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WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

JULY AND OCTOBER,
1874.

"Truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep."

SHAKESPEARE.

Wahrheitsliebe zeigt sich darin, daß man überall das Gute zu finden und zu schätzen weiß.
GÖTHE.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. XLVI.

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TRÜBNER & CO., 57 & 59, LUDGATE HILL.

MDCCCLXXIV.

THE
WESTMINSTER
AND
FOREIGN QUARTERLY
REVIEW.

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OCTOBER 1, 1874.  
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INDEPENDENT SECTION.

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*[Under the above title a limited portion of the Westminster Review is occasionally set apart for the reception of able articles, which, though harmonizing with the general spirit and aims of the work, contain opinions at variance with the particular ideas or measures it may advocate. The object of the Editor, in introducing this department, is to facilitate the expression of opinion by men of high mental power and culture, who, while they are zealous friends of freedom and progress, yet differ widely on special points of great practical concern, both from the Editor and from each other.]*

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HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE is, as every one knows, a vigorous writer. He is indeed so vigorous and so demonstrative in his vigour that at times he appears to bluster. No one, however, will deny him the right to claim a wide and showy scholarship. A writer who has a sufficient knowledge of ancient Greek to reduce the theology of Homer to a clear system in nineteen propositions, who is familiar with modern Greek, Italian, German, and who lectures on the classic affinities of the Gaelic language may claim, when he has anything to say, the attention of studious people. Professor Blackie has plenty to say. Recently it has struck him that certain papers of his, originally published in the *Transactions of learned societies and philological reviews*, laboured under the double disadvantage of being "with difficulty consulted, and with facility ignored." He has therefore withdrawn them from their obscurity, published them in one volume, dedicated them to Mr. Gladstone, and hopes that their present¹ collected publication will not be attributed to any "undue amount of self-esteem." The first essay upon those points of Greek philosophy and antiquity which, according to Professor Blackie, have been "unduly subordinated," "altogether neglected," or "unwisely handled by men of acknowledged talent and reputation," deals with the theology of Homer. We should have been inclined to think that in dedicating this essay with the others as one upon a subject that had been "unwisely handled by men of acknowledged talent and reputation" to Mr. Gladstone, the Professor had intended to exhibit a piece of Scotch humour. This is, however, not the case. Professor Blackie says that, "As far as my memory serves me, there is no important point in the Homeric theology, as deduced by me, from which Mr. Gladstone will feel himself called upon to dissent." However, doubtless Professor Blackie feels that there are persons who may prefer Professor Blackie to Mr. Gladstone, and accordingly he summarizes the Homeric theology in nineteen propositions, which he maintains with a great many quotations from the *Iliad*, the *Odyssey*, the writings of Nägelsbach, De Foe, Nietzsche, and others. We have read through the propositions, and are of

¹ "*Homæ Hellenicæ: Essays and Discussions on some important points of Greek Philology and Antiquity.*" By L. S. Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. London: Macmillan & Co.

opinion that they do not need all this apparatus. They are indeed of such a simple character, that we should have scarcely thought they needed stating. Any one who has read the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* will know, that according to Homer:—

“Prop. 1. The gods are a race of beings externally of human form but in energy superior to mortal men.”

“Prop. 2. The gods are the supreme rulers of the world.”

“Prop. 4. The gods are the authors of all extraordinary phenomena in nature.”

“Prop. 5. Greek theology has no place for a being corresponding to the Christian idea of the devil.”

“Prop. 6. Zeus (whom sometimes Professor Blackie calls Zeus, occasionally Jupiter, and generally Jove) is the supreme ruler of gods and men.”

We will not quote these propositions any farther. Each of them gives Professor Blackie an opportunity of a good deal of talk, but we have not found much that was worth remembering. In the second essay, the Professor endeavours to ascertain the point of view from which contemporary Greeks regarded the Prometheus Bound of Æschylus. He thinks that while modern feeling exhausts itself in sympathy with Prometheus, the Greek who saw the whole trilogy, would be upon the side of “Jove.” This theory is not an original one, but the tragedy is open to various interpretations. Herder, Goethe, Byron, and Shelley do not take the same view as Professor Blackie. There are placed at the head of this article the names of fifteen books, and Professor Blackie says that he has reaped the benefit of “*their* researches,” meaning the researches of the writers of those books, but he does not mention one book which we take the liberty of recommending to him: “*Die religiösen und sittlichen Vorstellungen des Æschylus und Sophokles*,” by the late G. Dronke. But the best part of Professor Blackie’s book is that which deals with modern Greek. Unfortunately the first paper is cut up into a series of “propositions,” which do not add to its clearness. But it is really interesting, and we can forgive its luxuriant style for the sake of the information it conveys. In a paper on “*onomatopœia*,” Professor Blackie is at variance with Professor Max Müller. He believes that this principle of imitative construction prevails much more widely in the development of language than philologists are inclined to allow. We cannot accept all his inferences, but we are thoroughly at one with him when he says (p. 231), “A man may talk ingenious nonsense on any branch of philological science with the utmost ease, in the teeth of Grimm’s law, or even with the help of it.” Grimm’s law, however, does not help Professor Blackie. But we must not part from this book without adding our conviction that the remarks upon the Greek accents have some value. The difficulty of reading Greek, and of attaining at once the correct accent and quantity, is great. We are almost inclined to accept the invitation of Professor Blackie when he says (p. 392): “If those who delight themselves in exaggerating imaginary difficulties have any honest desire to see how they disappear in the actual business of teaching, let them come to me. I am a practical man.” We do not doubt that

under Professor Blackie's instruction this difficulty would disappear. "I have no objection," he says, "even to what may be called a little *sing-song* at starting." Nor have we. The "little sing-songs" which the newspapers from time to time report as being sung in Professor Blackie's lecture-room, have always interested and amused us. The decorum of an English lecture-room may, perhaps, be dearly purchased by the sacrifice of Attic accent. Professor Munro and Mr. Clark of Cambridge may be wrong, as Professor Blackie thinks they are, in reference to accent; and it is possible, also, that people ought to regard with another feeling than that of amusement Professor Blackie's "little sing-songs." But of this we are not yet convinced.

When the life of a man who has occupied a conspicuous position in the world's attention should be written is a question answered with difficulty. Time does not always remove prejudice and partiality, whilst it frequently obscures events. Mr. Jerrold has practically answered the question for himself by this first volume of his "*Life of Napoleon III.*" He has lost no time in gathering from state records, from unpublished family correspondence, and from personal testimony, his materials for a biography of Louis Napoleon. We may state at once that from Mr. Jerrold's preface alone we should be inclined to believe that the present work could not be a great or impartial one. It may be useful to future biographers—it cannot be final. Mr. Jerrold writes, in fact, as a partizan; he designed his work at the establishment of the Empire; he admired the late Emperor's belief in his own mission; he regarded his friendship for the English people as a noble trait in his character, and he has been recognised as their historian by the Imperial family, who have afforded him help "abundantly bestowed." We will not depreciate the value of such assistance. It is most valuable, but we decline in the very outset to take Mr. Jerrold as an infallible guide. To pass on to the book itself. It opens theatrically with the pleasing pictures and sweet sounds of Malmaison. In such descriptions Mr. Jerrold is an adept, and revels in the beauties of Sans-Souci under Josephine's care—a place "full of surprises and contrasts of laughing gardens, and sober park-land, with artfully-adjusted streams murmuring where an artist's skill had bid them flow. It was perhaps Nature decked in ribands; Watteau's rusticity; but there was untouched nature too, and he who chafed amid the formal parterres could wander to the wood beyond." So far with regard to Malmaison. Mr. Jerrold rings his little bell, and the curtain rises upon Hortense at St. Leu, where "a river was led to wind through shady groves; a noble orangery arose, pineapples ripened in a spacious conservatory; sweet surprises of light and shade met the courtiers and senators in their walks; the beautiful Creole—mistress of the fairy-land—appeared in her chair in an atmosphere of violets, borne by picturesque carriers, capped with the *beret*, and gay with native colours, to the river side," *etcetera, etcetera*. We are dazzled by the brilliance of Mr. Jerrold's picture of Hortense. It is

¹ "The Life of Napoleon III." By Blanchard Jerrold. Vol. I. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

like the colouring to which we are accustomed in modern novels. The following seems almost familiar: "She loved society: the bright salon, with ripples of laughter coursing about it; and such sentiment as may be found in her own songs, with French grace breaking through the feeling." By-and-by a son is born, and Mr. Jerrold is obliged to chronicle the words of Josephine: "He is in good health, is very lively; *he eats only the soup his nurse gives him.*" We feel for Mr. Jerrold. Bright salons, ripples of laughter coursing about, atmosphere of violets, a noble orangery, sweet surprises of light and shade, songs with French grace breaking through the feeling—all these, we feel, are worthy of Mr. J.'s pen; but surely it must have written with reluctance "*he eats only the soup his nurse gives him.*" When Louis is born Mr. Jerrold is himself again. "The world upon which its blue eyes opened," says Mr. J. of the baby, "appeared to offer to its childhood the splendours of the most powerful court on which man's gaze had ever rested." Then follows some nursery talk about the "golden curls" of little "Oui Oui," which was the first early name given to Louis. When the boy gets to be fourteen Mr. Jerrold exhibits a fac-simile of one of his letters, which is really creditable to the writer, although he speaks of his "*haine éternelle contre les Anglais.*" From Arenenberg, the chateau which Hortense purchased in 1817, Mr. Jerrold has collected such traditions as lingered amongst the servants concerning the chateau's former inhabitants. In 1830 Louis became the head of his party, and resided at the chateau of Arenenberg; and this gives Mr. Jerrold an opportunity for another display of his peculiar style. Our author quotes largely from other historians of the Empire; but it is not our intention to follow him through his narrative, which he brings down in his first volume to the landing of Prince Napoleon at Norfolk, Virginia. We have said enough to show that the book is tricked out with that meretricious sentiment which is a mark of the Second Empire. Mr. Jerrold's style suits it. But it will be tried to the utmost when he has to narrate the inauguration of that Empire.

Mr. Spedding has completed in a seventh volume* the collection of Bacon's works not already printed among his philosophical, literary, or professional works. Of actual new matter of Bacon's own composition this present volume contains very little, not indeed more than thirty or forty pages, but old matter has been made new by being rightly placed and better deciphered, and fresh light has been thrown upon the personal history of Bacon's impeachment. Perhaps the most interesting portion of this volume to the general reader is the concluding portion in which Mr. Spedding takes a review of the whole character of the man whose memorial he has made stately and imposing. No one, not a contemporary, has known the great philosopher so well and so intimately as Mr. Spedding. Indeed he has reached that degree of intimacy that he can make such allowance for his failings

* "The Letters and the Life of Francis Bacon." By James Spedding. Vol. vii. London: Longmans, Green, Reader & Dyer.

as in most cases only a contemporary can, and his remarks upon this point are so wise and judicious that we shall quote them here :—

“The men upon whom posterity pronounces a unanimous verdict for bad or for good are the men about whose lives little is known. Those whose record is full enough to enable us to follow them through their weekday work are subjects of dispute just like contemporary public men, every one of whom has both admirers and depreciators. Bacon’s record is unusually full ; and as his life presented to himself many doubtful problems for action, it has left to us many questionable actions for criticism ; and among them not a few which he would not himself have repeated or attempted to justify. One thing however must be admitted to his advantage. Of the contemporaries whose opinion of him is known to us those who saw him nearest in his private life give him the best character.”

Clearly Mr. Spedding’s own opinion is not unfavourable. The labour which he has expended in erecting this memorial to Francis Bacon must have been great as it has been throughout conscientious. The world has now a worthy biography of one of the greatest of Englishmen, and Mr. Spedding has the satisfaction of knowing that all who wish to approach the life and personality of Bacon must for many years, perhaps always, do so through his means.

The life of John Clowes,⁴ edited by Mr. Compton from materials originally collected by Mr. Harrison, is a work not without interest. Mr. Clowes was an English clergyman, a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a man who had taken high University honours. He is chiefly remarkable for being one of the first who introduced the writings of Swedenborg to English readers through his translation of the “*Arcana Cœlestia*,” which occupied him eighteen years. Mr. Clowes was a believer in visions—this book is full of the records of such apparitions. The spread of the doctrines taught by Mr. Clowes was fertile with them. We read (p. 37) :—

“A young girl, who went daily to work in Manchester, is stated to have frequently seen, in her early morning walk, a company of angels, apparently in the direction of St. John’s Church, which was visible from her parents’ dwelling.”

Again (p. 38) :—

“There was also a gentleman of landed property in Cheshire, who distinctly heard in the night a voice saying three times ‘Go to Mr. Clowes.’ He paid no attention to it, probably thinking it some strange illusion, till it was repeated in exactly the same way on a subsequent night. He then thought it time to inquire into the matter, and went to Mr. Clowes, who told him he did not know what part he had to perform, unless it was to communicate the glad tidings of the heavenly doctrine of the New Jerusalem. On becoming acquainted with them, the gentleman received them thankfully, and so did his sisters.”

But no one who reads this biography, ill-edited and poorly written, as we confess it appears to us to be, can deal otherwise than tenderly with the memory of Mr. Clowes. He was a sweet and amiable nature, a fervent imaginative mystic. De Quincey wrote of him :—

⁴ “Life and Correspondence of the Rev. J. Clowes, M.A.” Edited by Theodore Compton. London : Longmans, Green & Co.

"He was the most spiritual looking, the most saintly in outward aspect of all human beings whom I have known throughout life. He was rather tall, pale and thin; the most unfl eshy, the most of a sublimated spirit dwelling already more than half in some purer world that a poet could have imagined." The correspondence which this volume contains from Mr. Clowes carries out the idea which De Quincey's description conveys. It indicates the dreamy, pure and amiable mysticism of the writer. We think however that the editor, led away by the love of his subject, has admitted much into his memoir which should have been excluded. Some anecdotes are both trivial and silly. As for example (p. 116):—"This is excellent tea," said one of the party to the lady who was presiding, and who had lately been Mr. Clowes's companion and house-keeper. "Yes," said he, giving her a significant look, "Mrs. V. makes very good tea—at an inn." Then recollecting that he might be thought to have gone too far, he added, "Ay, and in her own house too." And this is quoted in proof of the "smartness of his sallies, no less than the depth and originality of his more substantial remarks!"

The literature of the Ashanti war has grown rapidly. Six accounts of that expedition have already appeared. Two are before us. The first,* by Captain Brackenbury, is exceedingly valuable and complete. It is not official, and neither Sir Garnet nor any member of his staff saw any portion of it in manuscript. But Captain Brackenbury has had full use of the official documents connected with the expedition. They could not have been in better hands. Formerly Professor of Military History at the Royal Military Academy of Woolwich, the writer was enabled to seize more correctly than an unpractised historian the important points of civil diplomacy and military strategy. The work is full of detail. Everything is given which seemed necessary for a complete military study of the war. And yet the book is written in a clear running style, which carries along with it even those readers who are not military students. The author disclaims any attempt to compete in descriptive writing with the numerous civilians who are writing or have written books on the war. He modestly adds: "My plain narrative rests its claim to attention on its strict accuracy as regards facts and on my knowledge of the springs of movements." It will not however be less valuable to the reader on that account, and his admiration will be increased when he learns that these two large volumes have been written in six weeks, immediately following a five months' campaign on the Gold Coast. The maps and plans which accompany the work are excellently clear and instructive. There is very much also that is interesting in the book outside the history of the military expedition. Captain Brackenbury is not inclined to take a high view of the success of missionary enterprise amongst

* "The Ashanti War, a Narrative prepared from the Official Documents by permission of Major-General Sir G. Wolseley." By Henry Brackenbury, Captain Royal Artillery; with Maps and Plans, &c., by Lieut. H. Cooper. W. Blackwood & Sons. Two vols.

the Fantis at Cape Coast. At Cape Coast itself, boasting its Colonial Chaplain, Episcopal Church, and Church of England Schools as well as its Wesleyan Mission and Mission-House School, the fetish tree reigns supreme in the market-square. He thinks that the missionaries have taught English to a certain number of the population, but he fears they have only given them another language in which to lie and cheat. He says: "A Sierra Leone native is great at going to church, and has his mouth full of sacred quotations, but he is generally as specious a knave as ever breathed." It is perfectly clear from Captain Brackenbury's account that Captain Glover from first to last exhibited a loyal spirit in carrying out the instructions of Major-General Wolseley.

Mr. Winwood Reade, the special correspondent of the *Times*, in his "Story of the Ashantee Campaign,"⁶ says (p. 381): "Captain Glover has indignantly denied that there was any want of cordiality between Sir Garnet and himself. I do not say that there was any want of cordiality, but I am certain of this—that they both wished each other at the devil." Without commenting upon the taste of Mr. Reade's assertion, we venture to say that we think the public will be satisfied with Captain Brackenbury's history and Captain Glover's indignant protest. The special correspondent's "story" is indeed a different kind of book from that which we have just mentioned. According to Mr. Reade he was the most ubiquitous of the "writers." Of them, he alone, he tells us, saw the storming of Amoaful, the storming of Ordahsu, and the taking of Coomassie by Sir A. Alison. The chief characteristic of Mr. Reade's book next to the self-complacency of the writer, is the hostile tone which is adopted in speaking of Sir Garnet. Even the praise of other officers is made subsidiary to this. When Sir Garnet commends Lieut.-Col. Colley, in command of the transport department, in the words, "He has restored order to chaos," Mr. Reade adds, "Sir Garnet did not seem to think that he himself was partly to blame for the chaos." He is very bitter with Sir Garnet at Coomassie: "His friends always made his instructions serve as an excuse for his many unsoldierlike proceedings. But I have since learnt from a reliable source that Sir Garnet's instructions were quite in accordance with his own personal wishes and views. *He did not want to fight.* He had made his reputation as a soldier, and now aspired to be a diplomatist." He sums up the "unsoldierlike proceedings" in the following review of his own "searching kind of criticism": "I have not glossed over or palliated a single error which he committed during the campaign. The application for a railway—the concerted and disconcerted movements in the bush—the weakness displayed at Abrakrampra—the inflated Proclamation—the neglect of the transport—the Sarmatian telegram—the sacrifice of Captain Nichol—the various errors in diplomacy—the vacillation at Coomassie—all these have been fully examined and exposed." Elsewhere (p. 395) he says Sir Garnet ran "into Coomassie and out again like

⁶ "The Story of the Ashantee Campaign." By Winwood Reade, the *Times* Special Correspondent. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

a ferret in a rabbit-hole." Upon the whole we are compelled to pronounce Mr. Reade's book bad. It is bad in style, and taste, and spirit. We cannot believe that it will in any way lower a brave and successful officer in the public estimation he has won. He may be pained by it; his reputation will not suffer. When we consider the ease and rapidity with which a special correspondent can construct a light and ephemeral volume, we cannot be too grateful in the cause of justice that in this case at least he has been kept pace with by a sober, judicious, and accurate historian like Captain Brackenbury.

Captain Hoffbauer's work on the German artillery⁷ is well worth the study of military men. It is always difficult to gain a correct account in detail of operations upon the field. The present work refers to three days' fighting near Metz, and it is a bulky volume. The events were, however, most important, as they led to the surrender of Marshal Bazaine's army, and no detail can be deemed unworthy of attention. The book specially treats upon the action of the batteries, and excellent maps allow the reader to follow the battles in the minutest particulars. How great a part the artillery bore in the campaign 1870—71 we now know, and the present complete account will be useful to all branches of the service. Besides large and beautiful maps, the Appendix contains tables, showing the lists of casualties in each engagement, the expenditure of ammunition by the Prussian artillery, and the various damages reported by the batteries. Tables are also given of the French order of battle of that portion of the army of the Rhine which took part in the battles near Metz. We may add that Captain Hollist seems to have done his work well as translator. His version runs easily, and without effort, though the task must have been heavy. He has fairly earned the gratitude of military students who are unacquainted with the German language.

Mr. Cox's little work on the Crusades⁸ is one of the best which has appeared in the series of school-books which is called "Epochs of History," and is edited by Mr. E. E. Morris. It is clear, concise, and interesting. Its size prevents it from going into detail, yet the general outline of all important events is well marked. It is true, one likes to meet Mr. Cox in a larger work, but we cannot regret that young students should have the instruction of so learned a historian. Mr. Cox does not "write down" to his scholars; he has taken as much pains with his style in this little work as in his larger histories; and it is admirably compressed. It has been accused of showing signs of haste. We find none, and will quote Mr. Cox's concluding estimate of the results of the Crusades:—

"Worthless in themselves, and wholly useless as means for founding any permanent dominion in Palestine or elsewhere, these enterprises have affected the commonwealths of Europe, in ways of which the promoters never dreamed. They left a wider gulf between the Greek and Latin Churches, between the

⁷ "The German Artillery in the Battles near Metz, based on the Official Reports of the German Artillery." By Captain Hoffbauer. Translated by Captain Hollist. London: H. S. King & Co.

⁸ "The Crusades." By G. W. Cox, M.A., Author of "Mythology of the Aryan Nations." London: Longmans, Green & Co.

subjects of the Western Empire and the nations of Western Europe; but by the mere fact of throwing East and West together, they led gradually to that interchange of thought and that awakening of the human intellect to which we owe all that distinguishes our modern civilization from the religious and political systems of the Middle Ages."

Herr Röhricht's contributions to the history of the same subject⁹ are marked by profound learning. The volume consists of three essays. The first deals with the crusade of the Emperor Frederick the Second, which Mr. Cox calls the Sixth Crusade. Her Röhricht did not succeed in obtaining all the material which he required, but the notes attached to the essay clearly indicate the research which has been expended upon the subject. The second essay treats of the conflicts between Saladin and the Christians in the years 1187—88. Much new material for this period has appeared since the work of Wilken in 1819. A quantity of documents in Arabic, but scattered through many libraries, have presented difficulties to the historian. Some of these, never before published, have reached the hands of Herr Röhricht, and have given him occasion to suspect the falsification of the received history in important points. The third portion of this volume consists of extracts in French from Kamâl addîn. With this MS. he became accidentally acquainted. It was translated from the Arabic by the French Orientalist, De Sacy, and Herr Röhricht gives it here, reserving his notes for a second volume. This second volume will be ready in a year.

Mr. Wood's book on the Ecclesiastical Antiquities of London¹⁰ is divided into a series of nine walks, during the course of which he discusses the antiquities which meet the view of the pedestrian. The book is an intelligent archæological guide, and might be made a pleasant companion to any one who chooses to follow the itinerary which is indicated by its author.

The History of Japan,¹¹ as a history from the earliest period to the present time, is, to say the least, a little out of proportion. In the present volume of five hundred pages, the first hundred brings the reader to the year 1854, and the next four hundred deal with the decade 1854—1864. The second volume will probably bring the history "to the present time." Our only complaint is as to the title, which is misleading. The book is a very good account, so far as it goes, of the diplomatic relations of foreigners with the Japanese, and especially of our own court. But for those who are interested in the history of Japan itself, who are fascinated by the wonderful artistic excellence of its people, and who desire to know something of the country where such excellence was developed, the book is disappointing, and the title deceptive. With regard, however, to the period when intercourse began between the Japanese and other nations, the book is full. It

⁹ "Beiträge zur Geschichte der Kreuzzüge." Von Reinhold Röhricht. Erster Band. Berlin: Wiedmannsche Buchhandlung.

¹⁰ "Ecclesiastical Antiquities of London and its Suburbs." By A. Wood, M.A. London: Burns & Oates.

¹¹ "The History of Japan, from the Earliest Period to the Present Time." Vol. i. By F. O. Adams, F.R.G.S. London: H. S. King.

contains, also, some really beautiful plans of Kioto, the emperor's palace there, which appear to be native drawings, and a rather poor outline map of Japan, which is not native work.

Another work, with an Oriental subject, is a translation of the autobiography¹² of a British subject, born in Malacca in the year 1797. The original appears to be written in a simple and naïve style. Much of it has reference to the time when Sir Thomas Raffles was the most prominent Englishman in the Indian Archipelago. Abdulla gives the following flattering picture of our countryman:—"He was most courteous in his intercourse with all men. He always had a sweet expression towards European as well as native gentlemen. He was extremely affable and liberal, always commanding one's best attention. He spoke in smiles." From this our civil officers abroad will perceive that their native subordinates are close observers, and that it is well to win their regard; for Abdulla does not appear to have been inclined to flatter. Mr. Ebbison, a missionary, studied Malay with him. Says Abdulla:—"I continued with him for six months, when he could do a little, but in a meaningless manner. I now perceived that he had a heavy intellect, no application, and was heartless. He then asked me to teach his son Edwin, for he, being young, could pick up the language faster. I assented to this; so I taught him, and in a few days he was able to read a little. He was very much clearer in the head than his father." The comments of the translator are also interesting.

Strangely, and somewhat weirdly, the new book,¹³ by Adolf Strodtmann, brings us face to face with an obscure epoch in German literature. It is obscure, because it is so hard to realize now the period in German literature before Goethe, the period when Lessing was scarcely recognised, and when the name of Schiller was unknown. Certainly, the great literature which was to be, showed few signs of its future existence in that barren time. Only a few poems have survived it until now. The modern reader may indeed be acquainted with the names of Klopstock and Wieland; he probably knows little of their works; and probably the very names of Gleim, Schubart, Hölty, Stolberg, Heinse, and Göcking, are unknown to him. And yet these were men who, at one time, no longer ago than the second half of the eighteenth century, directed the literary taste of Germany. They were men in intimate connexion with Klopstock and the youthful Goethe, and to their poetical confederacy belonged the poet whose letters have been, as it were, disinterred by Herr Strodtmann—Gottfried August Bürger. Bürger, for this age at least, is like Rouget de Lisle, a man of one song. His ballad of "Lenore" was translated by Sir Walter Scott, and keeps his name well known to English ears. The other poems which

¹² "Translations from the Hakazit Abdulla." With Comments by J. T. Thomson, F.R.G.S. H. S. King.

¹³ "Briefe von und an Gottfried August Bürger. Ein Beitrag zur Literaturgeschichte seiner Zeit." Von Adolf Strodtmann. Berlin: Verlag von Gebrüder Pötel.

won him popularity could scarcely win it now. But as a side-light into the literary life of Germany a century ago, these letters of Bürger, now published for the first time, are well worth reading. This is the story of their exhumation:—At Bürger's death in 1794, at Göttingen, his manuscripts were disposed of by auction. Amongst these were two works—one a book upon æsthetics and one upon German style. These came into the possession of a Dr. Reinhard, who published them in 1825—26. Besides these MSS., there was also a great mass of letters and papers, relating both to family and literary affairs. The first batch of letters seems to have been destroyed; the other passed into Reinhard's hands. A great number of the papers came also to Dr. Althof, who was to undertake a biography of the poet. These, however, he did not use, but left them, still uninspected, to his niece. Through various hands they came, in 1872, to Herr Strodttmann, a sealed and faded packet, which had scarcely been looked at since the time of Bürger's death, eighty years ago. They are now given to the world in the four volumes which are before us. The first letters of this series are addressed to Christian Adolph Klotz. Nothing was more unfortunate for Bürger, in his literary career, than his connexion with the superficial and sentimental school of poetry which looked upon Klotz as an authority in taste and learning. What Klotz was in that capacity may be learnt from Lessing's *Archæological Letters*. These, however, had not appeared at the time when Bürger and Klotz were corresponding. Their letters are in Latin, and are filled with fatuous mutual admiration. It is curious to see a man like Bürger addressing Klotz, whose scholarship was as futile as it was pretentious, in these terms, "Tu enim mihi Socrates, Tu mihi Plato, aut si quos novisti magis unquam a suis adamatos, eorum te similem judico." But the gross exaggeration of sentiment was the chief characteristic of that society of young versifiers which flourished at Göttingen, whilst Bürger was there. This society was called the Hainbund; they chose Klopstock for their model, and even induced him to join them. Their best poets were Voss and Bürger, and when they separated they continued to correspond with each other. Their literary organ was the *Musen Almanach*, to which even Goethe in his youth contributed, and it is with the literary matter of the *Musen Almanach* that the Bürger Correspondence is chiefly concerned. Boie, Bürger's constant friend and correspondent, edited it until 1776. The first reference to the ballad "Lenore," is found in a letter of the 19th of April, 1773. "I have come upon a magnificent story in an old ballad. The only pity is I can't get at the text of the ballad itself." The fact is Bürger's ballad comes from a much older one, the story of which the poet heard a servant maid repeat. The only words she could remember of the original were—

"Der Mond, der scheint so helle
Die Todten reiten schnelle—"

significant words, which gave Bürger the key in which his poem is set. Some English periodical, a few years after the publication of

the poem, asserted that it was derived from an English ballad. Bürger himself distinctly denied the truth of this hypothesis, and it does not seem to have been successfully maintained. At any rate, the composition of the poem occupied him for some time. On the 22nd of April he wrote again: "I have a touching romance on the stocks; Hölty will hang himself for envy." May 6th he wrote, "If people don't turn icy cold at my ballad, you may call me 'Hans Caspar,' for the rest of my life." It was not finished by the 27th of that month. On that day he wrote Boie: "Lenore grows daily in knowledge and favour with God and men. In the evening I don't like to work at it, for I am a little afraid of it myself." On the 12th of August he wrote, with comic exaggeration—

"Thank God, I have finished my immortal Lenore. Is it possible for the mind of man to conceive anything more splendid? I am astonished myself and can scarcely believe that I have written it. I shan't send it but bring it in a week. Then you must get together the members of the Hainbund in the twilight, into a lonely and somewhat eerie room, where I can give due horror to the intonation of my voice. The youngest member will tremble at Lenore as at Lot's deceased wife."

The result of the reading, however, was not so flattering to Bürger's vanity. The "Hainbund" playfully reproved his conceit, a reproof which he took in good part. The poem appeared finally in September. Bürger received the proofs with trepidation; but the magnificent ballad met with universal approbation. Goethe sent the author a copy of "Goetz," which had just appeared. "I am proud," he wrote, "that it is I who break down the paper wall between us. Our voices have often met, and our hearts too. Is not life short and drear enough; shall not those unite whose roads are the same? When you write anything send it to me. I will do likewise." The few glimpses which this correspondence gives us of Bürger's private life do not show it to have been a happy one. One knew that it was unhappy before. These letters reveal the reason. A passionate, enthusiastic man, Bürger was compelled to attend to the harassing duties of a justiciary in a small village. Little time could be given to study, and the salary of such a position was minute. In 1774 he married the daughter of a neighbouring official, and this marriage was another source of torture to him. He, himself, wrote in 1790 (vol. iv. p. 26)—

"As I went with her to the altar I bore in my heart the most ardent passion for her sister, who was then scarcely fifteen years old. I knew it, but I thought it a slight fever which would soon cease. I ought to have withdrawn even at the altar; my fever did not abate, but grew more violent, more inextinguishable. A volume would not contain the history of my struggles between love and duty. If she who had wedded me had been a woman of a common stamp, if she had been less magnanimous, I should long ago have perished. That which conventionalism would not have permitted, that three persons as their only means of escape from destruction dared to allow themselves. My wife determined to be called by that name only openly and before the world, whilst her sister really occupied that position. In 1784 I lost her whom I had wedded; in 1785 I married openly and formally the only, the wholly adored of my heart.

The next year I lost her. What her love, what her loss was to me, may be found in my poems."

The retribution which fell upon Bürger was not long delayed, nor light. In 1789 he became an unpaid professor at Göttingen, where he endeavoured to support himself by taking pupils, and by doing literary work. A young lady of Suabia professed herself in love with him from having read his poems, and offered him her hand. Bürger married her. She treated him worse than he had treated his first wife. The divorce from her, which took place two years after his marriage, could not restore the health which grief and anxiety had broken; poverty came nearer and nearer; the most pressing needs were at hand, which he only escaped by dying. His death occurred in June, 1794. The correspondence in these four volumes includes letters from and to Heyne, Lichtenberg, A. W. Schlegel, Humboldt, Goethe, and Meyer. We must be grateful to Herr Strodtmann for so carefully arranging and editing these letters. Many of them do not, perhaps, repay perusal; but as a whole they afford a curious insight into the literary circles of a time which is obscure, though not remote. Forgotten men, not unimportant a hundred years ago, stand before us in their individuality once again—Biester, with his amusing and amiable love story; the rollicking Sprickmann, the affectionate Goeckingk, and over the whole group the new influence of Shakspeare is seen to rise and freshen German poetry. There, too, like a stage moon, Ossian wins the admiration of the German writers, an admiration, which to our minds, is one of the most curious phenomena in the history of German literature.

Herr Scheffer Boichorst's studies in Florentine history¹⁴ will be valuable to those who desire to have a correct knowledge of the authorities from whom our acquaintance with the history of Florence is derived. In his first essay the writer deals with the relative value of the histories of Malespini and Villani. His conclusion is that Villani is not the plagiarist for which he has been generally held. Malespini has, on the other hand, he thinks, appropriated the property of Villani, and has falsified history to please the great houses, notable that of Bonagvisi, with which he was himself connected. "Meanwhile," says the writer, "he proceeds with caution, not without a certain cleverness. He boasts with moderation, lies with a supremely honourable countenance; he is familiar with the history of the Bonagvisi, for they were his relations; one might almost credit his word, for he speaks of the honour of the Bonagvisi, not of his own family. But compare him with Villani, and he is utterly lost. This is the triumph: the honest Villani accused of plagiarism from Malespini himself brings the proof that Malespini has both robbed him and accused him of theft." In the second essay the writer weighs the pretensions of Dino Compagni to be the father of Italian history. Dino has been regarded by the Italians as the most accurate of historians, especially in his first

¹⁴ "Florentiner Studien." Von Paul Scheffer-Boichorst. Leipzig: Verlag von S. Herzel.

two books; he has been spoken of with that enthusiasm, says our author, with which a middle-aged man, looking back upon his youth, speaks of his first love. Yet Herr Scheffer Boichorst accuses him of falsifying Florentine history. Dino's veracity had, however, been suspected before. An Italian professor at Padua, Signor Grion, has already impugned it. M. Monod, in reviewing his book, accuses him of buffoonery, and is angry with the doubtful taste of his jests upon Dino, whom he speaks of as "Dino-Doni, Din-Din, Din-Don," &c. Signor Grion is, therefore, wisely put aside by our author. The result of his investigation is this:—

"The name of Dino Compagni must be erased from the literature of history. We must refuse him the crown of honour; we fancied we had beheld through his means the contemporaries of Dante, and we have too late found him a deceiver. The phantom has departed; in vain we seek a sufficient compensation, a recompense and comfort for our loss; we have nothing but the pain of a supreme illusion."

Herr von Vivenot has prepared an immense amount of material which will be useful to the future historian of Austria, when he deals with the period of the French Revolution. The present portion¹⁵ of his work illustrates the policy of Prince Kaunitz-Rielberg, under the Emperor Leopold II. This chancellor followed the course of French events with deep attention, as is seen in these volumes. The first volume embraces the whole period of the reign of Leopold II., and includes many important documents from the imperial archives of Vienna. The object of the editor is to render the work a diplomatic manual, which may be readily and easily used. This first volume contains 402 documents, of which one-fourth are written by monarchs. The individual influence of Prince Kaunitz finds remarkable evidence in these papers. It is clear that he at first regarded the French Revolution with favourable eyes. The period included in this volume closes with the death of Kaunitz, who retires, says Herr von Vivenot, conscious of the glorious ending of his earthly career, like a mighty and proud lion to die as he had lived—alone. The second volume includes also 400 documents. They extend from the French declaration of war to the second partition of Poland. Each volume contains several excellent indices.

As a portion of the labour which the editing of a comprehensive work such as the "Quellen," the editor considers that amplification of facts, or removal of errors, which must be given in pamphlets or appendices. Such a pamphlet¹⁶ is the work before us. The writer speaks of the second division of Poland in terms of sympathy for that unhappy nationality, and he thinks that the policy of Napoleon I. finds a complete justification in that second partition.

Herr Schuler-Libloy has written a brief sketch of the history of

¹⁵ "Quellen zur Geschichte der Deutschen Kaiserpolitik Oesterreichs während der Französischen Revolutions Kriege, 1790—1801. Von A. von Vivenot. Wien.

¹⁶ "Zur Genesis zur Zweiten Theilung Polens, 1792-1793." Von A. Ruter von Vivenot. Wien. 1874.

European jurisprudence," which seems to be a learned and valuable work. The subjects of Roman and Canon law he excludes from his work, because they form special and distinct branches. The other lines of jurisprudence he traces in their development in the various European states, from the time of the migration of the nations to the time of modern codifications. The work shows much research. We should only suggest to the author that in a work of such dignity it is scarcely worth while to select English names, and accompany them with letters supposed to represent the pronunciation, whilst Danish, Polish, and other names are left in their native dress. Moreover, the professor's presentations of English names are not always good. "Pahlgrehw" may represent "Palgrave," but "Mäddox," "Färtiskju," "Ohn," "Fihshährbert," "eckstchekür" (p. 90), do not fairly represent "Madox," "Fortescue," "Owen," "Fitzherbert," "exchequer." The book contains a brief but interesting history of the legal procedure in cases of witchcraft. The last German witch was, it seems, executed in 1783, for having baked a cake with "pin seeds" in it.

Herr Erdmann's pamphlet on orthography¹⁸ is another evidence of the deep root which the idea of national unity has taken in the minds of the people of Germany. The wish to have one perfect and uniform system of orthography is an old one amongst many German writers. At present confusion reigns little less than that which made the currency of German coins confined and vexatious. As a few instances of this Herr Erdmann cites the words—Brantwein, Brandwein, Brandtwein, Braundtwein; Wildbret, Wildbrett, Wildbrät; adelich, adellich, adelig, adlich, adlig; nemlich, nämlich, nehmlich. All this, it must be admitted, is very irregular; but whence is the remedy to come? Jacob Grimm considered the present German orthography "wrong, barbarous, and disgraceful;" but he expressed the belief that "when a new political salvation has risen upon the national view, then we may expect that a new orthography will also be introduced, which, in divided and weary Germany, can never find an inauguration." The new salvation has come. Herr Erdmann thinks the new orthography lingers, and the question, how it is to be introduced, is still difficult. Evidently he has turned his eyes to Prince Bismarck, but "Prince Bismarck has never desired orthographical laurels, happily for himself and orthography." The general principles upon which Herr Erdmann desires reform seem to us fair and moderate enough. They are two:—

1. In every case where custom is universally uniform and established, let custom decide.

2. Where custom varies let phonetics and etymology decide.

(a) Where both these indications tend to the same conclusion, the onus of justifying a refusal to follow them falls upon those who refuse.

¹⁷ "Abriss der Europäischen Staats- und Rechtsgeschichte." Von F. Schuler-Libloy. Berlin: E. Koschny.

¹⁸ "Zur orthographischen Trage." Von Heinrich Erdmann. Hamburg: Otto Meissner.

(b) Where these indications seem to point to different conclusions, phonetics, as the older, should be followed, due regard, however, being taken of the etymological indication. If phonetics cannot be applied, then etymology must point out the spelling, but only to such an extent that it will not violently oppose customary pronunciation. Herr Erdmann follows out these principles into working detail, and, as far as we can judge, with success. In truth, the literature of Germany has ripened earlier than its literary form. English literature and French literature grew clear more slowly, and the difficulty of uncertain orthography no longer remains. But German, as a literary language, is still somewhat yeasty and turbid. It will, however, we doubt not, in time run clear. We hope that Herr Erdmann's monograph will tend to this end. Afterwards it will perhaps be well to dispense with the ugly black letter character by which the Germans continue to separate themselves from their European neighbours.

The Readers¹⁹ issued by Messrs. Isbister seem well calculated to serve their purpose. The whole series is now before us, and the style of each book rises with the standard to which it is adapted by gradual steps, which lessen the difficulty of the ascent. The pieces selected are good, and are chosen both for their literary merit and the information they convey. Thus in the fifth Reader we find many simple yet instructive entomological fragments by Tristram, papers by Drayon and Audubon on natural history, and vigorous descriptions by Charles Kingsley. The whole series is designed to be attractive, and is likely to be attractive to children. Composition exercises are introduced in the later Readers, and we may safely assert that no pupil who has mastered this series will fail in passing the written examination of each standard as he advances.

The three little books²⁰ which have been edited by M. Van Laun, the translator of M. Taine's History of English Literature, seem to us admirably adapted for use in schools. Beginning with clear and easy rules and short exercises they gradually bring the learner to a good knowledge of syntactic difficulties. The irregular verbs, always a *crux* to the French instructor, seem to be well dealt with. We question however the wisdom of beginning the course with a long vocabulary which a child could scarcely master until it had acquired some knowledge of the language.

The French Readers,²¹ which we suppose are intended to accompany the exercise books, seem excellent. The selections increase in difficulty and are well made, from known authors, such as Souvestre, Fleury, Lamartine, Balzac, Gautier, and Michelet. Each volume has a complete vocabulary, and the very moderate price at which it is

¹⁹ "Elementary School Series. First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Illustrated Readers. Adapted to the requirements of the Privy Council." W. Isbister & Co.

²⁰ "Public School Series. The Beginner's First French Book; the Second French Book; the Third French Book." By H. Van Laun and Victor Pleignier. London: W. Isbister & Co.

²¹ "First French Reader; Second French Reader; Third French Reader." By H. Van Laun and V. Pleignier. Strahan & Co.

sold is an additional recommendation for a very wide adoption in all schools.

We can do little more than acknowledge the receipt of two²² pamphlets from Mr. Boulton upon early English history. They are remarkable for philological conjecture, which is more creditable to the writer's ingenuity than to his erudition.
