

ing would be tortured out of them. Perhaps the latest English predictor of any note was the foolish Lady Eleanor Davies, of the time of Charles the First, and she was probably more of a mad woman than an impostor.

The only other national prophecies which Dr. Dollinger has given us are those of Ireland, Scotland, Portugal, and of the Eastern Empire, and the account is rather slight. We should like to have heard something of that prophecy which is said still to haunt the Turks, of a time when the Christians shall march victoriously through a certain gate of Constantinople, and the dominion of Mahomet shall pass from Europe for ever.

Of what Dr. Dollinger calls "Cosmopolitan Prophecies," quite the most memorable are those of S. Hildegard, of Bingen, on the Rhine. He says of her—"This German prophetess certainly stands quite alone, in the whole of Christian history, a phenomenon without a parallel. No prophet has ever acquired so high a reputation; no saint has ever won such general acknowledgment, such unbounded reverence." Still her prophecies are more the foretelling of calamity to the Church from the vices of the clergy, than any real forecasting of the future.

Michael Scott is barely touched upon, and the account of Roger Bacon is not very satisfactory. On the other hand, we have a very full and remarkable account of Joachim and his followers, among whom both Dante and Rienzi may be in some sense numbered. Joachim's system, however, is rather based on the interpretation of the Scriptural prophecies than in the assumption of special gifts of his own. He is indirectly, and not directly, a prophet; but his influence was wide and his disciples numerous.

Of other predictions we can only add that that of Herman (as well shown by Mr. Plummer in one of his appendices) is a forgery; while those of S. Bernard, S. Catherine of Sienna, and S. Brigitta, were almost always unfortunate failures.

A complete history of modern prophecies has still to be written. The materials are widely scattered, and often not easily accessible. The pretenders to prophecy are numerous and their claims excessive. At present, all we can do is to give an open verdict of "not proven" to the assertion that a supernatural gift of prophecy has ever existed in the Christian era. Meanwhile, perhaps, there is no other book which throws more light on a difficult subject than this of Dr. Dollinger's.

#### A PRIMEVAL RACE.

*A Phrenologist amongst the Todas; or, the Story of a Primitive Tribe in South India: History, Character, Customs, Religion, Infanticide, Polyandry, Language.* By William E. Marshall. (Longmans & Co.)

WHEN the Nilgiri hills, in the south of India, were first explored, about sixty years ago, a very remarkable hill tribe was found to inhabit them, whose members did not till the ground, and were wholly engaged as herdsmen. At first sight they appeared to be entirely distinct from all the other races of India, and numerous theories were suggested as to their origin. The Todas are tall, well-formed men, with handsome Jewish features, and masses of hair forming a sort of dense crown, for they wear

no other head-dress. An aged Tuda, with snow white beard, loose mantle over one shoulder, and long staff, irresistibly reminded the first visitors to the Nilgiris of the pictures of Jewish patriarchs. There are other tribes on these hills, especially the Badagas, who are agriculturalists; but the Todas claim to be lords of the soil, and must, therefore, have been the first occupiers. Living in small settlements called *mands*, consisting of a few huts shaped like the tilt of a waggon and a dairy, they are occupied exclusively in the care of their splendid buffaloes, and exact a tribute of grain from the Badagas for the use of their land.

The Todas must have been completely isolated on these hills for centuries; but long as they have been lords of the Nilgiris, there was an older and a more civilized race there before them, from which they are certainly not descended. Numerous cromlechs and cairns, containing relics of a departed people, are scattered over the hills, which, from time to time, have been more or less carefully examined. Capt. Congreve wrote a detailed account of them in 1847, and we understand that the results of the still more thorough examination undertaken by the late Mr. Brecks, the Commissioner of the Nilgiris, under the auspices of the Madras Government, are about to be published by his widow. These ancient remains belong to a people of whom we know nothing, and who are conjectured to have been the first stratum of Indian population, before the Dravidian races occupied the peninsula. But with the Todas these more ancient occupiers of the hills had nothing to do.

There are numerous published accounts of the Todas, a people whose peculiarly isolated condition renders every detail of their habits and customs most interesting; but Col. Marshall's book is certainly the best and most exhaustive monograph that has appeared upon the subject. He has collected his materials with care and discrimination, and evidently conducted his personal investigations with tact and industry. His association with Mr. Metz, a German missionary, who has worked for many years on the Nilgiris, and with Mr. Pope, the well-known Dravidian scholar, has enabled him to supply his one defect, a want of knowledge of the barbarous Tuda dialect. An outline of the grammar of the Tuda language by Mr. Pope and the vocabulary collected by Mr. Metz render Col. Marshall's monograph as complete as can be desired.

Language is the best test, except under rare circumstances, of the origin of a race; and that of the Todas proves that these interesting people are of the Dravidian race, brethren of the inhabitants of the Indian peninsula, but isolated on their hills long ages ago; for no trace remains of the employment of any written character by the Todas, so that they probably separated from the other Dravidians before writing was introduced. These Nilgiri herdsmen speak a dialect of old Kanarese; but, as Mr. Pope tells us, "they chiefly converse in the open air, calling to each other from one breezy hill-top to another. Their speech sounds like old Kanarese spoken in the teeth of a gale of wind."

The Nilgiris form a great knot in the mountain range of the Western Ghats,

averaging a height of 7,000 feet above the sea; and, until last year, Dodabetta, the highest peak, was believed to be the loftiest land in India south of the Himalayas. In such a climate, probably the most delightful in the world, the Todas have developed into a magnificent race, totally unlike their brethren in the plains. Indeed, they form a most striking example of the effect of climate on a race of men. They practise polyandry, and have intermarried most intimately for many generations, a circumstance which enables the inquirer to investigate the effects of such intercourse on their physical and intellectual development. The result is very interesting. While there is remarkable uniformity in the shape of the skull, the individual faculties frequently assume abnormal proportions, considerably at variance with the common average. This would seem to indicate the constant presence of what Mr. Galton would call the individual equation, apart from qualities inherited from parents. The average height of the Todas is 5 ft. 8 in., while some individuals reach to 6 ft. 1 in., and there are no short people. Col. Marshall describes their features, hair, and limbs in detail, and illustrates his tabular statements with some excellent photographs, which convey an accurate idea of their appearance; and in his fifth chapter he gives a picturesque description of the land they inhabit, the Nilgiri plateau.

"Picture an abrupt-edged table-land, on the apex of a solitary mountain—a very Laputa in its complete isolation—whose evergreen surface is one continued intermixture of rounded hills, with tracts of rolling prairie. The hills as accessible as those of Malvern; the prairie land as ceaseless, in its long undulations, as the billows of the ocean. Short coarse grass clothes the whole, save where the deep forest holds possession of the damp secluded valleys, or the cool little woods moss the banks of the prolonged gulleys, through which the trickling streams or dashing bourns course down the hill sides; then collect, and through successive vigorous rapids and tumultuous cataracts—where, from behind the clouds of spray and mist, noise roars its prolonged approval—precipitate themselves into the plains below. Wherever, in fact, rich soil and a perennial supply of moisture may be found, there are the ever silent woods; for the periods of annual drought are long; the monsoon rain flows quickly off the hard surface of the exposed hills, and the scorched grass containing the young saplings is yearly fired. These woods and forests, and lovely glades, whose perfect quiet is broken only by the calls of wild animals and birds, or by the rustic sounds of Tuda cattle—almost equally wild—herding in the open, form pre-eminently the characteristic features of the scenery."

Col. Marshall has collected all the facts connected with the domestic economy of the Todas with extreme care; describing the situations of their *mands* or villages, the method of building their houses, and all the interior furniture and utensils. He also describes the customs connected with the birth and naming of children, marriage rites, funerals, and gives a long list of relationships. Then follows an interesting chapter on the curious isolation of the Tuda people, and their strange persistency in idleness, though in contact with the agricultural Badagas and other busy trade-loving tribes. The Todas have perfected a dairy system which enables them to live entirely at ease and without labour, and indeed they pass their lives in a considerable degree of homely comfort.

But they have no implements for the chase, although their woods are full of game; they raise no grain, and have no desire for wealth, no lust of power. Col. Marshall looks upon these as the attributes of a primeval race which has remained almost unchanged, through avoiding conflict with nature and man. The Tuda is a simple idle man, but without taint of the ferocity of savagery.

Great pains have been taken to obtain trustworthy statistics, the results of which are of considerable value in the study of the social economy of an isolated race. It appears that the Tudas number about 713 souls, of whom 465 are males, and 248 females. The proportion of men to women is 100 to 75; and of actually married men to married women it is as 100 to 77, which represents the existing state of polyandry in the tribe. It seems certain that the Tuda population is now increasing; and, if they persist in adhering to their present habits and customs, a time must inevitably come when the tribe will drift into a condition of great distress. As soon as the cattle have reached the largest number that the available pasturage, which is strictly limited, can sustain, some additional means of subsistence must be found, if the population continues to increase. Thrift will then be forced upon these simple people, who have enjoyed a pastoral existence for centuries, with scarcely a thought for the morrow. They must then sell their horns and hides, which are now heedlessly thrown away, to be turned into money by the low caste Kotas, and they must both work and learn some of the ordinary laws of trade.

There is scarcely another example of a race so completely isolated as the Tudas, and the careful collection of all accessible materials for a study of their condition is certainly an important service to anthropology. Col. Marshall has not only done this conscientiously and well, he has also produced an agreeable and entertaining book, admirably illustrated, which we can recommend to the general reader as one from which he will derive interesting information in a pleasant form.

THREE VOLUMES OF VERSE.

*Vignettes in Rhyme and Vers de Société.* By Austin Dobson. (H. S. King & Co.)

*Narcissus, and other Poems.* By E. Carpenter. (Same publishers.)

*A Tale of the Sea, Sonnets, and other Poems.* By James Howell. (Same publishers.)

The writing of verse, like the practice of virtue, is, or should be, its own reward. At any rate, except in quite exceptional cases, no other reward is probable. The poet who is swayed by a genius which he cannot control, is one thing; the verse-maker who writes because he chooses to write, is quite another. There may be careful execution, there may be graceful fancy, there may be good taste and cultured intellect, but, unless all be melted and fused together by the true poetic fire, it is rarely, indeed, that anything is produced which possesses permanent and intrinsic value.

Of the books before us, that by Mr. Dobson takes quite the highest place. His *Vignettes* are really clever, clear-cut, and careful. Here and there, as in the 'Virtuoso,' there is a touch of Mr. Browning; but, on the whole, there is but little imitation, and a good deal

of painstaking work. The tone, however, is cynical rather than humorous, and there is no imaginative power of any real distinction. The best poem in the book—and some three or four lines of it are strikingly fine and original—is 'The Dying of Tanneguy du Bois.' Apart from the refrain, which becomes monotonous, the conception and the execution are undeniably good, and there is a warmth of feeling quite unusual in Mr. Dobson's verse.

The knight is dying, and he knows that herb nor leechcraft can bring any help, and he shall never see again the show of shield and crest on any battle-field. He then goes on:—

Yes, with me now all dreams are done, I ween,  
Grown faint and unremembered;—voices call  
High up, like misty warders dimly seen  
Moving at morn on some Euryundian wall;  
And all things swim—as when the charger stands  
Quivering between the knees, and East and West  
Are filled with flash of scarves and waving hands;—  
"There is no bird in any last year's nest."

—Any man who could write the lines we have italicised may do still better things.

Mr. Carpenter's 'Narcissus' gives token of culture and of Keats' but it is Keats "writ," indeed, "in water." The contrast between the happy love of Endymion and the sad passion of Narcissus is not so great as the contrast between the poems; and Mr. Carpenter's other classical poem of 'Persephone' is not happier. One of his characteristic faults is the way he overcharges his lines with compound epithets. Here is the opening of 'Narcissus':—

Once when the golden day had dawned and died,  
Narcissus, lily-cradled by the side  
Of silver-waved Cephissus, whose soft sheen  
Day-long divides his meadow-margins green,  
Was found by woodland nymphs.

Here, too, is a verse of the song Persephone sings on Enna:—

Children of the shining meadow,  
Thousand-coloured like the sun,  
Sun-compact of light and shadow,  
Beauty-shapen every one.

Different, indeed, from that song of Proserpine which she once sang to a poet of the name of Shelley!

In the other pieces in this volume there is the same want—they abound in words and call up no clear pictures. A love of nature, indeed, is apparent, and a knowledge of botany, which is only too minute. The elaborate description of the white dots and dark rim in a maiden-pink, which a fairy called Candy is pleased to give, shows observation, and, probably, some slight remembrance of a certain not unknown passage, beginning "The cowslips tall her pensioners be." We cannot, however, congratulate Mr. Carpenter on making a daisy "shake her tresses" and "clasp each lily finger," for the simile in either case is about as bad as possible.

In the sonnets there is carelessness of versification, which we can hardly account for, as this is not one of the usual faults of the volume. How are we to read

Where Genoa spreads white arms crescent-wise;  
or,

Companionless, deaf, in dread solitude,  
which appear in the first two sonnets.

Let us now give a few lines from Mr. Carpenter's best—though rather wordy—poem, 'On a Crucifix in the Church of St. John Lateran, Rome':—

Still, still they crucify thee, O great Christ.

They took thee from thy cross on Calvary,  
And nailed thee in a splendid place unpriced  
Of malachite and gold and porphyry.  
They counted all the wounds thy body bore,  
They measured all the hours of misery,  
On spear and reed and sponge they set great store:  
Still, still they crucify thee, gentle Christ.

From Mr. Howell's poems we fear it would be impossible to find a single quotation which would not be either trifling or grotesque. One of this gentleman's peculiarities is the number of verses addressed to young ladies of his admiration. Cowley's list of loves is insignificant by the side of Mr. Howell's. He makes, indeed, one rather left-handed compliment, which we trust "Rosa" and another nameless fascinator will overlook, but which, on the whole, he had better not repeat. He has heard of the Peers of England, and he seems to have seen the word "peerless" as used in a complimentary sense,—so, with some natural confusion, he writes of "Rosa"—

The peer of girls  
With waving curls  
And two black eyes outsparkling all!

And in 'The Poet's Love-Song'—

Like a golden morning  
Gemmed with silver pearls,  
Beauty's self adorning  
Art thou Peer of Girls.

We are afraid that Mr. Howell has given us to understand that these two ladies are as good, as other girls, and no better.

We gather that Mr. Howell's season for love-making must be passing. However, he seems to have other resources, and with the last four lines of the following extract we are in full agreement:—

Yet God, in compensations ever kind,  
To my weak body's given a strong mind;  
Active in age as in the days of youth,  
In study, observation, seeking truth.  
Great Nature's book near fifty years I've studied,  
Yet is my reason blown!—nay, scarcely budded!  
Little I know of Nature's vast expanse,  
Although I've learned to know my ignorance;  
The more I learn, yet still the more I see,  
I've got no farther than my A B C.

Leaving Mr. Howell in this teachable frame of mind, we would commend to him these words of Selden:—"Tis a fine thing for children to learn to make verse, but when they come to be men they must speak like other men, or else they will be laughed at."

AFRICAN ROMANCE.

*Great African Travellers, from Mungo Park to Livingstone and Stanley.* By William H. G. Kingston. (Routledge & Sons.)

MR. KINGSTON would do better to eschew facts, with which he does not seem to be qualified to deal, and to confine himself to fiction. He professes to give the history of travellers in Africa, based, doubtless, on their published narratives, but he does not bear in mind that the duty of the historian is far from being limited to the repetition of the erroneous or unfounded opinions and statements of the travellers themselves, who are quite as liable to error as those who may never have travelled. Take, for instance, Mr. Kingston's unqualified assertion (p. 4) that "the late discoveries of Livingstone prove that Herodotus had obtained a more correct account of the sources of the Nile than has hitherto been supposed,"—than which nothing could be more untrue. Every geographer knows that the veteran traveller's