must stop, though the rest of the town is hardly less interesting.

Old Linn, etc. Tardily following in the wake of Yorkshir, the great county. On the other side of the Humber has just published the first instalment of a quarterly journal of its distinguished men, its antiquities, and its natural history. It is aptly called, in that "brute and beastly shore," by Henry V. called, it ought to be carefully fanned, so we are inclined to be merciful; but truth compels us to state that the literary contents of this first number are meagre and jejune to a degree. A notice by the Rev. H. J. Chasles of the mural paintings lately discovered in Friskney church is the only literary original writing in the magazine. The other contents are extracted from the British Archaeological Society's records, the Photographic Almanac, and even the Dictionnaire Archéologique de la Société. This kind of paste-and-cosmetics work will scarcely win supporters for a new venture. If it is to hold its own, and do useful work, this magazine should describe the many ecclesiastical and architectural remains of Lincolnshire in original and clearly written articles, and bestow special attention on illustrating those remains which are daily suffering from time's tooth and will in a few years disappear. A recent visit to the little parish church of St. Lawrence, Ravendale showed a grievous change within the last year. If we cannot have literary matter, we would willingly converse ourselves had we more printed matter. An address of the Bishop of Lincoln through the Bath, a good paper on the Scriptural and Inter-Faculties work of the Cathedral of Bath which forms the excellent, but single, illustration of this number.

THE LATE E. H. PALMER.

I.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES.

On July 11, 1870, when we were in summer quarters at Mudan, Anti-Labanus, I suddenly found two Englishmen camping with a gypsy tent below the garden. These were Palmer and C. E. Tytholdt-Drake, brown and sunburnt by travel in the service of the "Sinai Survey Expedition" led by Capt. (now Sir Charles) Wilson. They proved the most pleasant of companions, during a trip to Ballocks, to the sources of the Nile, and up the unvisited creeks of the Northern Lebanon. We parted at the Cedars promising ourselves to meet again. How little we thought that within four years, the last would be flying in the victim of its fatal climate; and that the other would return to seek death on the scene of his old labours.

Of Palmer, I remarked that he was a born linguist, a rarity among all races except, perhaps, the Armenian. He had the linguistic instinct, an insight which required only to hear once to be shown a tongue. He mastered it as a musical genius learns an instrument; he picked up words, sentences, and idioms like a clever child, with the least possible study of grammar and syntax. The truth is, he loved everything in the world, and his energetic winter wanderings he had collected a whole vocabulary of Bedawi words; and he evidently revelled, like the late Percy Smythe, Lord Byron, in his exceptional power of appreciating dialectic differences. He acted and wrote Arabic like English, and he took delight in surprising the people by out-of-the-way phrases by peculiar forms of blessing and unsolicited, saying and doing, of all kinds, of all sorts, of the Thousand Nights and a Night. He kept also for times of "nec" a vocabulary which terrified the Spaniard. Thus I observed his turn among the vagrant bandits of the Paris and the South country. He then knew something of Hindustani, which he afterwards cultivated, and which assisted him in so mastering the Romani (Gypsy) dialect that he printed metallic translations in Mr. Leland's volume. Although he had learned Persian in London and at Cambridge, his accent was well, according to Sir John Taylor, could, and had acquired the pure Shirazi twang. Lamenting his ignorance of German and the Scandinavian tongues, which he mastered at a later period, he was very anxious to do this. He had the gift of tongues, like the Bible. Two lives of Haidūr-i-Persian, and Arabic, one of "Trübner's Collection of Simplified Grammars," series which will suffer by his loss—lie close to my heart; and I hear with sorrow that his translation of Haidūr—a task for which he had carefully trained himself—he will lack the final touches.

Returning to England after the close of 1870, Palmer published his valuable report, memoir, and papers in the organ of the Palestine Exploration Fund. He also printed, in two volumes, the Daily and Salley; 1871, The Desert of the Exodus, a popular account of his walking journeys, in company with Tytholdt-Drake, and without dragoon or servants, which occupied parts of 1869 and 1870. He had not, on the other hand, learned that the "Old Testament" is simply a modern forgery, dating probably after the second century A.D.; that the Jewish nation never knew where the true "Mountain of the Lord" was, for it was placed by St. Paul and his contemporary Josephus, who describes it after the fashion of Sinbad the Sailor; that the first Mount Sinai (Jebel Musa) was invented by the Copts; the second (Jebel Musafah), in the Czech; the third (also Jebel Mousa), by the Moslem; and the fourth (Jebel Saffa), by Dr. Robinson, the American; that the Exodus would naturally travel by the present highway from Beersheba to El-Akabah; and that learned Jews now incline to the belief that the real Tor Sinai lay somewhere in the Tih-desert north of the great range. However, he insisted upon translating, with the vulgar, "The Tih: by "Wilderness of the Wanderings," when it means a wilderness where man may wander. Much friendly banter upon these points passed between us as often as we met in London; and finally he seemed to agree in opinion with me. I may note that his details concerning the Bedawin of the "Thurain Peninsula," as it is called, and his friend, Dr. Charles Bock, require copious revision. I am one to Europe, that Col. Warren will correct them and supply the deficiencies.

The story of Palmer spent twelve years in England, chiefly in contact with ecclesiastically the professorial, literary, and, especially, the Oriental veins. His friends lamented that he devoted so much valuable time to what Sir W. Jones calls the "avenues and porches of learning," dictionaries and vocabularies, grammar and manuals, instead of cultivating his high gift of fancy and imagination. Yet he found time for this spiritu metalistical version of the Arab poet Abu el-Diwan, for the Egyptian; for romantic life of Harun El-Rasid; and for the charming "Song of the Reed," a title redolent of Persian mysticism. His coming biography will be a valuable addition to the literature of a student, a professor, a university lecturer and examiner, an improvisatore and rhythm, a barrister, an actor, a conjurer and thought-reader, a druggist, a writer of many books, and, lastly, a politician and journalist.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

(To be continued.)

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.


