It is not strange, therefore, that we should read how
"when the Russians determined to withdraw numbers of the inhabitants prepared to follow them, and, after taking everything of value from the houses, set fire to the huts, so that their former masters on taking possession should find as little as possible to appropriate."

Vienny is one of the most cosmopolitan of places. "Russian women," we are told, "may be seen in groups of two or three, sitting by the side with Kalmucks riding on bullocks or Kirgheses on camels. Here may be seen Cossacks, Chuvash, Mordvinis, and Cheremisses from the Volga, Tartars from Siberia, Sardin from Tuckestan and Khagaria, Kasaks who have been half settled, Kalmak Dangans, and Tarschis who came from Kudiya after the Chinese devastation of 1884, in new and Chinese." To show how fast the amenities of Western culture are invading the far East, we may refer to the house of Alexander, Archbishop of Turkistan and Yashkood, who lives at Vienny.

On walls are Italian paintings, on the tables photographic albums of Rome and curios from the catacombs and Prage, from China and Japan coins and talismens, as well as flesh and bone. In the lake Usulut, but was most remarkable for a Russian ecclesiastical, there was a good library, and in it Bibles in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin.

We would gladly, if space allowed, have accompanied Dr. Lassell in his journey over more beaten ground, and extracted some of his graphic pages dealing with the great Khanates of Bukhara and Khiva. His narrative nowhere flags. We are treated to a succession of graphic pages, among which is too much undervaluing good sense on questions in which political fanaticism has too often the field to itself. It is not to be supposed that in so many hundreds of closely packed pages there is no matter for criticism, and that mistakes do not occur sometimes; but it is not the duty of a critic in the presence of an honest book filled to overflowing with welcome facts to act the part of a literary censor. We would limit ourselves to one cause of complaint, the habitual application of the term Kirghese or Kirghiz to the Kazaks of the Three Hordes. The true Kirghiz, to whom the name should alone be applied, were long ago discriminated from the Kazaks, called Kirghiz by mistakes by the Russians; and their history has been entirely different for at least five centuries. It would have been better to have followed such authorities as Lechev in giving the so-called Kirghiz Kazaks the name of Kazak. But this, like other criticisms of the same kind, which merely shows that the critic has some familiarity with his subject, is very misleading if it draws the attention of the reader away from the great mass of valuable work contained in such a book as the present: petty personal details. The book is an excellent one. It ought to be in the library of everyone who cares to study the present and past condition of the Asiatic dominions of the Russians; and it is a first-rate model to those who wish to know how a book of travel should be written. Lastly, two facts strike one in the narrative: the first, the total absence of glory of our traveller, which not merely smudged his beaten path, but must smooth the path of those who follow him on the same track; the second is in the way in which, under great difficulties, he collected wherever he could antiquities and ethnographic objects to enrich the national collection and to make it possible for students troubled with the "res angustia domi" to see for themselves, without going to Turkestan, what manner of folk they are who live there. It is a great pity so few English travellers show either the same zeal or the same knowledge in this respect.

HENRY H. HOWARTH.

Kalibah and Dinmaah; or the Fables of Bidpai. Being an account of their Literary History, with an English Translation of the Later Syriac Version of the same, and Notes (pp. lxxxvi. 320). By I. G. N. Keith-Falconer. (Cambridge: University Press.)

The book, which has probably had more readers than any other except the Bible, has (and a third about to be issued in London, but not to be specified here), is always pleasant reading to an old Anglo-Indian who began his studies of Eastern bellas-litteras with the Akhlah-i-Hindi, one of the multitudinous Family of Bidpai. There is another and more intimate charm of association. When serving at Damascus I there met Prof. Socin, now married and family'd, and officially settled at Tullingen, who was studying the Syriac still spoken in a few outlying villages, and preparing for his overland march to Baghdad which discovered "Kalibah," as told in p. xiv. And here we remark the first discordant note in the volume: "The circumstances of the discovery of this precious document are narrated at length in Beafey's introduction." Why refer the reader to Beafey, who may be a thousand miles away, and why not repeat the interesting tale where it is so much more required? Prof. Socin, I may here observe, has been engaged for the five years in preparing his Kurdish songs of epic cast—a task of no small difficulty.

The Fables have their own especial beauty—the charm of well-preserved and venerable old age, the glass of wisdom an old-fashioned perfume, like a white muscat-pourriss. Their most soothing to nerves agitated by the patched suits and jockey clubs of modern pretenders and petits-maitres, with the grey young heads and part experience, the motto of whose ignorance is "connaiss." Were a dose of its homely, time-honoured wisdom adhilted to the Western before he visits the East, those few who would act upon it might escape being twisted round the fingers of every knave of a Dragoen to Rajah. The difference between soul-friendship and hand-friendship (p. 114) and that between violent measures (the fire which burns only the trunks and boughs) and the swisser in modo (water, which in despite of its gentleness, tears them out by the root, p. 154); the caution, "Woe to the oppressed from the oppressor, but woe to the oppressor from God"; and the advice to beware of the dignities, and he spoke the truth who said that a prince, in the language of good faith and its false affection towards those who are attached to him, is like a harlot, for one goes and another comes" (p. 38), contrast well with the modern doctrine, "Drunkenness by wine and field-sports spring from having nothing to do" (p. 52), and with the sage theory concerning virtue, "Looking at the religion of men, I saw that some of them had embraced religion by compulsion, that some merely walked in their parents' footsteps, and that some of them feared for the rewards and possessions given by kings (our parti priére), and so walked according to their religions; and everyone of them said, 'I hold the truth' " (p. 238).

A most bit of Latin is found in p. 85; and the story of the Witches (pp. 219-217) shows not a little skill in literary composition. And there is quaint novelty in the Christian garb suddenly thrown upon the pagan shoulders of ancient Bidpai (= "Bidyapati," or love-lord, as the word would be pronounced in Fraktur) and of Vishnu Sarman offering his Hnopades or "Friendship-book." As in the Gesta Romanorum, the ecclesiastical touches concerning Satan, the extolling of the horn, the good things of Jerusalem, and so forth, have, as it were, retained, preserved, and, instead of being an improvement upon the ancient heathenism; but here and there we find a wholesome revolt from the preaching (not the practise) of the Church, as in p. 120: "Let there be no small evils, and destroy, too, man's good character, and takes away modesty from him...and makes him a cheat and a liar," &c.

As to the source of these tales, Mr. Keith-Falconer and I must agree to differ toto culo. He belongs to that "i.ado-Germanic" school which goes to India for its origins, whereas Pythagoras and Plato, Herodotus and (possibly) Homer went to the scribes of Egyptian Hir-Senka. We know that the apologue, the beastly proper, is neither Indian nor Aesopic; to mention no others, "The Lion and the Mouse" is told in a Leyden paper; and all who read have read the fabliau of Anupa's wife, the origin of Yusuf (the Koranic Joseph) and Zulaykha. From the Nile banks it was but a step to the philosophies of Asia Minor, and thence, with the alphabet, the fable went to Greece; while, eastward, it found a new centre of civilisation in Babylonia and Assyria, lacking, however, the importation of the beast fable, which proper fables were connected by Alexander of Macedon, who completed what Sesostris and Semiramis had begun; when the Medo-Bactrian kingdom was founded, and when the Greeks took moral possession of Persia under the Seleucids, then the fable would find its way to India, doubtless meeting there some rude and fantastic kinsman of Buffonistic "persuasion." The mingling of blood would produce a fine robust race, and, after the second century, the civilised world between Rome and China.

Nor can I accept the refinement of difference (p. xiii) between Indian and Aesopic fable which Benfey, followed by Mr. Keith-Falconer, thus defines: "In the latter, animals are allowed to act as animals; the former makes them act as men in the form of animals." The essence of the apologue is a return to homo primogenius, with erected ears and talking animals. The reverse is the conversible and behave like him, with the supereneducation of education. The object is obvious. I can inculcate a lesson and address friend or foe as Isengrim the wolf or Belinus the sheep, while debarring the higher enjoyment of
showing him up as a man. Metempsychosis is an afterthought; it explains much in Hindu literature, but it was not wanted in the beginning.

Mr. Keith-Falconer has produced a scholarly volume, whose sole fault is being too scholarlike. He is over-dutiful to his theme. We are referred to "Professor Wright's Preface to the Syriac text" for proper names and a host of interesting details which the book sadly wants. Like Mr. Clouston's Sinhakid, the text is opaque, and one clause is inserted in p. 241, the holes could easily have been filled up by printing in italics extracts from other versions. Others are verecundiae causae, and they spoil the scene, e.g., the eighteen lines omitted in p. 19 and others in pp. 92, 148, and 209; while the physiological details in p. 262 stultify the omission in p. 261. The book is not virginibus purissibus; and surely a modus is to be discovered. They say that dog-Latin and cat-Greek are no longer mysteries to the omnibus. The former I have only to reply that if she has learnt what Virgil and Horace teach, she has seen much worse things than Kalilah and Dimnah can show her. Such mutilations in a day so modestly devoted to so many books, with how the council of the Halkiyot Society unsexed Markham's fine translation of Cieza de Leon.

There is much to say, and little space for saying, about minor details. Kohl (p. 2) should not be translated, after Jezebelian fashion, "eye-paint," but "eye-powder." Mathwa (this) is, I suppose, a Syriac mistake for idyllic Mathara. "My reins tremble for fear" (p. 89) in Arabic is "my side-muscles quiver," which is probably here meant. Rožba=Persian "good day," (p. 98) and Zirk ="the little low one" (p. 110). The reader should have the benefit of a note on herb basil (p. 114); on Peridum (p. 172), the modern Purdyam, conqueror of Zohak; on the "Hungarian Gentl" (p. 291) who drink the Arab Šd or blue equine blood; and for "Shulam, Shulam" (p. 253) we should not be referred to distant Guidi. It may appear hypercritical, but one shrives at two "embracing another" (p. 170), thus ignoring the world of difference between "embracing another" and "Love each other." One is unpleasantly affected by reading "wine—when once it is partaken of" (p. 181); and we hate the misplacing of the adverb in "Fear of God can only be guarded [guarded only] by continual meditation" (p. 219).

To conclude, I thank Mr. Keith-Falconer for his useful and scholarlike volume, and only hope when meeting him again to find him a trifle less severely crude, and more descending to the weaknesses for amusement which characterises our fallen human nature.

Richard F. Burton.

**Outlines of the World's History, Ancient, Mediaeval, and Modern. With Special Relation to the History of Civilisation and the Progress of Mankind.** By Edgler Sanderson (Blackie).

Mr. Sanderson's book is a strange mixture of things useful and things ornamental, of solid instructive reading, and of matter quite out of place. Whether the volume be intended as a school-book, as a manual for "self-help" early in life, or a book to be referred to for facts and dates, we cannot tell. It is not well suited to perform any of these functions, and yet will be of some use for all. To discharge efficiently any useful office a book must show ability to produce the various substances of which it is composed should have been fused in the mind of the author, not have remained in the half-melted state which indicates as surely as if he had told us so, that he has not been able to harmonise the various authorities which he has used.

The following not very intelligible sentence indicates the writer's standpoint: "According to the view of the wisest and best of men, God governs the world, and on this view the history of the world is the carrying out of his plan." History, we would remind Mr. Sanderson, is a word having a clearly defined meaning, and it does not signify the same thing as growth or evolution. We have been told of the wise and best of men when they affirm that "God governs the world"; but we do not think that they need have been put into the witness box to testify to something which those who accept it receive as a part of their religion, and by no means as a fact capable of the sort of demonstration which the historian calls for. We demur, however, in any case to "history" being called the carrying out of the divine or any other plan. History is a record of events; when it ceases to be that, and only then, is it no longer history, but something else, higher or lower as you will. Theology, poetry, romance, or philosophy, it may be; but a book has no claim to be called a history which is founded on the mere assumptions of either the wisest or the most foolish of mankind. And it is a misuse of words, from which anyone who tries to instruct others should have kept himself free—the confusion of the unnamable wise and good men have considered a divine plan to the plan of the world another and "Love each other." One is unpleasantly affected by reading "wine—when once it is partaken of" (p. 181); and we hate the misplacing of the adverb in "Fear of God can only be guarded [guarded only] by continual meditation" (p. 219).

To conclude, I thank Mr. Keith-Falconer for his useful and scholarlike volume, and only hope when meeting him again to find him a trifle less severely crude, and more descending to the weaknesses for amusement which characterises our fallen human nature.

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