

## MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

*Le Livre* seems to tend more and more to become a Review of contemporary publications in France; and, as there can be no real reason for the non-existence of such a thing, despite the numerous failures to establish it, it is to be hoped that this feature will continue. It might be well, perhaps, if M. Uzanne relinquished the praiseworthy, but somewhat impossible, attempt to assemble complete accounts of European as well as of French literature. Occasional reviews of foreign books done seriously and by experts are decidedly better than mere chatty "Correspondence." However, this condescension to French habits may be intended to make the review part go down more easily. The "original" articles (as by a not very defensible distinction, they are usually called) of the August number are three—the conclusion of the sketch of the Plantine Museum, another instalment of the "Réliure illustrée," and the second and last of M. Paul Lacroix' articles on the fifth book of Rabelais. The discussion has not been quite such a thorough one as might have been hoped for, but it is a very important contribution to the literature of the subject. As the first part dealt with external witnesses, and especially with the adverse testimony *ab extra*, so this deals with internal evidence. M. Paul Lacroix, according to a bad custom of his, mixes up weak arguments with strong ones; and it is surprising that he should quote Bernier's trumpety story about the enmity between Rabelais and Ronsard, which rests on no evidence whatever, and is of absolutely no value. The best thing in the article is the handling of the supposed Protestant tendencies of the book which have been used as an argument against Rabelaisian authorship.

The number of *Le Livre* for September also contains some interesting matter. The illustration is an etching of the statue of *Villon* which appeared in this year's Salon. Of the three principal articles, one is an instalment of M. Drujon's useful study of "Books with Keys." The other two are of great interest—one is on the first illustrations to La Fontaine's Fables; the other, a further portion of M. Champfleury's charming "Caprices et Fantaisies sur les Vignettes romantiques," in which he is gradually exhuming "les oubliés et les dédaignés," who escaped even the affectionate scrutiny of Charles Asselineau. There must be many devotees of 1830 who never so much as heard the name of Hippolyte Tarnaud; and it must be confessed that the excellent Hippolyte (who went through singular vicissitudes, being a shoemaker and a *garçon de classe* before he sank into peaceable obscurity and prosperity as head-clerk at a provincial prefecture) was but a bastard Romantic. Gautier and Gérard were indeed his personal friends, and his book has the seal of a vignette by Célestin Nanteuil; but, horrible to relate, he dared to admire Casimir Delavigne.

In the *Revista Contemporanea* of September 15, while putting the question "Who was Pedro Mato?" the original of the great figure weathercock of Zamora, Fernandez Duro chats pleasantly on the town, its bell-founders and clockmakers. Señor Ubeda y Correal, in brief terms, but from original research, considers the theories of fermentation, heterogeny, panspermism, and polymorphism. He decides that only a union of the two last accounts for all the facts. The rest of the papers are continuations; that on the scientific expedition to the mines of Almaden, by Rodriguez Ferrer, shows the material hindrances to such excursions in Spain in 1873-74. The party were arrested, though happily not plundered, by an armed band of "facciosos." The current novel is a translation from the English of Mr. Greenwood, with the title "Aventuras de un Saltimbanquis." Among the reviews we remark a lauda-

tory one of Muñoz y Rivero's important "*Paleografía Visigoda de los Siglos, Val XII.*"

The *Euskal-Erria* of September 10 reprints a document which can never be read by Englishmen without pain and shame. It is the report, or "Manifesto," of the Municipality of San Sebastian on the events of August 31, 1813, and the following days. Sir W. Napier had ample ground for his strictures on this feature of Wellington's sieges. The atrocities at San Sebastian, practised on allies, were surpassed only in the number of the victims by the horrors of Bulgaria.

## THE GEOGRAPHICAL CONGRESS AT VENICE.

Trieste: Sept. 23, 1881.

Yesterday Venice saw the last of Geographical Congress number three. Yet she is full; her autumn-season (September to October) is at its height. Strangers notably err when they treat the ex-sea queen as a wintering-place; her Christmas is detestable, and her spring-season (mid-March to May) is raw and rainy; the North-Adriatic year has no "prime." But at midsummer Venice is delightful, especially if you pass the noontide indoors and the mornings and evenings at the Lido.

From Vienna to Venice the change is striking. There, all is brand-new; Hausmannisation going mad; crowded streets (even in summer, when "no one is in town except Jews and diplomats"); no beggars; a civil and kindly population; a noble opera; excellent beer (and bad wine); money abundant (a half-florin sadly wanted); and perhaps the noisiest pavement in Europe calling loudly for wood. Here, the mediæval sea-city stands before you without restoration; professional paupers whine at every corner; the money consists of filthy rags and huge coppers; and the stillness of the silent highways is broken only by the daily tinkling of cracked church-bells, and at night by fireflies of many colours swiftly plashing up and down the Styx-like streams. Vienna, moreover, affords the traveller excellent hotels; and improvement has not abolished the home-like and comfortable "Archduke Charles." Venice numbers a dozen caravanserais calling themselves first-rate; the normal *mesquinerie* of the land prevails in all, and waiting is bad because waiters are fee'd and not paid. Daniels, for instance, should replace its raw lads by well-salaried Swiss Kellners, and not charge three and a-half francs for a petit Bordeaux barely worth tenpence. But Venice is painfully poor; starvation is common as in London; and the ruinous cry is now often heard: "We did not know that our worst enemies were our best friends!"

But Venice put on her "store-clothes" and hung herself in flags and drapery to enjoy the *spettacoli* and other pleasures (alas!) of the third Geographical Congress. The "Mostra geografica" (exhibition), opened on September 1, was mostly cartographic; and the long L of the Royal Palace fronting Piazza and Piazzetta showed on both stories an enormous display of maps and plans, old and new, good and bad. In the splendid hall (No. 2 room) sat at squat a gilt figure, with a sailor's hat and a blue beard, supposed to be Marco Polo, and idolised at Canton. Fronting him was a laurel-wreathed photograph of the unfortunate Matteucci. I had a long conversation with the Cavaliere Sinimberghi, who nearly poisoned himself by embalming the body. Count Almerigo di Schio exhibited his Arabian astrolabes, and Raoul Heilbronner, of Munich, mediæval instruments in a room farther on; this most interesting department was insufficiently represented. M. Révoil displayed his Somali finds; and the Egyptian room contained Gini's collec-

tion, and Meccah and Medinah, photographed by Col. Sadite Bey for the first time. They are all to be sold. The various Alpine clubs, especially the Austrian, came out strong; except England, who, as usual, was nowhere. Yet this was an excellent opportunity of showing climbing and ice-cutting gear.

Englishmen of late years have not always had the pleasure of seeing their beloved native country to the fore. At Venice, even the British flag was out of order—blue, with the length of the crosses perpendicular, instead of horizontal. Poor England could produce only enough to fill (and fill badly) a single room in a small *café chantant* converted into an *annexe*. Strangers marvelled at the mean display of battered surveying instruments ("They have taken 1,800 angles, sir!"), and at the contrast of Roberts' tide-predicting machine with a sixpenny toy compass. The maps were of the Indian Survey and the Palestine Exploration Fund, with Admiralty charts, and Mr. Robert N. Cust's tentative distribution of languages in Africa. The latter lost the gold medal because it was not published nor accompanied by a volume of explanation.

This showy display of poverty was the natural result of the *res angusta domi* which could not afford £500 for the carriage of exhibits between the South Kensington Museum and Venice. The Royal Geographical Society has no money to waste on prestige; and the Anthropological Society has neither money nor men, but it delegated Mr. Consul Hutchinson. The *personnel* was quaintly chosen. England, with her peculiar "lordolatry," thinks it enough to send a peer when other nations send an explorer. Lord Aberdare is an amiable personage; but France had M. de Lesseps. Sir H. Thuillier is a most meritorious Anglo-Indian official, but he speaks only English: Germany had Nachtigall; Hungary, Hunfalvy, with Vámbéry; and Portugal, Serpa Pinto. This explorer, by-the-by, carried off the honours; as an *aide-de-camp* of his King, he had brought special letters of introduction. Col. Haig and Capt. Baird were the most zealous of jurymen; but they were lost in the decorated crowd of delegates and commissioners, of vice-presidents and secretaries, representing seventeen nationalities. All the local societies of France and Italy were represented by their best men. Hence, despite the praiseworthy attempts of Austria and Germany, the whole congress was a glorification of the Latin race; indeed, the marvellous prosperity of "La République" becomes a threat to monarchy throughout Europe.

On the opening day the Sindaco of Venice, Count Serego, issued a neat and well-worded address to his *concittadini*, quoting the bygone glories of Marco Polo, Frate Mauro, Sanuto, the Zeni, Cadamosto, the Cabots, Conti, and Adrian Balbi. The first junta of the Congress, establishing the prize-jury, took place on September 8, under the presidency of the amiable Prince Teano—a name well known in England. Queen Margherita (the Pearl) entered Venice on the same day, and was followed on September 12 by the King, fresh from the autumn manoeuvres at Padua. The "Programme of Spectacles" promised inauguration of the Congress and architectonic illuminations (September 15); opening of the horticultural show (16th), put off by the rains grand gala-night at the Fenice Theatre (17th); regatta and illuminations (18th); concert and illuminations in the Piazza (19th); serenade, with fantastic illumination of the Great Canal (21st); and closing of the Congress (22nd); together with sundry excursions, "parties of displeasure," to be carefully avoided. A full week of work, and worse.

First of the opera. La Fenice (all know) is an artistic house, except that drab-coloured

grounds in the boxes suit no dress but black or white. Three boxes were placed at the disposition of the Congress; and the prices of the rest were truly magnificent—700 frs. for the gala night. The opera, our old friend *Aida*, was simply abominable; one can hear such music only in Italy; none save Italians would sit still in so fierce a storm of shrieks and false notes. The first act was sufficient. But politics have apparently crushed art out of Italy. The delicate knickknacks of Venice, once so admirable, have dwindled down to bits of tasteless mosaic. French gray glasses are recommended to those who visit her modern picture-galleries. Sculpture, perhaps, fares better than her sisters; but the nineteenth century has not produced a second Canova.

The opening ceremony was fixed for 10 a.m. in the Sala dei Pregadi, the Rogatorium where the proud old Council was requested (not commanded) by the Doge to meet. The city engineer assured us that the floor was safe for 700 bodies; this is not everywhere the case in the tumble-down Ducal Palace. The dress was *frac et decorations*—in fact, the Christy Minstrel illuminated; a few learned ladies bore bonnets marvellously made; and many distinguished gentlemen were hung in chains and plastered with orders, these being generally (like sayings) in inverse proportion to doings. The laudable ambition of appearing foremost contributed much to the study of man. A pert little M.P., in Disraeli-brown frock and white crush-hat, fought his way to the front with prodigious effort. Their Majesties were half-an-hour late; here not even princes can be punctual. Graceful and gracious as usual, the Queen charmed every eye; even Republican Italy hesitates in the fair presence. Her *coiffure* was Venetian and *cinquecento*; a cloud of lace veiled the black brocade, and the pearl-drop earrings and diamond necklace could be seen sparkling from the other end of the huge hall. No wonder that *vivas* rang loud and long.

The three opening addresses were all read. The representatives of local societies had threatened that, if one spoke, each would make a speech in his own tongue—just imagine! M. de Lesseps, president of the committee, led off with a lecture about the second congress (Paris, 1875), the Isthmus of Panama, Italian travellers, Roncière la Noury, and France *en général*. Prince Teano, President of the Italian Geographical Society, after heartily and courteously welcoming the visitors, declared the Congress open. Lastly, the Sindaco expressed the thanks and good wishes of the hospitable city.

At the end of this work the Royalties left their seats and came forward to meet the representatives, who should have been brought up to them. All the local dignities pressed forward to have the honour of a word. Mahmud Bey, of Egypt, behaved with Eastern dignity, and kept in the background. Here, as elsewhere, the traveller and explorer pure and simple had no place. Unless delegated by some organised body, he was an atom floating in space. He was down in the pit when presidents and secretaries and the host that live on him and by him were in the boxes. It was again the author or working-hand *versus* publisher or capitalist; again the ever-true *sic vos non vobis*.

The opening ceremony, which lasted only an hour and a-half, was a success, and so was the first illumination. Venice is famous for lighting up; and she contributed 40,000 frs. for this occasion. I have scanty admiration for the much-prized Piazzetta, with its Ducal Palace turned upside down, the light gear below, the heavy above, a box of hard stone cut to resemble brick; or for the Piazza, with that vast unfinished and crooked erection, the Campanile, dwarfing its liliput appendages—

the cathedral-domes of St. Mark. But the outlines of column and capital, of crenelles and sky-lines, traced and picked out by the soft, mellow lamp-light; the skeleton square of red-glass globes; and, lastly, the electric light thrown from the three *standarti* (Venetian masts) upon the church *façade*, and showing every detail of form and colour, with more of moonlight than moon ever showed, were “kenspeckle”—sights to remember. Seen from under the Orologio, the four bronze horses of San Marco appeared to be walking. As the lamps gradually faded, here a perpendicular falling off, there a horizontal breaking into black gaps, the light growing less and the darkness greater, the effect was that of a city falling gradually to pieces.

The illuminations were repeated with indifferent success. Gas failed on Sunday (18th), and the electric light on the following evening. The latter was especially badly managed, when, by a little switching, the light might have been turned on and off the Cathedral and the Piazza. These *effets de lumière* managed to spoil the “fantastic illumination” of the grand Canal (Wednesday, 21st), when a great staring lime-light flashed here and there and everywhere amid the mediæval surrounding scene. The essential point of lighting up the chief water-street in Venice is that the insides, not the outsides, of the palaces appear in a blaze. Instead of stiff lines of lamps and beaks of gas flaring from balcony and window, the chandeliers and candelabra of the noble halls are seen in perspective with perfect beauty. All these shows were accompanied by “concerts,” when a loud and braying band, so inferior to those of Austria, brought into the open all Venice. These people care little for their *panem*, provided they have their *circenses*.

A rainy scirocco on the 16th put off till next day the “inauguration of the horticultural show in the botanical gardens of S. Giobbe.” (N.B.—At Venice, not elsewhere, Job and Moses are saints.) The diary would describe this ceremony somewhat as follows:—

“Dressed. Long row in river cab under blazing sun, up fetid water lane to near railway station. Landed and found small mob of swells, gardeners, bandmen, and policemen. The Royalties took their places under a blue pavilion, and listened patiently to the normal Chauvinism in the shape of speeches, followed by the braying of bravos and bands. Then they walked round to admire grapes, huge pumpkins, parrots, and gasping gold-fish. General dispersion and *deo gratias*.”

The grounds are pretty, though of course small; the show would have been poor in a third-class town farther North. But one does not come to Venice for gardens and conservatories. The city did her humble best, and the charming Queen was gracious and graceful as ever.

Sunday (18th) saw the “Rigata e Corso di Gala.” The Grand Canal was hung with red, and with old tapestry rich in local colouring. The racing (so called by courtesy) was confined to eight two-oared gondolas, low-built, with tall tree-rowlocks; and the leisurely pace showed “squaring.” After the prizes had been distributed by their Majesties under a tent, opposite the Foscaro Palace; and when the gondoliers had boarded all the equipages to beg “bakhshish,” a dense pack of boats was formed; presently the mass drifted like pack-ice to the fore; and the *corso*, or procession, followed the King and Queen. It suggested the water-shows on the Thames *temp. Elisæ*, but with a nineteenth-century addition—the advertisement-boat. None could mistake the gorgeous display of the Venezia-Murano Glassworks Company, and the *dode-sona* (twelve oar-) of the well-known Salvati house. In addition to the eight normal *bisnone* (fancy gondolas), four new were designed for

the occasion. These were “Geography,” denoted by blue and white, a boy and a globe; “Neapolitan Fishery,” hung with gilt nets and painted corals; “Esquimaux,” manned by men in bear-costume; and “Venus,” a young person who had forgotten her stays and upper raiment. All were *cinquecento* and tinsel: common gondolas, with raised poops and prows of painted paper, stuffed with straw; moreover, all were disfigured by some undertaker-like man in black, who issued, through a speaking-trumpet, orders which no one obeyed. Strangers remarked with surprise that there was abundant “chaff” without bad language, and excited merriment without a single fight.

The Royalties left Venice on Monday (19th); the Congress became *Hamlet* lacking Hamlet, and the city cleared rapidly.

And now for the work done by number three. As a rule, scientific, like political, congresses bring matter ready made; and the constant recurrence of these assemblies is breeding a peculiar article, which I should call a *savant de congrès*. His object in life is to make act of presence everywhere, and, by some means or other, to bag a medal, a decoration, or an order. He is the “bad bargain” of the congress epoch.

On the opening day (15th), the *gruppi*, or sections, met at the Bourse, and the prize-juries were established. The former were distributed into the following branches of geography—mathematical, hydrographic, physical, historical, economical, meteorological, and exploratory. The questions proposed for discussion were important. The *elenco* of section 1 recommended the determination of a general level and a unity of initial meridian. For years I have been proposing a return to old Ferro; and this was the point advocated; but what nation will accept it? The pendulum was also an interesting subject; a delicate form of this instrument applied to the Great Pyramids might determine whether the mass is chambered or solid. The most popular paper of group 2 was that of Adm. Fincati upon mediæval Venetian triremes compared with those of the ancients. A floating specimen (one-twelfth size) and a model in the second room showed a big barge worked by a single bank of oars divided into threes, and utterly dislocating all our old ideas. Section 4 was made interesting by studies of New Guinea, chiefly by Italian explorers; and the distribution of her peoples into three races, Negritic, Papuan, and Malay. And so throughout the eight “groups.” On the 16th, Gen. Türr read an admirable paper upon his proposed cutting of the Corinth Isthmus; on the 17th, M. d’Abbadie and Major Pinto attempted to lay down laws for African exploration; and on the 21st and 22nd, Lieut. Massari, the survivor of the Matteucci expedition, cleared the room of the Egyptian delegates and drew down ample applause.

Among other curious arrangements, Prince Tommaso, Duke of Genoa, president-elect, arrived on the morning of the 20th instead of the 15th—in fact, just in time to close the Congress. This ceremony took place on September 22 in the Sala dei Pregadi. The Prince-President made a speech, and the list of prizemen was read. Prince Teano, after returning thanks, declared, in the name of his Royal Highness, the Congress closed; and the sayings and doings of number three passed into the limbo of the bygone.

This Congress will be remembered for its utter want of order, for its perfect mismanagement. It is not a pleasant truth to tell when all the authorities, both of the meeting and of the city, did their level best; but it should be told for future warning. *C’est la confusion organisée* (organised disorganisation!), cried M. Antoine d’Abbadie. There was no general

meeting-place, or rather there were three; consequently, the Piazza was the sole rendezvous. There was no daily list of names and directions; the former were printed so as to be unintelligible. Hours of meeting were arbitrarily changed at the last moment; time was wilfully wasted in spouting long-winded nonsense. Not a few of the delegates fled, as soon as possible, from this *peine forte et dure*.

Still, the Congress succeeded in one point of view. Many came, like myself, to meet old friends and to make new acquaintances. *Emollit mores* should be the motto of such a meeting; it humanises man and improves the tone of discussing a rival or an opponent. The city was seen under great advantages; Sir Henry Layard opened his hospitable house, where the most charming society of beautiful Venetians showed us what beauty there is in Titian's city; and not a few families of grandes followed suit. I have, therefore, no hesitation in saying that, if the Congress of Venice was a failure in science, it was a social success. Many have called it a "Mutual Admiration Society." It was all that, and something more. RICHARD F. BURTON.

### SELECTED BOOKS.

#### GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BOUVIER, A. *La Fils d'Antony*. Paris: Rouff. 3 fr.  
 BRANDES, G. *Die Litteratur d. 19. Jahrhunderts in ihren Hauptströmungen*. 1. Bd. Die Emigrantelitteratur. Leipzig: Veit. 5 M.  
 CHOIX de Chansons mises en Musique par M. de Laborde. T. 2. Paris: Lémouneyer. 50 fr.  
 DANILEVSKY, G. *Potomkine au Danube*. Traduit du russe par A. Romald. Paris: Fischbacher.  
 DRAMARD, E. *Bibliographie géographique et historique de la Picardie*. T. 1. Paris: Dumoulin.  
 FOURNIER, M. *Le Monde et la Comédie*. Paris: C. Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.  
 HAWES, Mrs. H. R. *The Art of Decoration*. Chatto & Windus. 10s. 6d.  
 LEMONNIER, C. *Un Mâle*. Bruxelles: Kistemaekers. 3 fr. 50 c.  
 LORJOT, C. F. *David Livingstone et sa Mission sociale*. Paris: Charavay. 3 fr. 50 c.  
 MARKUS, E. *Das landwirthschaftliche Meliorationswesen Italiens*. Wien: Frick. 14 M.  
 ROSENBERG, A. *Rubensbriefe*. Gesammelt u. erläutert. Leipzig: Seemann. 8 M.  
 SERNAOITOLO, L. *Natale e Felice Schiavoni*. Vita, Opere, Tempi. Venice, 10 fr.  
 STEIFF, K. *Der erste Buchdruck in Tübingen (1493-1534)*. Tübingen: Laupp. 6 M.

#### THEOLOGY.

- MORIZE, P. *Denys d'Alexandrie: Etude d'Histoire religieuse*. Paris: Fischbacher. 3 fr. 50 c.  
 SCHOLTEN, J. H. *Das Paulinische Evangelium*. Kritische Untersuchung d. Evangeliums nach Lucas u. seines Verhältnisses zu Marcus, Matthäus u. der Apostelgeschichte. Elberfeld: Friedrichs. 8 M.

#### HISTORY.

- EMLER, J. *Decem registra censuum bohémica compilata aetate bellum husiticum praecedente*. Prag: Grégr & Dattel. 6 M.  
 FONTANE, M. *Les Iraniens: Zoroastre (de 2500 à 800 av. J.-C.)*. Paris: Lemerre. 7 fr. 50 c.  
 FRIEDRICH, J. *Beiträge zur Geschichte d. Jesuiten-Ordens*. München: Franz. 2 M. 70 Pf.  
 IDEVILLE, le comte H. d'. *Le maréchal Bugeaud, d'après sa Correspondance intime et des Documents inédits (1784-1849)*. T. 1. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 8 fr.  
 KAP-HEER, H. v. *Die abendländische Politik Kaiser Manuels, m. besond. Rücksicht auf Deutschland*. Strassburg: Trübner. 3 M.  
 RIBBECK, W. *Friedrich I. u. die römische Curie in den Jahren 1157-59*. Leipzig: Veit. 2 M. 60 Pf.

#### PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- COLLECTANEA Mathematica, in memoriam Dominici Celinii, nunc primum edita cura et studio L. Cremona et E. Beltrami. Milano: Hoepli. 25 fr.  
 HOMBVER, E. F. v. *Die Wanderungen der Vögel m. Rücksicht auf die Züge der Säugethiere, Fische u. Insekten*. Leipzig: Grieben. 8 M.  
 KELLER, A. de. *Elenchus librorum de apium cultura*. Milano: Hoepli. 5 fr.  
 KESSLER, H. P. *Die auf Populus nigra L. u. Populus dilatata Ait. vorkommenden Aphiden-Arten u. die v. denselben bewirkten Missbildungen*. Cassel: Kay. 1 M. 60 Pf.  
 KURCHLEN, F. *Zur Freiheit d. Gewissens*. Leipzig: Lehmann. 5 M.  
 RICHARD, G., et L. BACLET. *Manuel du Mécanicien Conducteur de Locomotives*. Paris: Dunod.  
 SCHLAGINTWIT-SAKUENLENSKI, H. v. *Die Regenverhältnisse in Indien, nebst d. indischen Archipel, u. in Hochasien*. Thl. II. München: Franz. 1 M. 20 Pf.

#### PHILOLOGY.

- BAUMGARTEN, F. *De Christodoro poeta Thebano*. Bonn: Behrendt. 1 M. 20 Pf.

- BOLTZ, A. *Die hellenische od. neugriechische Sprache*. Darmstadt: Brill. 5 M.  
 GENTHE, H. *Epistula de proverbis Romanorum ad animalium naturam pertinentibus*. Hamburg: Nolte. 1 M.  
 GRILL, L. *100 Lieder d. Atharva-Veda übers. u. m. Anmerkgn. versehen*. Tübingen: Fues. 3 M.  
 HERZOG, F. *Untersuchungen zur lateinischen Semasiologie*. Erlangen: Deichert. 4 M.  
 MAITRAVANI Samhitā. Hrsg. v. L. v. Schroeder. 1. Buch. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 8 M.  
 TRUBOT, C. *De la Prononciation française depuis le Commentaire du XVI<sup>e</sup> Siècle, d'après le Témoignage des Grammaticiens*. T. 1. Paris: Imp. Nat.  
 UNGER, G. F. *Der sogenannte Cornelius Nepos*. München: Franz. 3 M.  
 WOLFFLIN, E. *Die allitterierenden Verbindungen der lateinischen Sprache*. München: Franz. 1 M. 20 Pf.

### CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. BROWNING'S "KARSHOOK," AND J. S. MILL'S NOTES ON "PAULINE."  
 Castell Farm, Beddgelert: Sept. 11, 1881.

(1) In Mr. Browning's beautiful poem to his wife, "One Word More. To E. B. B." (London, September 1855), at the end of his fifty *Men and Women*, he names, as one of his men, "Karshook":—

"XIV.

"Love, you saw me gather men and women,  
 Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy,  
 Enter each and all, and use their service,  
 Speak from every mouth—the speech, a poem.  
 Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,  
 Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving:  
 I am mine and yours—the rest be all men's,  
 Karshook, Cleon, Norbert, and the fifty."

We all knew "Norbert," in the fine dramatic poem "In a Balcony," written at Bagni di Lucca in 1853. "Cleon" we also knew, in the long blank-verse poem bearing his name. But "Karshook" we did not know, and have always sought for in vain in every volume of Browning's works and all the *Selections* from them. A "Karshish" there was in the memorable Epistle of the Arab Physician who reported of Lazarus after his resurrection: could "Karshook" be a misprint for "Karshish"? Hardly, when the collected editions of Browning's *Poetical Works* in 1863 (three volumes) and 1868 (six volumes) still read "Karshook," though the Tauchnitz Selection of 1872, called *The Poetical Works of Robert Browning*, had the change "Karshish." The solver of our difficulty has been Mr. Richard Herne Shepherd, the well-known bibliographer of Ruskin, Tennyson, &c., who has most kindly sent me, besides many valuable *ana* corrections and notes for my *Browning Bibliography*, the following:—

"BEN KARSHOOK'S WISDOM. BY ROBERT BROWNING.

"I.

"Would a man 'scape the rod?'  
 Rabbi Ben Karshook saith,  
 'See that he turn to God  
 The day before his death.'

"Ay, could a man inquire  
 'When it shall come!' I say.  
 The Rabbi's eye shoots fire—  
 'Then let him turn to-day!'"

"II.

"Quoth a young Sadducee:  
 'Reader of many rolls,  
 Is it so certain we  
 Have, as they tell us, souls?'"

"Son, there is no reply!  
 The Rabbi bit his beard:  
 'Certain, a soul have I—  
 We may have none,' he sneer'd."

"Thus Karshook, the Hiram's-Hammer,  
 The Right-hand Temple-column,  
 Taught babes in grace their grammar,  
 And struck the simple, solemn."

Rome, April 27, 1854.

Printed in the *Keepsake*, 1856, edited by Miss Power. (London: David Bogue, 1856, p. 16.)

Your readers will join me in thanking Mr. Shepherd for his communication.

(2) As to the copy of Mr. Browning's *Pauline* with John Stuart Mill's notes at the end, which was reported to me as being in the Forster Library at South Kensington, a friend there has been good enough to write to me that the book is not, and never has been, in the library.

"It is entered in the catalogue of his printed books which Mr. Forster had compiled for his own use (by his secretary); but in the copy of the catalogue which was supplied to the museum, *Pauline* was struck through, and it has never been in the possession of the museum. The Forster Library contains the MS. of *Paracelsus*, with an inscription to Mr. Forster, and of *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*; also a few MS. verses on a single leaf, with some by Mrs. Browning. The *Paracelsus* of 1833 has on the fly-leaf, in MS., 'My book to my best friend, R. B.'"

A copy of these MS. verses has been since sent me, and they prove to be parts of printed poems.  
 F. J. FURNIVALL.

PS.—3 St. George's Square, N.W.: Sept. 27, 1881.

Mr. Browning has been good enough to tell me that he has rejected "Karshook" in *One Word More*, and wishes "Karshish" to be read for it.

### THE CHINESE NAME OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE.

London: Sept. 20, 1881.

The geographical name Ta Ts'in as a denomination of the Roman Empire in the Chinese annals has always been a puzzle for Orientalists and Sinologists. No doubts remain that its real meaning is the great Empire of the Western world. But how such a name should have crept in preferably to any other more related to the denominations known in the West is yet to be discovered, if the following remarks are not considered conclusive. This name occurs for the first time in the dynastic annals of the Eastern Han, at the end of the first century of our era, when Kan-Yng was, as is well known, ordered with an embassy (which was not, however, carried into effect) to Ta Ts'in (the Roman Empire) by the famous Chinese general Pan Ch'ao, who had reached the western side of Central Asia.

The difficulty of the identification of the words Ta Ts'in has been increased by the fact that the scholars who have attempted the task have not taken care to define the real pronunciation of the name when it was used by the Chinese as a representation of the sounds they heard.

We know by the *She-ming*, a vocabulary composed under the Han, in which the pronunciation of the characters is indicated by homonyms, that the sound of the proper character *Ts'in* was *ten*. Besides this statement we have the syllabic spelling in the Tonic dictionaries which shows the hard dental consonant as the initial. To complete the chain of evidence we have the most archaic of the Chinese dialects, the Sinico-Annamitic, which has kept the pronunciation *tan* for the same character. The first syllable has not been so deeply modified, and by the same series of proofs we know that it was *tai* or *dai*, this last being the Sinico-Annamitic sound. We may therefore assume, almost with certainty, that the name which the Chinese endeavoured to express was *Taitan* or *Daidan*, as they do not, with other Altaic peoples, make the distinction between the hard and sonant consonants. Now, we find in the Assyrian inscribed tablets the name *Tidan*, which applies specifically to the low country of Syria along the sea-coast, in contradistinction to the highlands, which bore another name. Sir H. C. Rawlinson (*Rough Notes on Pre-historic Cyprus*) has recognised in it the *Dedan* which is found in Scripture.

May not the *Taitan* of the Chinese records be the same name as this *Tidan* or *Dedan*?