THE ACADEMY.

SCOTCH JOTTINGS.

We have reason to believe it is not correct that Prof. W. Robertson Smith intends to make his permanent residence at Cambridge, where he was recently appointed to the chair of Arabic left vacant by the death of Prof. E. Palmer. He will continue to live at Edinburgh and work as joint editor (with Prof. Spencer Baynes) of the Encyclopædia Britannica.

MEANWHILE, the good work Prof. Robertson Smith has done by his fearless introduction into Scotland of the historical and results of German criticism continues to bear fruit. The Rev. J. Howard Crawford, in closing the course of lectures on Biblical criticism he has been delivering in Edinburgh University on behalf of Prof. Chalmers, boldly exalted his hearers to make a thorough study of Continental theology—French, Swiss, and German (why not also Dutch?). Like a genuine Scotman, he did not refrain from expressing his contempt of what English scholars are doing. But he was good enough to make one exception. "As a starting-point, nothing could be more useful than Jowett's contribution to Essays and Reviews."—

The Senate Academici of Edinburgh has resolved to confer honorary degrees upon the following (among others): That of D.D. upon the Rev. Edwin Hatch; that of L.L.D. upon Mr. Richard Garnett, of the Jas. H. G. Philpotts, and Prof. W. C. Wilson, of Owens College.

An autograph book has now, we learn, been placed in the house in Haddington where Jane Welsh lived awaiting her marriage with Thomas Carlyle. The book, a handsome quarto volume, bears the imprint of Messrs. Wilson and M'Cormick, of Glasgow, and has for motto, on the page facing the title, seven lines from "Much Ado About Nothing" IV. i., beginning:—

"The idea of her life shall sweetly creep,"—while on another page appears the inscription:—

"In Memoriam.
Visitors' Book.
The Gift of Two Gentlemen
who visited, in the Autumn of 1882, the House in Haddington
where
Jane BAILLIE Welsh
lived.
Married with
Thomas Carlyle."

The dates of birth and death of Mrs. Carlyle are also given, and the motto from Homer:—

"For an enduring heart have the destinies appointed to the children of men."

AMERICAN JOTTINGS.

Messrs. Appleton have in the press a complete edition of the poetical works of William Cullen Bryant, in two volumes, uniform with the life by Mr. Parke Godwin which the same publishers have just issued. It will contain all the latter's notes of the poet, with about one hundred new poems (many of which are hymns), and bibliographical notes by Mr. Godwin.

Messrs. Dutton, of New York, announce an "expurgated" edition of the Life of Bishop Wilberforce, by a biographer, which is apparently meant a selection of the more scandalous passages only.

A similar book, of still more distinctive American complexion, has just been issued by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons. This is a biography, revised for family use, and illustrated with selections from the sacred books of other peoples. The author, whose name is witheld, states that he has made it his "main object to expurgate all improper, irrelevant, theologically or ethically unnecessary and inadequately confirmed passages of Scripture."

The Rev. Samuel Longfellow (the brother, we believe, of the poet) has prepared a volume of lectures, essays, and sermons of the late Samuel Johnson, author of Oriental Religions, with a memoir and a portrait.


This new work, in the Riverside edition of Hawthorne's works contain (iv), The Scarlet Letter and (vii) The Marble Faun. The Introductions to each volume, by Hawthorne's son-in-law, Mr. G. P. Lathrop, are full of interesting details about which those publications, trade lists, dime novels, and song-books, elementary schoolbooks, and Sunday-school literature of all decades, hundreds more are simply reprints or new editions of old works."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE CASTLE OF WISDOM.

On a sheer rock, broad-based, a castle hung Untenanted of all men, as I thought, And o'er its gleaming gateway, golden wrought, "Castle of Wisdom," in each word that spoke, the tongue From the world a ceaseless moat it hung Over eyrie-ridged mountains, whose, where'er they sought, The castle, climbing with lance hands untangl'd, For ever backwards in the dust were flung, I, too, clumb up amid the dust and stir On with those toiling myriads of men; And, life-long joint toll, worn wearer Than death, I reached the very doors, and then, While o'er the riotous heaven mad thunder broke, The castle crashed to earth and I awoke.

C. G. FAGAN.

OBITUARY.

The Rev. Derwent Coleridge died at Eldon Lodge, Torquay, March 28. Though he himself contributed to the school of poetry long associated in public opinion, and his Christian name served to remind him throughout life of the scenes amid which his early years were passed. Very soon after his birth he was appointed to the head- mastering of Helston Grammar School, and in that remote district some of the happiest years of his life were passed. Cowley and Pope were his tutors; and many glimpses of the school-life of Helston can be found in the memoirs of Charles Kingsley, or in the journals of Miss Caroline Fox, who more than once renders a warm tribute of praise to Derwent Coleridge's play of fancy in conversation. In 1811 he obtained a professorship in the University of Chester, which he filled with great energy and tact for many years. Whether as a teacher of youth, or as a parish priest at Haswell, his zeal was beyond all praise. He died a few years past his sixty years. The only daughter has published several novels of more than ordinary interest.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The half-crown magazines—we should be glad if some better name for the class were suggested—are stronger than usual this month, with perhaps an exception of the Contemporaries. The introduction of the Quarterly from New York, which has been on the Edinburgh market for some time, is a novelty and addition to our literature.
Sappanol has been compared with a fair demesne. Stamboul has been claimed as a national treasure; one cannot see his neighbour the lucky possessor. On the same lines Inner Africa is a study, useful, hard-working newspaper and a theorem, not claimed as present by three rival purchasers, not including the churlish’s mutual owner. These are Portugal; the International African Association, represented by Mr. H. M. Stanley, lastly, France, whose representative is M. de Brazza. Each has spoken in his turn, and we have only to weigh what we hear from each speaker.

Portugal has lately formulated her claims through the Société de Géographie de Lisbonne, in the shape of Portu du Portugal (Lisbonne: Lallemand Frères; 1883), a substantial memorandum of eighty pages, wherein she recognizes the head of its able and energetic secretary, M. Luciano Cordeiro. Its only defect is the capital fault of proving too much. The argumentation would make Portuguese mistress, not only of West Africa from Cabo Branco (N. lat. 20° 46' 27") to The Cape, but also of the whole seaboard from Marocco and Jupan. The writer begins by laying down three conditions for the recognition of a nation's right to a territory: soil—Discovery, Possession, and Recognition explicit or implicit. As regards Discovery, I would observe that the French have fair claims to the Guinean coast from Cabo Branco to the Canaries; and that the Guinean Guinea (included); and it is perfectly unfair to state (p. 15) that, before Portugal passed the Equator, Southern Africa was voie de fantaisies, des merveilles et des hypothèses; the Russes et les abandons, enfants par une complete ignorance.”

Late years have proved that the excellent geography of Ptolomy about the Lake Region and the Nile Watered was only vitiating, for Duarte Lopes and other explorers who followed him. As regards Possession, either initiated, ex animo dominii or prolonged, it is sufficient to state that, on the West African coast, Portugal of late years has confined herself to settlements in the Bissagos and Bula (confirmed to her in 1870); in Loango and on the Congo Coast (Loanda and Benguela), which must not be made to embrace (p. 10) the Makoko and the Unyamwezi countries. The other possessions, or were, represented by Padraga (memorial columns), by a few fortified factories, and by the usual consequence of utter ruin, in many places—for instance, the Gold Coast—which gave Dom Manelo his title "Lord of Guinea" (1485), the Portuguese were formally possessed, either by massacre or by Portuguese vicar who has a mastery of a Western language. The Makoko and the Unyamwezi countries have been startled to see territorial claims of Portugal upon the mouth of the River Congo recognized, or reported to be recognized, by Great Britain “in exchange of claims with a certain waiver of Portugal in the neighbour- nhood of Whydah.” Portugal has no more power than the Argentine Republic over the chief port of my ancient host, King Oosed Alihorne, nor has she any such sway in the heart of Portugal. The third claim—Recognition by other Powers—is in this case even more shadowy than its predecessors. The English never hesitated to buy from the Bissagos or from the Nago, but the presence of Sierra Leona” (Seirone Leone); and, in December 1875, Commodore Heward was not deterred from shelling the Mussulunugu pirates who held the end of the Senegal. The Americans as unceremoniously occupied Cape Mesurado (Liberia), and the French set up their large establishments in Senegal and Gaboon.

The author of Droits du Portugal finally asserts his country’s claims to the West African coast between 8. lat. 5° 12’ and 9° 20’ (1888), and Ambrizotte, to which England secured a manner of independence even in 1860, and it notably embraces the mighty Congo outlet. I cannot see that this “involves important points of national interest, not only of commerce, and the prevention of the slave trade.”

The latter, in the shape of the “middle passage,” is dead for ever; and Portuguese colonies—Mozambique, for instance—have sufficient latitude to freedom of worship. As the “Salvation Army” shows, the latter wants the rain. The only capital question is that of trade, which is largely on the increase; the claims of other nations to liberty of access must be carefully guarded by treaty engagements. But I would join issue with the writer when he says of the Congo (p. 72—H. M. Stanley) that “the moment the public eye fixes itself on the Congo, the whole of its story is spoken.”

Lunda! why this is to claim nearly the whole inner-African basin. Portugal never owned a foot of ground in the Congo above the rapids known as the Zelilala. And I deny that the limits of the Angolese province stretched farther than the interior of the land, Lunda, embrasse de droit une partie du cours supérieur du Congo.”

The next claimant, in point of seniority, is the society represented by Mr. H. M. Stanley, a name too widely known to require a word from me. His “audacious tentative” (p. 49) have not won favour from Portugal; the principal cause being that, “he and his body of capitalists and philanthropes” have altogether ignored Portuguese claims. But surely Mr. Stanley is “in his right.” He has peaceably occupied, by permission and by purchase, a tract of African soil which belongs to no European nation—no country has such valid claims to the Congo as Portugal has.”

But to south Africa, and the colony of Angola and the Azinoks or Makokos. He has materially strengthened his cause by his treatment of the Baptist Mission Station at Lambalanga, which the English government ordered to be destroyed. Mr. Stanley has the sympathy of the British public. He has an unexplored country, and expects to find it. His hopes are not, therefore, so misdirected as that energetic young traveller the Rev. Mr. Comber. He is determined not to be “jockeyed” by any intruder,—a determination which claims our sympathy and our support. (P. 73.)

Number three is M. de Brazza, or, to give him his full name, M. Joseph Savorgnan de Brazza, of an ancient house, equally well known in Rome and in the Friulano. Not being a “persona grata” to Portugal, he is included (p. 35) among the explorers who have been “laid low by the dogmatism of the West.” How is it possible he adds peculiar talents: he is a good writer and an excellent speaker, but unhappily he is in the service of a foreign country—a false statement, for he has left the country he was born in, the Soudan, little known in England beyond No. 1 Saville Row, demand a longer notice than Mr. Stanley.

Some seven years ago M. de Brazza followed up the exploration of the Ogowe River (Gaboon colony), where the unfortunate Marquis de Condominas was killed, and the country cleared to the end of 1879, when Mr. Stanley, after crossing Africa (1875-78), was at work upon the Lower Congo, the young naval officer proceeded to turn his attention to the exploration of the village of Inou maraine, and of the Congo, and the Société de Géographie to the extent of 100,000 frs. Accompanied by two French fellow-travellers, of whom one died, he followed the river right down to the mouth, and having bought a village and founded, near the source of the Alima River (S. lat. 2°), an affluent of the Congo, the first station of the Comité français des affaires africaines, obtained the “beau nom de Franvillaise.” At the Bapuru or Ubangi, a tribe of Canoeans and Middlemen, had arrested his advance northwards on a former journey, he turned to the right, and reached the right bank of the lake-like Congo, in S. lat. 3°. The position was some sixty miles above Ukuma (Stanley Pool), which, by-the-bye, M. de Brazza transfers 150 kilom-
adverted to leave Bordeaux in the s.s. 
Perseus on March 7. He left a little later, and he died soon after the boat started, so that everything looked well at his destination. The Baptist missionaries having wisely refused to enter into "La Question du Zaire," the International 
Commission had ordered to keep the peace; and the Makoko, possibly in memory of a 
certain "shouting," has been true to its "Treaty," and has kept the International at 
some length.

Remains to consider the owners of the land, 
who assuredly have a right not to be ignored. When Christian Europe looked upon Africa as a sea nullius, it invited Levis to that effect (A.D. 1455, 1489, 1495, and 1537), and permitted a dishonest doctrine and commended, ex cathedra, a solemn injustice. The black 
Moone (chief) had the same rights as the white Duko. It is an anachronism that the 
Duko and Portuguese would revive, in these days, such crusading and "civilizing " views. The settled 
Africans of the interior are not savages. They have a culture of their own, a polity and a 
religion which if it is not as advanced as ours, has the merit of thoroughly suitting their needs. 
For time immemorial trade has been the 
business of African life when not engaged in war. 
And even the "savages" of the interior. And here it is well to note one of the ideas most 
firmly fixed in the African brain—
the non-analiness of the soil. Africans freely allow the white man to do what he pleases, 
but they hold the grant to be a personal concession; and, when the grantee dies, his successor 
is expected to pay succession duties—other words, to re-purchase. The Makoko doubtless 
told his village with this sous-entendu. 

No man who believes in the progress of 
humanity will object to European civilisation of 
Africa, but it is not adapted for Central 
Interlopers in Africa: the Belgian even less. 
The only race in Europe sound enough to resist the media of the 
inner regions is the German: next to him comes the 
Scotchman. To consider the act of the 
Germans, when they have constituted, I look upon as essentially 
spiritual; the "ancient Geuteaux" (see Mr. 
Gerald Massey) will make short meals of them. 

On the other hand, the Portuguese, as they have 
proved for centuries, can live and thrive 
on the African seaboard, while the Mestiço, or 
mixed blood, can make himself at home in the interior. 
And even the Duko Portuguese occupies, with a 
small garrison and a garrison, the mouth and 
the lower course of the Congo the better, not 
only for us, but for Europe generally. Central 
Africa will prove a mine of unexploited wealth; 
this we see in the accounts of every traveler 
who has made the great transit. All she wants is a free outflow, unimpeded by middlemen, 
black or white. Let Portugal give the world 
trustworthiness, or, at least, a free trade (as opposed to 
"Free Trade"), and we shall rejoice to see her extend far and wide into the 
Dark Continent. Richard F. Burton.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

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