

released by death. The poem closes with the joint apotheosis of the consoler and the consoled, together with a child, the unborn fruit of Madeline's wrong.

This conception, singular enough, but neither devoid of sublimity nor of real relation to human passion and pity, is carried out with great structural labour, and forms no doubt the portion of the volume on which Dr. Hake has bestowed his most conscientious care. But our rough argument can give no idea of the baffling involutions of its treatment and diction, rendering it, we fear, quite inaccessible to most readers. The scheme of this strange poem is as literal and deliberate in a certain sense as though the story were the simplest in the world; and so far it might be supposed to fulfil one of the truest laws of the supernatural in art—that of homely externals developing by silent contrast the inner soul of the subject. But here, in fact, the outer world does not once affect us in tangible form. The effect produced is operatic or even ballet-like as regards mechanical environment and course of action. This is still capable of defence on very peculiar ideal grounds; but we fear the reader will find the sequence of the whole work much more difficult to pursue than our summary may promise.

The structure of the verse is even exceptionally grand and well combined; but the use of language, though often extremely happy, is also too frequently vague to excess; and the employment of one elaborate lyrical metre throughout a long dramatic action, only varied by occasional passages in the heroic couplet, conveys a certain sense of oppression, in spite of the often felicitous workmanship. Moreover a rigid exactness in the rhymes—without the variation of assonance so valuable or even invaluable in poetry—is apt here to be preserved at the expense of meaning and spontaneity. Nevertheless, when all is said, there can be no doubt that the same reader who at one moment lays down a poem like this in hopeless bewilderment might at another, when his mind is lighter and clearer, and he is at a happier juncture of rapport with its author, take it up to much more luminous and pleasurable results, and find it really impressive. One point which should not be overlooked in reading it is, that there is an evident intention on Dr. Hake's part to make hysterical and even mesmeric phenomena in some degree the groundwork of his conception. The fitness of these for poetry, particularly when thus minutely dealt with, may indeed afford matter for argument, but the intention must not be lost sight of. Lastly, to deny to "Madeline" a decided element of ideal beauty, however unusually presented, would be to demonstrate entire unfitness for judgment on the work.

We have left ourselves no room to extract from "Madeline" in any representative way; but the following two stanzas (the second of them extremely fine) may serve to give an idea of the metre in which it is written, and afford some glimpse of its uniquely fantastic elaboration. The passage is from the very heart of the poem; where Madeline is overshadowed in sleep by the vision of her seducer's castle, rousing half-formed horror and resolve; till all things, even to the drapery which clothes her body, seem to take part in the direful overmastering hour.

"The robe that round her flows  
Is stirred like drifted snows;  
Its restless waves her marble figure drape  
And all its charms express,  
In ever-changing shape,  
To zephyrs that caress  
Her limbs, and lay them bare,  
And all their grace and loveliness declare.  
Nor modesty itself could chide  
The soft enchanters as they past her breathe  
And beauty wreath  
In rippling forms that ever onward glide.

"Breezes from yonder tower,  
Loosed by the avenging power,  
Her senses hurry and a dread impart.  
In terror she beholds  
Her fluttering raiment start  
In ribbed and bristled folds.  
Its texture close and fine  
With broidery sweeps the bosom's heaving line,  
Then trickles down as from a wound,  
Curdling across the heart as past it steals,  
Where it congeals  
In horrid clots her quivering waist around."

We have purposely avoided hitherto any detailed allusion to what appear to us grave verbal defects of style in these poems; nor shall we cite such instances at all, as things of this kind, detached from their context, produce often an exaggeratedly objectionable impression. Suffice it to say that, for a writer who displays an undoubted command over true dignity of language, Dr. Hake permits himself at times the most extraordinarily conventional (or once conventional) use of Della-Cruscan phrases, that could be found in any poet since the wonderful days when Hayley wrote the "Triumphs of Temper." And this leads us to a few final words on his position as a living writer.

It appears to us then that Dr. Hake is, in relation to his own time, as original a poet as one can well conceive possible. He is uninfluenced by any styles or mannerisms of the day to so absolute a degree as to tempt one to believe that the latest English singer he may have even heard of is Wordsworth; while in some respects his ideas and points of view are newer than the newest in vogue; and the external affinity frequently traceable to elder poets only throws this essential independence into startling and at times almost whimsical relief. His style, at its most characteristic pitch, is a combination of extreme homeliness, as of Quarles or Bunyan, with a formality and even occasional courtliness of diction which recall Pope himself in his most artificial flights; while one is frequently reminded of Gray by sustained vigour of declamation. This is leaving out of the question the direct reference to classical models which is perhaps in reality the chief source of what this poet has in common with the 18th century writers. The resemblance sometimes apparent to Wordsworth may be more on the surface than the influences named above; while one might often suppose that the spiritual tenderness of Blake had found in our author a worthy disciple, did not one think it most probable that Blake lay out of his path of study. With all his peculiarities, and all the obstacles which really stand between him and the reading public, he will not fail to be welcomed by certain readers for his manly human heart, and genuine if not fully subjugated powers of hand.

D. G. ROSSETTI.

**The Mutineers of the Bounty, and their Descendants in Pitcairn and Norfolk Islands.** By Lady Belcher. With Illustrations. London: John Murray, 1870.

THE appearance of a new history of the mutineers of the *Bounty* is justified by the fact that Lady Belcher has obtained much additional information from original sources, which to a great extent supplies the deficiencies of preceding narratives as to the causes which led to the mutiny, and also brings down the history of the Pitcairn Islanders to the middle of the year 1869. The most valuable portion of the new matter consists of the journal of one of the petty-officers, James Morrison, who, though not a mutineer, was kept on board the ship, and was subsequently taken home prisoner in the *Pandora*. This journal bears internal evidence of being a truthful narrative, and of being written by a person by no means prejudiced against the captain; yet it reveals such an amount of spite and petty tyranny on the part of

Bligh against the officers and crew, but more especially against the chief officer, Christian, a gentleman by birth and education, that not only is the mutiny itself fully accounted for, but it is also, from an unofficial point of view, almost justified. The account of the sufferings of the prisoners, who after waiting two years at Tahiti, voluntarily delivered themselves up to the captain of the *Pandora*, is now for the first time fully given from the same source; and when we remember that these prisoners were all untried, and most of them quite innocent men, the reckless barbarity with which they were treated is almost incredible. That it appears so to us now, although it passed almost unnoticed at the time, may be taken as a gratifying proof of how much, within the memory of persons now living, society has advanced in that true civilisation which is indicated by a horror of all injustice, tyranny, and needless cruelty.

But it is to the subsequent career of the mutineers and their descendants—the well-known Pitcairn Islanders—that we are most attracted, presenting as it does features of the highest social and political interest. It is so rarely that social problems can be subjected to anything like a critical experiment, owing to the impossibility of eliminating the disturbing influence of adjacent populations, that we should have thought our rulers would have carefully secured this one from interruption. In Pitcairn Island we had an instance of people almost completely isolated from the rest of the world, who, owing to such exceptional circumstances as can hardly be expected to occur a second time, were morally and physically healthy, with most of the capacities and virtues, and but few of the vices of civilisation; and who were both able and willing to keep themselves free from intermixture or social contamination. Many curious problems were here in process of solution. The little community consisted almost entirely of half-breeds; would any signs of sterility appear, or could they permanently continue the race? They necessarily soon came to marry almost wholly with blood-relations; would this cause disease or deterioration? In the mixed race would the characteristics of the white or of the brown progenitors ultimately prevail, and which special features of each would maintain themselves longest? As population increased, would zymotic diseases arise? Was infant mortality above or below the average of civilised communities? Would the services of a regular medical man increase or diminish the mortality? The political and social problems were of equal interest. The islanders began with a simple republican form of government; would they maintain this? They began dividing the land equally among each man's descendants of both sexes, a certain portion falling due on their marriage; how long would this practice continue? When population so increased as to render the means of subsistence difficult, would they put a stop to early marriages, and with what result? Would they establish a poor law or trust to private benevolence? In an intelligent, industrious, and healthy population, what numbers could be supported by each acre of cultivable ground? Would the prohibition of alcoholic drinks in the island be permanently maintained? These are a few of the questions we might have had answered had Pitcairn Island been let alone, or had the people been removed to some larger island equally remote from civilisation and equally difficult of access. Unfortunately, however, before there was any pressing necessity for removal at all, a strong opposition against the inclinations of the majority of the inhabitants, they were persuaded to allow themselves to be removed in a body to Norfolk Island, which they understood was to be wholly given up to them in order that they might have ample room for their rapidly increasing numbers. Yet hardly have they settled there when a thousand acres of land is taken to found a missionary col-

lege for Melanesian converts, notwithstanding the protests of the Pitcairners. They soon find that the island is not their own as Pitcairn was. They are now under the New South Wales government, and though they have been as yet left under their own freely elected magistrate, there is nothing to prevent a governor with different views from dictating to them and putting strange officers over them. This unexpected change from their former freedom disgusted several families, who, as soon as they could obtain the means, returned to their old home. At Norfolk Island they are far less isolated than before. Trading vessels and whalers often visit them. Strangers settle among them or marry and carry away their girls. They have no longer the accustomed resources of bread-fruit, cocoa-nuts, and bananas for food, or *tappa* for clothing, and many have turned whalers or get their living by trade. The rural self-supporting simplicity of their former state is gone; yet by the latest accounts they still retain that kindness of disposition and purity of life, which so charmed every visitor to Pitcairn Island.

Their numbers are now somewhat more than 300 in Norfolk Island; and allowing for those who have left, we find that since 1800 their little population has about doubled itself every twenty years. Though they had only an amateur doctor in their schoolmaster, Mr. Nobbs, the mortality among them was very slight. In the ten years from 1841 to 1850, for example, there were 62 births and only 13 deaths, at which time the population was 156. The numbers of the sexes were always nearly equal, sometimes the male and sometimes the female element preponderating; and when they had reached a population of 300, there were exactly 150 of each sex. These figures would indicate that both the death and birth rates were low, the former extraordinarily so; and as all marry very young, and almost every form of vice and immorality is unknown, they should be one of the happiest, as they are one of the most interesting, of English-speaking communities.

In the Pitcairn code of laws (as given in the Rev. T. B. Murray's volume on "Pitcairn") we find several excellent regulations which might advantageously be copied by other communities. The laws were to be made known by being read in public; all parents were obliged to send their children to school, having previously taught them the alphabet; no intoxicating liquors were to be made or introduced, except for medicine; no law was made in anticipation of crimes; all punishments were by fines, unless otherwise determined by the jury; and women had votes for the election of the magistrate.

The families who returned to Pitcairn Island were visited in 1860 by the *Calypso*, and in conversation with the officers they explained that they had left Norfolk Island because it was not their own. They said that no one could be kinder than the Governor of New South Wales, but that a schoolmaster and a miller had been placed among them who were not of their own people, and some sappers and miners had also been quartered on the island; that their own magistrate was now responsible to government, and altogether they found it so different from the life of freedom and irresponsibility to all but themselves and their elected magistrates they had led at Pitcairn, that they had a longing to be back to the island where nobody could interfere with them, however good and kind the intention. They also loved the wild, rocky, luxuriant islet, with its cocoa-nuts and bread-fruits; with every foot of whose soil they were familiar, and in which they had all been born; and they compared it disadvantageously with the much colder, tamer, and less productive Norfolk Island, with no trees but gloomy pines, and nothing eatable but what was cultivated.

We have now, therefore, two distinct colonies of Pitcairn Islanders; and we trust, that the officious though well-meaning persons who so rudely broke up the happy and united community in its original home, will for the future leave these interesting people to manage their own affairs (for which they are quite competent), and to work out after their own fashion the many problems in physical, social, and political science which increasing population will soon force upon them.

ALFRED R. WALLACE.

### THE SEASONS.

#### SPRING.

Spring am I, too soft of heart  
Much to speak ere I depart;  
Ask the summer-tide to prove  
The abundance of my love.

#### SUMMER.

Summer looked for long am I,  
Much shall change, or ere I die;  
Prithee, take it not amiss,  
Though I weary thee with bliss.

#### AUTUMN.

Laden Autumn, here I stand,  
Worn of heart, and weak of hand;  
Say the word that sets me free;  
Nought but rest seems good to me.

#### WINTER.

Ah! shall Winter mend your case?  
Set your teeth the wind to face;  
Beat the snow, tread down the frost!  
All is gained when all is lost.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

### LITERARY NOTES.

The country of the "*Manimes*," from which Dr. Livingstone had not returned at the date of Sheik Said's letter to Dr. Kirk, recently forwarded to Sir Roderick Murchison, appears to be the "*Manyema*" country round Lake Ulenge, west of Tanganyika, which Dr. Livingstone announced his intention of visiting in the latest letter received from him in Europe, dated 30th May, 1869.

Two posthumous tales by Miss Austen will shortly be published. *Lady Susan* is a short one-volume story, and is regarded by the family as one of the earliest, if not the earliest, of her works. *The Watsons*, on the other hand, which will accompany *Lady Susan*, is written in her happiest manner. It is unfortunately unfinished.

The *Athenæum* of January 21 says:—

"Mr. Swinburne's new poem is ready for the press. It is said he has written a novel also."

This is incorrect. The two poems on which Mr. Swinburne is engaged, the epic "*Tristan and Iseult*" and the "*Chastelard Trilogy*," are neither of them nearly finished. As to the novel: he wrote one about seven years ago—indeed he has from time to time written several, both in English and French, though there is no reason to suppose that he is about to publish any of them. He is also engaged upon another story at present: but it is not "written."

M. Ivan Turguenief, who is still in London, has just published a new tale in the current number of the *Vyestnik Evropeii*. It is a masterly study of a type of character not uncommon in Russia. Tyeglef is a military man, who, although possessing few or none of the qualifications for success in life, is morbidly bent upon applause, or at least notoriety. He is a fatalist, and he eventually takes refuge from the failure of his career in suicide. It has been a fashion with novelists in Russia to cast a halo over

heroes of this order, or at least over their final catastrophe. M. Turguenief, on the contrary, has exhibited Tyeglef, and his exit from the world, in the most unromantic light possible. The name of the piece, *Stuk Stuk Stuk* (Rat tat-tat), is suggested by an incident in the story. A friend of Tyeglef's happens to tap three times on a piece of wood one night, and the fatalist, who is sleeping in the same room with him, imagines that it is a case of spirit-rapping. The friend, by way of a joke, keeps the sound going from time to time, and Tyeglef looks upon himself as the recipient of a most important message from the invisible world. He becomes very grave, and his gravity is intensified by a mysterious summons he soon after receives, when he hears his name called by an unearthly voice faintly heard through a dense fog, which seems to blur all sights and sounds. This fog, by the way, the Russian *tumàn*, is most poetically described, and throughout the whole story the reader is affected by a kind of sense of uncertainty and insecurity, as if he were feeling his way about in a thick mist, through which all things seemed to be what they were not. At the end the mist lifts, and everything appears in harsh distinctness of outline. But before then Tyeglef has put an end, by his own hand, to his most unsatisfactory life—leaving behind him a name which, thanks to Mr. Turguenief, has served to point a very salutary moral, and to adorn a most artistically executed tale.

In the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* is an article on Mr. Morris's poems, the first part of which is confined to illustrations of the sad "*Carpe diem*" keynote sounding all through these beautiful stories. In the second part the reviewer, contrary to his own promise, ventures into the region of criticism. The grand passions of the old heroes and deities, for which he seems to hold the poet responsible, are inexpressibly shocking to his feelings. In the pages which treat of the "*Lovers of Gudrun*," occurs a passage which is too characteristic of Philistine review-writing not to be quoted. When Kjartan cannot forget the lost Gudrun, the Scotch reviewer breaks out:—

"This is intolerable. What we would have is the plain duty of a Christian man, which in such a case would be, either that he should remain as he was, or that, as he could not marry the woman whom he had first wooed, he should betake himself to her whom he preferred to love, with a strange love great and sore."

In continuing his review of the history of witchcraft and magic in Spain, Señor de los Rios, in the last number of the *Revista de España*, shows how much the conquests of James of Aragon and St. Ferdinand of Castile, by placing a Mohammedan population in habitual and immediate contact with the Christians of northern Spain, tended to spread the belief in fatalism and the practices which accompany it. Several enlightened churchmen seem to have striven to stem the torrent of superstition. Among them a certain Friar Pascual, Bishop of Jaen, became best known as a denouncer of fortune-telling and charm-curing, and as a firm upholder of the doctrine of free-will. But for a long time the popular beliefs were too strong even for the Church of Rome to eradicate them; and the cavallaresque literature, afterwards ridiculed by Cervantes, appears to have come into Spain with the hosts of the Black Prince and Du Guesclin, and to have given fresh vigour to the old Moorish superstitions. The enchantments of Merlin, Freston, and Bracamonte were added to the fortune-telling and charm-curing of the Spanish Jews and Moors. The laws of the *Partidas* tolerated those who practised magic arts with good intentions, and astrologers were patronised and encouraged at the courts of John II. and Henry IV. But the great Queen Isabella set her face firmly against the toleration of all forms of the black art, and the measure of success which attended her efforts to extirpate them will form the subject of the next and last of these interesting articles on witchcraft in Spain.

The writer in the *Revista de España* who zealously defends the claims of Columbus against all comers, as the first discoverer of the New World, fails to see that, even if the Zeni or the Normans did not reach some portion of the Labrador coast a century or two earlier, these facts cannot detract one jot from the glory of the great navigator. This glory consists in the originality of his ideas, and in the single-minded heroism with