THE ACADEMY.


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

Besides the poems we have analysed, there remain some ballads of travel, memories of summer lands and years, written in winter and age. These are very simple, very melo- dious, 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 we find them, with the charm of Keats, but we really can recall no other verse that has a magic so like the magic of that poet.

"CHANCE." "An old man in a lodge within a park; The chamber walls depict all around With portraits of huntsman, hawk, and hound, And the hunt deer. He listened to the hound Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark Of painted glass in golden lattice bound; He listened, and he laughed at the sound, Then wrote in a book like any clerk."

"He is the poet of the dawn who wrote The Cassandra - worthy of the age."

"Marcelle is beautiful with song; and as I read I hear the crowing cock. I hear the note Of lark and linden, and from every page Rise odours of grass field or flowery mead."

"KENT."

"The young Enidym sleeps Enidym's sleep. The shepherd boy whose tale is left half told, The solemn grove uplifts its shield of gold To the red rising moon, and loud and deep The nightingale's singing: from the sleep."

"It is midsummer but the air is cold. Can it be death? Alas, besides the fold A shepherd's pig lies slumbered near his sleep."

"Lo, in the moonlight gleams a marble white On which leant, Here lieth one whose name Was writ in water, and was this the meal Of his sweet father's? Rather let me write:"

"The smoking fire 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: "Floors the dan Long reach of sands, and changes them to gold." - A. LANG.

L'AFFRIQUE EQUATORIALE.


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 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-

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

At length after nearly a hundred pages of bald disjoined chat, we sight "Le mont Boët" 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 (Fernao or Fernao) which loses the food, being with M. Chalih found that the trader had preceded him. We are at once light upon a very old story: Cringy—here called Kringer—and the Admiral, in which the latter was befouled by that philanthropists' pet, the "poor black." It was first told by Mr. Loignin 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 foragers of enormous mangroves "form vast domes over swamps, whence rise fetiche mambas and deleterious exaltations, and which shelter only the best and oddest 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 write about it. "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 guile beer, and, concluding with the strictest science that the Hindu and Hindu's diet must be best adapted to the climate, he fed himself upon rice, gli (rancid melted butter), and mutton, thus establishing 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. Honore—could have must of these matters right. The immense national susciptibility crops up everywhere; and the petty feeling of hurt vanity when taking a second-class, nationally speaking, on the West African coast obsures the author's better judgment. Thus, M. Seignac, a civilan, commands a petty post, a round tower at Benta defending the embouchure of the Mellacoree river:

"During the Franco-Prussian [why not Prasso-French?] war, the head of our humiliation 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 Benta; 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 hail whistled through the rigging."

Of course the hunting made its appearance, and the master was fined twelve francs. But if this civilian, this "Kitch- cherry Hussar," had chanced to be a bit of his own shore, he would have deserved hanging, and we can hardly feel for him when after killing in most spoilsavon-like
THE ACADEMY.

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 Gabooy 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 the navy of her squadron, which as an anti-slavery machine is a dead loss; 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 Survey.) 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 Fas, 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 on a daily trip which can pretend in any way to be equal to the 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 Ogoué or Okonda River, which now takes a far more definite form than in M. de Chailiu's day, and about the Lakes Ziele, Onangue, and Ogovenen. The accepted name of the former, meaning simply "there is none," reminds us of "M'dri" ("don't know") applied in the older charts to sundry villages on the banks of the Equator; 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 Ogoué, here written that of the Ogoué; we doubt the wisdom of calling the latter stream above the N'gouni (N'gouni?) fork haut Ogoué instead of Rembo Okonda, and the author lays down the law in the act pro ratione voluntaria style. He might have been told that a hint thrown out about certain points of resemblance between the Bakaie with their congers and the Israeliites 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 Dahomey and to Kafirland; and any student of African history 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 good 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 deceived, for his national suspicion is excited by the name of Paul du Chailiu, here written M. Duchailu, a Frenchman who dared to become an ex-French, 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 Chailiu performed his last journey at his own expense, and admirably atomed by his second for the pcecadile of his first volume. Unfortunately populus valt decepta: 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 Maureaus might have refrained from applying to the ex-Frenchman the ill-natured quotation:

"Francis de Reina, Riche aujourd'hui, judas chancelier d'industrie."

"Mpola," 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; because he was born and bred in Wales; and because he is a doctor of Welshmen, he is for public purposes a "Yank?"

We have a résumé of the politiquel regrettable between the late Dr. T. W. Gray, "Director of the British Museum," and the président of "Sir Rodberth Murchison;" but the venerable Professor Owen is nowhere mentioned, and the true causes of the quarrel, which has raged for ten years now dis- covered, are utterly ignored. En rondeau we learn that King Ramano (see "Equatorial Africa") received presents to the extent of several thousands of francs, with the courteous rider: "Il faut cire Anglais pour avoir de ces idées-là." Yet it was quite natural to make such a man as "Roi des Sauvages" a Knight of the Order of Honour. Finally, it is now admitted for the first time that Paul du Chailiu did kill a gorilla; but we are told that the walkeversa bole had been wounded by four balls. On the other hand, daring eighteen months the two French guns utterly failed.

We do not mention the notice of M. de Conpièguito'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 earliest to the last man. "Ponton," or rather "Mpatou," 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 "Awa" is a Knight of the region of Arima. (Anyamba) must not be confused with sanity and magic: the reader will find the subject lengthy discussed in Gorilla-land and the Cataocha of the Congo. The "Bboubi" (Bubâ) of Fernando Po are not "extremely ugly;" nor have they ever, of late years at least, inspired great terror in 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 pariahs,” and a traveller ought really to know better than to characterize the practice of standing a waxed statue as a “superstition of the Middle Ages.”

M. de Compiégne hears with philosophy the announcement, “Népius (Napoléon) qu’il a déserté à Sedan, il a crevé en Angleterre,” and, with true Gallican versatility, he is perfectly ready to toast the Republic and Marschal 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 done by the merchant? And why should the Protestant missionary 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 strange triumphal view is the found the Beavonians and the Mahometans faith especially 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 the Inuit and sayants 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, Bangweulu, Oyeha—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 of the traveller 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 fray last be, bigoted, fanatic, and superstitious in the English ear. Richard F. Burton.

**THE ACADEMY.**

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 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 to ask, what is it that makes 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 may say that there were two 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 ultimate, while Protestant thinkers 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 contribute to what is more permanent doings of this controversy, while all sincere adherents of all religions except Caesarism admit that there are cases in which the defence 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-civil 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 questions relative to an abstract 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 for 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 as ought to be done or what might be.

Again, the soldier commemorated by Tertullian 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 not rightly or wrongly? No; but that conscientious conviction was as such; 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 salute fide concele.

When the moral and political questions at issue are stated in this broad and general form, it becomes evident how little mere moral or political differences make 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 Romantists can be called so) may reject 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 Catholic at heart. While it is 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...