

Three Friends of Mine," he has sung within his compass, has touched a chord that always replies. "Souvenir des ans dès longtemps passés, des choses à jamais effacées, des lieux qu'on ne revèrra pas, des hommes qui ont changé; sentiment de la vie perdue."

Beside the poems we have analysed, there remain some ballads of travel, memories of sunnier lands and years, written in winter and age. These are very simple, very melodious, bright, tender, and true. As they are too long to admit of quotation, we shall extract two sonnets, of which it may seem strained praise to say that they affect one with the charm of Keats, but we really can recall no other verse that has a magic so like the magic of that poet.

"CHAUCER.

"An old man in a lodge within a park;
The chamber walls depicted all around
With portraiture of huntsman, hawk, and hound,
And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark

Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;
He listeneth, and he laugheth at the sound,
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.

"He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
Made beautiful with song; and as I read
I hear the crowing cock. I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odours of ploughed field or flowery mead."

"KEATS.

"The young Endymion sleeps Endymion's sleep,
The shepherd boy whose tale is left half told,
The solemn boy uplifts its shield of gold
To the red rising moon, and loud and deep
The nightingale is singing from the steep;
It is midsummer but the air is cold.
Can it be death? Alas, beside the fold
A shepherd's pipe lies shattered near his sheep.
Lo, in the moonlight gleams a marble white
On which I read, 'Here lieth one whose name
Was writ in water,' and was this the meed
Of his sweet singing? Rather let me write:
The smoking fax before it burst to flame
Was quenched by death, and broken the bruised
reed."

Such verse as this surely redeems "The Masque of Pandora." Mr. Longfellow's sonnets and ballads prove, in spite of his melancholy poem on age, that his genius is still in its rich autumn; to use his own words on Milton, the tide of his song

"Floods the dun
Long reach of sands, and changes them to gold."

A. LANG.

L'AFRIQUE EQUATORIALE.

L'Afrique Equatoriale. Gabonais, Pahouins, Gallois. Par le Marquis de Compiègne. Ouvrage enrichi d'une carte spéciale, et de gravures sur bois dessinées par L. Breton, d'après des photographies et des croquis de l'auteur. (Paris: E. Plon et Cie., 1875.)

THE English public will be sorely disappointed by a book which promises so much, by a map which ignores many of the names in the narrative, by eight illustrations which are utterly deficient in originality or character, and by 354 pages which manage to say as little as could, within that compass, have possibly been said.

Two way-worn travellers set out for Africa in 1872 (November 5) and spend the best part of two years in doing the mini-

um of work. M. de Compiègne had already "spent two months in the most marshy parts of Florida; he had sojourned twice on the Isthmus of Panama, and he had remained a long time upon the Mosquito Coast, reputed so insalubrious." M. Alphonse Marche, the well-known naturalist, had "inhabited the Peninsula of Malacca, he had been in Cochin China, and he had spent the bad season on the Senegal and on the Gambia." These gentlemen therefore considered themselves duly "seasoned," as the misleading term is; and they flattered themselves with the hope that the climatic dangers of the Gaboon had been exaggerated. Alas! *il n'en est rien*. The book reads like a hospital record; it is a true "Diary of an Invalid:" the journey ends with "legs pierced by a quantity of holes into each of which you could put your finger," with absorbing 750 grammes of quinine, and with six months in the Sick Bay before the wrecks could take the sea.

Under these circumstances the author can plead mitigation of sentence for writing a book which no English publisher would think of accepting, especially as he had to shoot to live; and much of his time must have been taken up with killing and stuffing the 150 mammals and upwards of 1,200 birds sent to the patron, M. A. Bouvier. The two first chapters are devoted to the steamer trip between Bordeaux and the Gaboon river; and here we have only to remark the want of "reading up," the Anglo-phobic, ultra-Gallic feeling which characterised a past age in France, and the normal mangling of foreign, especially of English, names. For instance, Specke and Spekes, Paraphin Young, Güssfeld (Güssfeldt), Rosaria (Rosario), Heider and Heidel (Hedde), Kavali (Cavalla), Sir Charles Mac Arthen (Macarthy), Lady Mac Lelan (Mrs. Maclean, "L.E.L."), and l'évêque Craner (Bishop Crowther). Almost any Smith in English Paris—which is bounded north by the Boulevard des Italiens, south by the Rue Rivoli, east by the Palais Royal, and west by the Faubourg St. Honoré—could have set most of these matters right. The intense national susceptibility crops up everywhere; and the petty feeling of hurt vanity when taking a second-class, nationally speaking, on the West African coast obscures the author's better judgment. Thus, M. Seignac, a civilian, commands a petty post, a round tower at Benty defending the embouchure of the Mellacoree river:—

"During the Franco-Prussian [why not Prusso-French?] war, the report of our humiliations had extended even to these distant lands, and strangers showed themselves sufficiently insolent towards us. M. Seignac had remarked, among others, an English vessel which would not take the trouble to hoist her flag when passing before Benty; he warned her with a gunpowder-loaded gun, then a second, and yet no flag. 'On n'insultera pas ainsi la France!' cried the furious Commandant, and, a minute afterwards, a ball whistled through the rigging."

Of course the bunting made its appearance, and the master was fined twelve francs. But if this civilian, this "Kutcherry Hussar," had chanced to shoot a man he would simply have deserved hanging, and we can hardly feel for him when after killing in most *shportmans*-like

style a negro instead of a "tiger," he narrowly escaped being *sus. per coll.* by a jury of Sierra Leone blacks.

At length after nearly a hundred pages of bald disjointed chat, we sight "le mont Bouët" which backs the glorious Gaboon river and the mean little settlement in the marsh and swamp, dignified by the not original name of "Libreville." The third chapter opens with sundry trips to the perfectly known region of the Fernand-Vaz (Fernão or Fernam), and the Cama country, where even M. du Chaillu found that the trader had preceded him. We at once alight upon a very old story: Cringy—here called Kringer—and the Admiral, in which the latter was befooled by that philanthropists' pet, the "poor black." It was first told by Mr. Leighton Wilson in Western Africa; then by the late Mr. W. Winwood Reade, who dramatised it with his usual ability; and thence it found its way into popular works. We learn, however, something new (p. 111)—namely, that the forests of enormous mangroves "form vast domes over swamps, whence rise fetid miasmata and deleterious exhalations, and which shelter only ferocious beasts and obscene reptiles"—our usual experience being that all the larger animals shun such retreats, where they are deprived of sun, air, and food. It was hardly courteous of M. le Marquis, and assuredly not characteristic of his cloth—*honneur oblige*—to enjoy hospitality and to write of his hosts, "These gentlemen are English, and I must say, more amiable and hospitable than sober." He is, however, candid enough to admit that the holes in *his* legs, which began to heal only after his return home, were not caused by alcohol. The *savant* Jacquemont made a similar statement before his early death in India. Strictly logical after the fashion of his kind, he deduced from the soundest premises the unwisdom of the Anglo-Indian who gorges beef and gulps beer, and, concluding with the strictest science that the Hindú and Hindí's diet must be best adapted to the climate, he fed himself upon rice, *ghi* (rancid melted butter), milk, and sweetmeats. The consequence was a *foulvoyant* dysentery which reduced the offending member to the condition of a macerating tub. Alas! life is not wholly logical.

A like misuse of the reasoning faculty (p. 138) convinces the author that in these lands "women do not exist, and the poor creatures would be wholly at the mercy of the brutal stronger sex if an ingenious superstition, doubtless of their own invention, had not created a feminine 'djudju' [Juju], whose office is to protect their weakness." The contrary is positively the case, as more observant travellers have remarked: few countries, indeed, allow women so much power, liberty, and licence as those upon the Gaboon and the adjacent rivers. The "feminine djudju" is a kind of freemasonry, which, being connected with witchcraft, or in other words with poisoning, is a very effectual obstacle to *le brutal*, the husband. Shortly afterwards we are told that three tribes refuse to give up a woman who takes refuge with them. Although a shrew is tamed by being taken up bodily and

being thrown upon the ground, we can hardly find such treatment strange when our own Government encourages the wife-beater and the running kick by its pusillanimous hesitation about flogging the ruffians.

In Chapter IV. we travel among the *Pahouins cannibales*, and we are told, to begin with, that the indigenes know them as Mpangwen (Mpángwe), their own tribe name being Fán, in the plural Bafan, with the nasal *n*. They are found in Bowdich, many years before 1850, "when their vanguards appeared near the French colony." But what is to be understood by their pressing *vers l'est*? is east to be read west? The cause and the object of their descent upon the coast are too general and too well known to be recounted here for the twentieth time; and although we are told that Admiral de L'Angle "best knows the West Coast and is best capable of describing it," he ably veils his knowledge when accepting the banal African story that, during their exodus seawards, the moon had darkened eleven times. African emigrants do not march like Mormons; they settle down for the rainy season, and eleven months may represent the remainder after subtracting ten. Of their cannibalism, which Paul du Chaillu is supposed to exaggerate, we have the most horrid description; it beats even Schweinfurth's Nyam-Nyam. But the only "white" authority, "M. P****" (M. Pène?) appears to be a fragile reed to rely upon: in p. 177 he sees the Ucheri antelope eating poultry; in p. 313 he offers a peculiarly offensive counterpoison to the "Mbundu" used in ordeals; and in p. 314 he employs successfully, evidently holding it a novelty, a form of emetic with which the Persians relieve men who are dead drunk.

We doubt the mortal nature of the poison which is applied to the Fan arrow; throughout Africa this substance is a narcotic which will not stand exposure to the air. The description of elephant-trapping (pp. 170-171) is probably taken from hearsay; it differs from that of all other travellers. The author's want of study is admirably displayed when he wonders that a negro objects to be called an "ugly nigger." The latter word in African English and French means a slave, and it is actionable (Kakegorias Dike) at Sierra Leone, as "convict" is, or was, in Botany Bay. Again, he announces as a discovery that the "religion of the Africans is one of fear." This has been explained in many a volume, and unfortunately the dictum is applicable beyond the limits of the Dark Continent. Furthermore, we have (p. 195) a flattering description of "Roi Denis," one of the subtlest brains upon the Coast, who, hating the French, gained from them the *légion d'honneur* besides a wealth of presents. Has our author never heard of old King Passol (Pass-all) when he records as a novelty the boast of the Sun-king Ukombe, "Miare (I am) rey pass (passa) todos"? Strange phenomenon that men will write before they read!

"Notre Colonie du Gabon" is the subject of a whole chapter, and the conclusions are, firstly, that the "pest-house" should be retained; secondly, that a duty of four per cent. should be placed upon *Exports* (!).

Of late years the French have been trying to pass on their wretched Establishment to our Colonial Office, which, under the deplorable rule of Lord Kimberley, turned a ready ear to a flattering tale of falsehood. The Gaboon Bay, twenty miles broad by seven deep, is certainly magnificent, and English enterprise would soon change Libreville into a Free-town. England colonises: France keeps up her colonies as a cause for voting Navy supplies. In the Gaboon she has not only withdrawn her squadron, which as an anti-slavery machine was a mere nullity, she has also reduced the local budget from 488,000 to 62,000 francs. (By the by, we are doing much the same thing in India, where the royal visit is to be defrayed by starving sundry establishments—*e.g.*, the Survcy.) But to exchange the Gambia for the Gaboon would simply be to consolidate the power of our rivals upon the West African coast. Let us leave them to the fever and the *Fans*, and a few years will see the last of them. "Nanny Po" (Fernando Po) has killed out her four colonies, and the Gaboon can easily dispose of one.

In early June (Chaps. VI. and VII.) the author sets out upon the only trip which can pretend in any way to be called an Exploration. His extreme distance from the nearest coast is hardly two direct degrees, and the linear amount of fresh ground covered may be twenty-five miles. The chief work is upon the Ogobe or Okonda River, which now takes a far more definite form than in M. du Chaillu's day, and about the Lakes Ziele, Onangwe, and Ogwenwen. The accepted name of the former, meaning simply "there is none," reminds us of "M'adri" ("don't know") applied in the older charts to sundry villages on the banks of the Euphrates; it is shown to be a dead lake on the map, but we are not told that it is salt. The other two are mere lagoons or breakwaters of the Ogobe, here written the Ogóoué River; we doubt the wisdom of calling the latter stream above the N'guicé (Nguyé?) fork *haut Ogóoué* instead of Rembo Okanda, and the author lays down the law in the *stet pro ratione voluntas* style. He might have usefully developed a hint thrown out about certain points of resemblance between the Bakele with their congeners and the Israelites of the olden time. We have long held that Egypt is the source whence the Semite and Hamite derived manners and customs which have extended to Dahome and to Kafirland; and any student of Africa who will take the trouble to turn over the learned volumes of Sir G. Wilkinson cannot fail to be struck by the likeness.

A considerable part of the seventh chapter is devoted to "Mr. Gorilla;" but it says nothing that has not been said, and much better said, by the late W. Winwood Reade, a traveller whose death is a real loss not only to his friends but to the literature of travel. We might have been spared the venerable tale (p. 144) that the big ape is a man—*c'est du monde*, say the people in their queer Negro-French—who will not talk lest he be made to work. Of course, national susceptibility is excited by the name of Paul du Chaillu, here written M. Duchailu, a Frenchman who dared to become an ex-

Français, to be naturalised as an American, and to "travel as an Englishman under an English flag, because the Geographical Society of London had supplied him with funds." We believe this part of the statement to be mere misrepresentation. Paul du Chaillu performed his last journey at his own expense, and admirably atoned by his second for the peccadillos of his first volume. Unfortunately *populus vult decipi*: the many-headed read the romance greedily, and they turned away in *ennui* from the sober and truthful recital which followed it. But M. le Marquis might have refrained from applying to the ex-Frenchman the ill-natured quotation:—

"Français de nation,
Riche aujourd'hui, jadis chevalier d'industrie."

"Mpolo," as the Gaboon tribes call him, never deserved the latter epithet, and his life of successful labour, in more fields than one, after leaving Africa is the best answer to his insulter. And why all this wrath? Do we quarrel, did any one quarrel, save the late Mr. Hotten, with Mr. Stanley because his name is not Stanley but Rowlands; and because, one of the Welshest of Welshmen, he is for public purposes a "Yank"?

We have a *résumé* of the *polémique regrettable* between the late Dr. T. W. Gray, "Director of the British Museum," and the *protégé* of "Sir Roderick Murchison;" but the venerable Professor Owen is nowhere mentioned, and the true causes of the quarrel, which is perhaps too modern to be now discussed, are utterly ignored. *En revanche* we learn that King Rampano (see "Equatorial Africa") received presents to the extent of several thousands of francs, with the courteous rider: "Il faut être Anglais pour avoir de ces idées-là." Yet it was quite natural to make such a man as "Roi Denis" a Knight of the Legion of Honour. Finally, it is now admitted for the first time that Paul du Chaillu did kill a gorilla; but we are told that the *malheureuse bête* had been wounded by four balls. On the other hand, during eighteen months the two French guns utterly failed.

We are almost weary of noticing M. de Compiègne's shortcomings, but there are still many which call for a passing mention. The system of general responsibility, for instance, of kinsmen for kinsmen, and of masters for slaves, is the universal base of legislation not only amongst negroes, but amongst all savages and barbarians, from the Tupi of Nagil to the Hindú caste-man. "Poutou," or rather "Mputu," is applied not only to Portuguese, but is assumed as a title by the more civilised negroes. There is no danger of "being cast ashore and shipwrecked" by a West African tornado, which invariably blows off the land. The belief in "Aniamba" or "Agnambié" (Anyambia) must not be confounded with sorcery and magic: the reader will find the subject lengthily discussed in *Gorilla-land and the Cataracts of the Congo*. The "Boubies" (Bubé) of Fernando Po are not "extremely ugly;" nor have they ever, of late years at least, "inspired great terror." Their language, far from "presenting insurmountable difficulties," is easy enough, as our author might

have learned by consulting Mr. Clarke's Grammar. There is no reason for calling the tribe "hapless parias," and a traveller ought really to know better than to characterise the practice of stabbing a waxen statuette as a "superstition of the Middle Ages."

M. de Compiègne hears with philosophy the announcement, "Néplion. (Napoleon) qu'il a déserté à Sedan, il a crevé en Angleterre," and, with true Gallican versatility, he is perfectly ready to toast the République and Marshal MacMahon. But his last chapter, "Les Missions Catholiques à la côte occidentale," does not prepossess us in favour of his toleration; perhaps because it is now *bon ton* to be bigoted, fanatic, and superstitious in France, the land of pilgrimages and miracles. And why rank the missionary before the traveller? "The land of Africa, that unknown land, filled with dangers of every kind, with its murderous sky and its savage inhabitants, must have tried the courage and the Christian abnegation of our missionaries." What have these missionaries done which has not been outdone by the merchant? And why should the Protestant missionary not be "worth his salt" when the Catholic missionary is such a grand lot? We find an ample notice of the linguistic labours of the R. P. Leberre (p. 347); not a word concerning the far superior studies of the A. B. C. F. M. (American) missionaries, Messrs. J. Leighton Wilson, Walker, Mackey and Preston. What a strangely superficial view is the following:—"The Mahometan faith especially is well combined to satisfy at once all the passions of man and that natural instinct which leads him to observe religious practices." Because, under certain circumstances, a man may marry four wives, it is assumed that *all* his passions are gratified. "Who then," asks the author, "has been to visit these incult and savage lands, these favourite haunts of the panther and the antelope [?], to convert them into a focus of Christian civilisation?" I reply that the Mormons have done a thousand times more.

We have lately been favoured with an advertisement of the second volume of *Equatorial Africa*—"Okanda, Bangouens, Osyèba"—which promises to "transport us into the heart of Central Africa, right into the region of the cannibals and the gorilla, a land never trodden by the white man's foot, more than 250 leagues in the interior, and far beyond the limits attained by stranger explorers." Let us hope that all this cry will not end in little wool; but when we read of the "great success" achieved by the volume under consideration, we have our doubts. The word "politic," which rules and governs in France, made the fortune of M. de Beauvoir, a traveller whose lively descriptions were relished chiefly because connected with a certain royal family then in exile. The same volume of M. de Compiègne may attract French readers by its political colouring and his fiery religiousness, but they are pitched in a minor key which sounds dull and flat in the English ear.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion: Three tracts. The Vatican Decrees; Vaticanism; Speeches of the Pope. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. Collected edition, with a Preface. (London: John Murray, 1875.)

WHY Mr. Gladstone, who is or was a statesman, wrote his anti-Papal pamphlets, is a question of by no means obvious solution; but it is a much less difficult question why Mr. Gladstone, who has long been a serious but hardly a popular author, should collect and issue in permanent form a series of essays that in a few months have run through countless editions, and been reproduced in all languages, and in all quarters of the globe. Even if we admit that the popularity, or at least the attention, gained by his work was due, not to its literary or argumentative merits, but to the personal distinction of the author; still the fact of that attention and popularity being gained is a phenomenon in the intellectual as well as the political world, and as such deserves examination. It is only putting the explanation a step further back to ascribe that phenomenon to the strength of Protestant prejudice; we still have to inquire how it is that Protestant prejudice has so much strength, so much vitality, and so wide influence, even among men who, like Mr. Gladstone himself, are not stupid nor exactly bigoted.

Speaking roughly, one might say that there were two real elements of divergence between Mr. Gladstone and his Ultramontane opponents; neither perhaps so fundamental as to justify the bitterness of the conflict, but sufficient to explain it. One divergence, the more purely ethical, is that Roman moralists seek to analyse rules of conduct, and classify the exceptions they admit of to the uttermost, while Protestants think the observance of the rules more secure if the exceptions are never acknowledged nor allowed for beforehand, but receive, where they deserve it, an *ex post facto* indemnity from the moral judgment of the world. And secondly, to come to what is more immediately the subject of this controversy, while all sincere adherents of all religions except Caesarism admit that there are cases in which the defiance of civil law is morally right, Protestants wish such cases to be decided by the conscience of the individual called on to obey or refuse obedience; while Catholics think that the right of rebellion or resistance (whether active or passive) is safer if its exercise be determined by a permanent extra-civic tribunal, instead of the sovereign and the subject being each judge in his own cause.

The Catholic position in the second case may obviously be treated as a special instance of the first, but has a moral ground of its own independent of the legitimacy or otherwise of a science of casuistry. The cases where disobedience to law is right are exceptions to the general rule that obedience is a duty; and those who decline to discuss exceptions to moral rules in the abstract may naturally object to the recognition of a power avowedly authorised to judge of such exceptions. But recognition may also be refused to such a power, not merely because its continued existence is a continual temp-

tation to its exercise, but because the power itself has no legitimate seat, is nowhere organised or concentrated, but resides indefinitely in each of the ultimate units, by whom, not through whom, it ought to be exercised in the few cases where it is exercised at all.

Each of these questions admits of discussion, and a right decision upon each will no doubt be favourable to moral and political virtue; but it is unfair for the advocates of either to charge those of the other with being enemies to moral or political order. The other day, a captain on the high seas shot a maniac who was endangering the lives of his crew; it may be thought safer to say that he acted rightly than to lay down the general proposition that a dangerous maniac may be lawfully slain whenever he cannot be otherwise secured. Or on the other hand, it may be thought that a man would be better able to face so awful a responsibility if he could have had an adviser at his elbow who had considered the case in cold blood, and decided without personal bias what ought to be done or what might be.

Again, the soldier commemorated by Terullian went to martyrdom rather than wear a garland in a procession when ordered by his commanding officer. He defied a legitimate earthly power in obedience to his conscience; did he act rightly or wrongly? Rightly, no doubt, while his conscientious conviction was such as it was; but it may well be contended that his conduct was far less admirable than if he had submitted his conscientious judgment to that of the Christian community, which tolerated such conformity as was required of him, and drew the line at such a point as calling Caesar lord—a point which, by the way, it was equally legitimate for the civil power to enforce, and almost equally doubtful whether a Christian might not *salva fide* concede.

When the moral and political questions at issue are stated in this broad and general form, it becomes evident how little moral significance there is in the really permanent distinctions between Catholics and the rest of the world, and how little the distinctions, either moral or political, depend upon the doctrine enunciated at the Vatican Council. Mr. Gladstone admits, in fact, that the really important question is not that of the Pope's infallibility, but of his authority; the former doctrine may be represented as a novelty, but the latter has been a patent fact, ever since a Papacy has existed. Mr. Gladstone hardly makes out his case on the minor point; he proves that, both in England and France, the national Church (if the old English Romanists can be called so) habitually rejected the opinion of Papal Infallibility, and was uniformly rebuked by Rome for that rejection, and tolerated by Rome in spite of it; which is as much as to prove, an Ultramontane will say, that Popes show a fatherly forbearance towards the errors of men who are Catholics at heart. Seriously, it is rather hard to see how the Vatican definition of doctrine was more of an innovation than the Nicene. The latter, like the former, defined a belief which the Church had always been working up to; it perhaps did not add (at least no Catholic