

carrying out the work in which his predecessors since Bishop Kaye had been engaged, of "breaking up the nests of rooks"—a name applied to the clergy who, while they were allowed, lived in small towns and went out to serve the village churches on Sundays. He greatly enjoyed his confirmation tours; and we are told that whenever possible he drove about his diocese instead of going by train. This, we hear, was very good for his health. His great nervous irritability threatened his vigorous constitution; but early rising, extreme moderation in food, and his great care not to work his brain in the evening, preserved his activity and spirits till his seventy-seventh year. We gather that the last six months were very painful. Otherwise his life was happy; not the less that it was very laborious and austere. After he left Harrow he appears to have renounced most of the elegancies and amenities of life except books (he thought nothing worth reading that was not worth buying) and engravings. When his house at Westminster was robbed by burglars he not only gave the clergyman of the parish fifty pounds towards the better guidance of his parishioners (which was remarkable enough) but refrained from replacing the plate stolen and went on using kitchen forks.

The book closes with some interesting reminiscences. The fullest and most genial is by Dean Burgon, who glides into poetry. The Archbishop of Canterbury recalls Bishop Wordsworth's enviable promptitude, "When other men were putting on their great coats he was a quarter of a mile ahead; when other men were taking them off he was already at his writing table half way down the page." Other traits are quaint. He not only talked the section of the Commentary he was writing to his visitors, but he catechised his household before them, including his wife, who sometimes had to make "shots."

G. A. SIMCOX.

A MEDIAEVAL LATIN VERSION OF "KALILAH AND DIMNAH."

*Johannis de Capua | Directorium Vitae Humanae | alias | Parabola Antiquorum | Sapientum |* Version Latine | Du Livre de | Kalilah et Dimnah | publiée et annotée | par | Joseph Derenbourg | Membre de l'Institut | 1<sup>re</sup> Fascicule | Paris | F. Vieweg, Libraire-Éditeur | 67 Rue de Richelieu &c.\*

THE venerable Hébraïssant (and son of a venerable Hébraïssant) has resumed a study he chose for himself as far back as 1846, when he edited the *Fables de Lokman*, and he

\* Large 8vo. pp. 240, forming the 72nd Fascicule of the Bibliothèque, &c. P. 2 contains list of abbreviations; p. 3, the Prologus, beginning "Verbum Johannis de Capua, post tenebrarum olim palpationem ritus iudaici divina sola inspiratione ad firmum et verum statum orthodoxe fidei revocati." Pp. 4-13 contain the Prologus interpretis Arabici, Abdallah ibn Almocaffa (Al-mukaff'a = The Shrivelled), a learned Persian Guebre who Islamised and was barbarously cut to pieces and burnt by the Caliph Al-Mansur (Ibn Khalikan i. 43); he translated from the Pehlevi, and claims to have consulted other sources (p. 102). This ends with "Explicit prologus. Incipit liber" — a Semitic formula generally terminating the chapters. P. 14 begins the true introduction, headed "De Legatione Beroziae (= Barziyah of Barzaway, i.e. Buzurjmih), in Indian, and opens,

shows no falling-off in point of acumen or industry. This volume, published for the Bibliothèque de l'École des Hautes Etudes, under the auspices of the Minister of Public Instruction, collates no less than fifteen versions—Arabic, Hebrew, and Syriac, Greek and Latin, Italian, Spanish, and German. All students know the labour which such comparisons demand; and a literary friend writes, "I very much doubt whether anything but love for his subject and downright enthusiasm can prompt a man to exercise that constant and unsleeping vigilance which collation, one of the most irritating and odious of occupations, incessantly requires."

A few trivial remarks anent Johannes de Capua. He is supposed to have taken for text the Hebrew version of an author not certainly known, but supposed to be R. Joel, who has left naught but a name; and the date must have been before A.D. 1250, when the Latin translation was made. There is another Hebrew version by R. Jacob ben Eleazar (thirteenth century), compiler of a Hebrew dictionary. "It is a literary product of modern Judaism, being little more than a cento of Biblical verses, possessing hardly any critical value." These *Deux Versions hébraïques du Livre de Kalilah et Dimnah* (Paris, Vieweg, 1881), were edited by M. Derenbourg, who gives the text, together with critical notes, but no translation.

Johannes de Capua, who so naively relates his conversion to Christianity, flourished about the end of the thirteenth century, not earlier than A.D. 1263 and not later than 1279 (De Sacy). We find that he was moved to undertake the "presens opusculum, in honorem domini Mathei, Dei et apostolice sedis gratia tituli Sancte Marie in porticu diaconi cardinalis." Matteo de Rossi (Mathaeus de Rubris), nephew of Nicholas III., was created cardinal-deacon by Urban IV. in 1262 or 1263; he was made arch-priest of St. Peter by his uncle (about 1278), and protector of the Fratres Minores in 1279; and the non-mention of these dignities in the Prologus explains De Sacy's limitation. The Capuan's Latin version is a clumsy and servile reproduction of the original, and nothing is easier than to render it into vulgar Arabic, e.g., "Dixit Kalilah: Quomodo fuit illud? Inquit Dimnah," &c. (Kala Kalilah: Kayf házá? Kála Dimnah, &c.). So "Quid est?" (p. 61) = aysh házá? For this reason it has an especial value in the eyes of the critical reader. And the matter of the Directorium is far superior to the manner, otherwise it would not have begotten a host of European versions—German, Danish, Dutch, Spanish, Italian (old and new), French, and English. The Greek of Simeon

"Dicitur quod in tempore regum Edom [i.e., Nabathaea, comp. 'Lingua Edomica,' p. 130, where an Empedoclean history is related], habuit rex Anastus Casri (Anáshirwán Kisrá) virum nomine Beroziam." This tale of the mission ends with a list of the xvii. caps.; ix. being given in this fascicule, and the rest will follow when the veteran scholar finds time to carry out his programme, despite increasing years and decreasing sight. I may note that, while Mr. W. Wright's work is everywhere cited, the excellent "Kalilah and Dimnah" of his *Chelá*, Mr. I. G. N. Keith-Falconer (see the ACADEMY, June 20, 1885), from whose valuable and scholarly introduction (pp. lxxi.-lxxv.) these notices are mainly borrowed, occurs only at the end of the fascicule.

Seth, an M.D. in the days of Alexius Comnenus Imperator (A.D. 1081-1118), gave rise to the Ethiopian and the Croatian versions.

The debased Latinity of Johannes de Capua, e.g., cap. viii. De Murilego (La Belette, the weasel), shows clear traces of the writer's mother tongue. Such are, "nunc autem quicumque studet in hoc libro considerare debet ad quod factus est" (p. 5): "Et sciat quoniam liber iste habet duas intentiones" (p. 6): "Cogitavit alter eorum cambiare (Ital. *cambiare*) porcionem suam" (p. 9): "nec unquam regraciare (*ringraziare*) potere" (p. 22): "Vade, dixi, ex quo non inveni ubi possim appodiari (*appoggiare*) non est mihi melius quam permanere in lege parentum meorum" (p. 25): "Et projecit rasorium versus illam" (p. 56): "Non videtur mihi bonum consilium mittere pro Senesba" (p. 69): "Momordit eum elephas dentibus (!) in multis locis" (p. 76): "Sedite vos in loco vostro" (p. 77): "Et exurgens ivit ad apotecarium" (p. 95): "Accipe plus de argento" (p. 95): "Et si fuerit taciturnus dicitur bestia" (p. 150)—the language of a Neapolitan peasant; while "Rectificasti cor meum" (p. 155) is the modern arabic "Irsbád."

Despite a few *longueurs fastidieuses*, this compendium of ancient wisdom is justly, indeed, entitled a Directorium; and its homely lessons still bear repetition. Such are, "Dicunt enim sapientes; quoniam non decet sapientem abundare in aliquo nisi in sapientia" (p. 7); "Scientia est enim sicut arbor, cuius fructus est operatio"; and the insisting upon the truth that the ignorant ever hate the learned, fools the wise, bad the good, and depraved the righteous (p. 98). "Hoc tempus" (p. 33) is scurvily rated and reviled, as if it were the later nineteenth century, A.D. Saws, the sageness of the vulgar, are scattered profusely about the book. In p. 107 we have the truth brought out by debate "like fire from flint": "The more you stir it the worse the stench" here is "Sicut res sordida et fetida, quanto magis agitur tanto magis de suo malo odore sentitur" (p. 107). "Charity begins at home" = Quicumque non benefacit sibimet nulli alteri benefacit: "Silence gives consent" = Qui tacet affirmat (p. 112). "Vulnus linguae non sanatur neque cessat" (p. 176) is the modern French:

"L'amour-propre offensé ne pardonne jamais, and the Arabian saw:  
"There is healing for hurts of the fire and the steel,  
But the hurts of the tongue—they may never heal."

Physiognomy (p. 121), the Semitic "Ilm al-Firásah," teaches us to avoid the man whose left eye is smaller than his right; Physiology (p. 31) proves that the male embryo, which is perfected in forty days, lies with the face turned towards the mother's loins; Morality (p. 148) discovers that gold exercises a magical effect upon the mind; and Holy Poverty (p. 149) is forcibly condemned as that mean ecclesiastical virtue deserves. The free tone of the plain-spoken Middle Ages is everywhere apparent, but nowhere more so than in p. 124. The "mulier meretrix," with whom kings are compared (p. 70), is a pet subject; and a favourite exordium is, "Fuit quidam qui habebat pulchram mulierem, erat tamen

meretrix." There is no sham shame in the tale of the monkey who, "propter brevitatem crurium," met with an ugly accident (p. 40); of the barber who cried to his wife, "Affer nasum tuum in exentim amasio tuo" (p. 55); of the husband who lay under the genial bed, "dormiens in stercoribus" (p. 186); and of the woman who was poisoned by expulsion of the mortal powder which she had administered to her slave-girl's sleeping lover (p. 54). In Modern Egypt, as I have noted in the *Nights*, a pistol takes the place of the tube. Lastly, Cap. v., "De Corvo et Sturno" is no improvement upon the original campaign of the Crows and the Owls.

I rejoice to see that the age of refinement has preserved its interest in the worthy old work, and that my friend, Prof. P. Peterson, of Bombay, has edited for the "Sanskrit Series" (No. xxxiii.) the *Hitopadesa* of Narayana, that venerable successor of the Panchatantra. Had space allowed, it might have been profitable to compare the beast-fables recited to Rex Disles (= Dabishlim) with those occurring in King Jali'ad of Al-Hind and his Wazir Shimas (= Sindibad, Siddhapat) of the *Arabian Nights*, ix. 32. My high opinion of these ancient apologues follows that of Voltaire—"Quand on fait réflexion que de pareils contes ont fait l'éducation du genre humain, on les trouve bien raisonnables"; and even the advanced anthropologist will look back to them for the survivals (often of the unfittest) and the "superstitions," etymologically so called, which still linger at the bottom of all the creeds. The Alexandrian Greeks were wont to call the the Indians "wisest of nations" from their Niti-Shastras, or systems of ethics which, based upon the beast-fable and its simple life-lesson, rose to the highest and most mystical of doctrines, such as we find in the *Mantik al-Tayr*, by Farid al-Din 'Attar, and in the lovely allegories of Azz al-Din al-Mukaddasi (G. de Tassy)—the apologue's latest and noblest developments.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

*The Unknown Madonna.* By Rennell Rodd. (David Stott.)

In one of the poems in this volume Mr. Rodd tells his critic that he must not "impugn these scanty handfuls for a season's yield," for he has other fruits ripening:

"But now and then the lute is set atune,  
And fancy beckons in this wandering time."

In other words, he is at the British Embassy in Berlin, and is not adopting the rôle of poet by profession. Yet to have published four volumes of verse since carrying off the Newdigate in 1880 can hardly be called a scanty harvest for a man who is generally occupied with practical affairs. As earlier in the same poem he tells us not to expect ten talents when only one "fall to his lot to play," Mr. Rodd evidently does not wish us to form too high an estimate of his work.

Indeed, we should anyhow have been obliged to confess that still we fail to see in Mr. Rodd's poetry the distinctive note by which the true poet is recognised. The most ambitious poem in the book, "In Excelsis," is a failure. Mr. Rodd has taken the most difficult of all subjects—a philosophical or

rather ethical poem—and has allowed himself to be carried away by the music of his instrument. Not content with following out the good Horatian advice which he gave us in *Féda*—

"Be glad to live, nor care to question why"—he here has launched out again into the infinite. Trying, like Icarus, to get too near the sun of all knowledge, he has shared the fate, if not the fame, of his classical forerunner. The rest of the book is taken up with a second series of "Poems from many Lands" and with more "Translations from Heine," some of which, however, are reprinted, without acknowledgment, from his first volume. It is a pity that Mr. Rodd has not bestowed the same careful study and polish upon this second series which he did upon the first. The subjects are, for the most part, not new, nor does his treatment redeem them. Yet now and again he reaches his old standard. Take, for instance, this "To F.M.C.":

"Strange is it not, old friend, that you who sit  
Bowered in quiet, four garden walls your world,  
With books and love and silence,—sails fast  
furled

And-grounded keel that hardly now will quit  
Its stormless haven,—you sit there and write  
Of human passions, of the fateful fight,  
Of all men suffer, dream and do,  
Denounce the false and glorify the true!

"While I the wanderer, I whose journey lies  
In stormy passages of life and sound,  
I with the world's throb ever beating round,  
Here, in that very stress of storm and cries  
Make song of birds, weave lyric wreaths of  
flowers,

Recall the spring's joy and the moonlit hours,  
And know that children's ways are more to me  
Than all you write of and I have to see."

Here Mr. Rodd is at his happiest; and it is noticeable that he is so in the very poem where he forgets his, surely somewhat worn-out if not affected, boast—the one with which Mr. Browning is so fond of mystifying us—that he will "keep his own soul's secret." No one expects Mr. Rodd to "sell his soul to win the crown of art," but we do expect him to sing of that which touches him most deeply. Yet he gives us his apology in two of his most graceful lines:

"He knows who sings what songs are of the heart  
How the highest notes touch silence."

Mr. Rodd seems to fall between two stools. Either he should take a great subject and treat it in the great manner, or he should leave both and give us humble themes and simple melodies. But as in *Féda* he failed by taking an altogether inadequate story and treating it in the grand style, so in *The Unknown Madonna* he fails from taking great subjects, such as "Dante's Grave" and "Assisi," and dismissing them in a breath. "Assisi" is confessedly only an introduction; but if so we cannot but think that Mr. Rodd would have done well to wait before he gave any part of his poem to the world.

We have thought it our duty to be severe with Mr. Rodd, because from his *Raleigh*—those

"Stray thoughts gathered on an autumn night"—we had formed high expectations; expectations which were certainly more or less fulfilled in his *Songs from the South*. But in each succeeding volume he seems to fall more and more from his high estate. The transla-

tions from Heine are very pleasantly turned. They are mostly from the *Lyrisches, Intermezzo*, and the *Heimkehr*. Perhaps he has been most lucky in the following, from the *Neuer Frühling*:

["Der Brief, den du geschrieben,  
Er macht mich gar nicht bang;  
Du willst mich nicht mehr lieben  
Aber dein Brief ist lang.

"Zwölf Seiten, eng und zierlich!  
Ein kleines Manuscript!  
Man schreibt nicht so ausführlich  
Wenn man den Abschied giebt."]

"The letter which you sent me  
I read without affright,  
You will not love me longer,  
And yet, you write and write;

"Almost a little manuscript,  
And written close and neat;  
If that were my dismissal  
Then why the second sheet?"

But Mr. Rodd will be best judged by his original verse; and we may at least quote one of the most felicitous, "to G. L. G.":

"Less often now the rolling years  
Will time our feet together,  
And seldom now the old voice cheers  
The march of wintry weather.

"But friendship knit in other days,  
When hope was first aspiring,  
Will hardly quit the travelled ways  
For fancy's new desiring.

"Hope beckoned round the world, dear lad,  
And light we followed after,  
And knew the grave and loved the glad,  
And shared men's tears and laughter.

"We set our young ideals high,  
And if the aim out-soared us,  
Still not to trust was not to try,  
And something shall reward us,

"We made mistakes in youth, my lad,  
But they will not outlive us,  
The worst we did was none so bad—  
The world may well forgive us!

"Long be it ere we two depart!  
Time make our friendship mellow!  
I never loved a truer heart,  
Nor wished a better fellow."

Verses like these will gain him warm friends, if few admirers. Mr. Rodd's victory is yet to win. *The Unknown Madonna* does not compel our worship, even with some of Mr. W. B. Richmond's work for a frontispiece.

CHARLES SAYLE.

#### TWO BOOKS ON NEW GUINEA.

*Explorations and Adventures in New Guinea.*  
By Capt. John Strachan. (Sampson Low.)

*Among the Cannibals of New Guinea*; being the Story of the New Guinea Mission of the London Missionary Society. By the Rev. S. McFarlane. (London Missionary Society.)

NEXT to Africa, no region of the globe presents so many attractions to the pioneers of science and religion as the almost continental island of New Guinea, which, notwithstanding the ever increasing expeditions of recent years, still remains the least known mass of habitable land in the world. Both English and German explorers have been fairly active in the regions of the eastern section lately appropriated by their respective governments; and here some progress has been made in geographical research, at least along the seaboard and up the numerous navigable rivers reaching the coast in inde-