

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 their houses, set fire to the remainder, so that their former masters on taking possession should find as little as possible to appropriate."

Vierny is one of the most cosmopolitan of places. "Russian women," we are told,

"may be seen driving in carts full of melons, side by side with Kalmuks riding on bullocks or Kirghese on camels. Here may be seen Cossacks, Chuvashi Mordvins, and Cheremissas from the Volga, Tartars from Siberia, Sarts from Turkestan and Kashgaria, Kazaks who have become half settled, Kalmuks, Dangans, and Taranchis who came from Kuldja after the Chinese devastation of 1864, Jews 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 Turkestan and Tashkend, who lives at Vierny.

"On its walls are Italian paintings, on the tables photographic albums of Rome and curios from the catacombs and Prague, from China and Japan coins and talismans, as well as antiquities from Lake Issikul; but, what was most remarkable for a Russian ecclesiastic, there was a good library, and in it Bibles in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin."

We would gladly, if space allowed, have accompanied Dr. Lansdell in his journey over more beaten ground, and extracted some of his graphic pages dealing with the great Khanates of Bukhara and Khivá. His narrative nowhere flags. We are treated to a succession of graphic details, and to much wise moderating 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 not 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 chiffonier. We would limit ourselves to one cause of complaint only—namely, 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 mistake 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 Levchine in giving the so-called Kirghiz Kazaks the name of Kazak. But this, like other criticism 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 to petty polemical 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 Russia; 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 is the habitual good humour of our traveller, which not merely smoothed his own path, but must smooth the path of those who

follow him on the same track; the second is 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 angusta 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. HOWORTH.

*Kalilah and Dimnah*; 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" (and a third about to appear in London, but not to be specified here), is always pleasant reading to an old Anglo-Indian who began his studies of Eastern *belles-lettres* with the Akhlák-i-Hindi, one of the multitudinous family. And this volume has to me another charm of association. When serving at Damascus I there met Prof. Socin, now married and family'd, and officially settled at Tübingen, who was studying the Syriac still spoken in a few outlying villages, and preparing for his overland march to Baghdad which discovered "Kalilah," as told in p. xlv. 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 Benfey's introduction." Why refer the reader to Benfey, who may be a thousand miles away, and why not repeat the interesting tale where it is so much required? Prof. Socin, I may here observe, has been now engaged for three 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. There is in their wisdom an old-fashioned perfume, like a whiff of *pot-pourri*, most soothing to nerves agitated by the patchouli and jockey clubs of modern pretenders and *petits-maitres*, with their grey young heads and pert experience, the motto of whose ignorance is "connu!" Were a dose of its homely, time-honoured wisdom adhibited 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 they meet, from Dragoman 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 *suaviter in modo* (water, which in despite of its gentleness, tears them out by the roots, 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 his lack of good faith and his false affection towards those who are attached to him, is like a harlot, for one goes and another comes" (p. 38), contrast well with a *naïve* doctrine, "Drunkenness by wine and field-sports spring from having nothing

to do" (p. 22), and with the sage theory concerning various beliefs:

"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 wished for the rewards and possessions given by kings [our *parti prêtre*], and so walked according to their religions; and everyone of them said, 'I hold the truth'" (p. 253).

A neat bit of Lavater is found in p. 95; and the story of the Wise Bidár (pp. 219-47) 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 lore-lord, as the word would be pronounced in Prakrit) and of Vishnu Sárman offering his Hitopadesa or "Friendship-boon." As in the *Gesta Romanorum*, the ecclesiastic touches concerning Satan, the exalting of the horn, the good things of Jerusalem, and so forth, are at times perfectly discordant, 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, such as in p. 120: "Poverty is the chief of all evils, and destroys, too, a 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 coelo*. He belongs to that "Indo-Germanic" school which goes to India for its origins, whereas Pythagoras and Plato, Herodotus and (possibly) Homer went to the scribes of Egyptian Hir-Seshta. We know that the apologue, the beast-fable proper, is neither Indian nor Aesopic; to mention no others, "The Lion and the Mouse" is told in a Leyden papyrus; and all who read have read the *fabliau* of Anupu's wife, the origin of Yúsuf (the Koranic Joseph) and Zulaykhá. From the Nile banks it was but a step to Phoenicia and 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 alphabet. When the two great sources 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 Seleucides, then the fable would find its way to India, doubtless meeting there some rude and fantastic kinsman of Buddhistic "persuasion." The mingling of blood would produce a fine robust race, and, after the second century (A.D.), Indian stories spread over 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 hairy hide, and to make beasts converse and behave like him, with the superadded education of ages. The object is obvious. I can insinuate a lesson and address friend or foe as Isengrim the wolf or Belins the sheep, while debarred 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 scholar-like. He is over-dutiful to his Guru. 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 *Sindibād*, the text is uncomfortably gappy; and, as 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 *verecundias causa*, and they spoil the sense, e.g., the eighteen lines omitted in p. 19 and others in pp. 82, 148, and 209; while the physiological details in p. 262 stultify the omission in p. 261. The book is not *virginibus puerisque*; and surely a *modus* is to be discovered. They say that dog-Latin and cat-Greek are no longer mysteries to the omnivorous feminine reader; I have only to reply that if she has learnt what Virgil and Horace teach, she has seen much worse things than *Kablah and Dimnah* can show her. Such mutilations in a day so immodestly modest as ours have ruined many books. See how the council of the Hakluyt 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 (*ibid*) is, I suppose, a Syriac mistake for idyllic Matharā. "My reins tremble for fear" (p. 89) in Arabic is "my side-muscles quiver," which is probably here meant. Rozbih = Persian "good day" (p. 98), and Zirak = the "little low one" (p. 110). The reader should have the benefit of a note on herb basil (p. 114); on Peridun (p. 172), the modern Furaydun, conqueror of Zohak; on the "horse-called God" (p. 221), which is the Arab Jūd or blue equine blood; and for "Shulam, Shulam" (p. 255) we should not be referred to distant Guidi. It may appear hypercritical, but one shivers at two "embracing one another" (p. 175), thus ignoring the world of difference between "Love one 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 erudite, and more condescending to the weakness 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 Edgar 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 in-

tended as a school-book, as a manual for "self-help," or as merely a book to be referred to for facts and dates, we cannot tell. It is not well suited to perform any one of these functions, and yet will be of some use for all. To discharge efficiently any useful office a book should be a coherent whole; 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 are in full accord with "the wisest 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 that only, it is 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 what the unnamed wise and good men have considered a divine plan with the plan itself.

The same sort of confusion runs through the whole book. Sometimes it is only indicated by an erring word or an inept phrase, at others it is very glaring. What, for example, can be more misleading than the following? The author is speaking of the spread of Christianity, and he tells us that "the age was in search of a religion, because it was an age of servitude, and, therefore, of human weakness, which caused men to look round the universe for a helper and a friend." If Mr. Sanderson had been one of those who attack Christianity, we should have comprehended his point of view, though it would have seemed to us unaccountably silly. But for one who is so thoroughly orthodox as to hold that the early Jewish polity was a "theocracy or government by God in revelations of His will to the people, through laws directly given from Sinai, and communications made to the high-priest" (p. 55), to have persuaded himself that servitude and weakness are the means by which men or nations have ever risen from a lower state to a higher seems to us one of the most unaccountable misrepresentations ever made by anyone who has given himself over to speculating on historical problems. That servitude and weakness should not have produced the effect that intellectual and moral degradation have been observed to

produce in other times and countries does not strike Mr. Sanderson as amazing; on the contrary, he holds that it did not cause intellectual torpor and lazy superstition, but prompted men to one of the greatest intellectual efforts of which human nature is capable—"to look round the universe for a helper and a friend." What kind of an undertaking it may be to look round the universe we do not know. The author means, we imagine, something of this kind. That when Christianity began to spread among the people, the old religions to which the minds of men had clung so long, if not in fervent hope, at least without conscious despair, were at length religions no longer; their binding power over the human heart had passed away, and as a consequence the newer and higher faith which had arisen among the Hebrews—a faith which taught justice, immortality, and, above all this, pure, human love—gradually brought within its fold most of those who were not either stupid or sensual. If our elucidation of Mr. Sanderson's meaning be the true one, it is to be regretted that he has not stated it in plain language; if, on the contrary, he would have us understand that "the age" or "men," by which vague terms he means very considerable numbers of persons in the various parts of the far-spreading Roman empire, were anxiously on the outlook for a new faith, and, notwithstanding "servitude" and "weakness," were impelled in the direction of world-wide discoveries in morals and theology, much in the manner that Columbus was bent on reaching land by way of the Atlantic, we think he has made a cardinal error relative to one of the chief turning-points in the history of the world.

This is but a single instance of many we have marked of that perilous rashness which characterises these *Outlines*. We will direct attention to but one other. Mr. Sanderson is instructing us as to the Catholic reaction which followed the reforming zeal of the great revolt from the Roman obedience. He informs us that in "England and Scotland men were wasting, in hot disputes on points of discipline and doctrine, the powers and time which might have brought over Ireland from the old faith to the new." We do not call in question the disputes and the many sad evils they have entailed—sorrows which burden many a household at the present day; but we are not aware that there is a scrap of evidence which goes to prove that the Irish people would have embraced Protestantism if the whole of the English and Scotch had been of one heart and of one mind on such matters as grace, free-will, and the divine right of episcopacy. It seems to us, on the contrary, that these very disputes tended to inflame still more the zeal of those whose unhappy mission it was to endeavour to shake the child-like trust of the Irish Celt in his national faith. Why Ireland remained Catholic while Wales and Scotland accepted the change we do not know, and, in the present state of historical knowledge, we do not believe that anyone can tell us. Guessing about the facts of history is quite as futile a waste of time as guessing in chemistry or metallurgy would be.

Mr. Sanderson is well furnished with facts, and, as far as we have observed, his dates are all right. He might do good work in