

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Annals of Military and Naval Surgery, Vol. 1, 1863, post 8vo. 7/1 cl.
 Aristotle, a Chapter from the History of Science, by Lewis, 8vo. 15/1
 Bailey's Handbook of "Double Slide Rule," 12mo. 2/6 cl.
 Bain's Senses and Intellect, 2nd edit. 8vo. 15/1 cl.
 Baines's Geometrical Drawing, Part 1, 4/1; Part 2, 6/1; complete, 2/6
 Blunt's History of West Point, 8vo. 21/1 cl.
 Boynton's Element of Sine, 8vo. 2/6 cl.
 Brodie's Antiquity of Man, in Reply to Lullie, 8vo. 5/1 cl.
 Brown's Divine Treatment of Sin, 8vo. 5/1 cl.
 Bushnell's Work and Play, 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 Campin on Diabets, 3rd edit. 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 Carey, Marshman and Ward, Story of, by Marshman, 8vo. 3/6
 Chevalier's Mexico, Ancient and Modern, trans. by Alpess, 82/1 cl.
 Clay's Exposition of Book of the Dutch, 8vo. 6/6 cl.
 Colonial Essays, trans. from the French, 8vo. 2/6 cl.
 Crossing the Border, by author of "Skating on Thin Ice," 2 vols. 21/1
 De Gasparin's Human Sadness, 8vo. 5/1 cl.
 Devero's Spring Fashions, on sheet, 5/1
 God's Steps to the Throne, Meditations, &c., 18mo. 2/6 cl.
 Gobb's Doctrine of the Church of England, 8vo. 1/1 swd.
 Guthrie's Bank Monopoly, the Cause of Commercial Crisis, 2/6 cl.
 Guthrie's Sermons Suggestive, 8vo. 5/1 cl.
 Holley's Pastor's Voice, 25 Sermons, 8vo. 5/1 cl.
 Kemp's How to Lay out a Garden, 3rd edit. enlarged, 8vo. 18/1 cl.
 Kimber's Key to Mathematics, Pt. 1, 8vo. 2/6 cl. swd.
 Kirwan's Host and Guest, a Book about Dinners, &c., 8vo. 9/1 cl.
 Lloyd's The Ladies of Polcarrow, 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 Macduff's Altar Incense, 18mo. 2/6 cl.
 Maguire's Father Mathew, 3rd edit. post 8vo. 12/6 cl.
 Mason's Practical Spelling, 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 Massie's Latin Prose Composition, 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 Mauritius and Madagascar, by Dr. of Mauritius, illust. 8vo. 7/6
 Milton's Stream of Life on the Globe, 8vo. 10/6 cl.
 Mongan's Practical English Book, 3rd edit. 12mo. 1/6 cl.
 Mongan's Practical Spelling, 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 Murray's Handbook for Sicily, Maps and Plans, post 8vo. 12/1 cl.
 Noddy's Bankruptcy Acts, 1849, '54 and '61, with Forms, &c., 14/1 cl.
 On the Types and Symbols of the Deserts of Syria, post 8vo. 10/6 cl.
 Palgrave's Rambles in the Deserts of Syria, post 8vo. 10/6 cl.
 Paterson's Poor Law Statutes, Vol. 2, 8vo. 10/6 cl.
 Pattison's Rise and Progress of Religious Life in England, 7/1 cl.
 Percy's Metallurgy of Iron and Steel, 8vo. 4/1 cl.
 Percy's Metallurgy of Iron and Steel, 2nd edit. roy. 12mo. 30/1 cl.
 Pollock's Practice of County Courts, 14th edit. roy. 12mo. 31/6 cl.
 Rathlyn, by the author of "The Saxons in Ireland," 3 vols. 31/6 cl.
 Reynard the Fox in South Africa, Fables, trans. by Bleek, 3/6 cl.
 Songs of Love and Brotherhood, ed. by D. Page, 8vo. 3/6 cl.
 Synes's Excision of Scapula, 8vo. 2/6 cl.
 Tomley's Parturition without Pains, 4th edit. post 8vo. 2/6 cl.
 Trollope's Small House at Allington, illust. 2 vols. 8vo. 26/1 cl.
 Viscount's Daughter (The), a Tale, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21/1 cl.
 Westcott's Colony of Victoria, 8vo. 16/1 cl.
 Wood & Stonehenge's "Athletic Sports, royal 32mo. 2/6 cl.
 Wood's Trevlyn Hold, 3 vols. post 8vo. 21/6 cl.

THE MORAL OF 'MADELEINE GRAHAM.'

March 15, 1864.

I do not often presume to murmur under the dispensations of criticism; submitting to the variations of the weather in those higher regions—"from sun to shower, and from shower to sun"—on the Yankee umbrella principle, which is said to be still better for a parasol, and best for a life-preserver at sea, or when the house falls. I am, besides, aware that the public does not concern itself much to hear us poor, luckless victims of authors blaring and bleating at the sacrificial stone. But there are occasions, perhaps, when a word or two of protest may be allowed—when the critic's eye has plainly been fixed so intently on his stop-watch as to have missed the expression of the countenance. This, I cannot but think, is the case with the review of my novel of 'Madeleine Graham' in the *Athenæum* of last Saturday. In that it appears to be considered I have adopted a recent celebrated criminal trial in Scotland as the foundation of my story on purely "sensational" principles,—merely as a ready-made tale of female aberration from the routine of morality and propriety of demeanour, and depravity, which are alleged to form the most attractive and rivetting sensational element in the modern romance of "life and manners."

Such was by no means my idea, either in the choice or handling of my subject. Granting that the critic's assumption may be truly founded, I adopted it chiefly because the Glasgow poisoning case offered the most startling and astonishing expression of what I conceive to be the deep-seated and heart-eating malady of the age—the universal craving and thirst after money, and the gratifications of vanity and the inferior senses of humanity which money could purchase. Nothing, contemplated from this point of view, could afford a more tremendous insight into the workings of this great "evil principle" of modern society (as it is called) than so perfect an example of the reversal of all the natural feelings and influences on action, in the case of a youthful woman who sacrifices—literally, and not metaphorically—a preferred lover to the chances of a wealthy marriage and advantageous establishment with another man.

If I am mistaken in my general proposition, and this reality was not a sign and portent of the times, but a wonderful contradiction to their true reading and significance, I am very glad to learn so on good authority. But still my story will not remain aimless of warning and moral, as seems to be inferred. I have endeavoured—not with the success I hoped,

since even organs of critical appreciation so sensitive as those of the leading literary journal of the British Empire do not take the scent—to expose the pernicious consequence of the universal spread and reception of French ideas and motive agencies in our literature; which, commencing on the stage, is fast permeating the whole mass of popular notions and sympathies the salt sea once purified, or repulsed from our shores. I thought I had exhibited—I know I intended, to the best of my ability—in a special example the results on the youthful British mind of the perverted and diseased tone of the light literature of modern France, and which is obvious in the whole course and issue of the terrible reality I am supposed to have posed and draped. 'Don Quixote'—speaking it with all reverence—might as well be described as a romance inculcating the absurd practices and irrational conceits of knight-errantry, as 'Madeleine Graham' one contrived in the spirit of sensuality and cynicism proper to this modern Lower Empire of France, which exhibits with so much shamelessness and unconcern the very extremity of the vices sought to be reprov'd by me in this novel, on the principle of the great moralist who said—

Vice is a monster of so hideous mien,
 That, to be hated, needs but to be seen.

And who can hope to surpass nature and reality themselves, in exactness and power of delineation and colouring?

THE AUTHOR OF 'MADELEINE GRAHAM.'

THE AFRICAN MYSTERY.

Agborne, Capital of Dahome, Jan. 23, 1864.

BUT a few days ago a file of your excellent papers—which had followed me in vain to the cataracts of the Congo River—reached me at this place, and enlightened me once more on the subject of Mr. Cooley's geographical vagaries. I will not waste time in describing the contrast between the tone of tropical quiet which prevails in Dahome, and the suggestions of turmoil and pugnacity coming from N. lat. 51°. But as Mr. Cooley has twice quoted my name in his usual style, I venture to ask for enough of your valuable space to supply those whom it may concern with a counter-statement.

The case between Mr. Cooley and myself stands simply thus. In an early number of the *Royal Geographical Society's Journal* Mr. Cooley published what was then considered a valuable paper upon the "Geography of N'yassi"—a complicated misnomer. At the end of his lengthy communication, which commenced as usual with Pigafetta and De Barros, and ended with Gamitto and Monteiro, he chanted, under the heading "Harmony of Authorities," a song of triumph, touching the greatness of his hypothetical discoveries.

The subject of self-gratulation was that Mr. Cooley had proved the existence of *One Water* in the lake regions of Eastern Equatorial Africa! He thus revived the day when the Arab and Portuguese geographers made the three Niles, of Egypt, of Makdesho (Magadoxo), and of Nigritia, to issue from a single reservoir; and many a map of the period felt the evil influence of his want of acumen.

It is instructive and suggestive to walk over the grounds upon which Mr. Cooley worked. His great authority was a Zanzibar fugitive from justice, a negroid, known at home as Khamisi wa Tani, and who became in England, after the "African Prince" fashion, Khamis bin Usman. This worthy had visited, perhaps, the Ziwa of Ugogo, a little water not far from the Ghauts of Eastern Africa, but had never seen the "Sea of Ujiji," although in "talkee-talkee" he had picked up some stray information touching the marches and stations. The by no means "incredulous Cooley" at once believed that the man had visited the Sea of Ujiji;† translated all his nonsense with curious attempts at criticism, and founded upon it a variety of blundering beliefs, to which he has ever since held as to Holy Writ. For what information a Mr. Cooley collects, that, *ipso facto*, must be the truth, &c.

My visit to the Lake Regions, between 1857 and

† "Nazib's Master, Khamis bin Othman, had also frequently been to the shores of the lake, or, as the Sowahili (!) call it, Ziwa."—*Geog. of N'yassi*, p. 13.

1859, proved the existence of at least four waters, with a suspicion of as many more, whose names have lately been brought home, whilst others still remain for exploration. Especially the lake from which flows the north-eastern branch of the Nzadi, or Congo River. But in deference to an *emeritus* in the cause of Geography, I thought right to "let down" the obsolete theories of the last generation as lightly as possible. Mr. Cooley's crude information touching the name of the country, Unyamwezi, his mistaken itineraries, his "town of 'Zan-ganyika,'" on the west of the Lake "Tanganyika," his carnelian currency (!), and other multitudinous errors, were corrected with all courtesy, both in my Report to the Geographical Society and in my lighter volumes on the Lake Regions of Central Africa. What, then, was my astonishment to hear that the irascible veteran had indicted a review of the former paper in such language that the Society, in self-respect, refused to publish it! *Inde caput morbi!* Since then Mr. Cooley's wrath has been like red-hot steel, and he has never lost an opportunity of cauterizing me.

In Mr. Cooley's latest production of the 18th of July, I am charged with "mistakes and mis-statements respecting the Lake (Tanganyika) and the nations on the western side." All my information concerning the western regions was derived from the Arabs of Kazeh, in Unyamwezi, carefully collated, and laid before the reader, with the greatest emphasis, as the result of hearsay. What met my own eyes was described upon the spot, and I have yet to recall to mind either mistake or mis-statement. In my hard fate there is, it is true, the consolation of being less a sinner than sinned against by my friend Dr. Shaw, and my friends of the Royal Geographical Society, who "misled me when pretending to instruct." This is a brave statement, coming from a man who threw three huge lakes into one, and who again unblushingly quotes his "little volume, 'Inner Africa Laid Open,'" which geographers have agreed to designate 'Inner Africa Fast Shut.'

In the same paper it is transparently insinuated that the "Mombas missionaries" had influence enough to exclude from the interior and Kilimanjaro Dr. Bialloblotzky, and to "turn aside Capt. Burton." The former, I may inform Mr. Cooley, was not allowed to land on the continent by the late Col. Hamerton, Her Majesty's Consul for Zanzibar, who foresaw that his throat would not be safe for a week. As regards myself, I had received orders to explore the "Sea of Ujiji,"—Mr. Cooley's ultra-Ptolemeian Lake,—nowhere was Kilimanjaro mentioned in my instructions, nor did my means permit two explorations half-a-dozen times, but the infallible Mr. Cooley still writes that I attempted Kilimanjaro and failed; he persists in repeating the non-fact with the puerile obstinacy which retains "Monnoezi," an obsolete personal for a locative form. It is melancholy to see a man thus showing off to the world the *caput mortuum* of his mind.

This notice of Kilimanjaro again introduces me into good travelling society,—that of Baron von der Decken. Only last year Mr. Cooley had the coolness to charge me in the *Athenæum* with having been influenced by the Royal Geographical Society in forwarding a modified account of Kilimanjaro. I refuted his "mis-statement" by quoting passages in which the natives alluded to the intense cold of the much-vexed mountain. Some twelve years ago, it will be remembered, the Coolian fiat went forth, that there could be no snow on Kilimanjaro, despite snow having been seen on it by the Mombas missionaries. There are geographers who confess to a certain ignorance touching snow-mountains in Equatorial Africa—Mr. Cooley soars high above such diffidence.

Yet what can we think of an authority who declares, *ex cathedra*, that about Kilimanjaro, the "rainy season is also the hot season"? It is evident that omniscience has to learn its A, B, C. Theoretically, I need hardly say the period of the long northing—the rains—should be, north of the equator, the hot season. But where tropical rains are heavy, the excessive humidity intercepting the solar rays, and the rivers refrigerated by torrent-like downfalls, render the contrary the

case. So at Fernando Po, as at Zanzibar, the natives die from June to September of catarrh, quinsy, and rheumatism. Even in India, the Goanese call the rains "winter." About Kilimanjaro the hot and dry season begins with the end of the rains and ends with the beginning of the wet season.

Again, Mr. Cooley finds it incredible—he would rather disbelieve a gentleman's word than believe in his own ignorance—that at 13,000 feet above sea level, in December, it snowed on Kilimanjaro heavily at night. Yet, in January, 1862, when on the Camaroons Mountain, in about 4° N. lat. and not higher than 11,500 feet,—exactly the level where Baron von der Decken saw snow—Mr. Mann and I found on awaking our blankets stiff with hoar-frost. Had water fallen on the summit it would probably have formed a *név*. The Camaroons Mountain, about 13,500 feet above the sea, has been seen to bear snow on its topmost cone by every one at Fernando Po. But because, forsooth, it never snows near the American Lake Titicaca, 13,000 feet above the sea level, and in N. lat. 16°, it cannot snow on the African Kilimanjaro or Camaroons. Such are the fallacies foisted as facts by the geographical sciolist upon the "general reader."

I cannot find, with Dr. Barth, aught so strong-minded as "barefaced sophistry" or "malignant perversion" in Mr. Cooley's present productions. They are pitiable displays enough, but they are merely the outpourings of self-sufficiency and little learning, soured, as regards Kilimanjaro and the African lakes, by the sense of complete failure. And I venture to hope that before Mr. Cooley attacks me again, he will be a little more curious about his hot seasons, and study the difference between real and theoretical snow.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

SHAKSPEARE IN GERMANY.

Munich, March 10, 1864.

A custom prevails very much in Germany, at the present day, of celebrating occasions like the Shakspeare Tercentenary by cartoons of the contemporaries, the age of the chosen hero, or of those who may be connected with him in later days. No doubt, an impulse to this was given by Kaulbach's 'Period of the Reformation.' Last year, as being the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Leipsic, we had a photograph of the statesmen, generals, and soldiers of the War of Liberation, and Herr Lindenschmitt, the author of that cartoon, has just executed another for the Tercentenary of Shakspeare. But the Shakspeare Cartoon is not limited to the contemporaries of the poet; it embraces a much wider scope, and professes to include all the chief names in English literature, down to the present time—all who may be supposed to have drawn their inspiration from the great fount of English genius. In this way a most interesting work has been produced, one which will be almost more valuable, one would think, to our own countrymen than to those of the artist. The principle of selection and grouping may seem sometimes rather strange to Englishmen, and there are names omitted which ought to have been supplied, and names given which ought to have been omitted. But it is often curious to observe how different are the judgments formed by foreigners from those of natives, and how often it happens that great men are ranked in one country by the works which are least esteemed in another. For instance, in Germany it is not uncommon to find Byron's 'Cain' rated as one of his highest works, while in England it is little read, and still less appreciated. On the other hand, how many English have not committed the blasphemy (as Frenchmen call it) of comparing Racine's 'Plaideurs' with Molière!

The scene of Herr Lindenschmitt's cartoon is a hall of somewhat irregular architecture, with four steps leading up to the place where Shakspeare may be supposed to have been sitting just before the incursion of all the other characters. We are at liberty to form this supposition, because Shakspeare has evidently risen from a chair, on which his hat and sword and a manuscript are reposing, and is welcoming the guests who have poured in

from all quarters. Close beside this chair are others, on which Milton, Beaumont, and Drayton are still seated,—and thus Shakspeare may have been talking with them before the opening of the story. Some few of the more immediate contemporaries have been standing about, listening to the conversation. On a sudden their repose is interrupted. The whole Parnassus of England, from the first followers of Shakspeare and contemporaries of Milton down to Queen Victoria's Poet Laureate, pour in and range themselves about the steps, to the right of Shakspeare. Shakspeare has risen, and turns towards the intruders with a look half wonder and half courtesy, when another flow of statesmen, philosophers, and historians rises up the steps on his left, and fills up that side with the same completeness. Some of these have overflowed towards the middle of the hall; and the middle of the hall, at the bottom of the steps, is suddenly occupied by a knot of commentators, who bring a table and piles of books with them, are soon absorbed in their usual study, and let the countless tomes they contribute to Shakspearian knowledge occupy the floor in the very foreground. This, apparently, is the exact moment chosen by Coleridge to bring in Shelley and Byron, and turn their attention to Shakspeare, but they are stopped by the table. On the other side some adventurous Germans are actually storming up the steps; Lessing is at the head, turning round and exhorting Goethe; Goethe looks up to Shakspeare with fine enthusiasm, and Herder pats Goethe on the back. Schiller, Schlegel, and Tieck are the others of this group, which has thrust into close propinquity with the poets of England. And as though this was not enough,—as though the united storm of poets and prosewriters and philosophers and statesmen had not overpowered the gentle Shakspeare, curtains are suddenly drawn on the left at the top of the hall, and Elizabeth herself enters, surrounded by her Court, a vision such as that which the last of the bards saw unrolling its glittering skirts down the heights of Snowdon.

The grouping into which all these admirers resolve themselves is as follows:—Shakspeare stands in the centre, not an idealized Shakspeare like that of Kaulbach, but the portraits we have with life breathed into them. At the back of his chair are Spenser and Massinger, and the beautiful womanly face of Sir Philip Sidney. Ben Jonson, with folded arms and a critical air, Beaumont and Fletcher, Greene and Marlowe, Shirley and Burbage, rather in the background, complete the contemporaries, while Milton is given a seat in front of them. Dryden, with Butler and Buckingham; Pope, with Prior and Thompson; Young, Defoe and Goldsmith; Johnson and Garrick; Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Swift, and Sterne; Sheridan and Congreve, with Sir Philip Francis behind them; Scott, Southey, and Burns, with Sheridan Knowles at the back, bring us down to the foot of the steps. Here we find Wordsworth and Tennyson, with Moore and Mrs. Hemans. The descent on the other side is composed by Newton and Bacon; by a group of Walpole, Chesterfield, and Temple, into which Burke and Adam Smith have been edged; by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; by Chatham, Pitt, and Fox; by Locke, Hobbes of Malmesbury, Bolingbroke, and Shaftesbury; and by Hume, Gibbon, and Robertson, with Wilkes peering out from the midst of them. The commentators at the table in the middle are Steevens, the Rev. Alexander Dyce and Payne Collier; Hazlitt, Kemble and Mrs. Siddons come in a line with them; and there is the group of Coleridge, Byron, and Shelley,—Coleridge pointing with rapture in his face to Shakspeare, Byron turned away, partly to show his magnificent head to the public, partly from his small appreciation of Shakspeare, and Shelley leaning his head on Byron's shoulder. In the corner, at the right hand of the spectator, corresponding to the group of Wordsworth, Tennyson, &c. in the opposite corner, sit Macaulay and Carlyle, Bulwer, Dickens, and Thackeray.

Exceptions may, no doubt, be taken to some of these names, and the absence of others may be regretted. In some cases the heads are not quite satisfactory, and the artist seems not to have always had the power of procuring the most strik-

ing portraits. But the whole is pleasing. As a gallery of English celebrities, the cartoon would at any time be valuable. It is doubly so just now, as a new tribute from Germany to the honoured name of Shakspeare. E. W.

A BUDGET OF PARADOXES.

(No. XIV. 1830—1833.)

1830. The celebrated interminable fraction $3.14159\dots$, which the mathematician calls π , is the ratio of the circumference to the diameter. But it is thousands of things besides. It is constantly turning up in mathematics: and if arithmetic and algebra had been studied without geometry, π must have come in somehow, though at what stage or under what name must have depended upon the casualties of algebraical invention. As it is, our trigonometry being founded on the circle, π first appears as the ratio stated. If, for instance, a deep study of probable fluctuation from the average had preceded geometry, π might have emerged as a number perfectly indispensable in such problems as—What is the chance of the number of aces lying between a million $+x$ and a million $-x$, when six million of throws are made with a die? I have not gone into any detail of all those cases in which the paradoxer finds out, by his unassisted acumen, that results of mathematical investigation *cannot be*: in fact, this discovery is only an accompaniment, though a necessary one, of his paradoxical statement of that which *must be*. Logicians are beginning to see that the notion of *horse* is inseparably connected with that of *non-horse*: that the first without the second would be no notion at all. And it is clear that the positive affirmation of that which contradicts mathematical demonstration cannot but be accompanied by a declaration, mostly overtly made, that demonstration is false. If the mathematician were interested in punishing this indiscretion, he could make his denier ridiculous by inventing asserted results which would completely take him in.

More than thirty years ago I had a friend, now long gone, who was a mathematician, but not of the higher branches: he was, *inter alia*, thoroughly up in all that relates to mortality, life assurance, &c. One day, explaining to him how it should be ascertained what the chance is of the survivors of a large number of persons now alive lying between given limits of number at the end of a certain time, I came, of course, upon the introduction of π , which I could only describe as the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter. "Oh, my dear friend! that must be a delusion; what can the circle have to do with the numbers alive at the end of a given time?"—"I cannot demonstrate it to you; but it is demonstrated."—"Oh! stuff! I think you can prove anything with your differential calculus: figment, depend upon it." I said no more; but, a few days afterwards, I went to him and very gravely told him that I had discovered the law of human mortality in the Carlisle Table, of which he thought very highly. I told him that the law was involved in this circumstance. Take the table of expectation of life, choose any age, take its expectation and make the nearest integer a new age, do the same with that, and so on; begin at what age you like, you are sure to end at the place where the age past is equal, or most nearly equal, to the expectation to come. "You don't mean that this always happens?"—"Try it." He did try, again and again; and found it as I said. "This is, indeed, a curious thing; this is a discovery." I might have sent him about trumpeting the law of life: but I contented myself with informing him that the same thing would happen with any table whatsoever in which the first column goes up and the second goes down; and that if a proficient in the higher mathematics chose to palm a figment upon him, he could do without the circle: *à corsaire, corsaire et demi*, the French proverb says.

The first book of Euclid's Elements. With alterations and familiar notes. Being an attempt to get rid of axioms altogether; and to establish the theory of parallel lines, without the introduction of any principle not common to other parts of the elements. By a member of the University of Cambridge. Third edition. In usum serenissime filiole. London, 1830. The author was Lieut.-Col. (now General) Per-