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LITERATURE.

*Travels in Tunisia.** With a Glossary, a Map, a Bibliography, and 50 Illustrations. By Alexander Graham, F.R.I.B.A., and H. S. Ashbee, F.S.A., F.R.G.S. (London: Dulau, 1887.)

TUNISIA is still a tempting theme to African tourist-folk. Hereabouts arose the name of the Dark Continent which, according to Suidas, was originally (Ha-phirkah?) a section or suburb of Didonian Carthage, and is found in this volume (p. 43) as "Ferka," portion of a Dawár or encampment. Hence the term extended to Numidia, the Africa Provincia, alias Propria, alias Vera; to Mauritania and Libya; and, finally, it stood, as it now stands, for the whole quarter of the globe. It also begot a fine spurious family of of legends and fables connected with an apocryphal Afríkús, King of Al-Yaman. But, while we can explain Utica ('Atíkah = old town) and Carthage (Kar-hadith = new town), the origih of more ancient Tunis; the Tounis or Tunis of Polybius, Strabo and others, is not to be found in Numidian (Berber). Yet the Tunēs Levkos (Ville blanche) of Diodorus Siculus probably originated the modern title "White Burnús of the Prophet," who, by the by, never wore a "burnús."

Tunisia is exactly what it should be, and might borrow a motto out of immortal *Eothen*: "From all historical and scientific illustrations—from all useful statistics—from all political disquisitions—and from all sound moral reflections these pages are thoroughly free." One author is an antiquary who has already printed professional papers upon Tunisia; and the other is a globe-trotter, as he loves to term himself—in his last letter to me he proposed voyaging round South America between January and June. The two friends distinctly perceived the requirement of the age—a copiously illustrated narrative, like Cameron's most valuable *Across Africa*, showing to the eye of sense the most striking features of sundry popular tours. Their object was to produce a realistic journal, containing trustworthy information for readers and future travellers; and they described nothing they did not see. They shunned padding, generalisations, and politics (especially the "Last Punic War," the Enfida Estate, and M. Roustan); and even in the illustrations they were careful to eschew fictions like the palm-trees which disfigure the pages of Bruce.

The text opens with a short sketch of Tunis, and follow the various trips by steamer, carriage and horse to Soussa (Súsah), Sbeitla (Subaytálá), Sbiba, and Zankúr; by sea to Sfax, with an off-set to El-Djem (Al-Jam) of the Coliseum, which is carefully described and figured in chap. xii.; ending with the oasis of Gabes for the southernmost point. The western section was viâ Bona, La Calle and Tabarco, with excursions inland to Tebessa and El-Kef; and the two embody the results of three tours in 1883-85. Readers will hardly thank me for following the travellers wherever they go, but some may be pleased with a few discursive notes upon the wanderings.

We (authors and critic) must agree to differ upon the use or misuse of the word "Arab," *les Arabes d'Afrique*, as the French term the Arabs, Moors, and Berbers of Egypt, Algeria, and Marocco. Hence the fondness of the "Arab" for his horse is no myth in Arabia, but it is among the negroids (p. 6); the "Arab" still follows Mohammed's injunctions not to maltreat his beasts (p. 131); and the "Arab" does not muzzle the ox that treadeth out corn, while the Syrian Christian, the Berber, and the Algerian Moslem do (p. 78). The disforested Saharà can recover its old fertility only by means of the artesian wells described by Ibn Khaldún in the early fifteenth century. The writers are wise in praising French civilisation, to which, like the encroachments of Russia in Central Asia, we should cry "all hail!" in the name of common humanity; yet it is pitiful to see that in Tunis and elsewhere the mosques have not been opened with a strong hand, an innovation found so easy at holy Kayrawán. That England is "conspicuous by her absence," and has lost all influence where she was once so much respected (p. 103), is what we must expect from the growth of Liberal and Radical feeling at home. "Borghaz or El-Bahirah" (p. 14) is, I presume, for Bughaz or Al-Buhayrah, the gorge and the gulflet. The "hand of Fatimah" (p. 24, with illustration on the title-page) is a peculiarly Tunisian superstition. The "hand of power," which originated in Egypt, and which is common throughout the Moslem world, has nothing to do with the lady; nor was the latter, as another tourist gravely informs us in "Chips," the mother of the Prophet. I have long ago explained the rags hung to trees (p. 56) as an old Fetish practice which transfers sickness from the animal to the vegetable. The following remarks of a French excursionist are commended to Europeans:

"When I saw passing before my door women [of Súsah] so simple, so ingenuously natural in their quasi-nudity, I asked myself which was the less indecent, their extreme or that of the Parisian women, who exaggerate at one time certain parts of their body, and at another wear tightly-fitting garments more unchaste than the nude itself" (p. 66).

The description of "native music" (pp. 66, 68) is sensible and unprejudiced:

"We listened (after the first shock of surprise was over) with delight, unable to determine whether the voice or the instrument afforded the greater satisfaction."

The sponge market (p. 93) will be wholly changed by the discoveries of the Austrian Savant, who now plants the coelenterata from cuttings like potatoes.

The dancing of the Tunisian *ballerine*, mostly Jewesses whose morals are here abominable, stands out sharply described (p. 111). Of "Kairouan," I would note that the name is an Arabic corruption of the Persian Karwán, a caravan, and was given by Al-Okbah, who, planting his lance, cried: "Here is your Karwán," meaning *entrepôt*, or *place d'armes*. "Khaukáh" (p. 116), which we find in the Arabian Nights (viii. 330), is not a postern, but a tunnel; nor is *kiblah* a shrine (p. 119), but a direction of prayer; nor is the Grand Mufti "an archbishop as it were" (p. 121), but a chief doctor of the law while "Sidi-Sahab" (p. 124) should be Sídí Sáhib—my lord, the Companion.

There is some mistake about the Arabs conquering Subaytálá "in the first year of the Hegirah." Hostilities with Western Africa began under Caliph Osman in A.H. 23 or 24; and the tale of Gregorius the Patrician, by the Arabs called king, and his daughter, deserves repeating. After her father was killed she fell to the lot of a barbarous Badawi from Kubá, near Al-Madinah, who placed his prize upon a camel and carried it away singing:

> "O maid of Jurayjir, afoot thou shalt fare
> In Hijáz; and a mistress awaits thee there,
> And water in skin-bag from Kubá shalt bear."

"What saith the dog?" she asked; and when answered, the gallant girl threw herself from the dromedary and broke her neck.

The bronze cock on the Kasrín monument (p. 147), which was "so near heaven that, if nature had given it a voice, it would have compelled by its morning song all the gods to rise early," is akin to more than one marvellous fowl in the Arabian Nights. We have (p. 164) an admirable description of those sunset effects which are rivalled in The Cape and in The Brazil:

"Every point of the compass seemed ablaze, and hill and mountain caught up the reflected light; but the peculiarity of the glorious phenomenon was that in the west the colours were the least intense."

The notices of the Khomayr (vulg. Khroumir), who were found, politically, so useful, and of their country (chap. xxvii.) will repay readers; and the discovery of the long lost and lately recovered quarries of the old Numidian marbles, *giallo antico* and rose-coloured varieties (p. 194), is peculiarly interesting. An extract from the lively Lady M. Wortley Montagu (p. 199) shows that her corset was held by the Adrianopolitans to be a *vertue-gardin*. Upon the spitting of the Badawin for good luck, a custom dating from Biblical days, and well known to the English

* A handsome, though not handy, volume of pp. 303; preface and table of contents, pp. viii.; the trips, pp. 206; a glossary of Arabic terms and words, pp. 3; a bibliography, which will presently be noticed, and an index, full and sufficient, pp. 7. The map is placed, as it should be, at the end of the volume opening rectò, and not, as too often, made to turn its back upon the reader. The binding is of green and red, "the colours of the Prophet" (?). The frontispiece shows at the north-eastern angle or sinister chief, "Al-Rahálat-fi-Túnisíyah = *The* Journey in Tunisia, for which I should prefer Rahlah fí 'l-Túnisíyah, after the fashion of the older Arabs. The illustrations are of three kinds. The phototypes are frequently too dark and sombre, as must happen in the hot-dry air of Africa (*e.g.*, the court in the Dar el-Bey, p. 30). The héliogravures, executed by a French artist after Mr. Graham's charming sketches, are well chosen; but their pale northern tintage, with milk-and-water skies, contrasts curiously with the dazzling and fiery hues of Libyan nature. The woodcuts are irreproachable, especially the head-pieces and the culs-de-lampe.

"navvy," a long note might be written for the benefit of "folklorists." I would not derive Gouletta or Goletta, port of Tunis, from "Halk al-Wád" = gullet of the valley (pp. 202, 203), but from the corrupt Neo-Latin diminutive of *gola*, Latin *gula* and French *gueule*.

Of the Glossary, let me observe that it matters little to the general how the traveller transliterates his Arabic, provided he keep to the same system or no system: the Arabist will at last understand him, and the non-Arabist will not. But if he aim at correctness he ought at least to learn the alphabet; at all events, he should not spell the same word in different ways, as Djamäa in the text (p. 118) and Jamâ in the glossary, when the right reading is Jámi'. Also, it is unwise to use the makeshift French *ou* when we have the English *w*, as Zaouia (p. 122) for Záwiyah. Mr. Ashbee forgets that he sent his Glossary to me for revision; but neither M. Pascual de Gayangos (p. iv.) nor I countenanced such corruptions as "Oust" for "Wasat," the middle, and "Medressen" for "Madrasah."

The exhaustive bibliography is truly valuable and gives weight to the volume. The seventy-six pages begin with an introductory note enumerating the books used by the authors and naming a score as necessary for the traveller. Then comes a catalogue raisonné in which every work, important or unimportant, is mentioned with more or less of detail. This is followed by (*a*) notes and notices of anonymous productions; by (*b*) publications on the Barbary States; by (*c*) studies of Tunisia proper; by (*d*) a list of maps; by (*e*) views and by (*f*) pictures. Like a certain pen, it is a boon and blessing to men; and it worthily forwards what Prince Hasan did for Egypt and Sir R. Lambert Playfair for Algeria. Mr. Robert Brown, I may note, promises the same for Morocco, and his work will supplant the defective sketches of MM. Renou and De Mortinière Finally, reference is made easy by an index giving alphabetically the names, ancient and modern, of every town, ruin, river, lake, mountain, &c., mentioned in the diary.

To conclude. The great lesson of the book appears to be that Tunisia is still a mine and a museum *in posse* of Roman and pre-Roman (megalithic) remains, which will supply epigraphs and architectural studies equally valuable to literature. Above ground much has been described and figured; but the earth has hardly been scratched, and great discoveries await the free use of spade and pick-axe. Despite, however, the French "Society for the Protection of Ancient Monuments" building progresses; the Arabs are carrying off sculptured stones, a railway is levelling all obstructions to its line, engineers are destroying bridges, and the upper part of a Numidian mausoleum was pulled down to secure a Libyo-Punic inscription. Before many years have elapsed the discoverer's task will, it is to be feared, be much simplified.

Richard F. Burton.

Partial Portraits. By Henry James. (Macmillan.)

Goethe says somewhere in the course of his *Conversations*, as reported by Eckermann—I quote from memory, for the book is not at hand—that there are three classes of readers, those who enjoy without judgment, those who judge without enjoyment, and those who enjoy and judge at the same time. The critic in the pursuit of his vocation is necessarily shut out from the first class, for he reads solely that he may judge. He often takes a place in the second class, from compulsion rather than from choice; but I am convinced that he only does his best work when he can, for the time being, feel that he is enrolled in the third. I have never during my perusal of any of Mr. Henry James's novels been able to feel that I am so enrolled. I hope I am able to admire and appreciate the many high and rare intellectual qualities which they undoubtedly display, and which have happily been so widely recognised; but I have always felt—perhaps mistakenly—that in writing novels Mr. James is working under conditions not altogether favourable to the true bent of his genius. On the contrary, when I read *French Poets and Novelists* and afterwards the critical memoir of *Hawthorne* in the "English Men of Letters" series this feeling was altogether absent, and I have been quite unconscious of it during my perusal of the volume of literary essays to which the author has given the somewhat enigmatical title of *Partial Portraits*. Apart, however, from the opinions or feelings of any single reader or critic, it seems certain that, for some time to come, Mr. James's theory and practice of fiction will provide material for controversy among cultivated people; and, on the other hand, it is hardly less certain that he is already recognised by disputants on both sides as a critic of singular fineness of discrimination and exquisiteness of expression.

Now these are the very aptitudes which a critic of to-day stands most in need of. Criticism, which was once mainly judicial, has become mainly descriptive. We do not ask that it shall record a final verdict, but that it shall help *us* to record such a verdict by putting the evidence before us in such a manner that we can readily apprehend its significance. This evidence consists of the impressions stamped by a book, a picture, or any other work of art upon all our sensibilities—ethical, intellectual, and aesthetic; and therefore the critic who helps us most, and gives us the fullest measure of that intellectual satisfaction which is among our loftiest pleasures, is the man who has at once the most extended gamut of keen sensations, and the gift—which is half intellectual and half literary—of rendering his impressions with such precision of utterance that, even if we do not sympathise with him, we do, at any rate, understand him, and by understanding him are able to realise and define those impressions of our own which are antagonistic to his. Such a critic aids us when we agree with him by giving our feeling a concrete body of phrase or symbol, in which we can, as it were, survey it from the outside, and so learn to know it better; and he aids us hardly less when we disagree, because by defining his impression he compels us to define our own—to say nothing of the possibility that in defining it we may see in it for the first time some hitherto unsuspected blur or distortion.

The office of criticism is thus educational in the true etymological; not in the old colloquial, sense of the word. It does less in the way of putting something into us than of drawing something out of us; it may give us few new impressions from the outside, but it enables us to realise and revise impressions we have long ago received at first hand. We read Mr. Henry James's essays on two great writers whom we have lost within the last few years—Emerson and George Eliot—and in the mere gross matter of the thought we find, as we might expect to find, little that is new; but, in the manner and form of the thinking, the re-statement of the familiar, how much there is that is illuminating and instructive! When, for example, he says of Emerson that "life had never bribed him to look at anything but the soul," or of George Eliot that "nothing is finer in her genius than the combination of her love of general truth and love of the special case," we feel, not that we have received some novel truth, but that a set of vague impressions previously held in solution have been beautifully crystallised, and so converted into portable intellectual property. Mr. James has the happy gift of being able thus to interpret an author for us by interpreting ourselves to ourselves, not merely in an essay, a paragraph, or even in a sentence, but in a brief phrase, or, it may be, a happily-found illuminating word. When he speaks of Emerson's "high, vertical moral light" he puts into that single word "vertical" a mass of interpretative thought which might have been spread over a page without giving us any feeling of undue diffuseness. The word is, indeed, a condensed metaphor. Others have noticed the want of light and shade—that is, the want of shade to relieve the light—in Emerson's writing. Mr. John Morley, expressing his sense of the deficiency in the phraseology of Puritanism, has spoken of Emerson as wanting in "the sense of sin"; but here the truth is told in a word, which is not merely a word but a picture, having the grip which belongs to any vividly pictorial expression of a thought. We see Emerson walking in a world where the source of light is directly above him and directly above every object upon which he gazes, and how can he see or speak of shadows which are never cast?

I might give other examples, for they are numerous, of a like happy use of a single word, but such use is only the most striking manifestation of that quality of compactness of expression by which Mr. James's work is so eminently distinguished. In one place he speaks of George Eliot's style as "baggy." I do not think that the epithet is quite just, for I believe it will generally be found that even in the sentences of George Eliot which at first give us an impression of undue verbal amplitude the thought has a like amplitude—it fills out the words and does not permit them really to bag. Still, it may be admitted that the mistake, if it be one, is natural: it is not a *jugement saugrenu*, for George Eliot's was one of those large utterances which are apt to lapse into bagginess should the thought fail to sustain them and preserve them from unsightly creases. Bagginess, is, however, the last quality which even the most superficial and insensitive critic would predicate of