

brilliant opportunities for publishing not the views which they really held but those with which it was to their advantage to be accredited. But it is hardly a paradox to say that their communications have a greater air of truth than of sincerity about them. FRANCES MARY CHARLTON.

Proverbes Chinois, recueillis et mis en ordre par Paul Perny, M.A.  
Paris: Firmin Didot Frères, Fils et C<sup>ie</sup>, 1869.

PROVERBS have ever found their most congenial home in the East. The tone of the Oriental mind is such as to cause it to delight in those dark sayings which Eastern languages by conciseness and elegance are particularly fitted to express. In the case of the Chinese this is eminently the case, and consequently proverbs abound in all their works, more especially those of a light character. The care with which native scholars aim at conciseness in the construction of their sentences, the value they attach to the use of the correct rhythm and cadence in their periods, and the constant introduction of antitheses, naturally prepare the way for the employment in their writings of proverbs for which the subtle bent of their mind has a peculiar relish, while the extreme richness of the language gives them a choice of words far beyond the range of any European tongue. So thickly studded with proverbs is Chinese both written and colloquial that the task of forming even an approximately complete collection of them would be quite impossible. All that can be done in this way by anyone is to collect such as he may meet with in daily conversation and reading, and in the few native compilations which are in print. This, M. Perny tells us, was the course he pursued in preparing the work before us, and the result is that he has succeeded in laying before his European readers upwards of six hundred specimens of Chinese proverbs. Some years since Sir John Davis published a similar work in English, and with that exception M. Perny's volume is, as far as we know, the only book of the kind existing.

Nothing, as M. Perny says, characterizes a people so truly as its popular proverbs and sayings. In them we discern the prominent traits of the national character, and in them is faithfully reflected the social condition of the people. In the volume before us we have quite enough on which to found a very accurate estimate of the present condition of China. "Les mandarins en face des sapèques sont comme les sangsues à la vue du sang" gives us an insight into the degradation to which the mandarins, after centuries of speculation, have fallen in the eyes of the people, and the proverb which follows shows how closely corruption is mingled with the administration of justice, and gives us the key to the origin of the numerous popular outbreaks against the tyranny and misrule of local mandarins which have for years distracted the unhappy country. "Si les sapèques tombent entre les mains des satellites (of the mandarins), c'est comme si l'agneau tombait dans la gueule du loup." Again, when we read such a saying as this, "Le bon feu n'est pas employé pour faire des clous; un homme de bien ne se fait pas soldat," we have explained to us the weakness of the foreign policy of the government, and the continued existence of those roving bandit armies which scour the country unchecked and hold the nation in terror. Among the proverbs of a country where the Literati, of whom we have heard so much lately, are so highly esteemed and venerated we should naturally expect to find some making mention of their excellence; M. Perny has collected several such, from which we may quote the following:—"Les sages sont la perte d'un royaume; les savants sont les délices d'un festin," or, as we should have preferred, as being more correct, "Les savants sont la perte d'un royaume; les gens de lettres sont

les délices d'un festin." And again, "Tous les arts mécaniques ont quelque chose de vil; l'étude des lettres est la seule chose noble, élevée." The degraded condition of the Chinese women and the artifices and vices to which they are driven by reason of their weakness find expression in many of the sayings in the work before us. "On cache la vérité en présence des époux; on ne dit rien de faux en présence des amis," betrays how thoroughly falsehood and deception have permeated through all the relationships of life, and on what an unsound footing domestic life in China stands. The frailty of women is neatly expressed in the words "Niu te woo ke, Foo noo woo chung," which M. Perny has translated thus—"La vertu de la femme n'est pas profonde; mais sa colère est sans fin." To some it will not be a matter of surprise to find many of the proverbs identical with those in common use amongst ourselves. For instance, "L'homme propose, Dieu dispose," "Believe nothing that you hear and only half what you see," "There is no smoke without fire," and numberless others, have their exact counterparts among the Chinese.

M. Perny's book is not without its faults. Some of the proverbs are incorrectly rendered, and others might, with a little more care, have been imbued with a larger share of the spirit of the originals; we observe also that a few appear more than once, displaying a carelessness which in a volume of this size is hardly excusable. We are disinclined however to find fault with the work of anyone who attempts to popularise Chinese among European nations, and there is, besides, much in M. Perny's book to attract the attention of those who find an interest in the study of national folklore.

ROBERT K. DOUGLAS.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

Professor R. Hagen, in his book, *Die romantische Schule* (Berlin, 1870), p. 636, professes to be in doubt whether the *Nachtwachen von Bonaventura* are a work of Schelling's or not. As he calls these *Nachtwachen* one of the most highly spirited productions of romantic poetry, Prof. Paul de Lagarde, of Göttingen, writes to us that, in December 1854, he asked the late Varnhagen von Ense what he knew about the book in question, which, from the fact of having the name Bonaventura on its title-page, seemed clearly attributable to Schelling's authorship. Varnhagen told Dr. Lagarde that Superintendent Mann, of Charlottenburg, near Berlin, was in possession of a copy of the book, given to him by Schelling himself, and bearing on the fly-leaf an autograph dedication of Schelling, and that Mr. Mann knew the book to be written by Schelling himself in a very short time to make some money, of which the philosopher was then in temporary need. Prof. Lagarde does not think the question settled by this reference, as he knows but little about the late Mr. Mann, and nothing at all about Schelling's money affairs, but thought it worth while to lay Varnhagen's statements before the public.

In reference to the article on Spiritualism in the current number of the *Quarterly Review*, Mr. Alfred R. Wallace has written to us to protest "against that assumption of complete knowledge united to nearly total ignorance of the subject" which characterizes the adverse criticisms to which Spiritualists are exposed. To this rule the *Quarterly* article, in Mr. Wallace's opinion, forms no exception. Its general plan is to "choose a number of the less important phenomena whose explanation is possible by the theories of 'expectant attention,' 'unconscious muscular action,' and 'unconscious cerebration,' and to pass over in silence a number of equally well-attested phenomena which cannot be so easily explained." The writer does not possess even "a tolerable knowledge of the literature of this puzzling subject," whilst he shows by several indications that he has never himself assisted at a dark *séance*, nor read through the reports of those which he criticizes. This last is notably the case in the evidently second-

hand account given of Professor Hare's experiments, of which the essential particulars are ignored or misstated.

Without expressing any opinion as to the nature or explanation of the alleged facts, we leave our readers to judge between one of the most eminent naturalists of the day and the anonymous writer in the *Quarterly Review*, as to the accuracy with which the phenomena have been described. But we entirely agree with Mr. Wallace in condemning the disingenuous personal depreciation of the scientific men concerned in the matter: which is a mode of attack—as we have had reason to say before on a recent occasion—as obsolete as it is unworthy of a respectable periodical.

A series of important articles by Mr. Pistorius, on the highlands of Sumatra, and the popular institutions of the country, has been republished from the *Tijdschrift voor Nederlandsche Indie*. They are said by a Dutch critic in the *Gids* to abound in picturesque descriptions of nature, and to introduce us to a knowledge of many facts of the highest value for the knowledge of the East in general. The account of the Mohammedanism of Sumatra is especially commended. Mr. Pistorius seems to have been the first to draw attention to the efforts of the Hanifitic sect to obtain the religious supremacy of Sumatra.

Professor Huxley, in the current number of the *Contemporary*, replies to the Quarterly Reviewer of the *Origin of Man*, to Mr. Wallace, and Mr. Mivart. His criticism of Mr. Mivart's appeal to Suarez as authorising evolutionism involves more than one *ignoratio elenchi*: in the first place, it does not follow that because a Roman Catholic may hold whatever Suarez held he must hold whatever Suarez held; in the second place, Mr. Mivart quotes Suarez upon a question of abstract theology, not upon one of Biblical interpretation. It is not a sufficient reply to the arguments in favour of a distinction in kind between human and animal intelligence to insist on the grotesque consequences of isolated and extreme expressions; still less is it a *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory that man's development was superintended from on High to point to other instances where the organization seems higher than is required by the conditions of existence. The interesting question, to which Mr. Mivart has contributed so much, whether natural selection is a subordinate law of evolution, or is, for us at any rate, the law, is dismissed almost without discussion.

Mr. W. H. Pater, in the *Fortnightly Review*, discusses the tenderness and the mysticism resulting from a confession of ignorance which distinguish the works of Michelangelo from the theatrical *tours de force* of his followers. He points out that birth and resurrection are his favourite subjects, and draws an interesting parallel between the passionate aspiration Beatrice roused in Dante and the soothing influence Vittoria Colonna exercised over Michelangelo.

Professor R. Ellis, in the current number of *Macmillan*, explains the origin of a curious literary mistake. Balzac in one of his *Entretiens* quotes some extracts from a poem of his own on Nero, with the remark that he had found the fragment in a worm-eaten parchment, just as Scott professed to get his mottoes from old plays. The *Entretiens* were so much better known than the poems that for more than a hundred years the "fragment" continued to figure in collections as the work of Turnus, a poet of the period, of whom we possess two genuine but unintelligible lines.

Prosper Simeon Hardy, a Paris bookseller, and joint syndic of the trade with a member of the house of Didot, left eight folio volumes of MS. *Mémoires*, now in the National Library at Paris. They apparently contain little of interest beyond the facts that the author was once a schoolfellow of Juigne, the archbishop of Paris, that he was a Jansenist and a parliamentarian, and that he expected everything from the early days of the French Revolution; also that he knew a canon who had 4000 masses ordered for Louis XV. during his illness in 1744, 600 after the attempt of Damiens, and three in his last illness.

## Art and Archæology.

A Descriptive Catalogue of the Works of George Cruikshank; Etchings, Woodcuts, &c., with a List of the Books illustrated by him, by G. W. Reid, Keeper of the Prints and Drawings in the British Museum. With an Essay on his Genius, by Ed. Bell, M.A.; and 313 Illustrations. Bell and Daldy.

THIS is a publication that takes one by surprise. That an artist in his lifetime should receive such a celebration as these three thick and splendid quarto volumes, looks not only like fame, but like a kingly superiority to all other men who have devoted their lives to popular art. Albrecht Dürer or Marc' Antonio, a century and a half after their deaths, receive a feeble commemoration of the kind, and yet we are not sure we have a full list of their works. Stothard, the most lovely draughtsman we in England have had as an illustrator, and nearly as productive as Cruikshank during his shorter but still long period of work from 1780 to 1820 or so, has not yet received any attention of the kind, although engravings from his inventions are even more enthusiastically collected than those of the living veteran, nor has Chodowieki, the prototype of Stothard, been so diligently treated of in his own country, where elaborate bookmaking of this kind is a national characteristic. If we enquire into the reason for this superior attention paid to George Cruikshank, we are at some loss to satisfy ourselves, but we must come to the conclusion that the comic element, an element which generally militates against the permanent success of works of art, and which painters are generally careful to exclude—applied, as in the case of an artist to things of the day, showing the passing incidents, manners, and appearance of the times—gives his works their interest to us, the sons of the men to whom the Prince Regent and Pierce Egan's *Life in London* were contemporary interests.

In the year 1803, no less than sixty-eight years ago, the boy Cruikshank, whose father had let him "play at etching" with his own copperplates, began to execute works for publishers; and there actually exists a sheet of sixteen small subjects, one of which represents "himself taking his plate to the bookseller W. Belch, whose name appears on the façade of the shop;" so early did the propensity to introduce himself in his designs begin, a habit afterwards encouraged, Mr. Cruikshank himself says, by his publishers. Perhaps the earliest artistic remembrance of the present writer, dating from the time he walked under the charge of an elder brother to his first school, is the delight he had in the headings to Lottery advertisements issued by Mr. Bish, the National Lottery agent. These used to be distributed to the public by a man touting at the door of the office, and consisted of a couple of verses telling how a milkmaid, a poor dandy or other notability, had drawn a prize of 20,000*l.* at that office, above the verses the veritable milkmaid being represented in ecstasies by Cruikshank. Of these a fresh example appeared every month, all of them possibly irrecoverable now, and not even mentioned in this Catalogue. The name of Cruikshank, however, was borne by other members of the family, and I think we may venture to say that it is impossible to distinguish the works of one from another at the earlier time of George's career by internal evidence. In a letter to Mr. Reid given in the preface, the artist says himself, "It will not excite much surprise when I tell you that I have myself, in some cases, had a difficulty in deciding in respect to early hand-work done some sixty odd years back, particularly when my drawings, made on wood-blocks for common purposes, were hastily executed (according to price) by the engravers." This reference to the prices then given for this kind of work reminds us of what might with great advantage have been