

later times may explain a difficult passage in the Lamentations of Gildas, in which the querulous historian speaks of the grim-faced idols on the mouldering city-wall. After the defeat of Conmail and his allies by the English in 577, the fortifications were, doubtless, destroyed, and the city left in ruins; and it is quite possible that Prof. Earle is right in connecting the destruction of the City of Waters with that fine poem in the Exeter Book, which describes the parapet lying in the shadow of the purple arch, and that "bright burgh of a broad realm" which had so often withstood the English warriors, and "chieftain after chieftain rising in storm." When the site of the Thermae was occupied in later times as a royal mansion, the walls would, of course, be re-built and patched up with the scattered remains of the Roman city.

The commercial history of Bath is traced from the first incorporation of the merchant-guild under Richard I. to the final extension of the civic liberties by Elizabeth. Among other things it is shown that the city was a considerable centre of the West of England woollen trade. "A weaver's shuttle, forming part of the arms of the priory, denoted the importance attached by the monks to the manufacture"; and we are told that the Church of St. Michael, outside its walls, possessed "large brass pots used for dyeing cloth, which the churchwardens used to lend out on hire." The ecclesiastical history is rather dreary reading. When the monasteries were suppressed, the Disendowment Commissioners offered to sell the abbey to the city. The offer was declined, but the citizens took an opportunity of plundering the fabric; "they stripped away the glass, iron, and lead, the latter amounting to 480 tons, and shipped these and the bells to Spain; the evilly acquired stores were lost in transit." After passing through various private ownerships, the ruined building was vested in the corporation to be used as the parish church; and the advowsons of the existing parishes, with other ecclesiastical property, were given to the same body by way of endowment for a new and consolidated benefice. In 1583 all the churches were vacant, and several chapels besides were standing in ruins. The tower of St. Mary's Church by the North-gate had been turned into a prison, and the nave was used as a grammar school. One chapel was let as a shop, and another was used as an alehouse. The Church of St. Mary de Stalles is said to have been removed at a later date, "and the site appropriated by the chamber." All the churches seem to have been "kept in hand" for a considerable period, the chamberlain receiving the burial-fee and providing one preacher to serve all the five livings for very moderate "wages." The following extract describes generally the fate which befell the abbey and the ecclesiastical buildings in its neighbourhood:

"Before the gift of the church by Matthew Colthurst, material had been carted from it in vast quantities to mend the roads. Before the order of consolidation, and therefore before there was any pretence for the contention that the other churches were to be desecrated, the lead was stripped from the roofs to make pipes for the waterworks, and the rood-lofts and other materials in the churches were sold."

The appetite for plunder, once aroused, seems to have expended itself generally on the property of the free school and of various almshouses and hospitals. Of one charity we are told that, though some part of the income was expended on repairing the church, "there was still enough left of the patrimony of the poor to be frittered away in payments to players for bear-baiting and in presents to magnate visitors." Of another it is said to be uncertain "when the entire withdrawal from the poor of the funds of this charity commenced"; but it appeared later that the revenues had "for very many years been misappropriated for private purposes." It is said that the same dismal story might be told of almost every town which has been possessed of charitable endowments; and the reports of Lord Brougham's Commission certainly bears out this allegation to a very considerable extent.

But we must now take leave of what must always be an interesting subject. The reader will be sorry to pause at the dull part of the story, and will be ready, when the next instalment appears, to be delighted with the "gaiety, good-humour, and diversion" of the new world of Bath when the city begins to be a dissipated combination of Baden-Baden and Monaco.

"The eye is continually entertained with the splendour of dress and equipage, and the ear with the sound of coaches, chaises, chairs, and other carriages; and the merry bells ring round from morn till night."

CHARLES ELTON.

Translations of Ancient Arabian Poetry, chiefly Pre-Islamic. By Charles J. Lyall. (Williams & Norgate.)*

"THE present volume is not intended for specialists," notes Mr. Lyall, who is not, as many suppose, the Lieut.-Governor of the Panjab, but a Bengal Civilian of younger date, well known to Arabists by his previous studies of Arabic. This sentence shows the normal misapprehension of his work by the workman, whose thoroughly scholastic and esoteric tone makes these translations contrast with sundry very readable Persian and Arabic books lately printed, "for English readers," by writers almost innocent of Persian and Arabic. But scholarship has in our days its own especial pains and penalties; and a learned translator too often forgets that, as it is the prime duty of woman to look pretty, so it is that of a translation to be readable and enjoyable. He is also overapt to ignore the fact that he is one of a *servum pecus*, and, as a rule, to overlay the original with his own masterful individuality.

This volume (not intended for specialists) offers specimens of pre-Islamic Arabian poetry, now our sole authorities for the purest Arabic. Mr. Lane thus lays down the precedence. First and highest ranks the *Jāhili* (ignoramus) of The Ignorance, the *Apasias* *ἀπετος ἄρθος*, who wrote hemistichs, couplets

* Pp. xiii. (Preface and Contents) lii. (Introduction) and 142 of matter, including Appendix and two excellent indices—A of proper names, and B of subjects—for which students will return thanks. Shape of volume too broad for beauty, but necessary to keep the lines unbroken; broad margin, good type, and altogether a most creditable specimen of typography.

or distichs, Kitá' or pieces, and, lastly, Kasáid (odes or elegies), varying from fifteen to a hundred lines. The second class consisted of the Mukhadram (*alías* Mubadrím, the spurious, half Pagan, half Moslem, &c.), who flourished partly before and partly after Al-Islam. The Islámi or full-blooded Moslem at the end of the first century A.H. (= A.D. 720) began the corruption of language; and, lastly, he was followed by the Muwallad of the second century, with whom purity ended.

This much premised, we may observe that Mr. Lyall's translations fall into three distinct sections. The first and longest (forty-four of fifty pieces, pp. 1-80) is from the Hamásah ("being valiant"), the far-famed anthology, composed about A.H. 220 by the poet Abú Tammám. Part ii. (pp. 81-89) excerpted from the Mufazzaliyát, contains two specimens of an excellent selection, numbering thirty odes. The third, which ends the book (pp. 90-122) is composed of fragments of the Mu'allakát, the "Suspended," hung up, they say, in the Ka'abah, of which seven are well known, and forty less so. Here we have the "prize poems" of Imr al-Kays and Zuhayr, with extracts from the Diwans of Lebid and Al-Nábigah; the latter, in some editions of the immortal Suru, supplanting Amrú and Háris. But why has Mr. Lyall chosen to omit his own excellent version of Lebid's splendid opening lines, quoted in Mr. Clouston's useful *Arabian Poetry* (p. 385)? Again, why write "Imra-al-Kays" and similar terms with a double hyphen when the article has no connexion with the first word? But the "leader of the poets to hell" has been sorely maltreated as to name—e.g., Amriolkais (Sir W. Jones), 'Amru'lkais (Arnold), Imra ul Kays, Imru ul Kays, and Imru 'l-Kays (Lane), to notice no others; while the popular form is Imr al-Kays. And even the meaning of his name is blundered over. Older writers translated it the Man of Adversity, while it signifies the Man (or worshipper) of Al-Kays (the idol).

Mr. Lyall's Preface adds another description to the many which deal with Arabian articulation; but it adds nothing of accuracy to those that preceded it. One regrets that in the diphthongs he has not preserved *ai* (as in *aisle*) opposed to *ay* (as in *hay*). The unmarked *ā* is not pronounced "further forward on the teeth" than the English *ā*: it is simply a pure dental, while ours is a semi-palatal. The difficult sounds Sá (thá), Zál, and Zá, as shown in the phrase Al-thaub allazí 'azim (the shirt which is great), follow in due order: Sá touches with the tongue the two frontal incisors (as in our *theme*, not in *the*); the Zál causes the tongue-tip to part the upper teeth from the lower; and the Zá protrudes it beyond the teeth-line. For the Zád or Dhád the tongue-tip must touch one of the upper canines, generally the sinistral. Mr. Lyall (p. x.) is correct as to the broadening letters which grammarians term Al-Muntabakát (the flattened); but he has neglected to warn his readers that Arabic consonants, one and all, are pronounced with much more distinctness and emphasis than in European tongues. For instance, the many who write Hassan (P. N.) for Hasan are not aware that an Arab would articulate it as "has-son."

The Introduction ends with discussing, in eight pages, the metres of Arabic poetry; and

the account is perfectly inadequate, or, rather, it contains too much and too little. Too much for a scholar, as he wants only the names, Rajaz and Kámil, Wáfir and Hajaz, Tawil, Basit, and Madíd; far too little for the tyro who is not initiated into the mysteries of that wearisome and endless Arabic prosody, Bahr and Bayt, Wazn and Arkán, Salab, Watad and Fásilah. He is even left ignorant of the memorial words, Fā-ülün, &c., without which the normal memory cannot carry the burden. And here begins the capital error of judgment laconically related as "an attempt to imitate the metres of the original Arabic" (p. xlv.), that is, to imitate the inimitable. Arabic contains about one short syllable to three long, hence its gravity, dignity, and stateliness; but where are our longs, our spondees, in English? The late Prof. Palmer, of Cambridge, whose gifts of language far excelled those of Mr. Lyall, attempted this *tour de force*, dancing in *sabots* instead of pumps, and notably, confessedly, failed. With the sole exception of the Tawil metre, with which Mr. Lyall compares (p. xlix.) Abt Vogler's, "Ye know why the forms are fair, ye hear how the tale is told,"

the measures transferred to English become mere prose bewitched, e.g.,

"Is that whereof, when they hear, men say, yea, that is the Truth;"

and

"A grace it is from the Lord that we hate you, ye us"—

a truly hideous spondee.

The fact is that there are two, and only two, ways of translating Arabian verse into English. One is to represent it by sound English poetry, as did Sir William Jones; the other to express it, like the French, by measured poetical prose. Mr. Lyall has done neither one nor the other, and he renders his reader truly grateful when he does not imitate the metre (p. 31). He owns that he lacks the knack of rhyming, and he makes us feel its absence keenly enough, especially when the consonance suggests itself. Take, for instance, the last four lines of No. xli. What would be easier than to write,

"Ah, sweet and soft wí thee her ways: bethink thee well—the day shall be when some one favoured as thyself shall find her fair and fain and free; And, if she swear that parting ne'er shall break her pact of constancy, when did rose-tinted finger-tip wí troths and pledges e'er agree?"

And in the next piece why not write,

"My greeting of joy in reply should spring, or upon her cry
An owl, ill-bird that shrieks in the gloom where the gravestones lie?"

But throughout his work the translator has neglected to convey the peculiar *cachet* of the original. This old world Oriental poetry is spirit-stirring as a trumpet-sound, albeit the words be thin. It is heady as the golden wine of Libanus, which tastes like water and is potent as brandy—the clear contrary of our nineteenth-century style. It can be represented only by the verse of the old English ballad, or by the prose of the Book of Job.

In minor matters Mr. Lyall was hardly careful enough. Arabs do not "hide their faces in their handkerchiefs" (p. 40), which has a suggestion of the ludicrous. "Shirk"

must not be rendered polytheism without a note (p. 41). Our author, like Mr. Chenery in Al-Hariri, burks the reason which justified Al-Khansá's refusal of amorous old Durayd, "a stallion not to be smitten on the nose" (p. 43). "Allah curse thee! Thou hast guarded thy women both alive and dead!" (p. 57) is a blessing which required a note upon "inverted speech," such a favourite with North Americans and Australians. Wine is produced on the fertile hills, not the valleys, of Al-Yaman; I have drunk generous and genuine grape-juice from the mountains about Sana'a. "Khusrau Parvêz" is an ugly Indianism; a Persian always pronounces the latter "Parviz," and ignores the Yá-i-Majhûl or e-sound. Mr. Lyall should have consulted the Allámah (doctissimus) Sayce before he opined that Al-Lát was "probably the Moon" (p. 86); for the Harrabs, or volcanic tracts (p. 55), he should have noticed Mr. Doughty's map; also, he might have condescended to honour my *Pilgrimage* with a glance before he described the Gharkad-cemetery of El-Medinah as "a hill-side" (p. 52). But here he is excusable compared with Mr. Redhouse, who, in his marvellous volume entitled the *Mesnevi* (p. 60) tells the unfortunate reader that "Arafat is the mount where the victims are slaughtered by the pilgrims." Too bad!

The English language, we are told by statisticians, will, about A.D. 2000, be spoken by a thousand millions of men, to about half that amount in round numbers for all other European tongues. This is but one of many reasons why it should be the pride of English writers to conserve its purity, and to avoid the slipshod Anglo-Indian and the vulgar American perversions now so popular. We feel a shock when reading

"How sweet the breezes that blow to us-ward"

for us-wards (p. 69); and we ask, Who stole the subjunctive, when afflicted with "If the day falls to thee" (etc., p. 46) and "If a bright star lifts thy soul" (etc., p. 72). The author seems to recognise no difference between "If he find" (uncertain) and "If he finds" (most probable); and in both cases he had and lost an opportunity of abolishing that ugly sibilant which made English suggest to certain foreigners the whistling of birds.

Incidentally I may remark that Mr. Lyall's scholarly work fails to picture for English readers Arab life in the good and glad old Pagan days, before Al-Islam, like the creed which it abolished, overcast the minds of men with its dull grey pall. They combined to form a marvellous picture—those contrasts of splendour and squalor among the sons of the sand. Under air pure as aether, golden and ultramarine above, and melting over the horizon into a diaphanous green, which suggested the emerald mountain (Kaf), the so-called Desert changed face twice a year—now green as Hope, beautified with infinite verdure and sheets of water, then brown and dry as summer dust. The vernal and autumnal shiftings of camp, disruptions of homesteads, and partings of kith and kin, friends and lovers, made the life, many-sided as it was, vigorous and noble, the outcome of hardy bodies, strong minds, and spirits breathing the very essence of liberty and independence. The day began with the dawn-drink,

"generous wine bought with shining ore," poured from the leather bottle into the crystal cup. The day was spent in the practice of weapons; in the favourite gambling game with arrows, called Al-Maysar, which had the merit of feeding the poor; in racing, for which the Badawin had a mania, and in the chase the foray and the fray, which formed the serious business of life. And how picturesque the hunting scenes—the greyhound, like the mare, of purest blood; the eagle swooping upon the coney, the gazelle standing at gaze, the desert ass scudding over the ground-waves, the wild cows or bovine antelopes browsing with their calves, and the ostrich chickens flocking around the parent bird! The pleasures of existence were music, poetry, and love-making, especially with the damsels of hostile or rival tribes. The Musámirah or night-talk round the camp fire was enlivened by the lute-girl and the bard, whom the austere Prophet described as "roving distraught in every vale," and whose motto, in Horatian vein, was, "To-day we shall drink, to-morrow be sober; wine this day, that day work." Regularly once a year, during the three peaceful months when war and even blood-revenge were held sacrilegious, the tribes met at Ukádh (Ocaz) and other fair-places, where they held high festival; and the inspired ones contended in verse and prided themselves upon showing honour to women and to their successful warriors. Brief, the object of Arab life was to be—to be free; to be brave, to be wise; while the endeavour of other nations was and is to have—to have wealth, to have knowledge, to have power.* Lastly, his end was honourable as his life was stirring; few Badawin had the crowning misfortune of dying "the straw-death. . ."

From an Arabist of Mr. Lyall's calibre we shall hope and expect to see something more serious than these fragmentary translations, and more consequent than mere "chips from an English workshop." R. F. BURTON.

Norwegian Pictures drawn with Pen and Pencil.
By Richard Lovett. (Religious Tract Society.)

THE latest volume of the "Pen and Pencil" Series fully maintains the high standard of excellence of the former numbers; and it appears also at a singularly opportune time,

* The remark is by my friend Prof. Aloys Sprenger in that fine fragment, vol. i. of *Al-Mas'ûdi*, printed by the Oriental Translation Fund in 1841, and left unfinished because England cannot afford to print the rest. The Asiatic Society of Paris, I need hardly observe, published in eight volumes, octavo, the text and translation by MM. Meynard and Courteille. It was the same with Ibn Batutah; English readers must rest contented with Lee's poor abridgement, while the French have the fine edition and translation, in four volumes, octavo, by MM. Défrémery and Sanguinetti. But under her modern rule of *bourgeoisie* and manufacturers, England is content to rank, in such matters as encouragement of Orientalism, endowment of research, &c., with the basest of kingdoms. Compare our unhappy half-starved societies, compelled to vegetate on the alms of members, with the well-lodged and richly-endowed corresponding bodies in Paris, Vienna, or even in Rome. And, worse still, there is no prospect of improvement; on the contrary, the classes fast coming into power threaten to make bad worse.