and speculations which, developed in Philo's ardent imagination, became the foundations of his hybrid and heterogeneous superstructure. What this was in its motley entirety Dr. Drummond discusses in his third and last book, which is simply a model of lucid treatment of complex diversiform material.

Dr. Drummond's superiority to most other interpreters of Philo—*s.g.*, Gfrörer, Dähne, &c.—consists in his perspicuous and orderly arrangement of his materials, in his ingenuousness, and in sense of proportion. Writing not as a critic, but as an expositor, he does not, like most of his predecessors, approach the great thinker with any set purpose of establishing a predetermined system, or proving any pet theory from his works. He adopts the only fair, however laborious,

method of dealing with a multiple-minded syncretist like Philo, i.e., by a lucid and methodical juxtaposition of various selected passages he allows the reader to become his own critic, and on a fair balance of similarities and inconsistencies to determine the thought which on the whole most dominated the Jewish philosopher's mind and heart.

But this expository method implies another feature in which Dr. Drummond excels most Philo commentators, viz., his exhaustive knowledge of every portion of Philo's works. What this denotes in the way of labour and comparison I need not point out, but its influence in determining incidental points in Philo's teaching is obvious, and receives continual illustration in different portions of Dr. Drummond's book. I may refer as a striking example to the mode in which this fulness of knowledge is employed to ascertain Philo's real opinion on the eternity of matter (vol. i., pp. 303-304), where the presumptions of the case, as well as not a few incidental passages, would have pointed to a conclusion which Dr. Drummond shows to be unfounded.

Probably most English readers of Dr. Drummond's book will at once turn to his discussion of the Logos as the best-known link which connects Philo with the New Testament. The question takes up nearly half of the whole work, and is treated with an unsurpassed amplitude of research, as well as with an absolute freedom from bias of any kind. Those who think—as too many superficial commentators on St. John's Gospel are apt to think—that the genesis and use of the term are readily explicable, will be able to learn from Dr. Drummond how curiously involved has been the history of the word and the various doctrinal significations attached to it at different times. In point of fact, the Logos is the central crux of an enormous mass of perplexing speculation. As Dr. Drummond himself says, and the quotation will further serve my purpose as representing the spirit of his book (ii., p. 156):

"We encounter here all the difficulties that beset our way in the consideration of the powers (i.e., the half-divine potencies of which the Logos was one). The same florid and rhetorical style, the same fondness for personification, the same mingling of the literal and allegorical. Moreover, the uncertainty arising from Philo's eclectic method now reaches its highest pitch; and it is increasingly difficult to decide whether the heterogeneous elements of which his doctrine is composed—Platonic, Stoical, and Jewish—lie side by side without organic connexion, or have been fused together in the mould of a really philosophical mind. Besides these sources of perplexity which affect Philo's philosophy in general, the doctrine of the Logos has an ambiguity of its own springing from the variety of meanings which belong to its principal term," &c.

Such is the warning prelude to a long and able exposition, to which I must be content to refer my readers, with the hint that its general outcome may be found succinctly stated on p. 273 (vol. ii.).

Dr. Drummond's monograph and its method sets before the English reader in a peculiarly vivid form the intellectual formation of Philo. Keenly susceptible of all thought of a spiritual intuitional kind, he is indifferent to its amalgamation in a coherent system. As regards human

knowledge, he is, indeed, *ipso facto* a skeptic, a believer in the uncertainty of knowledge and in the duty of suspense. If his belief in the divinely inspired communications of Moses and the prophets seem to promise greater certainty, this is almost wholly neutralised by his excessive allegorism, which is applied in a manner at once so elastic and unscrupulous as to leave no truth firmly based. Neither Dr. Drummond nor any other Philo-commentator has adequately discerned the complementary tendency of these characteristics—that unlimited allegorism is a principle as solvent and undogmatising as confessed skepticism. It is curious to remember how all the leaders of the Alexandrian philosophy were men of a kindred type. Accepting on the one side the final results of Greek speculation, embracing on the other [the ostensibly divine revelation of Judaism or Christianity, they were] skeptics in human, allegorists in revelational knowledge, without a distinct perception that both methods were in operation and outcome largely akin.

Dr. Drummond admits that his labours on Philo have led him to form a higher estimate of that thinker's speculative power than he once held. A like result will, in my judgment, follow the reading of his book by every thoughtful and impartial student. At the same time Philo is a writer who requires discrimination in his readers. His value consists not in systematic teaching, but in striking flashes of thought and profound suggestion. He is 'not a field of corn which one may cut and garner in bulk, but a garden crowded with miscellaneous products, wild as well as cultivated, and leaving ample room for selection, taste, and co-ordinating skill. With Dr. Drummond as guide the exercise of such taste and skill is no longer difficult.

JOHN OWEN.

Democratic Vistas, and other Papers. By Walt Whitman. (Walter Scott.)

A COMPLETE edition of Whitman's prose writings in the useful and convenient "Camelot" series would be very acceptable; and, as one more volume would secure this, I hope the publisher will see his way to it. There is a suggestion of incompleteness about this otherwise excellent series. The number of volumes of selections included in it seems rather excessive. It provides the British public with admirable samples of many authors, but even the British public cannot live well on samples alone. Complete sets of Landor, Swift, Leigh Hunt, and the rest, would, of course, be out of the question in such a series; but it might sometimes be better to give one complete work of an author than cuttings from half a dozen. At any rate, in the case of Whitman, the whole of his prose works are within reach; and, as the two volumes already issued omit several important pieces, there is a special reason why a third and concluding volume should follow. Perhaps the very best piece of prose from Whitman's pen is the preface to the first edition (1855) of *Leaves of Grass*. Much of the substance of it appeared in another form in the second and subsequent editions, chiefly in the pieces which now bear the titles "Song of the Answerer" and "By Blue Ontario's Shore." It was, however,

never reproduced in its original shape until 1868, when Mr. W. M. Rossetti gave an incomplete version of it in his English volume of *Selections*. In 1881, at the suggestion of the late Thomas Dixon, of Sunderland (to whom Ruskin's letters—entitled *Tims and Tide*—"to a working man of Sunderland" were addressed), and, by permission of the author, I myself reprinted this preface un-mutilated; and Whitman includes it in his *Specimen Days and Collect*. But, for some reason or another, it does not appear in either of the "Camelot" volumes. Other valuable prefaces and essays are also missing, quite enough in quantity, and quite good enough, to make a volume. Perhaps author, editor, and publisher, will consider the suggestion.

Leaving now the omissions, we find there is plenty of excellent matter in the present volume. Next to the "Preface" above named, "Democratic Vistas" is quite the best thing Whitman has produced in prose. Whatever may be said for the genius that created the peculiar style of *Leaves of Grass* (and, for my part, I think a great deal may be said on this point) Whitman's essays do not mark him out as a master of style in prose. They are fittingly described by a favourite word of his own—jottings. But what they may lack in style is more than compensated by the abundance of thought they contain. Jottings so valuable will easily pass muster, even though they be not arranged in accordance with high literary art. "Democratic Vistas" consists of jottings on the future of democracy and, incidentally, on many topics not suggested in the title. The "other papers" in the volume consist of jottings, variously named, on Shakspeare, on Tennyson, on Burns, and on other subjects, including the author himself and his writings. Yet it would be wrong not to correct my criticism about Whitman's style by pointing out that there are numerous passages scattered through all these essays which are remarkable not only for the ideas they express, but for the finished beauty of their form as well.

The poet of the modern has some interesting things to say about those poets of other days whose reign is now drawing to a close; the singers of "those beautiful, matchless songs adjusted to other lands than these—other days, another spirit and stage of evolution." "What," he asks, and proceeds to answer,

"is Tennyson's service to his race, times, and especially to America? First, I should say, his personal character. He is not to be mentioned as a rugged, evolutionary, aboriginal force—but (and a great lesson is in it) he has been consistent throughout with the native, personal, healthy, patriotic, spinal element and promptings of himself. His moral line is local and conventional, but it is vital and genuine. He reflects the upper crust of his time, its pale cast of thought—even its ennui. . . . He shows how one can be a royal laureate, quite elegant and 'aristocratic,' and a little queer and affected, and at the same time perfectly manly and natural" (p. 127).

Admitting that he may be himself "non-literary and non-decorous," Whitman is able and willing to appreciate in Tennyson that "latent charm in mere words, cunning collocations and in the voice ringing them, which he has caught and brought out beyond

all others." Burns, in some respects, comes closer to Whitman's heart. "There are many things in Burns's poems and character that specially endear him to America," he says. For one thing, he was "essentially a republican"; for another, he was "an average sample of the good-natured, warm-blooded, proud-spirited, amative, alimentive, convivial, young and early middle-aged man of the decent-born middle classes everywhere and anyhow" whatever all this may mean. In better style Whitman remarks, later on:

"There is something about Burns peculiarly acceptable to the concrete human point of view. He poetises work-a-day agricultural labour and life (whose spirit and sympathies, as well as practicalities, are much the same everywhere), and treats fresh, often coarse, natural occurrences, loves, persons, not like many new and some old poets, in a genteel style of gilt and china, or at second or third removes, but in their own born atmosphere—laughter, sweat, unction" (p. 118).

Yet, while anxious to give full honour to all poets of the past, Whitman does not forget for a moment that poetry of the future whose pioneer it is his mission to be. "Even Shakespeare," he says, "belongs essentially to the buried past."

As to this mission of his, and the way in which he has fulfilled it, Whitman has several things to say—more, perhaps, than was necessary. For in these latter days, without explanation—which he never condescended to give while he was abused—he and his work have come to be pretty well understood. One of the best possible evidences of the inherent strength of *Leaves of Grass* and its author is that, under circumstances the most unfavourable, and against all kinds of impediments, they have held their own, and come to be esteemed. But Whitman, who would explain nothing in answer to abuse, is prepared to explain much in answer to sympathy; and, accordingly, in three separate articles in this volume, he discourses of himself and his book. *Leaves of Grass*, he says,

"is, or seeks to be, simply a faithful and doubtless self-willed record. In the midst of all it gives one man's—the author's—identity, ardours, observations, faiths, and thoughts, coloured hardly at all with any colouring from other faiths, other authors, other identities or times. Plenty of songs had been sung—beautiful, matchless songs—adjusted to other lands than these, other days, another spirit and stage of evolution; but I would sing, and leave out or put in, solely with reference to America and myself and to-day. Modern science and democracy seemed to be throwing out their challenge to poetry to put them in its statements in contradistinction to the songs and myths of the past. As I see it now (perhaps too late), I have unwittingly taken up that challenge, and made an attempt at such statements, which I certainly would not assume to do now, knowing more clearly what it means" (p. 87).

The book is valuable precisely because it is a faithful and self-willed record. It is, as I have said elsewhere, a biography, in poetry, of the human soul—of Whitman's own soul, ostensibly; really of all souls, for the experience of the individual is simply the experience of the race in miniature. That the record is "self-willed" is undeniable; and, in these days, when few persons dare to utter

their own thought, while most are mere echoes or, at best, speak only when they are quite sure that their opinions are supported by precedent, surely the faithful, honest, uncompromising Whitman is a much-needed teacher.

WALTER LEWIN.

A Season in Sutherland. By J. E. Edwards-Moss. (Macmillan.)

THIS little book appears in good time for holiday-makers. It will delight all who know Sutherland already, and be nothing short of a revelation to those who are unacquainted with one of the most charming districts in the British Isles. Most people fancy it a land of bleak moors and rugged mountains, with no trees and few of our common birds, where thick mist shrouds what is not black peat and low-lying heath, while rushing streams run among the hills, and loch succeeds loch offering endless pleasure to trout fishers. In dull weather Sutherland certainly must be painted in a low scheme of colour; but there are plenty of brilliant tints to charm the artist among the heathery tracts running up to the shoulders of its great mountains during summer, while every fisherman believes it a paradise. It is as well, however, not to take the verdict of fishermen's wives on this point. For the future they must be introduced to Mr. Edwards-Moss's book. He is a perfect enthusiast for Sutherland, and shows that Strath Borgie may, in many respects, rival the beauty of an English flower-garden. His house in that northern valley is overgrown with honeysuckle, jasmine, and creeping roses. His lawn is belted by trees and gay with borders full of rhododendrons, fuchsias, and a large variety of good old-fashioned plants. Ribbon borders he detests, and very properly in Sutherland. As we read his delightful pages fairyland seems to open afresh in every chapter. And yet we remember staying at a celebrated fishing inn thirty miles south of Mr. Edwards-Moss's country where gooseberries and cabbages were literally all that its garden could produce; and a cucumber, which a friend had brought with him from England, had a narrow escape of being boiled, as it was an utterly unknown vegetable to the household. The explanation of the seeming paradox is that probably a branch of the Gulf Stream sets in at the mouth of the Borgie, and that Mr. Edwards-Moss must live in a sheltered part of its valley.

The author is a naturalist as well as a sportsman. He has a keen eye for beauty, and an ardent love of nature. From the dawn of a Sutherland summer at the end of May till autumn's glow has fallen upon heath and fell in mid October, he describes to his readers the successive changes in his flowers, the varied beauty of the landscape, the different sports and avocations of each month. He possesses the secret of describing common things well, and his sympathy with all forms of life and Scottish scenery is extreme. One day he takes us to catch salmon in the Naver, or trout-fishing among the lochs, or we try sea-fishing on a quiet afternoon. After a kindly consideration of the so-called grievances of the crofters, it is time another day to follow the grouse over miles of moorland or to stalk

a seal on Island Roan. A third day a Pictish fort evokes archaeological tastes. But all these rambles only take us, full of admiration, from the polyanthuses and petunias in the morning, to bring us back during the magnificent saffron twilights of Sutherland to the odours of musk and the fragrance of Li France, to the pink spiraeas and sweet peas of the lawn. Thus this book is a veritable idyll of Sutherland. It must delight every lover of a garden, even if he never saw, and never intends to look upon, these happy Hyperboreans, as compared with Londoners—the Southlanders, as opposed to the great northern *haf* of the old Vikings in the Orkneys. In a word, *A Season in Sutherland* is a "country-book"; one of those enjoyable volumes, like Gilbert White's and St. John's books, which men take under their arms to read on the shady seat, and intensify the pleasure of a summer evening.

The joys of little amusements is a topic often unobtrusively pointed out here. Every year after middle life emphasises the wisdom of not neglecting these, which make up a large portion of happiness. No reader will be sorry to go mushroom-picking, or even shrimping, with Mr. Edwards-Moss. He is a student of birds, too, and not above listening to stories of old women changing into hares, of witches' "cantrieps," and the marvels of second-sight. All he writes about fish or fishing is fresh and interesting. Thus, it does not happen to everyone to hook a trout behind a turnip as a "spate" is subsiding in a turnip-field. The work in which he is busying himself is trout-culture, especially in lochs which have hitherto been untenanted by this fish; and improving the beds of rivers—an occupation which will commend itself to every friend of Scotland. He is setting about this in a philosophical spirit which contrasts strongly with the empirical fashion in which fish culture is too often treated. The two kinds of trout which he finds in his fishing appear to agree with the two forms of *S. fario* observed by Dr. Günther—*S. fario Gaimardi* and *Ausonii*. Both varieties are found in Cumberland and Shropshire, and may well coexist in Sutherland. So far as we remember, however, all we caught in Sutherland belonged to the former, the distinctly northern, form.

Much of the charm of this book arises from the author's view of sport, in which men will heartily concur. Killing for the mere sake of killing, worse still, for publishing the size of the bags obtained in the sporting papers, is abhorrent to him; the aesthetic side of sport is what he rejoices in, "the thousand associations historical, classical, poetical, mythological, which surround it, and which spring unbidden, as one treads the moor, lingers by the river, or dreams upon the sea." *A Season in Sutherland* is just the book for the Scotch sportsman or tourist with a love for nature to put into his pocket for the journey north. We have marked one or two mistakes to be amended in the next edition. The late naturalist whose books pleased so many country lovers spelled his name "Jefferies," not "Jeffries"; "penguecula" should be *pinguicula*; "limnae," *limnaea*; and "autochthonoi," *autochthonous*. And so we close a charming book.

M. G. WATKINS.

NEW NOVELS.

The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat. By William Black. In 3 vols. (Sampson Low.)

Love's Labour Won. By James Grant. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Led from Afar. By Mallard Herbertson. In 2 vols. (Remington.)

Broken Wings. By Avery Macalpine. (Chatto & Windus.)

Derelict. By Claud Harding, R.N. (Spencer Blackett.)

The Mystery of a Turkish Bath. By "Rita." (White.)

Bristol Diamonds. By Emma Marshall. (Seeley.)

So as by Fire. By J. F. Seton. (London Literary Society.)

Two Chorus Girls, and Other Stories. By Hamilton Clarke. (Sonnenschein.)

MR. BLACK has never written a more delightful story than his *Strange Adventures of a House-Boat*. It is a book not for criticism but for enjoyment. It has no plot, but it contains several excellent studies of character; and the American girl, Peggy Rosalyn, with her beauty and witching grace, deserves to take high rank among the author's heroines. The gospel of flirtation finds its most profound interpreter in Mr. Black, who knows as much of the workings of the feminine mind as, say, Sir John Lubbock does of those of ants. But Mr. Black is also something much more—he is an artist among the novelists. These three volumes alone would abundantly prove this, for they exhibit a singular power of grasping the salient features of an English landscape, of whatever character that landscape may partake, or however changing and varied may be its moods. There is no lovelier scenery in England than that through which the Thames, the Severn, the Kennet, and the Avon meander; and as we read these pages we envy both the passengers by the House-Boat their journey, and the recorder of the party his power of description. Doubly seemly and attractive under the circumstances appears the Scriptural motto, "Go thou and do likewise." Here is a little sketch, taken at random, of a placid Warwickshire landscape:

"There had been some rain during the night, or perhaps early in the morning; but now the skies were fair, if not completely clear; long streaks of turquoise blue lay between the motionless, soft, fleecy, white clouds; and a dull sultry sunlight lay over the moist green meadows, and the hawthorne hedges, and the great wide branching elms, not a leaf of which was stirring. A death-like silence brooded over this wide extent of country, that rose at the horizon into a line of low-lying hills serrated with woods; but somewhere far away there was the tinkling of a bell—probably a school bell; and around us there was a continuous twittering of birds busy after the rain. There was no other sign of life. And in this perfect stillness and solitariness one grew to fancy that, however Stratford town may have been altered in its old-world streets and houses, these meadows must have been in Shakspeare's time, and long before that, too, very much what they are now, with buttercups among the lush grass, in the sweet May-time, under the fleecy white skies."

There are many such passages of delicate

description; but besides scenery, the *dramatis personae* of these volumes discuss a thousand mundane matters, from the high things of philosophy down to the meaner things of food consumption. Shakspeare and the poets come in for a good deal, and that "modern abomination," the critic, is very severely handled. Jokes are scattered throughout the volumes, some new and excellent, some—well, with just the slightest suspicion of Joe Millerism about them; but all enjoyable. Altogether, this latest novel by Mr. Black is a clever specimen of high-class comedy, interspersed with passages of a deeper and more serious import. The measure of its success may be gauged by the reader's regret when Mrs. Threepenny Bit, Col. Cameron, V.C., Miss Peggy Rosalyn, and the other travellers step out of the Nameless Barge at the end of their journeyings.

Love's Labour Won, the last novel written by the late James Grant, is decidedly inferior to many of his earlier productions. The English scenes, where ordinary love-making goes on, lack the *verve* and energy which gave the author's stirring military novels a deservedly high reputation. The leading heroine—for there are several prominent women characters—loves a young soldier, and rejects a baronet old enough to be her grandfather, although he tempts her with diamonds and £20,000 a year. Melanie Talbot's guardian is a vulgar sort of fellow, who plays an underhand game of a very poor quality, and one which was doomed to be found out. There is not much reality in many of the characters, even in Plantagenet Pugwash, who boasted of his "h'ancestors who fought at 'Astings with William of H'Orange." A change of names sometimes shows that his characters had not indelibly impressed themselves upon the author's mind, as a novelist's creations should do. There are one or two amusing things, as when Melanie vaunts her independence as a woman, and her aunt replies, "She talks quite like those dreadful people, the Socialists and Liberals who use dynamite at the Reformers' tree in Hyde Park." Another character, being reminded of Douglas Jerrold's saying that Eve ate the apple in order that she might dress, retorts, "Dress, by Jove! then she didn't do it extravagantly." By far the best parts of this story are those devoted to the recital of deeds of British valour in Africa, and during the last Burmese war, when King Theebaw's power was utterly demolished. Here Mr. Grant is seen at his best, and the descriptions are full of vigour and excitement. The book is worth reading for these passages alone; but, historically, its pages are sometimes disfigured by prejudice.

There is some slight interest from the psychological point of view in *Led from Afar*; but it is not sufficient to make the narrative really attractive, or to constitute it a successful work of fiction. The mission undertaken by Hugh Trevelyan on behalf of his old love, Ethel Darcy—which consists in establishing her fair fame as the wife of one of the greatest of scoundrels—is estimable in itself, and is carried through with energy; but there was no necessity for him to tell the old Welsh minister that he had no interest in

the matter, seeing that this was the exact reverse of the truth. One of the best characters is a Yankee, Mr. Ephraim C. Slack; but there is a great lack of backbone in the whole novel. The author should do better in his next venture.

A very tender and pathetic story is that of *Broken Wings*, and it manifests also no slight literary skill. We do not remember to have ever seen brought out more strongly the unutterable depth, and the wondrous self-sacrificing nature, of a mother's love. Yet it is almost matched by the clinging affection of the child Claire, the little *dansseuse* heroine of this touching narrative. The only fault one can find with the sketch is that it is almost too sad; and the author would do well to address himself to the lighter as well as the graver aspects of humanity. But his work is distinctly above the average, and he does not spoil it by trying to attenuate into two volumes matter that is infinitely more effective in one.

The writer of *Derelict*, which is described as "a tale of moving accidents by flood and field," is more at home on shipboard than in the political sphere. Some of his descriptions of encounters at sea are graphic enough, and what are nautical mysteries to landmen are all plain sailing to him. His hero, Tom Marston, is a jolly young Englishman, frank, brave, and manly; and he well deserves the wife he secures at last, after he has been enmeshed for a time by an aristocratic Delilah, Lady Sybil Challenger. There are here several vigorously drawn characters, but the author has no confidence in the rank and file of his own countrymen. He objects to their desire to better themselves. They hate the army and navy, he says, "because they are officered by a class which is antagonistic to them"; "they hate the aristocracy on account of their superiority of birth and breeding"; they tolerate the plutocracy, "because they all hope to be plutocrats themselves some day"; and the climax of their political vices is that "Gladstone is their idol!" Mr. Harding, R.N., should keep to a good sailor's yarn.

Another story into which politics are introduced is *The Mystery of a Turkish Bath*; but surely a writer who allows her characters to traduce one great statesman should at least be able to spell the name of another. The author of the Education Act of 1870 appears here as *Foster*. Clairvoyance is the basis of this latest of the "Mysteries," but it would be manifestly unfair to expose the plot or its *dénouement*. The story is not badly written, but it is slight. It may, however, serve to while away an hour.

Mrs. Marshall's *Bristol Diamonds* is, like "Rita's" story, also very short, but it is far superior from every point of view. The narrative is interesting, and well kept together, and as a description of society at the Hot Wells in the year 1773 it is extremely interesting. We obtain passing glimpses of Edmund Burke and Hannah More; but the real intention of the author is to relate a touching love story as affecting two persons in a less distinguished sphere. This she does in a very graceful manner, and the sketch is one to enlist the sympathy of every reader.

The hand of the amateur lies heavy upon *So as by Fire*, otherwise there would not be much objection to it as a story. It has its good points; but they might have been treated more happily and successfully. Mr. Seton's name is new to us, and it may be that this is his first plunge into literature.

We have placed Mr. Hamilton Clarke's volume last, because it is a collection of short sketches; but in merit it deserves precedence over many of the stories already noticed. Those who are inclined to think that there is nothing but evil associated with the theatres may learn a lesson of charity and sympathy from the sketch of "Two Chorus Girls"; and it is long since we have read more touching transcripts of life than those entitled "A Child Musician" and "The Abbey Chorister."

G. BARNETT SMITH.

SOME BOOKS ON EDUCATION.

Prosperity or Pauperism. Edited by the Earl of Meath. (Longmans.) In this volume the editor has collected a good deal of floating literature dealing with "physical, industrial, and technical training." As a matter of course, the contributions are of very unequal interest, and there are one or two the inclusion of which it is hard to understand. The main object which Lord Meath has had in view is to bring the weight of united opinion to bear on educational authorities in order to influence the government to add to the existing codes physical, technical, and industrial training. Most, if not all, of the articles have been published before; but there are some, notably those by the editor himself, by Mr. Chadwick, by Mr. Samuel Smith, by Miss Chapman, and by Mr. Paton, and a few others, which are well worth conning and noting. The problem, in a nutshell, is this. How are we to deal with the great mass of casual unskilled labour—or idleness—that is increasing round about the centres of industry? How are we to make it useful instead of destructive? Mr. Smith is surely right when he denies that Mr. Giffen's comfortable statistics about the progress of the working-classes apply to this ne'er-do-weel part of our population. The remedy proposed is "technical education," which, however, is not to be supposed capable of reversing the effects of economic laws, though it must surely modify them. No one puts the matter more clearly than Mr. Paton; no one knows its practical bearings better. He sees with perfect truth that how well soever we have provided for the education of our population up to the age of thirteen or so, there is between this and the age of sixteen or seventeen "a terrible gap" indeed. During this time our children, whom we have trained so carefully and at such expense in our state-endowed schools, not only lose the keys to literature and science that were given to them with the three R's, but (with Mr. R. L. Stevenson's permission) are left amusing themselves in the gutter to pick up gutter-things. Now, so far, the chief ways in which the endeavour to reform has expressed itself are the teaching of science in state-endowed schools and the founding of technical schools. Well, as Sir John Lubbock here tells us, out of 4,500,000 children in our schools, less than 25,000 were examined last year in any branch of science as a specific subject. And, we must say, with every deference to Sir John Lubbock, from some knowledge of the working of state-endowed elementary schools and the text-books of science used therein and of the examinations, that we should be very much surprised if any good at all came of

them. It is a great pity that a good cause should be so unscientifically injured by Sir John's advocacy. What weight does it add to his demand for science-teaching to say that Mr. Gladstone never learnt any English grammar, and to quote approvingly the strange statement that the places of the *i* and *e* in "believe" and "conceive" are profitless conventions which we teach our children? In the first place, neither these statements nor the equally interesting declaration that there are milestones on the Dover Road have anything to do with the matter; in the next, Mr. Gladstone certainly learnt Latin Grammar (which we infer from Sir John's facts and in Sir John's way must be better than English, seeing that it has made Mr. Gladstone) and the places of the *e* and the *i* in the words quoted are as little conventions as the position of the antennae of ants. Let it not be supposed that this criticism is needlessly captious. It is vitally important to the future of our educational system that we should not discard sciences mainly observational for sciences more strictly physical and experimental. In spite of much wisdom, this contribution of Sir John Lubbock's is one of the least satisfactory in the book, because least convincing. Mr. Cunynghame is right in deprecating the teaching from books of things which even a very clever man could hardly learn, except from observation. And Mr. Cunynghame probably knows that the South Kensington examinations have produced some teachers and many books capable of doing nothing beyond getting a grant under South Kensington conditions. We confess we do not know what the teaching of such "science" is to do for us. Nor are we satisfied with the technical schools proper, in so far as this particular object is concerned—the raising of the mass of "casual unskilled labour." It is the proverbial pill so good against the proverbial earthquake. Such schools draw from a higher stratum than that which we desire to see tapped. Apart from a large displacement of population or some other purging economic movement, by far the most powerful remedy ever proposed is that urged by the wisest contributors to Lord Meath's book. First, we must accustom children to the use of tools, teach fingers and brains to minister together to the satisfaction of the healthy restlessness of youth, so that the child may be pliable and adaptable to all sorts of conditions. This is to be done by direct government encouragement to the teaching of manual training. Secondly, we must have compulsory continuation-schools, an extension of the system of "half-time," in order to deal with the fatal dangers attending *désoeuvrement* in the festering streets. Mr. Smith says wisely, "I should recommend that Eton as well as Seven Dials should have industrial education." And we should like to urge with the utmost earnestness, in Sir Philip Magnus's words, "that the object of workshop practice, as a part of general education, is not to teach a boy a trade, but to develop his faculties and to give him manual skill." It is not, perhaps, surprising that trades unions are sometimes the stubbornest opponents of technical education, but it is very pitiful. Considering the great number of writers whose ideas are set forth under Lord Meath's marshalling, there is marvellous unanimity. Little discrepancies occur. For instance, most writers tell us that any decent artisan would do to take charge of the training workshop; but Miss Chapman most emphatically warns us that we must have a specially and intelligently trained teacher. It is not a serious difference however. Let us get our training-shops; the bad teachers will soon be improved away.

Industrial Instruction. By Herr Seidel. (Boston, U.S.: Heath.) In the years 1882 and 1884 the question of industrial instruction was being

hotly discussed in the Synod of the Cantons of Zurich, and Herr Seidel published a book the objections raised against the scheme. A little book now translated by Miss Margaret Smith is substantially the same work, dealing with local and personal matters, and giving it a more general character." He sets forth the thesis that industrial instruction is a pedagogic necessity, and shows that it is the duty of the state to introduce hand labour into the school. Let us admit at once that Herr Seidel's book is a good one. Miss Smith performed her part of the task with as much success as possible considering the involved and semi-metaphysical style of her original, though we will say at once that we can accept "schoolman" as an equivalent for "schoolmaster" or "educationist" (the latter, no doubt), in spite of the fact that were once favoured with an essay on "Schoolmen," which devoted itself to criticism of Roger Ascham. The author begins by examining the rational relation between industrial instruction and the conditions of society; but chapter i. is by no means a specimen of his real power, though it is of characteristic faults. It is true, no doubt, that education and instruction are conditioned by existing social and civil relations, and it is true also that in feudal pre-revolutionary days the present system of Swiss national education would have been impossible; but it is not true that the "gracious lords" there and elsewhere "declared education to be one of their inalienable prerogatives, and forbade it, and rendered it impossible for the people." So Herr Seidel declaims, and furthermore insists that education had but a single aim—"to strengthen the power of the governing classes." But soon works his way out of this kind of thing, and then the book (making allowance for occasional socialistic aberrations) becomes a well-ordered and unanswerable series of arguments for industrial instruction. Beyond doubt "the future in the state, as well as pedagogy, belongs to labour," but not, if we please Herr Seidel, exclusively to hand labour which he sometimes makes believe to be. He hits the right nail a square stroke on the head in chapter ii. by claiming an equal place for practical teaching with theoretical teaching, the principal aim of both being the harmonious development of the future man. In Lord Meath's book, noticed above, Mr. Samuel Smith urges the same course for the Eton boy and the boy of the Seven Dials. Why not? The teacher, surely, is working in *materia*, boy, to effect the same end—to make a thoroughly developed man. The author proceeds to face the economic objections made to industrial teaching, plausible and legitimate objections, and alleged substitutes, all of which he lays low. We cannot, however, quite follow him on page 61, where his argument runs somewhat as follows. Modern society is based on labour, and demands in its own interests that everyone should possess a certain amount of practical education in labour, and shall have a general understanding of the ideas based on labour. Hence society must see that each of its members gets these. Therefore industrial instruction cannot be left to the judgment of the family; it must be undertaken by the state. Nor can we conscientiously echo his approval of Pestalozzi's "Property is an artificial creation of society." At all events we are not content to take Pestalozzi as an unopposable authority on such points. And, again, it is perfectly true that "what no father would fail to do for his son, what no master would fail to do for his apprentice, the government has failed to do for its people." Of course, the government is not the father of its people, nor the employer of apprentices; so nothing follows from the analogy. We do

not think, with Herr Seidel, that "the majority of great men come from the lower classes" (!), and yet we hold with him that it would be well for the state to take any steps which would conduce to the "harmonious development" of the veriest clodhopper. Herr Seidel gives up chapter v. to answering objecting educators and "schoolmen," in which he (among other points) disposes very satisfactorily of the plea set up in favour of the substitution of gymnastics for the suggested hand labour. Chapter vi. is a marshalling of authorities for the "classic educators," and the last chapter gathers up the arguments. In taking leave of the book, it is only fair to Herr Seidel to say that, much as we differ from his speculative opinions, we regard his little work as, on the whole, the completest statement we have yet met of the reasonable necessity of industrial education in any system of public instruction which is not to be halting, and one-sided, and actually dangerous.

Compayré's History of Pedagogy. Translated by W. H. Payne. (Sonnenschein.) Whoever takes up M. Compayré's book is pretty sure to read it to the end, and Mr. Payne's translation keeps the clearness and vivacity of the original almost without loss. The translator is quite right in saying that historical pedagogy has received but little attention from English and American teachers; and it has received even less from English and American writers. It would seem to be a special gift of Frenchmen to be able to put together clear and compendious treatises, to compile real cyclopædias, and to so generalise historical facts as to concentrate and broaden the view of them at the same time. The history of educational experiments and writings has many advantages over a like history of politics. To begin with, we may confidently expect that the efforts of persons bent on educating the young will be more disinterested than of those engaged in political struggles; and we may be sure, in the next place, that we are getting the mature experience of reflecting persons, the best of the spirit of their times. It is true, then—though true in a sense to which perhaps Herr Seidel, whose book we have noticed above, will not attach much importance—that the education of any period is that period's most distinctive outcome; certainly it is that by which we can most readily estimate its good and its bad. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why M. Compayré's book is so fascinating. It is, in little, a history of civilisation, and quite as likely to interest general readers as teachers, to whom it ought to be indispensable. The *Histoire de la Pédagogie* is an amended form of the *Histoire critique de l'Éducation en France depuis le seizième siècle* published in 1879. It is a survey of educational methods and writings in twenty-two chapters, each chapter being a complete and interesting study in itself. To be sure, such a manual can never take the place of practical acquaintance at first hand with authorities. But most students cannot hope to master the whole matter of educational philosophy in the short time allowed them before they have to begin practical work; and to such, as well as to those whose memory requires enlivening and stimulating by the electric spark of happy generalisation, M. Compayré's work is of great value. He determined, we think rightly, to follow the chronological order in his treatment of the subject, rather than to examine its progress under the head of this or that "tendency" or "principle." For it is impossible to separate the history of pedagogy (if not of education) from the history of society in general; and to classify under this or that tendency or principle would be confusing, and lead to serious cross-division without offering any advantage to counterveil its arbitrariness. Moreover, as M. Compayré himself feels, if

his work is to be of real advantage to the pedagogic student, it is most likely to succeed where the sense of continuity is not lost to him and where he feels that he is adding his brick to a strong pile rising generation by generation. M. Compayré would not be a Frenchman and a deputy of advanced opinions if he did not let his political views colour his work a little. He notes with great approval the Rabbinical requirement that the schoolmaster should be married; he is not over-generous in his estimate of the "Teaching Congregations"; and he does more than justice to the Protestant reformers. Occasionally, his conjectures seem to us a little extravagant. Is it really true that Andrew Bell got the hint for his monitorial system from the Hindus? Is it anything more than the wildest generalisation to make Greece and Rome prototypes of the modern classical and scientific spirits? In his chapters on Pestalozzi and Froebel, our author has performed the somewhat ungrateful but very necessary task of playing *advocatus diaboli* against these two distinguished men. He does not grudge them an atom of the credit justly due to them for their passionate enthusiasm, which has given such dignity and new lustre to the profession of teaching and has done so much to rationalise its methods; but he raises a timely protest against the kind of Pope-worship which raises their *dicta* and practices to the level of things incontrovertible. It is well that teachers should be on their guard against nebulousness and mysticism—states very easy to communicate. One of the very best chapters in the book is the last, dealing with those eminent writers, Messrs. Spencer and Bain. It is a model of just and powerful criticism, which, leaving unimpaired one's admiration for their wisdom, provides the hint and instrument for detecting their fallacies. We have said that Mr. Payne has done his work well. Not the least valuable parts of the book are his analytical summaries affixed to successive chapters, and the notes explanatory and critical which he has appended here and there to his author. It would be mean if, thus indebted to him, we objected to "affranchissement," "back of" (for "behind"), "dismission," and "rapport," which are not English.

Annuaire de l'enseignement primaire. (Paris: Armand Colin.) This useful little publication consists of two parts. The first is a record and directory, and the second contains short pedagogical articles of interest to teachers and the general public. It is the latter which will naturally offer most interest to English readers, as dealing with matters of importance to both nations alike. We confess to being a little disappointed, however, as some of the articles hardly deserve permanent record in what is, after all, mainly a directory.

Health Maps. By Anna Leffler Arnim. (Sonnenschein.) These handy little folding maps are meant to help us in "maintaining the health in a state of integrity . . . correcting any tendencies to functional irregularity . . . and resisting the encroachments of disease." The author is well-known as a writer on medico-gymnastic subjects, and her last contribution to that literature is worthy of her reputation. The exercises are divided into five groups, and can be easily learnt and practised, no apparatus being required—a very great recommendation indeed.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE committee formed to collect subscriptions for a memorial to the late Matthew Arnold have adopted the following resolution: "The appropriation of the funds obtained cannot be absolutely determined at present; but it is

desired by the committee, in the first instance, to place in Westminster Abbey a medallion or bust, as may be found most convenient; next, to make adequate provision for Mrs. Arnold and her unmarried daughter; lastly, after providing for the foregoing objects (should the sum obtained be sufficient), to found at Oxford an Arnold Scholarship or Lectureship, with a view to promote the study of English literature. It is estimated that the cost of the medallion or bust will not exceed £500, including all attendant expenses."

At a meeting held last week at the India Office, it was resolved that the memorial to the late Sir Henry Sumner Maine should take the form of a marble medallion in Westminster Abbey, and that the execution of the medallion should be entrusted to Mr. J. E. Boehm. The total cost is estimated at about £360; and individual subscriptions are limited to three guineas.

The Incorporated Society of Authors have resolved to invite Mr. J. R. Lowell and as many other American men of letters as may be then in England to a dinner, in recognition of their persevering efforts on behalf of international copyright. The date fixed is Wednesday, July 26.

An appeal has been issued by the council of Bedford College, London, for subscriptions towards an extension of their premises. A lease of ground immediately adjoining has been offered, on condition that a building of a certain value be erected. It is proposed to take advantage of this opportunity to meet a want that has long been felt, by the erection of adequate laboratories for scientific instruction, of additional class-rooms, and of cheaper accommodation for resident students. It is further proposed to call the new building the "Shaen Wing," in memory of the long and devoted services which the late Mr. Shaen (who died last year) rendered to Bedford College and to the general cause of women's education. It is estimated that a total sum of £3000 will be required to carry out the scheme, of which about £600 has already been promised.

THE council of the Selden Society will be glad to receive for its second volume, now in preparation, information as to the existence of any early manorial rolls of the reigns of Henry III. or Edward I. Information should be sent to the Hon. Secretary, Mr. P. Edward Dove, Lincoln's Inn.

At the annual meeting of the Royal Statistical Society, held last Tuesday, Dr. T. Graham Balfour was elected president for the ensuing year.

THE Hon. Roden Noel has almost ready for the press a new volume of poems, which will take its title from the longest piece, "A Modern Faust." This is an adaptation of the elements of the old legend to modern problems and conditions. It is written in various metres, and includes a prose interlude, chiefly satirical.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will shortly publish a new work by the Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed, entitled *The Alphabet of Economic Science*.

THE August volume in the monthly series of "Great Writers," published by Mr. Walter Scott, will be *Congreve*, by Mr. Edmund Gosse.

THE author of "Antiqua Mater" has in hand a new work on the *Rise of the Catholic Church*, which will throw fresh light on the questions raised in his previous book.

THE new edition of *Boyne's Tokens*, which was announced as coming out under the editorship of Mr. G. E. Williamson, is now at press. The work has been so enlarged that it will be about twice the size of the original. It is to be published by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MR. CHARLES G. LELAND's forthcoming work on *Americanisms* will contain a contribu-

tion by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes on the dialect, superstitions, and folklore of Massachusetts, with a number of specimens.

MR. WILLIAM PATERSON, of Edinburgh and London, will issue in a few days a new edition of the poetical works of Sir Walter Scott, in four volumes, uniform with his edition of the Waverley Novels. He has also in the press a new novel by Mr. James Peddie, entitled *The Work of a Friend*; and a collection of weird tales in five volumes, collected from English, Scottish, Irish, German, and American writers—a volume being devoted to each nationality.

We understand that Mr. William Sharp's *Romantic Ballads* (which was reviewed in the ACADEMY of June 16) is out of print, and that no new edition will be issued at present.

We quote the following from the New York Critic:—

"I must ask, through your columns, to warn the reading public against purchasing surreptitious and fraudulent copies of the 1860 edition of Walt Whitman's *Leaves of Grass*. All copies of this edition (or nearly all) put upon the market for the last quarter of a century have been stolen impressions from the original plates; Mr. Whitman has not received a cent of copyright on them. I was some weeks ago put in possession of the facts in the case by a letter from Mr. Charles W. Eldridge, one of the original publishers of the 1860 edition, and now residing in Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Eldridge states that he finds spurious copies for sale in towns in California, and thinks they are being worked off in large lots; and that they virtually supply the existing demand for Whitman's poems. I saw to-day in one of the largest bookstores in Boston a copy of the 1860 edition (in its familiar binding), temptingly displayed in the window; and learned, on inquiry inside, that they had bought quite a lot of them 'cheap' at a trade-sale at Leavitt's in New York. I myself innocently bought, nine years ago, a copy in a Boston store, and find now, by the help of Mr. Eldridge's letter, that it is one of the unauthorised, stolen copies. These can be detected in the following way:—The stereotype plates, steel-engraved portrait, and dies for cover are the same as those used in the Thayer & Aldridge edition; but on the back of the title-page, immediately under the certificate of copyright, in the genuine edition, appear the words 'Electrotyped at the Boston Stereotype Foundry. Printed by George O. Rand and Avery.' In the fraudulent edition these words are lacking. . . . It should be known that the only honest edition of *Leaves of Grass* now to be had is that published by David McKay, of Philadelphia—although I believe Mr. Whitman still has a few sets left of the two-volume \$10 edition." W. S. KENNEDY.

At the end of next week, Messrs. Sotheby will sell the very choice library of the late Mr. John Duff, of Greenock. It includes copies of all the four folios of Shakspeare—the Kilmarnock Burns, the Pisa *Adonais*, Shelley's *Zastrozzi*, and the Canadian reprint of Tennyson's early poems (1862).

Correction.—With reference to a note under "University Jottings" in the ACADEMY of last week, we are requested to state that Prof. A. A. Macdonell has not resigned his office of German teacher at the Taylorian Institution, Oxford; but that Dr. Joseph Wright has been appointed his deputy for one year.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE July number of the *Antiquary* will open with an article on "Thomas Taylor, the Platonist," by Mr. Edward Peacock; Mr. J. Theodore Bent will give an account of the adventures of Dallam when he conveyed an organ to Turkey as a present from Queen Elizabeth to the Sultan; and among other articles will be one on the "Parish Registers in the Uxbridge Deanery," by the Rev. J. H. Thomas, and on the "Eleanor Cross at Geddington," by Mr. W. Brailsford.

THE forthcoming number of the *Political Science Quarterly* (London: Henry Frowde), edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia College, New York, will contain a second paper by Prof. Richmond Smith upon "Control of Immigration." Prof. Smith seeks to show that the United States no longer needs the vast quantity of unskilled labour supplied by Europe, and that the recent immigration is seriously injuring the welfare of the American people by lowering the standard of living. Mr. Randolph writes on the "Surplus Revenue," advocating the reduction of customs' duties. Mr. Powers describes the "Reform of the Federal Service," showing the progress of the reform movement under President Cleveland's administration. Of more direct interest to English readers are Prof. Farnham's discussion of the relations of the "State and the Poor," and Prof. Goodnow's criticism of the "English Local Government Bill." Prof. Goodnow discusses the Bill largely from the administrative point of view, and concludes that the consolidation of local authority is insufficient, and that further legislation will be required before English administration attains the simplicity of structure and ease of action which characterise the French and German systems. The political effect of the Bill, on the other hand, Prof. Goodnow considers of great importance. Prof. Burgess describes the "Tenure and Powers of the German Emperor," showing how largely the aggressive powers of the Prussian crown have been lessened by the formation of the Empire, in which the real sovereignty lies in the Federal Council.

A MONOTINT lithograph of "The First Cloud," by Mr. W. Q. Orchardson, will be issued as a frontispiece to the July number of the *Leisure Hour*.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

A THOUGHT OF LESSING'S.

"WENN Gott in seiner Rechten alle Wahrheit, und in seiner Linken den einzigen, immer regen Trieb nach Wahrheit (obschon mit dem Zusatz mich immer und ewig zu irren) verschlossen hielte und spräche zu mir: 'Wähle!' ich fiel ihm mit Demuth in seine Linke und sagte: 'Vater, gib! Die reine Wahrheit ist ja für dich allein!'"

Did I stand face to face with God, and he Command: "Choose, man, right hand or left at will!

All faultless knowledge, truth of good and ill My right hand holds. Take, and live error-free!

Or choose my left hand, see, or seem to see Hard-matrix'd truth gleam gold-like out, and still

Astrain to reach it, hunger, yearn and thrill, And, erring, doubt if truth indeed there be!"

Then I: "Give me that hunger, Lord!—the gift Of perfect knowledge suits not man; 'twould lift

His sloth-prone soul with pride and vain content—

These only it befits. Give me to sift Truth out of error grainwise, though I drift And err, so seeking—yea, till life be spent!"

R. M'LINTOCK.

OBITUARY.

PROF. KAHNIS.

CARL FRIEDRICH AUGUST KAHNIS died at Leipzig, early in the morning of Wednesday, June 20. He was born at Greiz, December 22, 1814, and became a Privatdozent at Berlin in 1842. Prof. Philip Schaff was Privatdozent with him there, and Prof. Luthardt was one of his students. In 1844 Kahniss was appointed Extraordinary Professor at Breslau, and in

1850 Ordinary Professor at Leipzig. In 1856 growing weakness compelled him to stop lecturing, and he has since been scarcely visible even to his intimate friends. His department was Church History, but he also gave lectures on "Encyclopædia" and on Dogmatics. A man of great clearness of statement, he was equally facile in speaking German and Latin, and genial in every relation of life. Of his many books we can mention only *Der inner Gang des deutschen Protestantismus* (1854, 3rd ed. 1874) and *Die lutherische Dogmatik* (1861, 2nd ed. 1874-75). He was buried on Friday, June 22. Pastor Hölcher spoke for the domestic side of his life, and Prof. Luthardt for his academical and theological work.

C. R. G.

EDMUND GURNEY.

WE regret to record the death of Mr. Edmund Gurney, some time fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was perhaps best known to the public as one of the secretaries of the Society for Psychical Research, and as the chief author of that portentous work, *Phantasm of the Living*. But his exceptionally acute intellect was by no means entirely devoted to the unprofitable business of thought-reading and ghost-hunting. In 1880 he published *The Power of Sound*, which was quickly recognised by those best qualified to judge as inaugurating a new philosophy of music. And only last November there appeared two volumes of collected essays from his pen, entitled *Tertium Quid*, dealing in the most trenchant way with a number of topics—moral, metaphysical, and æsthetic. Mr. Gurney, who was in his forty-third year, died at Brighton on the night of June 22, as the result of an overdose of chloroform, self-administered, to remedy chronic sleeplessness and neuralgia.

THE Rev. John Penrose, of Uffculme, near Cullompton, in Devonshire, died suddenly at Osen, in Norway, on June 20. His father, an English clergyman, who was Bampton lecturer in 1808, held several Lincolnshire benefices, and among them was that of Bracebridge, where the son was born on May 21, 1815. He graduated at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1836, and in the next year was elected to a fellowship at Lincoln College, which he retained until 1842. For some years (1839-46) he was an assistant-master at Rugby; but from 1846 he has been resident, first at Exmouth and then at Uffculme, in the pleasant county of Devon. His compilation of *Easy Exercises in Latin Elegiac Verse*, originally published in 1850, has passed through more than twelve editions.

MR. BAKER PETER SMITH, one of the oldest members of the Middle Temple, died at Maidenhead on June 18, aged 87. His father was Thomas Smith, attorney and vestry clerk of the parishes of Tottenham and Stoke Newington; his mother was Sarah, daughter of the Rev. William Sellon, of Clerkenwell, and sister of Serjeant Sellon. So long ago as 1840 Smith issued an entertaining little volume called *A Trip to the Far West of England*.

MR. JAMES LAPWORTH, long a familiar figure in legal circles, died at 7 Blenheim Road, Bedford Park, Chiswick, on June 21, aged 90. His first start in life was as clerk to a solicitor at Warwick; and from 1820 to 1837 he was in the same position with Messrs. Gregory & Co., the well-known firm of solicitors at Bedford Row. In the last year he became clerk to Sir William Follett, with whom he stopped until Sir William's death in 1845. After a short connexion with the Home Office, he was appointed in 1846 to the post of librarian to the Incorporated Law Society in Chancery Lane—a place which

he retained until he was pensioned in 1876. During his tenure of office in that institution he compiled two catalogues of the books in the library: the first, a subject catalogue, was issued in 1851; the second, an author catalogue, with an index of subjects, was issued in 1869.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE current number of the *Journal* of the China Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society contains two articles of more than usual interest, by Dr. Hirth. The first is on "Ancient Chinese Porcelain," and the second on "The Chinese Oriental College." Dr. Hirth disagrees with the conclusion arrived at by Julien on the antiquity of the manufacture of porcelain in China. The French scholar assumed that the art was practised in China as early as the Han period (206 B.C.—A.D. 220), from the fact of the occurrence of the expression *ts'uch'i*, by which is now understood "porcelain," in the literature of that period. An exactly similar reason used to be adduced to show that the Chinese had a knowledge of gunpowder long before it was known in Europe. The word *pao* now used for "cannon" occurs in the early dynastic records; *ergo*, it was argued, the Chinese manufactured gunpowder at the time spoken of. But it was afterwards pointed out that the word *pao* was anciently applied to ballistas. Hence the confusion. In the same way Dr. Hirth contends that the expression *ts'uch'i* probably meant "pottery" at the period mentioned. He also points out that, like the Greek *γλαυκος*, the Chinese word *ts'ing* means either "green" or "blue," and that in translating accounts of the porcelain of the Sung dynasty, Julien has rendered the word by "blue" when it should have been "green." In the second article Dr. Hirth gives an interesting account of the college which has for many centuries existed at Peking, for the instruction of students in the languages of the peoples with whom the Chinese have had relations. At this college vocabularies of the various languages are prepared. One of these Dr. Hirth has lately discovered in MS. which differs from all others known, inasmuch as it contains a list of Juchih words. Juchih was the ancient appellation of the Manchus; and from the twelfth century until the establishment of the present Manchu Dynasty in China, the Juchih used a writing which was compounded with parts of Chinese characters. With their assumption of imperial state, the Manchus, as they then became, adopted their present alphabetical writing, and the Juchih script was allowed to drop out of existence. Only one or two specimens of the writing have until now reached Europe, and Dr. Hirth's MS. will doubtless, therefore, prove a valuable addition to our knowledge of the Juchih written character.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BAUER, B. Der Einfluss Frankreichs auf die preussische Politik u. die Entwicklung d. preussischen Staates. Hannover: Weichelt. 3 M.
BOIS, Maurice. Sur la Loire. Paris: Dentu. 6 fr.
GABVIGLIANO, P. Die Didaktik Basedows im Vergleich der Didaktik d. Comenius. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
HENNEQUIN, E. La critique scientifique. Paris: Didier. 3 fr. 50 c.
KORUT, A. Heinrich Heine u. die Frauen. Berlin: Friedl. 4 M.
LEBOY-BEAULIEU, A. La France, la Russie et l'Europe. Paris: Oelmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
MAUPASSANT, Guy de. Clair de lune: Nouvelles. Paris: Ollendorff. 3 fr. 50 c.
MONNIER, M. Litteraturgeschichte der Renaissance von Dante bis Luther. Nördlingen: Beck. 7 M.
MÜLLER, W. Die Thesenmetapher vom Theodion zu Athen in ihrem Verhältnis zur Vasenmalerei. Göttingen: Olsh. 1 M. 50 Pf.
ROD, E. Etudes sur le 19^e Siècle. Giacomo Leopardi, etc. Paris: Didier. 3 fr. 50 c.
SCHNEIDER, F. J. Die zwölf Kämpfe d. Herakles in der älteren griechischen Kunst. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
VOLKERT, J. Frans Grillparzer als Dichter d. Tragischen. Nördlingen: Beck. 3 M.

THEOLOGY.

- CHARTAUD, G. L'Apôtre Jean et le 4^e Evangile. Paris: Fischbacher. 3 fr. 50 c.
WEISS, J. Der Barnabasbrief, kritisch untersucht. Berlin: Besser. 2 M. 80 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

- CARL, P. Etude sur la commune de Caen. Caen: Massif. 5 fr.
CHAUVEY, H. Historia martyrum anglorum maxime octodocim cartusianorum. Paris: Lechevalier. 10 fr.
LE COUTURUX. Annales ordinis cartusienensis ab anno 1094 ad annum 1419. T. I., II. Paris: Lechevalier. 50 fr.
OFFICOFF, La Macédoine au point de vue ethnographique, historique et philologique. Constantinople. 4 fr.
PRUDHOMME, A. Histoire de Grenoble. Paris: Picard. 12 fr.
STEIN, H. Olivier de La Marche, historien, poète et diplomate bourguignon. Paris: Picard. 10 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

- DARBOUX, G. Leçons sur la théorie générale des surfaces et les applications géométriques du calcul infinitésimal. Paris: Gauthier-Villars. 30 fr.
MAKOWSKY, A. Der Löss v. Brünn u. seine Einschlüsse an diluvialen Thieren u. Menschen. Brünn: Winkler. 2 M. 60 Pf.
RENAULT, B. Les plantes fossiles. Paris: J. B. Baillière. 3 fr. 50 c.
SCHWAB, P. Über Änderungen der Lage der Figur u. der Rotationsaxe der Erde sowie über einige m. dem Rotationsproblem in Beziehung stehende geophysische Probleme. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 2 M. 50 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- BRANDT, H. Zur Erklärung d. Sophokles. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 30 Pf.
DAPENTES, C. Ephémérides Daces, traduites du Grec par Em. Legrand. T. III. Paris: Leroux. 7 fr. 50 c.
DEGUSTINS, C. Ritoromanische Chrestomathie. 1. Bd. 1. Lfg. Erlangen: Deichert. 8 M.
HANDSCHRIFTEN-VERZEICHNISSE, die der k. Bibliothek zu Berlin. 4. u. 10. Bd. Verzeichnisse der persischen Handschriften v. W. Pertsch. 60 M. Verzeichnisse der armenischen Handschriften v. N. Karamehian. 6 M. Berlin: Asher.
HYPERMAT, H. Album de paléographie copte. 100 fr. Les Actes des Martyrs de l'Égypte. Fasc. I-IV. 35 fr. 30 c. Paris: Leroux.
KLUGE, F. Angelsächsisches Lesebuch. Halle: Niemeyer. 4 M. 40 Pf.
LANZONI, D. Dizionario di Mitologia Egizia. Milan: Hoepli. 350 fr.
LURNBURG, A. De Ovidio sui imitatore. Königsberg: Koch. 1 M. 50 Pf.
ORNDL, Ein deutsches Spielmannsedicht. Hrg. v. A. E. Berger. Bonn: Weber. 9 M.
OXE, A. Prolegomena de carmine adversus Marcionitas. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
PIERRE, K. Inscriptions hiéroglyphiques recueillies en Europe et en Égypte. 3^e partie. Commentaire. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 38 M.
SCHERFFEL, S. B. Biere Onkelos. Scholien zum Targum Onkelos. Nach dem Tode d. Verf. hrg. v. J. Perles. München: Ackermann. 5 M.
SCHROEDER, M. M. A. Die Wintery-Version der Regula S. Benedicti. Lateinisch u. englisch, m. Einleitg., Anmerkgn., Glossar u. e. Facsimile zum erstenmale. hrg. Halle: Niemeyer. 5 M.
TOECHER, W. Über die Sprache Ulrichs v. Eschenbach. Prag: Neugebauer. 1 M. 20 Pf.
WILMANN, W. Beiträge zur Geschichte der älteren deutschen Literatur. 4. Hft. Untersuchungen zur mhd. Metrik. Bonn: Weber. 4 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE TRIPARTITE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.

London: June 23, 1893

Mr. Dunlop's notice of my edition of the Tripartite Life is, on the whole, so kind and fair that I can only attribute to my own want of clearness his suggestion (*ACADEMY*, June 23, 1888, p. 424, col. 2) that in the introduction I argue "from the Tripartite Life to the doctrines professed by St. Patrick"—an argument which he rightly characterises as "extremely hazardous." But the only references in the introduction to the saint's doctrines are in p. cxxxv., to which I refer in p. clxi. In the former place I quote only the *Confessio*, the *Faéd Fiada* (a copy of which is in the *Liber Hymnorum*) the hymn of Secundinus, the *Liber Angueli*, and the canons edited by Wasserscheleben. I carefully abstain from quoting as evidence of Patrick's doctrines the Tripartite Life, which I describe (p. cxxxvi.) as a religious romance, and which I cite (p. clxi.

et seq.) only to show the opinions of mediaeval Irish Christians, such as its compiler, his contemporaries, and their immediate predecessors.

Nor can I admit that Patrick's fast on Cruachan is an example of *dharna*. If we go to India for analogies, I should compare it rather with those god-constraining austerities, of which Padmavati says (*KSS*. ii. 538, ed. Tawney): "There is nothing that austerities cannot accomplish." The thaumaturgic power of the saint's fast is also exemplified in p. 312, where it dispels the magical mists over Magh Ai.

Let me take this opportunity of correcting an error and supplying an omission in my book. In the introduction, p. cxxxiii, ll. 7, 8, for *Potitus read Potitius*, as in *C.I.L.* viii., 1381. In p. 81, l. 17, the dots should be replaced by "from me (a part) of the fosterage-fee" (*tarrad*), and in the next line for "the land that," &c., read "The land that," &c.

The passage is important as showing that the fee paid for fosterage (*Ancient Laws of Ireland*, vol. ii., p. 146) occasionally consisted of land.

Whitley Stokes.

Youghal: June 5, 1893.

In the *ACADEMY*, No. 803, Mr. Whitley Stokes writes: "I called, and still call, the scribe of the Oxford Tripartite Life of St. Patrick (Rawl. B. 512) 'a careful and learned person,' meaning, of course, that he was a careful scribe and learned in his own tongue." The Tripartite has been recently issued in the *Rolls* series under the editorship of Mr. Stokes. As the bulk of the text is taken from the Oxford MS., ample data are now within reach for putting the foregoing statements to the proof.

First, with regard to the Latinity. I have to premise, however, that some of the corrigenda are not to be laid to the scribe's charge. For instance, *historiam dicere*, given (p. 2) as the expression of St. Jerome, is not due to the copyist. Allowing for the native interchange of *d* and *t*, he wrote accurately *historiam decere*. Hence the Italian *tessere l'istoria*.

Nor is the following his:

"Non enim potest fieri ut corpus baptism recipiat sacramentum nisi ante [quam] anima fidelis suscepit veritatem—for it cannot be that the body should receive the sacrament of baptism before the soul receives the verity of faith (pp. 4, 5)."

Quite right; but, needless to say, the editor's English makes St. Jerome state the very reverse of the editor's Latin. Omit [quam], replace *suscepit* by *susceperit*, and you have the original, as given in the Egerton (British Museum) MS. In Rawl. B. 512, such was the care employed that the compendium of *er*, a line drawn across the down-stroke of *p*, was omitted.

Of scribal errors in transcription of single words, some forty are corrected in the text and printed in the margin. To show their character, I set down specimens.

LATIN FORMS, RAWL. B. 572.	CORRECT FORMS.
p. 56, illeis	illaesi
100, in spiritu	inspirat
138, peniper	semper
160, enyca	enixa
204, cerse	coenae
244, cant	canit
Britorum	Britonum
248, dixit	Deus
254, unias	lineas
262, in terra	intra

Others have been reproduced, probably from oversight. Such are *accederat* (*acciderat*), p. 124, *adit* (*adi*), p. 128, *quem dicebatur* (*qui*), p. 212.

The English version is based on the vocables as amended.

Of chief importance, however, are the radical corruptions which the editor has neither amended nor perceived. I select some, "Habentur et haec—these too are implied (pp. 4, 5)." Noteworthy is the new equation—*habentur = implied*. The Latin has to be taken upon trust, for we are not informed whether the scribe used contractions. Be that as it may, the true lection can be supplied from Egerton: Herent haec (ubi dicit: Data est, etc.)—these words adhere (where he saith: Data est; i.e. vv. 19, 20 fit on to v. 18 of Matt. xxviii.) The corresponding Irish, which the careful copyist did not copy, is *leth atuib[th]e*. The equivalence is employed in three glosses of the Milan Columbanus, quoted in the editor's Index verborum.

"Pro fide ac baptismo—in favour of faith and baptism (pp. 6, 7)." St. Jerome wrote, of course, *post fidem ac baptismum*. The reading in Egerton, which is here relegated to a note, should, accordingly, have been placed in the text.

"Et posuit ibi Assicum et Bite filium Assici (p. 96)." Yet, the editor had under his hand abundant proof that Bite was nephew of Assicus. For the original in the Book of Armagh has: Et posuit ibi Assicum et Betheum, filium fratris Assici (fol. 11b, c; p. 313). Next, Egerton gives: filium fratris Assicus [-ci]. Thirdly, another passage in the Tripartite contains: Bite, filius fratris Assici (p. 148). Here, of all places, you would consider, was the occasion for one of the notes "illustrative of the various readings" required, the Minute prefixed to the volume says, by the Treasury.

"Hoc enim non cum eis habuit rex aquarum—for he [St. Patrick] did not, as they did, hold it to be a king of waters (pp. 122-3)." *Hoc*, namely = *fons*! The emendation is so easy that one is ashamed to claim credit for it. *Hoc enim nomen*, &c.—for (the fountain) had this name with them, viz., rex aquarum. Cf. Book of Armagh: quia dederunt illi [i.e. font] nomen, aquarum rex (fol. 13d; p. 323).

"Pausantur—have their rest (pp. 178-9)." *Pausant*, the requisite word, is given at foot; doubtless, to show that the vocable was considered a vox nihili by the editor.

"Sic quod verbum uniuicque ex eis dixit: quod impletum est—unto each of them he thus said a word; which hath been fulfilled (p. 212-3)." Duplicating the relative is an accession to Latin syntax. In Egerton we find sicque verbum, &c.; the conjunction, not the pronoun, being demanded.

Next, with respect to the scribe's native learning. Here, too, some of the corrigenda, it is right to premise, are not of his causing. For instance, we have *secht* in the text, translated *six* on the opposite page (pp. 114-5). The MS. gives the numeral in Roman notation. The Irish for *six* is *se*, not *secht*. The copyist, consequently, we must conclude, wrote *vi*, as in Egerton, not *vii*.

Here (pp. 96-7) is an imaginary textual deficiency. "Dindail . . . nominatur locus Ail-find; de aqua nuncupatur—the place is named Ail-find from the stone (ail) . . . ; it is called from the water [find (fair)]." The sentences are to be arranged thus: Dindail . . . nominatur locus Ail; find de aqua nuncupatur—from the rock (ail) . . . the place [Elphin] is named Ail; find (fair) it is called from the water.

In "ail Oengusso ocus Ailella, maico Nat-fraich—seed of Oengus and Ailell, son of N. (pp. 196-7)," *maico*, the facsimile prefixed to Vol. I. shows, represents the scribal *m*, with stroke overhead. The sense requires gen. pl., not gen. sg. The full form is, therefore, *mac*; "of O. and A., sons of N."

When this scribe, Mr. Stokes has said,

(ACADEMY, No. 792), gives *Mel* (not *Maile*) as gen., he may be trusted. Here is tabulated evidence on the point.

GENITIVES, R. B. 512.	GENITIVES, OLD-IRISH.
P. 74, Corcan	Corcain
76, Chasan	Chasain
84, Ohiaran	Chiarain
104, Ohianan	Chianain
" Cethecho	Cethig
108, Loman	Lomain
" Talan	Talain
" Coeman	Coemain
110, Sachall	Sachell
130, Foelan	Foelain
136, Olcan	Oleain
162, Gabran	Gabrain
164, Conadan	Conadain
166, Saran	Sarain
188, Ercan	Ercain
194, Feidilmid	Fedelmedo—theo

The sole clue afforded by the editor to the existence of this black list consists in the words italicised. In these cases, the native expressions have been retained amended in the translation.

That the left-hand column is the product of the copyist's carefulness and learning, is made manifest by the fact that elsewhere he transcribes Chiarain (p. 88), Cethig (p. 104), Lomain (p. 204) and Talain (p. 108), quite accurately; thereby proving unconsciously under his own hand that the exemplar was not in fault. Nay more, Cethecho and Cethig occur within five lines; Talan is found at foot of one column (13a) and Talain at top of the next. In sooth, a most excellent scribe!

Of substantial corruptions that have been neither removed nor pointed out in the present edition, a few will suffice to show the nature. "Is he, immorro, leth ataeibi ind aisneissi . . . codu. Now, this is one of the two contents of this declaration . . . as far as the place (pp. 4, 5)." Elsewhere (p. 431), we have *leth ataeibi* = "one of the two connected passages." Though Mr. Stokes wrote in September 1887 (ACADEMY, No. 803) that "about three years ago" he discovered *leth ataeibi* to mean *context*, it is only in his corrections (p. 674) that the new version appears for the first time, and restricted to p. 431. I am willing to extend the effect of the discovery to p. 5.

But, even in the amended form, it would be difficult to find a version to which objections more insuperable lie. First, *is*, being a mere copula, can never predicate. No doubt, we have an editorial bettering "is cell [and]—there is a church [there] (pp. 420-7)." Any child, however, who talks the mother-tongue, would stare and gasp at such Irish. *Ata cell* and is the native sentence (p. 30). *Is cell* is quite correct where it stands; the scholiast says Caill Foclaid, in Tyravley (Co. Mayo) is a church. As here translated, the verb, accordingly, has no subject.

Moreover, if *ataebi* were, as put down in the index, pres. ind. sg. 3, the antecedent, *leth*, would have the article. Alleth crin irrabi (p. 58), as ind port irrabi (p. 82), alla mbeithe (p. 118), ise ropu hualloha int Oengus (p. 126).

Thirdly and chiefly, *ind aisneis* is not gen., but nom. The gen.-ending is copied correctly by the scribe in *aisneisen* [= Old-Irish *aisindisen*] (p. 256), the case of which is beyond question. The word, we know from the article *ind* of Rawl. and, still better, from *inna* (aisindisen) of the Milan Columbanus (16d), is feminine. To maintain his ground, therefore, the editor, willy nilly, must write the scribe down an ignoramus.

Fourthly, the gen. would not be employed here, but the dative with *di*—dind aisindisin. Dinleith andes do sleib Mis (p. 38), alleth nur dontig (p. 58). To show the usage, it will suffice to state that I found the periphrasis

only thrice, and the periphrasis more than seventy times, in the Tripartite.

Is he leth atuib[th]e, ind aisindis codu is, consequently, the only possible reading. "The narrative (of Isaiah) at the place (ix. 1) is the context [lit. side of adherence] (of v. 2)." The pronoun *he* stands proleptically for the subject, *ind aisindis*. The article, as a rule, is not employed with sb. followed by dependent gen., or with verbal sb. (infinitive). *Atoibe* is phonetic gen. of *atoibad* (p. 90). The correct form, *atoibthe*, occurs twice in one column of the St. Gall Priscian (29b). Zeuss cited the word in two places (pp. 363, 1021), and in both gave it accurately, not *atoibethe*, as assigned to him in this book (p. 430).

"Doluid Patraio iarsin don topur. i. Cliabach, hi alessaib Cruachan fri turgbail ngrene—thereafter Patrick went at sunrise to the well, namely, Cliabach on the sides of Cruachan" (pp. 98-9). Now, *fri* does not signify *at*, but *opposite, towards*: *fri Auu Ailella*, *fri Ba[d]igna*—over against Hy A., over against B. (p. 94); *fri Caill Foclaid*—over against C. F. (p. 130); *fri beolu mara*—towards the entrance to [lit. of] the sea (p. 136); *fri abainn*—towards the river (p. 199).

Turning to the Book of Armagh (fol. 12 a., pp. 314-5), we find: "Deinde venit S. Patricius ad fontem, qui dicitur Clebach, in lateribus Crochan contra ortum solis, ante ortum solis." *Contra ortum solis* is determined by the correlative: *de cellola Toch*, in regiones Temenrigi i Ceru *contra solis occasum* (fol. 15b, p. 329). It is, obviously, *fri terebail grene* of the Tripartite. Add *ri terebail grene*, the Irish of the Armagh *ante ortum solis*, to the Rawlinson reading and the lacuna becomes filled up. The meaning is: St. Patrick went before sunrise to the fountain Clebach, [situated] on the slopes of Cruachan towards the east. Clebach, which the editor is unable to identify, still exists on the eastern declivity of Rathcroghan, the royal seat of Connaught, nine miles north of Roscommon town. Its flow of water is as constant and copious as when the two royal sisters

"had rushed,
Ere earliest dawn the East had flushed,
To bathe them in its well."

The source of the scribe's error is now discovered. He had before him *fri terebail grene*, *ri terebail grene*. The dissimilarity was so slight as to lead him, like the learned pundit he was to conclude that the second expression was a repetition of the first. He omitted it accordingly. This, with your latter-day editor, is proof of his carefulness and learning.

"Docotar la Cethecho epscoo diatir. Do ceniu Ailella amathair, Do ceniu Sai . . . [athair]—They went with bishop Cethech to his country. Of the race of Ailill was C.'s mother. Of the C. S. . . was his father (pp. 104-5)." Let us see what the Book of Armagh has respecting Cethech's parentage. Exierunt cum [Ce]thiaco, sancto episcopo, [ad] suam propriam regionem; quia de genere Ailello eius pater fuit, et mater eius erat de genere Sai (fol. 12c, p. 318). Thus, had Mr. Stokes been cut out for amending anything, he could easily have corrected his text here. Read: lotar diathir; athair di C. A., amathair di C. S.—they went to his country; his father (having been) of C. A., his mother of C. S.

From blundering or oversight, no matter which, the scribe left out *athair* (his father): with the result that the editor unwittingly sets up for being a better authority than Tirechan and his informant, bishop Ultan of Ardbraccan, "who died A.D. 656 (p. xci.)."

"Cathir docum vii episcoporum—a city for seven bishops (pp. 148-9)." But *docum* never signifies *for*. It always means *to*, and regularly follows verbs of motion. Dodechatar docum Temrach—They went to Tara (p. 53); o thanico

dochum nErinn — when he came to Ireland (p. 66); tecaít modechum—they come to me (p. 98). Similar examples are to be found at pp. 124, 160, 224, 242. Furthermore, the compendium *epis.* must be lengthened *episcopis*. For in *nomina episcoporum* (p. 106), where the case is undoubted, the gen.-termination is written in full.

The scribe, it is easy to see, jumbled up Latin and Irish. We have to read: cathir do, cum septem episcopis—a city for him (Patrick), with seven bishops. The cognate passage is (p. 96): la Patraic in dhell—to Patrick belongs the church (of Racon, co. Donegal). Its seven bishops are invoked in the Litany of Oengus (Book of Leinster, p. 374a).

So much as to how far this work has been edited "in such a manner," to quote the Treasury Minute, "as to represent with all possible correctness the text... derived from a collation of the best MSS."

The "estimate of historical credibility and value postulated in the same Minute," students will be enabled to appraise, when it is added that the editor employs here the same method that led to such notable results in the *Calendar of Oengus* and *Stowe Missal*. From a text demonstrably vitiated in form and corrupt in substance, worthless consequently as a linguistic basis, a synopsis of grammatical forms has been compiled. This cumbersome catalogue, bristling with italics and arabics, hyphens and equation-marks, drags its laborious length through five and twenty pages of small print. It is made to do duty as a "linguistic argument." If we subjoin, we are told, eleven similar formations there given of equal purity, "we can hardly avoid the conclusion that the Tripartite Life was compiled in the eleventh century" (p. lxxxix.).

Mr. Stokes has been operose in exhibiting in the ACADEMY what, with felicitous phrase, he dubbed "curiosities of official scholarship."

"mutato nomine, de te

Fabula narratur."

These two volumes are tangible proof that such characteristics are still found thick strewn on the field of Irish Philology.

B. MACCARTHY.

"STEERMAN."

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk, June 23, 1883.

I am much obliged to Mr. Palmer for the quotations bearing on this word which he gives from Ducange and elsewhere.

My statement that neither "stermannus" nor "esturmain" occurs in the *Glossarium* (at any rate as head words) was literally correct; though the various forms of the latter registered by Burguy ought to have enabled me to give the proper references to Ducange.

The forms "esturment," "estument," are apparently due to the influence of "instrumentum," though they have no connexion with it in signification—the meaning, "vaisseau," "navire," given by Ducange (under "estument") being, as Mr. Palmer points out, clearly erroneous.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, July 2, 4 p.m. Natural History Museum: Swiney Lecture, "Plants of the Palaeozoic Epoch," IV., by Prof. W. R. McNab.
5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.
WEDNESDAY, July 4, 4 p.m. Natural History Museum: Swiney Lecture, "Plants of the Palaeozoic Epoch," V., by Prof. W. R. McNab.
THURSDAY, July 5, 4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "The Antiquities of Trèves and Metz," by Prof. Bunnell Lewis; "Roman Life in Egypt," by Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie.
FRIDAY, July 6, 4 p.m. Natural History Museum: Swiney Lecture, "Plants of the Palaeozoic Epoch," VI., by Prof. W. R. McNab.

8 p.m. Geologists' Association: "The Rheotides and Lias of Glamorganshire," by Mr. H. B. Woodward; "The Geology of the Forest of Dean," by Mr. E. Wethered; "The Clays of Bedfordshire," by Mr. A. O. G. Cameron.

SCIENCE.

MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.

American Journal of Mathematics. Vol. x., No. 2. (Baltimore.) Mr. G. P. Young, in his memoir on "Solvable Quintic Equations with Commensurable Coefficients," continues his work upon quintics by applying his general method (vol. vii., p. 103) to the solution of twenty examples. This is an exceedingly valuable pendant to his former paper, and enables the reader to grasp the author's mode of solution in the case under consideration, that of irreducible quintics with commensurable coefficients (pp. 98-130). In "Forms of Non-Singular Quintic Curves" Mr. D. Barcroft discusses quintics with fifteen, eleven, seven, and three real inflexions, and has illustrated his paper with forty-seven very carefully-drawn figures on twelve pages (pp. 131-140). "The twelve lines each containing three of the nine inflexions of a cubic" will intersect in twelve other points. From the twelve lines we get twelve points, which are clearly the critic centres or possible double points of all cubics having the same inflexions as the one considered." This is the text of Mr. F. Morley's article, entitled "On Critic Centres" (pp. 141-148). Captain Macmahon's contribution carries on his previous work with the title "The Expression of Syzygies among Perpetuants by means of Partitions" (pp. 149-168). The Abbé Faà de Bruno gives a "démonstration directe de la formule Jacobienne de la transformation cubique." Another short note is "Note on Geometric Inferences from Algebraic Symmetry," by F. Morley; and the number closes with a memoir by M. P. Appell on "Surfaces telles que l'origine se projette sur chaque normale au milieu des centres de courbure principaux" (pp. 175-186).

Companion to the Weekly Problem Papers. By the Rev. J. J. Milne. (Macmillan.) The "Weekly Problem Papers" and their "Solutions" have found their way into the hands, we should suppose, of all who have anything to do with the preparation for a mathematical scholarship examination, and the work before us is a most excellent "Companion" to them. It is the result of the united efforts of several contributors who have won for themselves a claim to be listened to on the respective subjects they here handle. Mr. Milne, who is the editor, states in his preface that his object has been "to direct attention to those points hitherto passed over in silence by previous writers, or not treated with the fulness which they deserve." He has taken for his part the "theory of maximum and minimum," treated algebraically and geometrically, and the "theory of envelopes" similarly treated. We think the interest of these papers would have been enhanced by references to previous writers on the subjects. He refers only to Cresswell for geometrical maxima (in his preface), though he says (p. vi.): "I have in every case throughout the book endeavoured to indicate the authors of the various propositions and proofs so far as I was able to trace them." This is, however, a small matter which can be easily rectified if our views are held by other readers, and commend themselves to Mr. Milne. What he gives is well-done, and of considerable interest. Mr. R. F. Davis and Prof. Genese are two geometers whose work is always elegant, and their contributions are not confined to the signed articles—by the former on "Centroid" applied to geometry, binomial series, and algebraical and trigonometrical

identities; and by the latter on "Force" applied to geometry, biangular co-ordinates, geometrical and mechanical constructions. These gentlemen also contribute, with Mr. R. M. Langley, interesting articles on Feuerbach's theorem. Mr. Langley makes some acute remarks on the theory of inversion, and on pedals. The longest article is the Rev. T. C. Simmons's excellent account of the modern geometry of the triangle (pp. 99-184). In a paper on this subject read at the last January meeting of the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching, Mr. Davis rightly calls this

"the most remarkable and interesting of recent additions to elementary mathematics. Within the last few years it has arisen in the sky like some strange unknown planet, and many telescopes from different lands have been eagerly pointed at it."

This article, the supplementary chapter (pp. 165-222) of the fourth edition of Dr. Casey's *Sequel to Euclid*, and pp. 245-257 of Casey's conics, with several articles in different parts of the same work, are the only connected accounts we have, in any language, of this modern geometry. There are plenty of separate papers; but these are not, without considerable difficulty, obtainable by the general reader. A fairly full and very accurate account, so far as continental sources are concerned, is given by M. E. Lemoine, in his "renseignements historiques et bibliographiques" appended to a paper read before the Association Française pour l'Avancement des Sciences—Congrès de Grenoble (1885, pp. 19-27). Mr. Simmons has given a brief *résumé* of this account in his chapter ix. In correction of his note (p. 181), a very small matter—we may state that the term "symmedian point" was first used in the *Educational Times* (see "Reprint," xli, p. 26). Some early provisions of recent discoveries will be seen in the *Ladies and Gents' Diary* for 1859, 1861, 1862, 1866 (the Cosine Circle), and 1868. In the "Reprint" we may refer to vols. xviii, xix, xx., where Kiepert's hyperbola—so called from that mathematician's article in the *Nouvelles Annales*, 1869—forms the subject of a question, proposed by the editor, Mr. Miller, so long ago as July, 1862; cf. also question 424 of Whitworth's trilinear co-ordinates 1866), vol. xxii., and later volumes. The fact remains, however, as M. Lemoine puts it:

"Les points de Brocard ont sans doute aussi été fréquemment rencontrés, mais il est également certain qu'avant ce géomètre nul n'avait soupçonné leur rôle et leur importance dans la géométrie du triangle."

The same holds also of the Lemoine point. English geometers had paid no attention to the matter; and it was not until the present writer (April, 1885), while engaged upon an examination of a circle, which he called the "H. M. Taylor Circle" (*Messenger of Mathematics*, vol. xi.) conceived the "triplicate-ratio" circle, which he subsequently connected with the Brocard circle, that the matter at all came before them. We made an early communication of results to Dr. Casey; and this brilliant geometer at once saw his opportunity, and entered into possession of a domain which he has greatly beautified and extended. Mr. Simmons, in an extremely able sketch, has taken up a new position, while going over much of the old ground. He is the first writer who has introduced the use of the eccentricity of the Brocard ellipse into a treatment of this branch of geometry, and the result is highly satisfactory and elegant. M. de Longchamps says: "Cette science [Brocardienne] est née en France, mais elle y est encore peu répandue, bien qu'elle soit déjà classique à l'étranger." Prof. Neuberg, too, of Liège, states that there is not, nor is there likely to be, a French text-book of the same elementary,

and at the same time comprehensive, nature as this account we are considering. So, though late in the field, the English mathematicians have done good work, and advanced the outposts some way beyond the position occupied in 1883. Mr. Simmons, in a paper entitled 'A New Theory of Harmonic Polygons,' read before the London Mathematical Society (April 7, 1887) has done original work in another direction of this subject; and we have reason to believe that were this "companion" work to be done over again he would start with the harmonic polygon, and take the triangle as a particular case. This article will undoubtedly lead to many other mathematicians taking an interest in the new geometry, with the result that more lines will be opened up, and then the way will be prepared for an enlarged treatment of the whole subject. Meantime, all honour is due to Dr. Casey, our author, and other investigators, for their good services. The discoverer of the nine-point circle is, we believe, unknown. The modern practice of attaching discoverer's names to circles may not commend itself to all, yet how are we to distinguish between individual circles? We cordially commend Mr. Milne's new book to our mathematical readers, feeling sure they will find much to interest them. May we correct a small slip in the preface? The expression "ten-minute conundrums" was employed by De Morgan in his presidential address to the Mathematical Society, and was quoted from this address by Henry Smith, in his presidential address to the same society. He makes express reference to De Morgan (*cf. Proceedings of the London Mathematical Society*, vol. viii., p. 7).

A Treatise on Algebra. By Charles Smith. (Macmillan.) A notice of a text-book on algebra in these days must be prefaced by a statement as to whether it is drawn up on the old familiar lines or whether it follows the path marked out in Prof. Chrystal's work. We say then that Mr. Charles Smith has in the main kept to the old treatment; but there are numerous excellencies of exposition and arrangement which are departures for the better. The student is to some extent expected to have read some such work as the author's admirable small book on algebra, and hence the earlier parts are treated in a rather concise manner. There is a good account of the fundamental laws and of the usual subjects up to the binomial theorem for a positive integral exponent. Then we have a very valuable chapter on convergency and divergency of series—a change in the usual order for which Mr. Smith justly asks for approval. The chapter on continued fractions also appears to us to be very well done, and to contain some novel features for an elementary work. The closing chapter on determinants gives as much as one can look for in a treatise which is not specially devoted to this branch. It is not necessary to go into any detail; the book everywhere gives evidence of careful compilation and arrangement, and contains a storehouse of well-selected examples—many of which are new to us. The student has now a triplet of recent algebras to choose from, each one of which is admirable, and has special features of its own.

A Higher Arithmetic and Elementary Mensuration. For the Senior Classes of Schools and Candidates preparing for Public Examinations. By P. Goyen. (Macmillan.) This is an excellent book for intelligent students. There are no formal rules and definitions; but a great number of carefully selected examples are worked out with some detail, and the reader is left to make the rules for himself. All through the work exercises abound, and at the end is a collection of 400 miscellaneous examples.

Arithmetic for Beginners. A School Class-book of Commercial Arithmetic. By the Rev.

J. B. Lock. (Macmillan.) This is a simplified form of Mr. Lock's larger work with a "re-written" collection of exercises graduated for junior pupils. It is well adapted for the class of "commercial" candidates, and to meet the wants of this class a chapter on exchanges and foreign money is included. On p. 151 our author has made a serious mistake in working out a bill on Paris for 7,625 francs, when the course of exchange is 25·25, for he gives as answer £500. He has apparently taken the exchange to be 15·25. There is a great deal of excellent material in this little book, and it is placed before the reader with much clearness.

Key to Todhunter's Differential Calculus. By H. St. J. Hunter. (Macmillan.) Mr. Hunter has performed a useful piece of work in an excellent manner. The solutions are good, clear, and yet concise. The descriptions, where figures are needed, are sufficient and to the point. This would be a capital book for students who have not a private tutor at hand to do the work for them.

Arithmetic Papers set in the Higher Local Examination. From June 1869, to June 1887, inclusive. The Papers on Questions, with Notes on Arithmetic, by S. J. D. Shaw. (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.) The notes are taken from lectures delivered to the students of Newnham College, and are a very useful accompaniment to the papers which they, in a measure, complement. Miss Shaw has produced a little book which we can commend to the class of readers for whom she has compiled it—viz., teachers and older students.

The Elements of Plane and Solid Mensuration. With Copious Examples. By F. G. Brabant. (Rivingtons.) This is a full and apparently accurate treatise on the subject, drawn up with special reference to the requirements of present-day examinations. It covers a larger area than Todhunter's (where was he "Professor," as our author styles him?) booklet; and, in addition to a large collection of solved and unsolved examples, has several carefully drawn figures.

Elements of Dynamics (Kinetics and Statics). With numerous Exercises. A Text-book for Junior Students. By the Rev. J. L. Robinson. (Rivingtons.) The following account of the headings of the chapters will show that the author has adopted the system suggested by Thomson and Tait. Chaps. 1 and 2 treat respectively of uniform and accelerated velocity. Chaps. 3, 4, 5 of the laws of motion; chap. 6 of fundamental propositions in statics; chap. 7 of two parallel forces; chap. 8 of moments; chap. 9 of centre of gravity; chap. 10 of conditions of equilibrium; chap. 11 of machines; chap. 12 of friction; chap. 13 of impact; chap. 14 of projectiles; chap. 15 of work and energy, and chap. 16 of the pendulum. We do not look for novelty; but the old themes are treated with some freshness, and special attention appears to have been paid to the elucidation of the difficulties which junior students encounter in this subject. The book will serve to prepare the way for Garnett and Minchin; and it contains, as might be expected from Mr. Robinson's experience, all that is required by candidates for the navy examinations. At the same time, candidates for other examinations—such as the Oxford and Cambridge Local—will find sound explanation and numerous worked and unworked examples suited to their wants.

THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.

We quote the following from the *New York Nation* :—

"The spring meeting of the American Oriental Society was held in the library of the American

Academy in Boston, on Wednesday, May 2, [D. Andrew P. Peabody in the chair. Among the papers read was one by Prof. Richard Gottlieb, Columbia College, on 'A Syriac Geographical Chart of the Thirteenth Century,' found in an old MS. of the 'Lamp of the Holy Things,' by Gregorius Bar Ebhrāyā, who lived in the second half of the thirteenth century. The chart comprises the whole world so far as it was known to this Eastern ecclesiastic, and forms an interesting addition to the history of cartography. Bar Ebhrāyā, following the Arabic geographical writers, divides the whole earth into seven parallels or 'climates'; but he goes beyond the Arabic charts which we find, for instance, in Kazwini, and attempts to delineate roughly the forms of the different countries. We can see here the effect of contact with Greek learning. Mr. James R. Jewett of Harvard University, spoke upon the School of Biblical Archaeology which it is proposed to erect at Beirut in Syria, and to found and manage upon the same principles as the Classical School at Athens. Orientalists, archaeologists, and theologians are there to become practically acquainted with Palestine and the neighbouring countries, to study the habits and languages of the present inhabitants, and, when the opportunity offers, to make archaeological and antiquarian researches. Prof. David G. Lyon, of Harvard, treated of 'The Trustworthiness of Assyrian Statements, Figures, and Dates.' During the year 1887 two editions were brought out of a tablet dated 499 B.C., containing a synchronous history of Babylon, Assyria, and Elam, down to the year 688. This tablet is likely to shake our faith in the accounts which the Assyrian kings have handed down to us. From his own inscriptions we had been led to believe that during the first years of his reign (about 720 B.C.) the great Sargon II. had defeated Humbanigash of Elam at Düriliu. The Babylonian chronicler, however, says distinctly that the Elamite carried off the victory, and not Sargon (Hiele, *Babylonisch-Assyrische Geschichte*, p. 614). In the same manner Sennacherib, in his account of his bloody conflict with Babylon and her allies at Hallulu, not far from the present town of Bagdad (692-1 B.C.), ascribes the victory to his own arms. Our tablet, however, gives the victory to the Elamites. The accounts have been written by different people, and it is possible that misrepresentations have been made by both sides. The Society adjourned to meet in the fall either at New Haven or at Philadelphia."

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE Geologists' Association is busy making arrangements for a week's excursion to the West of England and South Wales early in August. The party will start from Gloucester, and visit the coal-field of the Forest of Dean, the rhaetic beds at Westbury-on-Severn, and the Silurians of May Hill. They will then proceed to the Valley of the Wye, examining the country between Symond's Yat and Chepstow. The headquarters will afterwards be transferred to Cardiff, when opportunity will be offered for visiting the classical rhaetic section at Penarth, and the Silurian inlier at Rhumney. The great coal-field of South Wales will be penetrated by a journey up either the Taff Vale or the Rhondda Valley, and finally an excursion will be made to the Silurian district around Usk.

MR. J. ELLARD GORE has in the press a volume, entitled *Planetary and Stellar Studies*; papers on the planets, stars, and nebulae, which will be published shortly by Messrs. Roper & Drowley.

PROF. LLOYD MORGAN, Dean of Bristol University College, has written a pamphlet showing the gradual geological development of the district around the Mendips, which will be published shortly by Messrs. J. Baker & Son, of Clifton. It will be illustrated with fine maps.

DR. MURRELL'S *Massage as a Mode of Treatment* has been translated into Russian, and will

shortly be published under the editorship of Prof. B. K. Panchenko of St. Petersburg.

THE third Heft of the *Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie* (London: Trübner) contains the continuation of J. Biittikofer's monograph upon the aborigines of Liberia; and an elaborate paper, fully illustrated, upon the Golds and Giljaks—two tribes dwelling near the mouth of the Amur—by A. Woldt, of Berlin. The Shamanism of these tribes illustrates the condition of the Chukchis, as described by Norden-ekiöld. Among the minor notices are an account of the museum of archaeology at Cambridge, and a description of a carved boomerang—both written in English. We fancy that carved boomerangs are not so uncommon as is here suggested; certainly carving on Australian clubs—both geometrical patterns and figures of animals—is the rule rather than the exception. The bird here depicted is more probably an emu than a turkey; and we incline to regard the nondescript figure as that of a fish or eel, and not a club or palm tree. We may add that Dr. E. B. Tylor, of Oxford, has joined the editorial committee, and that Baron A. von Hügel, of Cambridge, has promised to contribute, so that England is not now so badly represented as it was at first.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

PROF. TERRIEN DE LACOUPERIE has reprinted from the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) the elaborate paper in which he aims at proving that the Chinese script is derived from the Babylonian, by a comparison of the primitive Chinese characters with the pictorial forms out of which the cuneiform writing subsequently developed. This paper should be considered in connexion with previous ones, in which the professor argued that other forms of the earliest Chinese civilisation were similarly derived from Western Asia. From the point of view of Assyriology, Prof. Sayce has given his support to this theory in a recent number of *Nature* (June 7).

THE June number of the *Classical Review* contains the second instalment of Mr. E. Maunde Thompson's "Catalogue of Classical MSS.," dealing with Greek MSS. in the British Museum from Hesiod to Aristophanes; a full account, by Mr. David G. Hogarth, of the excavations at Paphos undertaken on behalf of the Cyprus Exploration Fund; and some notes on vases in the museums at Athens, contributed by Mr. Cecil Torr.

Etude sur le Papyrus d'Orbiney. Par William N. Groff. (Paris: Leroux.) We have received from the author this elaborate study of the celebrated d'Orbiney papyrus, better known by its popular title, "The Tale of the Two Brothers," and already many times translated by Egyptologists. Mr. W. N. Groff modestly classes his present study under the head of a compilation: it is a very careful word-for-word translation, with the hieroglyphed text on one page and the French on the opposite page, followed by some valuable notes and a complete vocabulary of all the words contained in the papyrus. The French text also abounds in cross references to the versions of previous translators, as well as to the different readings of certain words as found in Brugsch's Dictionary and in the works of various authors. Mr. Groff's *Etude*, in short, forms an invaluable supplement to the translations of De Rouge, Chabas, Le Page Renouf, Brugsch, and Maspero, and will be peculiarly useful to students.

THE *Berliner Philologische Wochenschrift* for June 23 contains a long and not very favourable review, by R. Meister, of Mr. Robert's *Introduction to Greek Epigraphy*.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, May 31.)

THE PRESIDENT in the Chair.—Prof. Skeat communicated a paper on "The Provincial English Words *serres*, Sliding Stones, and *aiz*, Harrows." In Dickinson's Cumberland Glossary, I find the entry: "*Serres*, the running debris on the side of a mountain." I submit that this form has been wrongly evolved from the pl. form *serres*, which is, notoriously, the form commonly in use. I greatly doubt whether *serres* is really used at all by natives of that county. I believe that the right form of the singular is really *serith*, whence the pl. form *seriths*. Then the voiced *th* must have been dropped, as in the common word *clothes*; and the vowel-lengthening, consequent on the loss of the *th*, would naturally take place, and give us the precise form *serres*, which we find to be in use. The etymology is from the Icel. *skriða*, a land-slip on a hill-side; also used, as Vigfusson tells us, of the black streaks on a mountain-side from old alps, and frequent in local names. *Skriðu-fall*, i.e., a scree-fall, is the Icelandic word for "avalanche." There are several related words, such as *skriðr*, a creeping, or sliding, motion; *skriðask*, to sink along; *skriði*, a shoal of fish; all from various stems of the strong verb *skriða*, to creep, crawl, glide, cognate with the Dan. *skride*, G. *schreiten*. Hence a *skrið* means "that which slides or glides down." Another related word is the Lowl. Scotch ab. *seriddan*, used in Ross-shire to mean a "mountain-torrent." Jamieson quotes two most interesting passages. "The farms which are bases to high mountains, as in Kintail, suffer great losses from what is called a *seriddan*, or mountain-torrent." And again—"When the rain, falling on the side of a hill, tears the surface, and precipitates a large quantity of stones and gravel into the plain below, we call it a *seriddan*." In the latter case a *seriddan* has precisely the sense of *serres*. Observe also that the Icel. *skriða* belongs to the weak declension; the A.S. equivalent would be **seride*, with a pl. **seridan*, which is just the form required to explain the Ross-shire form. The *n* still appears in Icelandic in the gen. pl. *skriðna*.—*Aiz* is an old Wiltshire word for "harrows"; it is recorded in an old glossary lately reprinted in the first number of the new *Archæological Journal*. We are there told that harrows are so called because they are made in the shape of the letter *A*, which is plainly a trumped-up story. The old-fashioned triangular harrow might be likened to the letter *V*, but there is no reason for supposing that our ancestors were very well acquainted with the modern English alphabet. In Shropshire, an *A* is called an *aa* (pronounced as *ah*!), and in Somersetshire its name has a diphthongal sound (see Elworthy's Somersetshire Glossary). Here, once more, the simple explanation is that a voiced *th* has been lost. The singular of *aiz* is *aithe* (riming with *bath*), and the plural *aithes* became *aiz*. The form *aithe* answers precisely to the M.E. *eythe*, A.S. *eyðs*, a harrow, cognate with the O.H.G. *egida*, a rake or harrow, G. *egge*. As in the related word *edge*, the initial *e* arose from an i-mutation of *a*, and the connexion with the Lat. *ae-is* is obvious. Vaníček derives the Lat. *occa*, a harrow, from the same root AK. Cf. Lat. *ac-us*, a needle, and E. *acute*. The implement plainly takes its name, naturally enough, from its sharp points or teeth. There is an excellent example of the word in Piers Plowman, C. xxii. 273. The author says of the four great fathers of the Latin church that they "harowede in a hand-whyle al holy scripture With to *eythes* that thei hadden, an olde and a newe"; i.e., they harrowed, in a short time, all holy Scripture with two harrows that they had, an old one and a new, viz., *Vetus et novum testamentum*. He means that they commented on all the books of the Bible, dividing their commentaries into two parts, one on the Old and one on the New Testament. The M.E. *ey* was pronounced like *ey* in *they*, and the prov. E. word has kept this sound without change.—Mr. J. H. Moulton read a paper of suggested etymologies, of which the following is an abstract: *sword*, i.e. *swida*, *swes* + *dhe*: cf. Zend. *harsh* to strike.—*swath*: P. cf. Lith. *swaidiu* to whip.—*swan* and *σῶμα* (i.e. *swū-mā*), from *swen* to shine: cf. Zend. *huereg* (Gāthās, i.e. **suana*) and *hāpra* brightness.—*sound* (healthy) for

sunló., ppp of *swen* to be strong (P same as last), seen in *swain*, Goth. *swintha*.—*swim*, *sound* (strait), *swum*, Zend *huanmahi* we move, but Bartholomae equates Vedic *supānai*.—*serre* perhaps for *serres*, cf. Zend *har* to eat (radical idea of *biting*?)—*serres* cannot be identical with *serres*, for Ch. Sl. *svakrū* proves a velar *q*, and the loss of *u* is inexplicable.

The I.E. masc. was *svākuro*, cf. *κύριος*, "own lord" (Ourlus); the fem. *svagrū* is "own lady," cf. Ags. *frēd*, Ger. *Fräu*. The two words, originally distinct, have naturally been mixed up.—*serer*, I.E. *svā-s-or*, possibly shows tlesatute of *svā*, "she who is one's own."—Attention was called to the origin of "*swai* to shine" (*σέλας* &c.), which is only an abetufung of I.E. *swai*, sun: can other verbal roots be similarly explained? Thus *severus* answers to *serius* = *serios*, Goth. *sewa*. *serpis* presupposes a noun *serp* (**serp* in Latin). *seridna* requires *seruon*, which I compare with *swen* to shine (*supr.*): the connexion with *serius* is only popular etymology. *seri*, *serā*-*serim* may be I.E. *seruola*, life: cf. Goth. *seiwala*, E. *soul*.

seres *upa* represent *sviraks* gen. *svirakōs*, and may start from an I.E. noun *svair*, a shrill noise (Skt. *svāratī*, *svīryā*): *Saurast* (Oato) is a derivative.—*serinus* cannot be compared with *seras*, for *svā* always became *ser* in Latin. It has lost an initial *k*: cf. either *serpis* (*serpis*) or *seris*, the latter describing a "burnished" sky.—*serius* must also part company. I.E. *svair* "twinkler" made an adj. *svairios*, whence *serius*, and *serp* analogically. Cf. Vedic *svi* "micare," Lith. *svieks* it flickers.—*Fidus* from neuter base *svid*: for the i. cf. Oscan *svim*, Skt. *svay-am*, Zend *has*—*svā*, *svad*(h): cf. Skt. *vadhū*, bride, E. *well*.—*svi*: add Ch. Sl. *svistati*, hiss, to Goth. *sviglon*—*svos* and *svānus* (i.e. *svas-no-s*), *svas*: cf. Vedic *svasti*, welfare. Popular etymology read this as *svasti*, from a supposed connexion with *svā*; but the abstract of *svā* is rightly *sti*, both in Skt. and Zend.—*ser* perh. for *sv-er-s*, a compound of the preposition *sv* (*svā*), *er* (*er*) with *svā*, Skt. *svayati*, set in motion.—*seruola* part. act. of **sv-er-va* (*svayati*),

for *sv-er-va* us-i, in which abetufung has destroyed the reduplicating vowel.—Dr. Paley communicated a paper on the "Arms of Achilles" in 11. 18 and elsewhere.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(Monday, June 18.)

SIR THOMAS WADDE, president, in the chair.—Prof. Cecil Bendall read a paper on the "Tantrakulyāna"—a collection of Indian tales from a MS. discovered by himself in Nepal in 1884. The existence of this collection had been previously pointed out by him at the Orientalists' Congress in 1881, from Newari MSS. at Cambridge; but the MS. forming the basis of the paper which he exhibited was the only known copy of the book. The tales, forty-seven in number, occurred in substance in several other Indian story-books, especially in the great collection of somewhat similar name, the Pañcatānta. But it was important, to form a comparison of the early Arabic and Syriac versions of that book, that the compiler had access to an older recension of the Sanskrit text than that now extant. Several of the stories show interesting variants from old collections like the Jataka-books. Others, again, Prof. Bendall had only succeeded in tracing in much later collections, such as the Tota-Kahani and the Turkish "Forty Vezirs." Among the latter was an interesting parallel to Chaucer's "Merchant's Tale." Among stories not identified was a curious counterpart of the Roman tale of Mettius Curtius. Prof. Bendall proposes to publish a full index, abstracts of new tales, and specimens of text, with translations.

HELLENIC SOCIETY.—(Annual Meeting, Thursday, June 21.)

SIDNEY COLVIN, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—The hon. secretary, Mr. George Macmillan, read the report of the council. The progress and activity of the society during the past year had been remarkable, especially in connexion with schemes of exploration. Of these the most important was the excavation undertaken in Cyprus, which the society had assisted to organise, and which was carried out by the director and students of the

British School at Athens. A scientific account of the discoveries would probably appear in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies*. Assistance had also been given to explorations in Asia Minor, conducted by Prof. Ramsay and Mr. Theodore Bent. The *Journal* had during the past year fully maintained its high standard of excellence. The steady demand for back volumes had necessitated the reprinting of two volumes of which the stock was exhausted. The expenditure involved amounted to £500, but the council had good reason to expect that in the end it would be more than covered by the sale of complete sets of the *Journal* to new members and to libraries. It was pointed out that from vol. ix. onwards the form of the *Journal* would be changed to imperial 8vo., which would allow of all plates being bound up with the text. Important additions had been made to the library, and a catalogue of its contents had been printed and distributed to members. The receipts of the year amounted in all to upwards of £900. The expenditure, which was in some respects quite exceptional, as explained in the report, amounted to £1138. The balance at the bank on May 31 was £255. The £1014—chiefly life subscriptions—previously invested in Consols had during the year been sold out and re-invested in New South Wales Inscribed Stock at 3½ per cent. It would be necessary to trench upon this reserve fund for the reprinting of the *Journal*, but arrangements had been made to repay by instalments the amount withdrawn. There had been during the year a net increase of 35 members and 9 subscribing libraries, making in all 662 members and 93 subscribers. Sir John Lubbock had retired from the office of treasurer, and Mr. John B. Martin was nominated in his stead. The council, in conclusion, congratulated members upon the progress of the society, and urged the constant bringing-in of new candidates that the council might be in a position to fulfil adequately, and without any excess of expenditure over income, the numerous claims that were made upon the resources of the society. The adoption of the report was moved by the chairman, who explained in some detail the causes which had led to increased expenditure, and seconded by Mr. Chancellor Christie, who expressed his entire satisfaction with the action of the council and the progress made by the society. The report was unanimously adopted. The former president (the Bishop of Durham) and vice-presidents were re-elected, Sir John Lubbock being added to the latter. Mr. Martin's appointment as treasurer was confirmed, and Mr. George Aitchison, Mr. R. A. Nell, and Mr. Cecil Smith were elected to vacancies on the council. In place of the usual address by the chairman on the discoveries of the year, Miss Jane Harrison, who had lately returned from Athens, read an account, illustrated by photographs, of the recent excavations in Greece. Special mention was made of the discoveries on the Acropolis; of the excavation by the German Institute of a temple of the Kaberoi near Thebes; and of the excavations of the American school at Dionuso, to the north-east of Pentelicon, which had been identified as the centre of worship of the deme of Ikaria. Foundations of two shrines, of Apollo and of Dionysos, had been found and some sculptured remains of high importance.

FINE ART.

J. M. W. TURNER'S CELEBRATED WORKS.—"Crossing the Brook," "Calligula's Bridge," and "Child Harold's Pilgrimage"—(National Gallery)—also Mr. KEBLEY HALLOWELL'S "October Woodlands"—(Governor's Gallery). Important Exhibitions of the above works are now in progress by Mr. DAVID LAW.—For particulars apply to the Publishers, MESSRS. DOWDSEWELL, 160, New Bond-street.

RAYET AND COLLIGNON'S HISTORY OF GREEK VASE-PAINTING.

Histoire de la Céramique Grecque. Par Rayet et Collignon. (Paris: Decaux.)

A GREEK vase in the hands of a French archaeologist ought to be an instance of the fitness of things. The vase itself is so happy a choice of form, line, and colour, that if it is to be the mark of criticism, if the secrets of

its charm are to be told, we should be able to reckon on felicitous language such as it seems safe to expect in France.

What promised to be a work of the first order on the history of Greek vases was shattered, a few years ago, by the untimely death of M. Dumont. He had carried the general outline of his subject down to the date of the Persian wars, and had elaborated the earlier periods of the art with every useful detail. At that point he stopped, leaving much to be done by the devotion and learning of his young friend, M. Pottier, in the way of filling in details for the period immediately preceding the Persian wars. That has now been done, and M. Dumont's great work—for which, at one time, the most apt symbol seemed to be a broken vase—is now complete within certain lines. Meantime M. Rayet had conceived the plan of a much shorter history of vases, which he counted on making useful to a wide circle of readers. But again death intervened. M. Collignon took up the task, and, starting where his lamented friend had left off, has completed the work now before us. Fortunately this call of affection was the more easy to follow since M. Collignon had already made special studies in just the direction where help was most needed.

There is much to be said yet on the earliest changes that took place in Greek vase painting, and it is no blame to M. Rayet if he has not done more than state the case from a particular point of view. He is not alone in describing (p. 45) a certain vase in the British Museum as of a very ancient Lydian fabric; but there is at least equally good reason for comparing it with works of late Romano-Egyptian style. On the subject of the Mycenae pottery he is with those who assign to it an antiquity of over 1000 B.C., treating as a blank the period that intervened from then to the seventh century B.C., which at present is the farthest back we can go with certainty. Yet it is possible to argue that there was no such immense blank—that, in fact, the pottery of the Mycenae type was the product of a time very little anterior to the seventh century B.C. These, however, are questions into which the element of taste does not enter far, and M. Rayet was known for his taste no less than for his learning. The richer the art, the more his faculties expanded.

It was in M. Rayet's plan to give at each turning point in the history of vase-painting a rapid outline of the principal features in contemporary life and public movements, with the view of indicating the quarters whence art was most likely to have been influenced. The effect is to give a realistic colouring to a narrative which otherwise might easily be monotonous to any but a special student. Even the special student gains considerably. He sees how M. Rayet's method of endeavouring to realise the surroundings of each epoch had enabled him to anticipate one of the most interesting results of recent excavation and research. On Athenian vases of the early part of the fifth century B.C., and even earlier, it is not uncommon to find the names of men conspicuous in the history of the time with the epithet of *καλός* added to them. We have such names as Kallias, Hipparchos, Hippocrates, Leagros,

and Megakles. The habit would remind of Orlando haunting the forest and car "Rosalind" on the barks of the yew trees, if it were known that these names were painted to order for intending chasers. But this could not hold good of vases which had been exported to Etruria and have been found in Etruscan tombs, the case with many of them. Modern experience would suggest that the vase painter had merely sought to profit by the name popular favourites. But the objection employing modern experience as a rule of ancient Greek practice is so great and so dangerous that M. Rayet's conclusions they had been published when he wrote they would have been received as fanciful. It is different now. We are free to accept the names as indicating persons historically known to have been favourites of the people. Germany they have been called *Liebhaber Namen*. It would be more correct to call them "popular names," though the change may distasteful to archaeologists of an affectionate nature.

The argument is that this liberal recognising of popular favourites by name points to a susceptibility on the part of the vase painters to the currents of public life, and implied a readiness to throw over tradition in the face of any change which might commend itself in their own art. What they did was to introduce an entirely new method, by which the skill of the painter was at last set free from technical restraint of a very cramping kind. It does not seem revolutionary to say that this change consisted in substituting red figures for black. But, though that is the usual form of expression, it is not accurate; nor does it in the least suggest those extraordinary facilities of artistic advancement which the new method contained within itself. It is not accurate because it means strictly that the figures were now painted red as they had been before painted black, and that the change was only one of colour. That is not the case. In the new manner the figures are not painted, they stand out in the natural reddish colour of the clay. It is only to trace the outlines of forms and anatomy, or to give details of costume, that colour is employed. Wherever delicacy of line is most noticeable in nature, there the vase painter was now able to trace the accuracy of his observation and the fidelity of his hand. While the clay was soft, he could put in his lines with a fine point, and correct them as much as he pleased before going over them finally with colour. The very process of working was a challenge to his artistic capabilities. In the old manner, the finest lines of the human figure, all markings of form within the contours, had to be laboriously scratched in through the hard, fired surface. There was no possibility of correction or of preliminary studies. Be though the change led to a great advance in the drawing of the figure, there was also a manifest loss in the general colour and effect of the whole vase, which before had been often singularly rich and beautiful, besides having the charm of retaining as its principal effect of colour the natural red of the clay, which on vases of the new manner is, for the sake of a background, painted over with black. At this moment of change it was as

uncommon for vases to be signed by the painters of them quite as if the profession were well recognised in Athens as a fine art, and yet with a sense of humility as compared with the great artists, whose signatures included a statement of their parentage and local habitation. The vase-painters were, or had to be, content with their own names. At present the ruling passion in archaeology seems to be to group and discriminate between the styles of these "signing" vase-painters. The study is full of interest and the material abundant, not as formerly when a similar passion possessed a few scholars, nor even as when M. Rayet wrote. Every year brings a large increase of material. Yet we must place it to the memory of M. Rayet that he did this part of his work well in the circumstances. Here his share in the book ended.

M. Collignon has been able to add to the work of his friend a very interesting chapter on the series of *pinakes* or painted tablets which have been found in recent years, mostly near Corinth, and belonging to the sixth century B.C. A special attraction of these tablets is that they take us directly to the workshops of the old Corinthian potters, exhibit the potters at work, or introduce us to the export of their wares in ships which needed the protection of the sea-god Poseidon, as we gather from the dedications painted on the tablets. By a fortunate coincidence, the publication of a large series of these tablets in the last *Antike Denkmäler* furnishes the most ample illustration of M. Collignon's subject. He then passes on to vases where the surface is prepared with a white ground or slip (to receive a design drawn in with a brush, and for the most part in outline only. Most of them are in the form of *lekylthi*, and were made for funeral ceremonies. Appropriate motives for their decoration were chosen from among the expressions of sorrow and grief familiar on such occasions. But they were chosen with an eye only to refinement and nobility of bearing, the result being that these Athenian vases abound in artistic motives of the rarest beauty. Grief, which breaks through restraint and becomes tumultuous, was as well known in Greece as elsewhere; but in the arts, where dignity of form was a first consideration, such manifestations of passion were necessarily avoided. This chapter of M. Collignon's, and the illustrations accompanying it, are both admirable.

The later stages of vase-painting—the efforts to obtain a pleasing effect by the extra aid of gilding and bright colours, the introduction of novel shapes made from moulds, the combination of moulded and painted designs on the same vase, the search for new glazes—these are all questions of importance from the historical point of view, and not least so for those who look to antiquity for something akin to the multifariousness of modern pottery. But as a conclusion to the centuries of beautiful thought and exquisite workmanship through which the Greeks had passed, the later stages of their vase-painting are too like the efforts of a last fever to be an agreeable study. M. Collignon is true to his office as a historian, and spares himself in no way from tracing the art to its close.

Altogether the book is worthy of the subject. If slips occur in it, they are, so far as

we have noticed, such as easily correct themselves. On p. 104 the date of 460 B.C. for Solon is practically set right on the same page. So also, on p. 263, AΘN is obviously AΘHN, and is rightly given in the index. On p. 218 ΕΠΟΙΗΣΗΝ should be ΕΠΟΙΗΣΕΝ, as everyone would expect.

A. S. MURRAY.

THE TURNER HOUSE AT PENARTH.

A LITTLE art museum of quite unusual character was opened on Tuesday last at Penarth, Cardiff. It has been erected by Mr. Pyke Thompson on an outlying portion of his grounds; and, though neither the building nor its contents are formally made over to the public, the *raison d'être* of "The Turner House"—for that is what it is called—is that Mr. Pyke Thompson's neighbours, richer and poorer, may have access to his collection almost as readily as the collector himself. And a great point is made of the collection being open on the Sunday as well as on that day of the week which is observed as a weekly half holiday in Cardiff.

This new little art gallery does not attempt to compete with the galleries of some provincial corporations in the acquisition of sensational modern pictures. It is strictly a private collector's collection, instructive, and somewhat systematic. The name of "the Turner House"—bestowed upon the building at the suggestion of Mr. Frederick Wedmore—is meant as a tribute to our greatest landscape artist rather than as indicating the character of the contents, though one fine Turner drawing and a small selection from Turner's prints—from the "Liber Studiorum" and the "Southern Coast"—especially—do find a place upon the walls. Perhaps the distinctive feature of the collection is a group of about two score of English water-colours, representing the art from Paul Sandby, Rooker, and Wheatley, to a contemporary lady artist—Miss Clara Montalba. But the strength of the collection of drawings lies chiefly in the presence of a few good works by David Cox, Dewint, Copley Fielding, and Cotman. Original etching is represented by a certain number of examples from the needle of Rembrandt and Hollar, Meryon, Whistler, and Seymour Haden; and it is probable that the Turner House is the first place in England accessible to the public wherein etched work—rather than ambitious modern painting—is displayed, as an attraction, on the walls. There is, furthermore, a small collection of very choice porcelain, ranged in table-cases; quite a representative show of Old Worcester from its earliest period to its degeneration; and specimens of Bow and Chelsea, Swansea and Nantgarw.

The charming little building in which this modest but very interesting collection finds a home has been erected from the designs of Mr. Edwin Seward. It is somewhat classic in character.

CORRESPONDENCE.

KING RAIAN AND THE LION OF BAGDAD.

Malagny, near Geneva: June 22, 1888.

On reading the Rev. H. G. Tomkins's letter on the lion of Bagdad, I referred at once to his learned book, *Studies on the Times of Abraham*, where I found two very good photolithographs of the cartouche of the lion. I believe there cannot be the slightest doubt that it is the same as the coronation-name of Raian or "Ian-Ra." The two legs of the sign which I read *user* are quite visible, the *s* is placed opposite, and an erasure of the stone has given the appearance of a *nub* to what is clearly an *n*. I, therefore, quite agree with Mr. Griffith, who

pronounced the two cartouches to be identical. It is a very important discovery, as it gives a clue to the epoch to which Raian must be attributed.

But I differ from Mr. Griffith on the special points which he mentions in discussing the date which might be assigned to the monument. The faintly incised scale ornament on the sides of the throne, which, according to him, would point to a Saita epoch, is found on one or two statues of the Thothmes in the museum of Turin. I noticed in those statues a great likeness of style to what is left of Raian, especially in the work of the feet. One of the Thothmes is evidently an ancient statue, which has been appropriated. On the other hand, the nine bows do not always point to the Middle Kingdom. In the same museum of Turin, not only the Thothmes, but the beautiful statue of Ramesses II. dressed in a long garment—a magnificent piece of art unquestionably made for him—rests also on the nine bows. This shows how difficult it is to assign a fixed date to an Egyptian monument, when, instead of considering the general style, it is a detail or a special feature which is taken as the criterion. Arguments of this kind are more dangerous in Egypt than anywhere else, because of the care with which the religious and local traditions were preserved.

The late Mr. George Smith, in his *Assyrian Discoveries*, says that he purchased the lion at Bagdad. It is curious, considering the possible connexion of the Hyksos with Mesopotamia, that it should be a Hyksos monument which comes from thence. It may be a fact belonging to the obscure chapter of the connexions of Egypt and Asia at that remote epoch. A great deal of light has been thrown quite unexpectedly on this most interesting subject by the 160 cuneiform tablets discovered at Tell el Amarna, and purchased by the Vienna Museum. They have been noticed lately in the ACADEMY by Prof. Sayce; extracts of them have been read to the Academy of Berlin by Prof. Erman and Schrader. Those inscriptions show that the conquests of Thothmes III. in Asia had left much more lasting results than was before thought.

The wars of the Great King had also some important consequences for the Delta. Here I would mention one of the last discoveries we made at Bubastis. It is a granite slab, whereon the King Amenophis II. is represented twice making offerings to his father Amon, who is said to reside at Perunefer. Between the two pictures Seti I. has inserted a short inscription, saying that he renewed the statues of his father (Amon). Thus it is only after the conquests of Thothmes III. that his son, Amenophis II., reoccupied Bubastis, which had been conquered from the Hyksos, or abandoned by them. The three last Amenophis have left their name at Bubastis. At present it is only Benha and Bubastis where monuments of the XVIIIth Dynasty have been found in the Delta, and none of them older than Amenophis II.

A few days before we left, in rolling the blocks of the festive hall of Osorkon, we found on an architrave a very large coronation cartouche of Sebekhotep I. of the XIIIth Dynasty. It is the first time it is seen on a building.

EDOUARD NAVILLE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

AT the closing general meeting of the Royal Institute of British Architects, held last Monday, the royal gold medal, the gift of the Queen, was presented by the president, Mr. Alfred Waterhouse, to Baron Theophilus von Hansen, of Vienna, in recognition of his architectural designs—notably the newly erected Parliament Houses at Vienna, and the Sina Academy at Athens.

THE Queen has been pleased to command that the association of original engravers heretofore known as the Society of Painter-Etchers shall henceforth be entitled, The "Royal" Society of Painter-Etchers.

By the kind assistance of Mr. Henry Irving, Messrs. Dowdeswell are enabled to announce the early publication of an etching, by Mr. C. O. Murray, of the beautiful scene, "St. Lorenz Platz" in "Faust." The moment chosen is when Marguerite leaves the church and is accosted by Faust, while Mephistopheles watches them from behind the fountain.

ARRANGEMENTS have now been made for holding the tenth annual ecclesiastical art exhibition, in connexion with the forthcoming Church Congress at Manchester. The loans will embrace goldsmiths' and silversmiths' work, ancient and modern, ecclesiastical metal work in general, embroidery, needlework, tapestry, wood and ivory carving, ecclesiastical furniture, paintings, drawings, architectural designs for churches and schools, photographs, books, and MSS.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Biscombe Gardner's drawings now exhibited at 17A Great George Street, Westminster, are in "black and white" only, they are far better worth seeing than many highly coloured performances. They are small, and their subjects are merely bits of picturesque scenery in Surrey, round and about Dorking; but their feeling is charming and their execution of marvellous delicacy and skill. It is difficult to believe that they are entirely executed with the brush, the drawing of the trees and the architecture is so clear and dexterous; but they have that softness of line which cannot be attained by the point, and the use of one tool throughout ensures a homogeneity not otherwise to be obtained. Mr. Gardner's skill as an engraver on wood is very well known, and it is, therefore, the more remarkable that these drawings do not show the spirit and habit of the artist who is practised in translating the language of the brush into that of the graver. These are eminently "painters'" drawings, and have a variety of handling and a fineness of gradation which is only seen in the work of the most skilled of water-colour artists. They are, perhaps, specially remarkable for their skies, which are most varied and complex, and yet always soft and luminous, and in all cases admirably in sympathy with the subject; but there are few parts of these drawings, whether trees or buildings, or figures or flowers, in which Mr. Gardner does not achieve a quite unusual success.

AN exhibition of objects of art lent by the Hon. W. F. B. and Mrs. Massey Mainwaring was opened this week at the Bethnal Green Museum. The collection consists mainly of Dresden china, old silver plate, and furniture.

SOME of the decorative work executed by members of the Kyrle Society for various institutions in London, during the past year, will be on view on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, June 29 and 30, and July 1, from 2 to 6.30 p.m., at the Studio, Holly Lodge, Seymour Place, Fulham Road, S.W.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS'S appeal, on behalf of the Egypt Exploration Fund, for special subscriptions towards the transport to England of the colossal sculptures discovered this year at Bubastis by M. Naville, has resulted in the promise of nearly £270. But it is estimated that the total sum required will be £500. Many of the sculptures weigh more than ten tons. It has been found necessary to make a road from the great temple to the canal bank, and to build a bridge over an intervening canal. In addition, sledges must be constructed for the con-

veyance of the sculptures to the boat by which they will be floated to Alexandria. Subscriptions may be sent to Mr. Herbert Gosselin, 17 Oxford Mansion, W.

As a contrast to the illustrated catalogues which are becoming so common, we would call attention to a clever skit entitled *Pictures at Play* (Longmans). The illustrations are by Mr. Harry Furniss, whose style—in dealing both with politicians and with R.A.'s—is too well-known to need comment. The text purports to be written by two art critics, who are unnamed; but as for one of the two, it is impossible to read a page without exclaiming: "Aut A— L— aut diabolus."

THERE can be no doubt as to the attractiveness of the first number of a new periodical called *Artistic Japan*. It is published by Messrs. Sampson Low, and is conducted by Mr. S. Bing, the well-known lover and collector of Japanese art in Paris. The English editor is Mr. Marcus Huish. Every page has its margin and corners, and odd bits here and there decorated with well-cut facsimiles of Japanese designs; and there are no less than ten separate coloured plates of drawings and patterns. The monkeys of Sosen are alone worth the price of the number. The "staff" of *Artistic Japan* includes Mr. W. Anderson, Mr. Franks, M. Louis Gonsse, and other well-known authorities on Japanese art.

THE March number of the *American Journal of Archaeology* (which is published at Boston by Messrs. Ginn & Co., and may be obtained in this country from Messrs. Triebner) contains several articles of varied interest, with abundant illustrations. M. Salomon Reinach writes about a marble head which he acquired at Smyrna in 1881 for the Louvre, and which he is now able to identify as a portrait of Plato, by comparison with a similar head at Berlin described by Prof. Helbig in the *Jahrbuch* of the German Archaeological Institute. Next we have a further instalment of Prof. W. M. Ramsay's report on his explorations in Southern Phrygia, with two maps. Mr. S. B. P. Trowbridge and Mr. Allan Marquand both discuss the origin of the Ionic capital, in connexion with the archaic examples recently found on the Acropolis. Mr. Alfred Emerson contributes an interesting paper upon a small bronze relief of a bull, preserved at Metaponto, which is erroneously described as a "bull" in Baedeker's *Southern Italy*. Mr. W. H. Ward gives photographic reproductions of two stone tablets from Babylonia in the possession of Dr. A. Blau, which present not only archaic figures, but also "a type of writing (to be read downwards, as in Chinese) more nearly approaching the original hieroglyphs than anything hitherto known." The number concludes with some eighty pages of correspondence, reviews, and notes. Among the books reviewed are Maspero's *L'Archéologie égyptienne*, Naville's *Goshen*, and Stanley Lane-Poole's *Art of the Sarcophagi in Egypt*.

THE STAGE.

"LAURA."

ON Wednesday in last week, we were at an interesting, if not in all respects an absolutely satisfactory, performance at the Novelty Theatre. There were two items in the programme. One of these was the first really public representation of a one-act play by Mrs. Cuthell, the other the *première* of Mr. William Poel's "Laura." Mrs. Cuthell, known already as the author of many very telling short stories, showed in the construction of her little play, "The Wrong Envelope," a somewhat unusual knowledge of stage effect, and her writing is distinctly lively and bright. The piece not

only afforded the author an opportunity showing some capacity for the practice of art other than that which is her recognized *métier*; for it displayed, very favourably, the powers of Mr. Edwin Shepherd in character of an old General very much attached to his engaging niece. Mr. Shepherd's great ease upon the stage. We shall hear this comedietta again. Mr. Poel's "Laura; or, Love's Enchantment," is in two acts; and it is certain that each act possesses distinct elements of attractiveness, that the act is well devised, and that, wherever it is opportunity for good writing, the opportunity is fully taken. Much of Mr. Poel's work is, indeed, in conception—some of it in execution—greatly above the level to which the contemporary stage accustoms us. The weak point of his piece—it is a mistake which, in his admirable dramatization of *Mehalah*, he had no opportunity fall into—is that the serious interest, so fully in his first act, lapses in the second; reason of the too abounding presence of spirit of fun. The audience laughs all through the second act as it laughs at a Crispian farcical comedy; and Mr. Robson, as a fore-romantic lover, is, in truth, very funny. The enjoyment is obtained too distinctly at the cost of one's graver interest in the fortunes of the *dramatis personae*. In the third act, Mr. Poel himself—acting very well as an American of a good, but not of the best, type—has a difficulty in recovering one's deeper sympathy nor can the manly bearing of Mr. Talbot and the artistic discretion of Miss Mary E. quite overcome the obstacle that has been created to the full success of the play. We are of opinion that, by a revision of the second act, the difficulty might be minimized and the excellent conceptions of the writer and his charm of style preserved to the play. Miss Florence Haydon, bustling and good-natured, was effective as the wife of a certain lawyer; and the lawyer himself—quaint and fussy beyond measure—was played with much gusto and much aplomb by E. L. Longville. The most accomplished performance was naturally that of the heroine, by Miss Mary Rorke. The part gave the actress little opportunity for the display of strong dramatic power, but much occasion for the display of her restful and characteristic grace. And Mr. Poel, in several passages of the writer passes into a vein of true prose poetry—and these passages are fortunately given to Miss Mary Rorke to deliver—we had the satisfaction of hearing some excellent things said memorably; and there are times, as the observant playgoer knows, when Miss Mary Rorke's voice is to be listened to like a musical instrument.

STAGE NOTES.

THE season at the Lyceum draws to a close with the programme of a few weeks ago, Mr. Terry's singularly sympathetic performance in the "Amber Heart" having availed to atone for any disappointment that may have been felt with regard to the Robert Macaire of Mr. Irving, played the same night. We are short to be interested in Mr. Richard Mansfield's performance of "Mr. Hyde and Dr. Jekyll" at the same theatre; and on Mr. Irving's return from the provinces late in the autumn there will be a revival of "Macbeth"—a play in which the acting of Mr. Irving, eight or ten years ago was not, we think, rated sufficiently highly either by critics or the public. To our mind Mr. Irving was a very remarkable Macbeth, playing the part with a befitting desperation—at the end with a splendid statement.

MUSIC.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

A FESTIVAL without the "Messiah" would be no festival; and it would certainly be a mistake not to give the "Israel." Musicians might perhaps be willing to sacrifice either or both of these popular favourites to hear one or two of the less-known oratorios, but the general public would certainly resent any change. The story of the Man of Sorrows appeals directly to the hearts of all, while the story of the Exodus, as told by Handel, has irresistible power. The wonderful effect produced by these oratorios is perhaps due to the words quite as much as to the music—at any rate in the former. There remains, then, little for the musical critic to do with regard to the performance of the "Messiah" on Monday, the first day of the festival. He has only to speak about the choir, the solo vocalists, the orchestra and conductor, and to give the figures of the attendance. That Mr. Manns proved himself equal to his arduous task will not surprise any who can remember the zeal and ability displayed by him on former occasions. To conduct the Saturday Concert orchestra is one thing, to control the large army of singers and players at a Handel Festival is another. The latter requires quite a different style of conducting, but Mr. Manns understands well how to do both. It is scarcely necessary to say that he was enthusiastically received. Mmes. Albani and Patey, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley were the vocalists; and all were heard at their best. The singing of the choir was truly magnificent. Each department is strong, and the voices blend well. Fine as was the performance of the "Messiah" last festival, we think this one even finer. The choruses were given with immense precision, and with marked attention to light and shade. In memory of the late German Emperor, the oratorio was preceded by the "Dead March in Saul" and the National Anthem. The audience numbered over 22,000.

The programme of Wednesday was one of considerable interest. There were selections from nine oratorios, from five operas, from the Serenata "Acis and Galatea," and, besides, the Coronation Anthem and an Organ Concerto. It must be acknowledged that the most was made of the limited time at disposal for showing the versatility of the composer's genius. From "Esther" was given the invocation, sung by Mme. Trebelli; and the bold dramatic chorus, "He comes." The latter was transferred by the composer, almost in its entirety, to the Concerto for double orchestra, produced at the last festival. The pathetic air, "Total Eclipse," and the grand chorus with its wonderful contrasts, "O first-created beam," from "Samson," were given for the first time. The characteristic chorus from "Belshazzar," "Ye tutel gods," proved another attractive novelty. The famous Saraband from "Almira," Handel's first opera, produced at Hamburg in 1705, was played by the orchestra; and immediately afterwards, Mme. Trebelli sang the still more famous "Lascia ch'io planga," from "Rinaldo," the composer's first London opera. The two pieces are closely related to one another. "O Calumny," the chorus from the oratorio "Alexander Balus," is certainly one of the composer's finest efforts: there are in it chromatic chords and harmonic progressions which, in their boldness and marvellous effect, remind one of Beethoven. The performance of this chorus, said the programme book, "would test the question as to the necessity or advisability of additional accompaniments." Anyhow, it was scarcely a sound test, for there was not the Handelian balance of strings and wind. At the Commemoration Festival of 1784 there were 26 oboes to 96 first and second

violins; but, at the Palace, the proportion was only 16 to 203. And we say nothing about the bassoons which, in Handel's time, took part with the basses in the choruses, though not marked in the score. But the book further informed us that, with the exception of Mr. Prout's organ part, not a note was added. But Mr. Prout's organ part could be called an added part. If it could, it would have proved another flaw in the test. Mr. Prout only attempted—and successfully we think—to reproduce the unwritten part played by Handel. But why strain at a gnat and swallow camels? Almost an apology is made for an essential organ part, the invisible soul of the visible body—viz., the autograph score—and yet the unnecessary Costa prelude to the "Wretched Lovers" was retained without a word of comment. And the Sonata in A for solo violin was played by all the violins of the orchestra. And yet, again, an air for soprano from the opera, "Deidamia," was sung by a tenor voice (Mr. E. Lloyd). We may well ask why the artistic mistake of playing the Handel Sonata by all the violins was repeated at this festival? "Because," says the book, "the result of the experiment in 1885 was satisfactory." Satisfactory so far as the choir performance or the applause was concerned, but no farther.

But little space is left us to speak of the afternoon's performance. The choir again sang splendidly, although the "Polypheme" section of the "Wretched Lovers" was somewhat unsteady. The vocalists were Mmes. Albani, Trebelli, and Nordica, and Messrs. Barton McGuckin, Lloyd, and Santley. They were all in splendid voice. Mr. Manns deserves the highest praise for the ability which he displayed throughout. Besides the pieces mentioned, the programme included the overtures to "Samson" and the occasional oratorio, the "Organ Concerto," in B flat, No. 7, played by Mr. W. T. Best, "Del minacciar," a bass air from "Otto," very like "O, ruddier than the cherry," some airs from "Jephthah," "Samson," "Solomon and Judas," "Acis and Galatea," and an interesting selection from "The Triumph of Time and Truth," including the magnificent chorus, "Ere to dust is changed." The attendance exceeded 21,000.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

RECENT CONCERTS.

M. DE PACHMANN gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall last Saturday afternoon, the programme of which consisted almost entirely of works by living composers. Three short pieces by M. H. F. Cowen, dedicated to the pianist, may be described as light, graceful, and—at any rate, with M. Pachmann as interpreter—effective. The third, a Scherzo, is, musically, the best. Dr. Bülow's Tarentelle (Op. 21) is a dry piece, and made little or no impression. Mme. de Pachmann's clever variations were, of course, well rendered. Rubenstein's graceful Barcarole is a piece quite to M. Pachmann's taste. The programme commenced with Beethoven's Sonata in F sharp major (Op. 78), and the performance of it was most satisfactory. There was, of course, a long Chopin selection; and how well the concert-giver interprets the works of the gifted Pole needs no telling. There was a fairly large and highly appreciative audience.

Dr. Bülow gave his fourth and last Beethoven Recital on Tuesday afternoon. To hear this pianist interpret the Sonata in B flat (Op. 106), and the Diabelli variations is a great intellectual treat; but we do not think it wise to place them both in the same programme, and to give in addition the Sonata in A (Op. 101) and the posthumous Rondo a capriccio (Op. 129). It is exhausting alike to player and to listener. And then, it must be remembered that Beethoven is not

always inspired. Even Dr. Bülow, with all his clever playing, cannot make the Fugue of Op. 106 attractive, and some of the Diabelli variations are principally interesting from a technical point of view. The eminent pianist, however, visits us but rarely, and one must take him as he is. In the four Recitals just concluded, he has given us readings of Beethoven remarkable for purity of style and depth of thought. Of all living pianists, he is the most diligent student of the great composer; and, whether one agree with him or not, one can always admire his zeal and earnestness. Dr. Bülow has achieved with success a task which few pianists would care to undertake, and still fewer be able to carry out with the same ability.

"Il Flauto Magico" was given at Covent Garden Theatre on Monday evening. In spite of the confused, and, at times, absurd, libretto, the opera is attractive, for it contains some of Mozart's finest music. Mme. Minnie Hauk took the part of Pamina, Miss Ella Russell that of the Queen of Night, while Mlle. Sigrid Arnoldson was content to appear in the second act in the small rôle of Papagena; and these three ladies sang and acted with considerable ability. Signor Ravelli was a good Tamino, and Signor Del Puente a good Papageno. The three ladies and the three genii were also entrusted to efficient artists. M. E. de Reske was to have been the Sarastro; but, owing to indisposition, his place was taken by Signor Novaro, who sang in an artistic manner. The choruses were, for the most part, admirably rendered. Signor Randegger conducted, yet the orchestra was not always satisfactory. The piece was effectively put on the stage. The animals, however, which assembled to listen to Tamino's flute-playing gave to that scene quite a pantomimic effect. And what shall we say about the ballet during the fire ordeal? Is it not a shame that such things should be done? Mozart intended no ballet, and hence provided no music. But that obstacle was got over by introducing the Finale from Mozart's G minor Symphony, and the Menuet and Trio from the same composer's Symphony in E flat. If Mr. Augustus Harris thought a ballet indispensable, why did he not have one after the opera?

We are sorry not to be able to notice many concerts of interest—and particularly Mr. Hallé's sixth Recital, Herr Richter's seventh Concert, Mr. Henschel's second and last vocal Recital on Wednesday, and Otto Hegner's farewell Concert on Thursday.

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