# CARL PETERS IN AFRICA.

## THE GERMAN EMIN PACHA EXPEDITION.

NEW LIGHT ON DARK AFRICA; Being the Narrative of the German Emin Pacha Expedition, Its Journeyings and Adventures Among the Native Tribes of Eastern Equatorial Africa, the Gallas, Massais, Wasukuma, etc., on the Lake Baringo and the Victoria Nyanza. Related by Dr. Carl Peters, the Commander of the Expedition. Translated from the German by H. W. Dulcken, Ph. D. With thirty-two page engravings and sixty-five other illustrations from designs by Rudolf Hellgrewe, and a large colored map representing the progress of the expedition from day to day. Imperial 8vo, pp. 597. Ward, Lock & Co.

The narrative of the German Emin Pacha Expedition by Dr. Carl Peters, the commander of the expedition, is not only deeply interesting by reason of the adventures and perils it describes, but it is so controversial in tone, and contradicts so many hitherto accepted accounts of other African expeditions, that it must lead to serious disputes and to the reopening of many questions connected with the relief of Emin Pacha and the action of both English and German explorers and traders in East Africa. Dr. Peters is evidently a man of combative disposition, a German intensely proud of his nationality, a leader of rare energy and resourcefulness, and very plainly especially fitted in many ways for the work he undertook upon the dark continent. But the very masterful temperament which carried him so successfully through great dangers tends to infuse into his narrative an element which those who are not heartily in sympathy with his methods may stigmatize as truculent, while the radical difference of his methods from those of previous African explorers must lay him open to even more serious charges from humanitarians. Against these risks he can set the success of his ideas, which is no doubt much. He can say that he has shown how wild Africa can be traversed without submitting to humiliations or delays and without sustaining serious losses. He can maintain that he has solved the problem which has perplexed all his predecessors: that he has demonstrated the possibility of establishing a prestige more valuable than an army, and much more economical. On all these questions there is manifestly room for almost limitless discussion, however, and at present the main thing is to tell what he did and how he did it.

In order to understand his narrative clearly it is necessary to premise that Dr. Carl Peters, before starting on this expedition, had made a reputation in East Africa which put him out of favor with England. He had travelled there as a German distinctively, carrying the German flag with him, offering German protection and alliance to many native tribes, and even going so far as to claim territory which was subsequently declared to lie within the British sphere of influence. Wherever he went his first steps had been to exalt German commerce and influence at the expense of those of all other nationalities. Perhaps he had been more aggressive and pushing than the circumstances warranted. At all events, he was marked out for suspicion by the British East African Company, and, as a necessary sequence, by the Government which supported that corporation. As a matter of fact, the German Emin Pacha Expedition set out too late. It was forestalled by Stanley, though this could not be known at the time. And it may perhaps be suspected by some that the almost constant bitterness and depreciation with which Dr. Peters speaks of Stanley in this volume derive, to some extent from the mortification with which the German leader discovered that the main purpose of his expedition could not be carried out. On reaching the East African coast, Dr. Peters soon perceived that the English authorities were resolved to put every obstacle in his way, and that if possible they would wreck his expedition at the outset. The blockade of the coast was at the time in operation, and he was warned not to attempt to land within its limits.

The English Admiral Fremantle frankly told him that he was considered a mischievous person to have in East Africa, and it may be read between the lines that the expedition was really regarded as a colonizing and trading enterprise, and as having employed the name of Emin Pacha chiefly as a convenient cloak. Dr. Peters's way was blocked. His arms and ammunition were seized and confiscated. Efforts were made to prevent him from collecting porters. His barter goods were seized, almost without pretext, and a small steamer he had chartered was forbidden to unload on the coast. At the very beginning, however, the energy and determination of the German leader rose to the occasion. He takes a pardonable pride in relating how he hoodwinked and evaded the blockading squadron, how he landed his material in spite of them, and how, in defiance of all obstacles, he organized the expedition and finally got away from the coast and pushed into the interior. The personnel of the expedition was not such as to encourage hope of much success. It had at no time more than one hundred members, including porters and Somali soldiers. A second column which was intended to follow the first met with so many disasters and hindrances that it effected nothing and may be left entirely out of the account. But two Europeans, namely, Dr. Peters himself and Herr von Tiedemann, were in the first and the active column. It is with this small body alone that we have to do. If the expedition was apparently feeble in numbers, it was further handicapped by the route that had been chosen, that of the river Tana, which was practically unexplored, and which many native authorities declared to be impracticable. Dr. Peters, however, refused to be discouraged, and pressed on.

As usual, after the first day or two of travel desertion began among the porters. Thereupon the leader adopted a severe discipline, flogging all captured runaways, establishing a military system of guards about the camp, repressing all insubordination sternly. His Somalis were armed with repeating rifles, and he had with him a rapid-firing gun, which, however, does not seem to have been of much use, unless to overawe the natives by the mere look of it. He left it with the Gallas, in fact, on his upward journey, and it cut no figure in his serious fighting. Now Dr. Peters had made up his mind that he would not be bullied by the natives, and that he would pay no tribute. This at once differentiates him from all his predecessors in Africa. There was to be no submission or humiliation on his part. He would refuse to pay tribute, and would give every tribe its choice between peace and war, always professing to be as ready for one as for the other. And on these principles he journeyed along the Tana, facing topographical difficulties bravely, holding his own with the warrior Gallas and other tribes, employing boats to carry provisions as long as the river was navigable, and then striking off on a toilsome march across the steppes. Fair progress was made until the country of the Masai was reached, and then came the crucial test of the Doctor's principles. These fierce and powerful people had for ages been the terror of East Africa. They plundered and slaughtered all their weaker neighbors. They were the Iroquois of Africa, and, curiously enough, many of their social customs and ways of life strongly resemble those of the great North American men of the Long House. No foreigner had ever passed through their territory without paying tribute. Many expeditions had gone to pieces under their attacks. They had not long before exterminated an Arab expedition mustering two thousand guns. How then could it be hoped that a band of sixty or seventy men could traverse the land in defiance of the Masai?

Dr. Peters admits that he entertained grave doubts as to the practicability of the plan, but his objective was the Equatorial Province, and he was resolved to get there if it was humanly possible. The Masai did not give him much time for deliberation. The moment he refused to pay tribute they declared war upon him, and declaration was quickly followed by attack. But Dr. Peters had a surprise in store for them. It was another of his theories that in dealing with natives a prime necessity was to take the initiative. He perceived that if he shut himself in his camp and awaited the assaults of the Masai he was lost, for on a mere question of numbers they must sooner or later overwhelm him. Death had no terrors for these savages any more than for those Soudanese who hurled themselves upon British squares, and more than once broke them—a feat which Napoleon's veterans failed to accomplish at Waterloo. Then, too, the ammunition of the expedition would certainly give out long before the thousands and tens of thousands of the Masai were exhausted. In the circumstances, Dr. Peters believed that there was but one feasible plan, and that was very literally to carry the war into Africa. With him to conceive was to execute, and when the Masai attacked, after driving them back with a few volleys, he left Tiedemann in charge of the camp with a part of the men, and himself led the rest into the open, and in turn attacked the savages. Not only that, but he charged upon and took Eljebet, their capital, plundered and then burned it, and drove off their herds.

Evidently the Masai had no efficient leaders, and this was the main cause of their weakness. The deadly fire of the repeating rifles, moreover, demoralized them, and though the destruction of their kraals and the loss of their cattle infuriated them greatly, and though they followed and hung about the line of march in clouds, after the first severe combat they were unable to oppose further effective resistance. The passage through Masai-land was nevertheless a most harassing and fatiguing labor. Perpetual vigilance by night and day was necessary, and Dr. Peters neglected no precaution. His camp could not be surprised, for he had a regular sentinel system, and he visited the sentries himself at short intervals. The battles with the Masai proved his salvation, moreover, for thenceforth his commissariat was assured, and the prestige of his column became such that wherever he went the natives bowed down before him. The man who had defeated the most formidable fighters in East Africa could have whatever he wanted from inferior tribes. But Dr. Peters owed something also to his inflexible rule that no native insolence should be put up with. Whenever he was treated insolently he punished his insulter, and as a rule this method worked successfully, the mere show of resolution being enough for the natives, who construe all submission as proof of fear and weakness, and shrink before a determined front. After the Masai had been beaten, Dr. Peters had skirmishes with several tribes, but for the most part a few shots were sufficient to scatter the assailants and make them sue for peace. The Leikipia plateau proved to be the conclusive battle-ground of the expedition, and thence to the Baringo Lake and on to the Victoria Nyanza territory was comparatively easy travelling.

As he advanced toward Nyanza strange rumors began to be encountered. It was asserted by the natives that Emin Pacha had left the Equatorial Province and gone to the coast. Dr. Peters refused to believe this, and went on to the English station of Kwa Sunder. Here he was hospitably received by Ali Somal, in charge of the station, and here, too, according to his own showing, he did an inexcusable thing in reading certain dispatches written to members of their own company by officers of the British East African Company, these dispatches having been sent to the station to be transmitted further. The fact that Mr. Mackay's and other letters were laid before him by "the acting official chief of the English station" is a mère subterfuge, since it is clear that he took an unfair advantage of the ignorance of that official, who evidently had no idea of the nature of the relations between Dr. Peters and the English company. It is plain enough that he himself does not feel altogether easy over this transaction, though he tries to brazen it out weakly enough. The information thus received, however, was of value, for it put him in possession of the existing state of affairs in Uganda, where M'wanga, son of M'Tesa, had been driven from the throne by Karema. Now M'wanga, though he had formerly persecuted the Christians, had come to be their sole dependence, for Karema was allied with the Mahometan element, and his success meant the prompt extinction of Christianity. It was manifestly the policy of Germany to help the Christians, and Dr. Peters resolved that if the reports of Emin Pacha's departure were confirmed he would respond to M'wanga's requests for aid to recover his throne.

At last he received Stanley's letter which announced the abandonment of the Equatorial Province and the withdrawal of Emin Pacha to the coast. At first this news fairly stunned him. The main object of the expedition was thus a failure. He soon rallied, however, and resolved to go at once to Uganda and assist M'wanga. He was the more easily persuaded to this course because he had learned that Jackson, the leader of an English expedition, had been repeatedly solicited to help Muanga, and had declined to do so, alleging an insufficient force, though he had a thousand muskets in his column. According to Dr. Peters, who is, of course, by no means an unprejudiced witness, the English prestige in Uganda perished, and German influence came to prevail at the court of M'wanga. As the final arrangement between England and Germany placed Uganda in the sphere of the former, the labor of Dr. Peters seems to have been thrown away, and his treaties with M'wanga to have lost their validity. He cannot, therefore, be blamed for taking a somewhat acrid view of things, or for speaking with sharpness about the people who superseded him and nullified all his diplomacy. At the court of M'wanga, indeed, he encountered opposition from what he calls "the English party," represented by the Prime Minister, who, if, as here alleged, he treated Dr. Peters insolently, most unquestionably received back as good as he gave. The Doctor, with all his good qualities, does appear to have had an itching for a degree of severity, both in speech and correspondence, which in what are commonly called civilized communities is apt to appear brutal. Perhaps circumstances alter cases so far that on the dark continent language is admissible which would not be tolerated elsewhere; but the point is a nice one, and not to be determined with undue haste.

Dr. Peters made a stay of some weeks with M'wanga, and when not engaged in diplomacy studied the people (the Amasuga) and the country. He sees ground for suspecting that Egypt, at a very early period had communication with Uganda, and his arguments on this head will be found suggestive and interesting, though, of course, merely tentative. Eventually he agreed to assist M'wanga by putting down and forcing tribute from certain rebellious tribes on the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, and this mission he was enabled to carry out without any bloodshed and with little difficulty of any kind. On the great lake he became acquainted with many of the members of the Catholic missions (mostly French and German). When, however, he declares that the Catholic missions throughout Africa are much more useful than those of the Protestants, it may be advisable to take the statement with a grain of salt, and to bear in mind the fact that at Uganda the Protestant missionaries were in opposition to him in politics. The Doctor having fulfilled his engagements with M'wanga, set out on his return to the coast. He had but one fight on this journey, and that was in Ugogo, and had the usual result. Though he skirted the Masai land for hundreds of miles, he was never molested by its people. He traversed some difficult swamp country, and suffered more or less from fever, but on the whole his health was good. At Mpuapua, the German station and fortress, he met Emin Pacha on his way up the country, and had many and interesting interviews with him. As the result of these interviews he charges that Stanley literally abducted Emin: that the latter did not wish to leave the Equatorial Province, and was under no necessity of doing so: that Stanley first deceived and then kidnapped him.

Dr. Peters says that this is why Emin entered the German service, and he thinks that Stanley did more harm than good in East Africa; in fact, he holds that Stanley did as much mischief as the Mahdi, and especially injured the interests of England. Moreover, the Doctor severely criticises Stanley's conduct of his last expedition, especially his return on a four months' journey for a boat, when he was already near the Victoria Nyanza. He will not allow that Stanley is a good leader, pointing to his frequent want of food, his "starvation camps" on the Aruwimi and elsewhere, and maintaining that the feeding of an African expedition is the first and most vital test of capacity for organization. Here Stanley broke down, as he also broke down in his policy of native treatment. The Doctor holds that he showed weakness by paying tribute, and that he often fought in the wrong places. He reports, as Emin's observation, that Stanley cared for nobody but himself; that if he had a mere cold he would keep the expedition halted for days or weeks; while if any one else was seriously ill no stoppage was made for them. Dr. Peters does not agree with Emin that Stanley was great in emergencies. On the contrary, he is of opinion that he often lost his head. These amenities are continued at much length, and evidently much to the relief and satisfaction of the author, who liberates his mind with a freedom and energy quite stimulating in these piping times.

No doubt Stanley will in due course have something to say in reply to the free and sweeping criticisms of Dr. Carl Peters. In the meantime all the world will read the latter's vigorous and picturesque narrative, his spirited battle-sketches, and the story of his adventures, escapes, shifts and difficulties. Nor can it be overlooked that he really succeeded in doing what never had been done before him; that he fought his way, with very little loss to himself, through a traditionally bad and dangerous region; that he brought back nearly all his men safe and sound; and that it was through no fault of his that Emin Pacha was gone before he could reach the Equatorial Province.

It remains to be said that the book is made very handsomely indeed, with heavy white paper, admirably clear type, and illustrations no less profuse than artistic. It is accompanied by an excellent route map, in a pocket, which shows the progress of the expedition from day to day.

# *SOME PLEASANT READING*

## NOVELS AND SHORT STORIES.

DALLY. By Maria Louise Pool. 12mo, pp. 280. Harper & Brothers.
THE STORY OF REINE. By Jean de la Brete. Translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis. 16mo, pp. 299. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
A MAN'S CONSCIENCE. By Avery Macalpine. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 308. Harper & Brothers.
JUSTIFIED. By Ensign John M. Ellicott, U. S. N. 12mo, pp. 310. The Minerva Publishing Company.
THE UNCLE OF AN ANGEL, AND OTHER STORIES. By Thomas A. Janvier. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 287. Harper & Brothers.
MAID MARIAN, and Other Stories. By Molly Elliot Seawell. 12mo, pp. 237. D. Appleton & Co.
TALES OF TWO COUNTRIES. By Alexander Kielland. Translated from the Norwegian by William Archer. With an introduction by H. H. Boyesen. 16mo, pp. 204. Harper & Brothers.

Among their summer books, the Harpers have issued a new edition of Miss Pool's quaint and highly interesting story "Dally," already familiar to the readers of The Tribune, in whose columns it first appeared. "Dally" should perhaps be styled a study rather than a story, and a clever study it is. The intimate acquaintance with New-England village life exhibited throughout it is one of its distinguishing characteristics, and the development of "that Car'liny gal" under the fostering but not always judicious care of Mrs. Jacobs indicates a psychological insight in the author by no means common. Simple and uncomplicated as is the plot, it yet enfolds real tragedy and affords opportunity for the play of those passions which, because they are universal human attributes, pervade and permeate all social existence, and produce in the most humdrum and outwardly monotonous conditions catastrophes which are no less moving and no less heart-breaking than those which owe their origin to the freest exercise of the romantic imagination. On Miss Pool's canvas the figures are few and homely, and for the most part coarse and common. But love elevates and purifies and invests them with unfailing interest. Probably many readers of "Dally" will be disappointed because of its sad ending; but this ending is thoroughly good art, and it is, moreover, in keeping with the general tendencies of the story. A happy future for poor "Dally" would be scarcely conceivable. Full of high possibilities, she had yet been too strongly affected by the surroundings of her early life (perhaps also by heredity) ever to settle down into civilized decorum and sobriety. There was a nomadic strain in her blood which must have dominated her, and it was better to give her one full taste of happiness and then let her pass. Miss Pool has done very well indeed in this book.

"The Story of Reine" is a supposititious autobiography of a French girl brought up by a dragoness of an aunt in a remote country house, where the only man she ever meets is the village priest, who is also her tutor. In her solitude she develops a frankness of expression which, but for the depth of her ignorance of the world and life, might have produced awkward consequences. In effect she does startle people when at last she has the opportunity of going a little into society, but as she is known to be rich her eccentricities are overlooked. The love story which is the pith of the book is at first quite one-sided and threatens to develop, not exactly into tragedy, but into dreary disillusionment. The author, however, does not harrow the feelings of his public, and everything concludes happily in the orthodox fashion. It is a slight story, but prettily told.

The scene of "A Man's Conscience" is laid principally in Minnesota, where a young Englishman who has left his native land half engaged commits the high crime and misdemeanor of falling in love with pretty Milly, the accomplished and charming daughter of a rough and illiterate old ranchman. A very dreadful prospective mother-in-law, Lady Galbraith, comes over to lead the young man back into the right path, and after the usual interview with the percent damsel, she seems to succeed in accomplishing her object. The story is long, diffuse, unnatural, and in no particular way interesting, until the end is approached, but at this point the author has introduced a variant of the regular "loves and rides away" motive, and when the young Englishman, spurred by his uneasy conscience, returns to Minnesota to make amends for his apparent desertion of Milly, he does not come upon her grave in some lonely burial-ground, nor does he find her in the last stages of a decline. What he really does encounter is, however, so original that we shall refrain from disclosing it, contenting ourselves with the remark that it will repay the reader for the faults of the early chapters.

The novel "Justified" is the work of a young naval officer, and it is founded upon the trouble at Aspinwall of a few years ago. It is frankly sensational, not seldom crude and juvenile, but nevertheless written with so much dash and vim as to be interesting. The author has no literary theories or prepossessions, but simply sets out to tell a story, and tries to keep up the interest by making the action as lively and varied as possible. Hundreds of much worse novels are published every year, and for a first attempt "Justified" really deserves some praise.

Mr. Janvier shows his versatility no less than his literary capacity in this volume of short stories, all of which are as different as possible from those he published last. Here the vein is light, almost jocular, bright, and essentially "magazinish," and the writer's hand is firm and his strokes even. "The Uncle of an Angel" is one of the most delicately artistic of the sketches, and it is very good of its kind. The "Romance of Tompkins Square" and "An Idyl of the East Side" are almost equally well done, though they are in quite a different line, being studies of the foreign colonies in New-York City. Mr. Janvier has a rare faculty of adapting his style to his motive, and especially happy is he in catching the tones of alien nationalities. It is, moreover, always the attractive foreign qualities which appeal to him, so that his studies of these outsiders are almost invariably genial and sympathetic. There is much careful and excellent work in this collection of short stories.

Molly Elliott Seawell has a brisk and prolific fancy, and a turn for the odd and fantastic, while she is past master in the use of negro dialect and the production of tales of plantation life and manners. It is true that she follows closely in the rut which has been worn by the writers of Southern stories since the war. Of the seamy side of life at the South, neither she nor they appear to know anything. The glamor which so often accompanies memories of extinct phases of life envelops and colors all these inventions, and the sameness of the views has for some time been verging upon monotony. This writer, however, is by no means dependent upon the South for materials. She forages everywhere for subjects, and nearly always with more than average success. "The Kourasoffs," for instance, is a capital Russian story; "Maid Marian" is a clever extravaganza dealing with the Elizabethan age; "The Sea Fortunes of Dickey Carew" is cast in the time of the Napoleonic wars. All these stories are spirited, well marked by local color, and written with skill and ingenuity.

Mr. Boyesen, in his introduction to Kielland's "Tales of Two Countries," speaks with enthusiastic admiration of the author's genius. As this is the first example of his work that has been translated, it may be that the estimate of Mr. Boyesen is correct. But if these stories could be supposed to represent Kielland at all fairly, it would be necessary to conclude that his merits had somehow been singularly overrated; for the stories here presented are phenomenally dull and pointless. We hesitate to put the blame upon the translator, especially since Mr. Boyesen appears to think the translation satisfactory. If the responsibility rests upon the author, however, it must be confessed that this new exotic is not exactly what it is represented to be, and the Norwegians, one cannot but think, must be very easily pleased if such fiction satisfies them.

# *LITERARY NOTES.*

A handsomely illustrated edition in photogravure of Carlyle's "French Revolution" is in course of preparation by Porter & Coates.

Colonel Davidson relates that once while dining with the Carlyles, Tennyson being present, the question was discussed as to whether they would accept titles if offered. Tennyson was disposed to decline such honors for himself, and said no title could excel the simple name of "Thomas Carlyle."

"On the Indian River" is the title of a volume half poetic and half practical, which Mr. C. V. Hine, of "The Chicago Inter-Ocean," is about to publish. It deals with life, climate, game, fruit, and amusements on the Indian River of Florida.

In certain agitated British breasts there appears to exist a belief that American literature is made up of cheap novels, short and incomprehensible dialect stories, poor poetry and volumes of "humor," and of lurid sermons. Once in a while, however, we find an agreeable surprise as in this statement by "The London Spectator": "The absurd notion that learning and scholarship cannot flourish in a democratic State, and that either the favor of princes or else the aid of a Government resting solely on the educated classes, is necessary for the production of works of a historical and critical kind, is abundantly confuted by the books which are produced every year in America."

General Meredith Read, in a cheery paper in "The Magazine of American History," devotes some interesting paragraphs to his literary friends in Paris. He represents the younger Dumas as a man of the kindest heart, full of sympathy for the poor and obscure. He is generous, says the American, not only in giving his money, but in giving what is still more precious, his time and thoughts, to those in need of advice or help.

This little description of the fashion in which another friend, the late Fortune de Boisgobey, did his work, is suggestive to the writer of Anglo-Saxon blood: "Although his labors began in the morning, his favorite time for composition was in the afternoon. When he had partaken of his second breakfast, or midday meal, he lighted a cigar, and, while stirring his cup of coffee, set his brain in motion to carry on the thread of imagination which he had temporarily dropped. In a few moments he sat down at his table, in a loose-fitting costume without cuffs and with a soft rolling collar, and wrote, with a wonderfully clear and flowing penmanship, and with a rapidity which was perfectly astounding, for a period of four or five hours; his eye becoming more and more brilliant and his whole being infused with the fever of creation. As his imagination threw out upon the paper some sad or touching incident, his tears fell and were the only blots upon his manuscript. A moment afterward he had passed from grave to gay, and laughed as heartily as he had cried at his own realistic conceptions."

There is to be issued shortly a new cheap edition of the novels and tales of Thomas Love Peacock, who, in this country at least, is little known. George Meredith, by the way, is the son-in-law of Peacock, and is supposed to have been affected in a literary sense by his influence.

Professor John Dewey in "The Andover Review," looks forward in optimistic vein to the time when the tongue of philosophy will be brought into closer contact with the spirit of poetry. In the last few centuries, he holds, the onward movement of life, of experience has been so rapid, its diversification of regions and methods so wide, that it has outrun the slower step of reflective thought. "Philosophy has not as yet caught the rhythmic swing of this onward movement, and written it down in a score of black and white which all may read. Or if in some degree philosophy has laid hold of the secret of this movement, it has not yet been able to tell it in straightforward, simple syllables to the common consciousness. We must, in the cold, reflective way of critical system, justify and organize the truth which poetry, with its quick, naive contacts, has already felt and reported. The same movement of the spirit, bringing man and man, man and nature into wider and closer unity, which has found expression by anticipation in poetry, must find expression by retrospection in philosophy." The inspired messages of Matthew Arnold take rank, with Professor Dewey, much below those of Browning; the first are pallid and academic, the last "a trumpet's peal of abounding life."

A Western author whose work is attracting much attention in Boston, where he now lives, is Mr. Hamlin Garland. He was born in Iowa and is of Scotch blood. His work is chiefly devoted to the hard, pathetic life of the prairie and the farm.

We find an English writer criticising Mr. Kipling's work with reference to that of Henry James. "A third class smoking-carriage," he says, "full of soldiers, laborers and city clerks, each with his personal or professional dialect and style, and with that curious force and energy which belong to the less cultured, Mr. Kipling's manner serves perfectly to give us that. But a drawing-room full of more sophisticated and of less intelligible persons, all possessing the complicated emotions and using the subtile language of a life externally refined: what will his robust method make of that? Here we turn to Mr. Henry James. He will in twenty pages bring home to us the passion or the intellect at work in that room, perhaps during one hour only; yet each word will be essential and indispensable."

# *"THE LAY GRAVED ON THE STONE."*

## AMONG THE MOUNTAINS OF BAVARIA.

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

Inscriptions in Bavarian mountain communes of the earlier part of our century record the possession of the mere rudiments of schooling as a distinction of the deceased. For instance, "Here rests the worthy N. N. He was very accomplished in reading, writing and reckoning ('raiten,' the local dialect for 'rechnen.') The tomb of Franz Ammann records that he was "mighty in three languages, the French, the Italian and the English." The inscriptions upon the sites of accidents (the so-called "Marterln,") which are frequent in Alpine countries, are sometimes very original. The author gives a few specimens from the Oberinnthal. One is quite Carlylean:

"Here fell Jakob Hosenknopf from the roof of this house into eternity."

Another, with characteristic undervaluation of the gypsies records: "In the cold year 1653 two men and two Bohemians were drowned on this spot." A verse over two graves with one common tombstone is worthy of the English old Socialist priest John Ball, and of Bishops Latimer and Pilkington:

Righteous and true is the Lord God,
Here lies the master and here lies his man.
Now you world-wise ones who go by,
Say which is the Herr and which is the Knecht?

The "involuntary humor" which is so frequent a characteristic of English epitaphs upon tombstones occurs as often, it would seem, in the churchyards of our Teutonic cousins. A second edition of Ludwig von Hormann's "Grabschriften," just published at Munich, contains a rich collection of oddities. The inscription on the churchyard cross in the commune of Obersteiermark runs as follows:

This cross is erected
To the honor of the Lord Jesus Christ
Who was crucified for us
By the peasants of this parish.

The absurdity in this case, as the editor notes, is solely due to the absence of any punctuation. But another in the same churchyard deserves to be quoted by Sir Wilfrid Lawson. It is in memory of a brewer:

Since the drink which he brewed
Has brought many to an early grave,
Here at last lies he, the "Bierverhunzer."
O Christian, say for him five "Our Fathers."

A faulty singer in the choir of the same commune is thus commemorated:

Here rests Johannes Hesserer,
He was but a bad tenor;
But up there in Heaven he laughs at u
Because he can now sing so perfectly.

The original in each of these epitaphs is in rhyme.

## *GOETHE AT MARIENBAD.*

From The Pall Mall Gazette.

Marienbad, the favorite watering-place of those who are overburdened with their quantity of "too, too solid flesh," is at the height of its season, and, as usual, "full up." One of the chief subjects of interest, discussion and general conversation just now is the discovery of an old "visitors' book" at one of the hotels situated on the place in front of the church. It used to answer to the name of "Zur Goldenen Taube," but has recently been dubbed "Goethe Haus" in commemoration of the fact that seventy years ago the poet stayed at it during his first visit to Marienbad. He was then seventy-one years old, and repeated his visit the two following years. In the old visitors' book, which the present proprietor has unearthed, and which is now being gazed at by batch after batch of visitors, the following entry is found under the date of 1823: "1. Juli bis 20. August, Herr Johann Wolfgang v. Goethe, Staatsminister aus Weimar." The numbers of the four rooms occupied by the "Minister of State" are also given, together with the sum he paid for them. Those who are acquainted with Marienbad prices of the present day may be interested to know that Goethe's rent for four rooms, which he retained about eight weeks, amounted to 420 gulden. Another interesting entry in the same musty tome from which the information is gathered tells of a visit from the Comte de St. Leu, brother of the Emperor Napoleon I, King of Holland and father of the Emperor Napoleon III, who stayed at the "Goldenen Taube" for seven weeks in 1810.

# THE MOZART CENTENARY.

## III.

## MUSIC AT THE CELEBRATION.

CONCERTS OF THE VIENNA PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY—DIRECTOR JAHN AND MOZART'S SYMPHONIES.

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Salzburg, July 18.

As may have already been surmised, there was a great contrast between the musical features of the centennial celebration of Mozart's death and the festival's external conditions and circumstances. This contrast, however, was a generous contributor to the amiability which characterized the occasion. In it was reflected some of the geniality and the simplicity of the great composer's nature. Though 10,000 persons listened, lovingly and reverentially, to the "Requiem" in the Cathedral, only about 450 were privileged to attend the festival representation of "The Marriage of Figaro," which brought the celebration to a close. The 450 enjoyed a rare sensation, to which sentiment contributed quite as much as the performance; the excluded thousands accepted the situation with charming good humor. Between the mass, which opened the festival, and the opera, which brought it to a close, were two concerts by the Philharmonic Society of Vienna, under the direction of Wilhelm Jahn, director of the Imperial Court Opera. These concerts took place in the Aula Academica, a plain, old-fashioned hall, in which candles are still depended on for light when the room is used at night. Here again the seating accommodations, though three times as great as those of the theatre, were inadequate. Yet the good humor of the visitors suffered no impairment.

The environment was provincial, the concerts metropolitan. Much of the music dated from the last year of Mozart's life. The Requiem was the last composition in his thoughts: he did not live to finish it. The symphonies played were those in G minor and C major ("Jupiter"), both written in the summer of 1788. The "Bundesteed," sung before the monument on the conclusion of the torch-light procession, dates from his death year. The opera "Le Nozze di Figaro" was produced five years before his death. Its choice for representation was doubtless due to the fact that the stage of the theatre is too small to permit the mounting of "Die Zauberfloete," obviously the right choise for the festival as a product of the composer's last year. "Don Giovanni" was first announced by the committee, but the opera based on Beaumarchais,s comedy was substituted for it, probably because the centenary of Mozart's masterpiece had been celebrated in 1887. The circumstance that the occasion was also a centennial anniversary of the composition of "Die Zauberfloete" was also remembered in the compilation of the programme of the first concert in the Aula Academica on July 16, at 11 a. m., one-third of which was devoted to excerpts from the opera, which, according to the dictum of Beethoven, is to be set down as the first essentially German opera.

The forces employed in the performance of the Requiem were a chorus selected from the Cathedral choir, the women's choir of the Mozarteum, and the men's singing societies of Salzburg; the orchestras of the Dom Musikverein and the Mozarteum; Mesdames E. Brandt-Forster, and Louise Kaulich and Messieurs Gustave Walter and Franz von Reichenberg, of the Court Opera at Vienna. J. F. Hummel, director of the Mozarteum, conducted the performance. The choir numbered 200 voices and was an admirable body whose singing reflected greater credit on the city than the orchestral accompaniment, which, though satisfactory, was not remarkable. The inadequacy of the instrumental part of the performance was explained by Director Hummel on the ground of a restriction in number compelled by the dimensions of the choir loft. He had to choose between a large choir with small orchestra and a large orchestra with small choir. Arguing correctly enough that the "Requiem" was essentially a choral composition, he chose the former. Instrumental music is cultivated with great assiduity and earnestness in the Conservatory connected with the Mozarteum, Director Hummel compelling every free student of the pianoforte or violin to take up a wind instrument in addition, and I can easily believe him when he says that it was not a want of orchestral players but a want of room in the gallery which invited to the only criticism that was passed upon the artistic side of the performance.

For the first concert in the Aula this was the programme:

Excerpts from "Die Zauberfloete."
(a) Overture.
(b) Duet, "Bei Maennern Welche Liebe Fuehlen." (Mme. E. Brandt-Forster and Josef Ritter.)
(c) Air: "In diesen heilgen Hallen." (Franz von Reichenberg.)
(d) Air: "Dies Bildness ist Bezaubernd Schoen." (Gustav Walter.)
(e) Pamina's grand air. (Mme. Brandt-Forster.)
(f) Air and chorus: "Oisis und Osiris." (Franz von Reichenberg and Salzburger Liedertafel.)
Concerto for Pianoforte in D minor. (Madame Essipoff-Leschetizky.)
Symphony in G minor.

The programme of the second concert at the same hour on the third day of the festival, July 17, was this:

String quartet, D minor. (The Hellmesberger Quartet of Vienna.)
Air from "Cosi fantutte." (Gustav Walter.)
Adagio from the Quintet in G minor. (String orchestra.)
Air from "Die Entfuehrung aus dem Serail. (Mme. Marie Wilt.)
Songs: "Das Veilchen," "Vergiss Mein Nicht" and "Wiegenlied." (Fraulein Frederiko Mayer.)
"Jupiter" Symphony.

The Vienna Philharmonic Society is generally conducted by Hans Richter. Its members, however, are, for the greater part, also members of the band at the Court Opera, and consequently familiar with the baton of Herr Jahn, who is as famous an authority on the interpretation of Mozart's music as his brilliant assistant at the Opera, Herr Richter, is on the interpretation of Wagner's. The band stands unrivalled in Germany and Austria, and if it has a peer in Europe it can only be the orchestra which M. Lamoureux controls in Paris. M. Lamoureux is a wealthy man and a musical enthusiast: money does not stand in the way of his engagement of the best specialists in orchestral playing that are to be had—a fact that fully explains the marvellous excellence of his band. It is said that Mozart's music can only be heard in its perfection in Vienna.

I do not know how this may be; I have heard many poor Mozart singers who hailed from the Austro-Hungarian Court Opera, but I am willing to believe that those who live in the social and artistic atmosphere of Vienna for a time may acquire a sympathetic appreciation for the spirit of Mozart which the people of a colder and more phlegmatic north will never imbibe. The dividing line between musical creation and recreation is exceedingly fine—that fact it is which makes it possible for an executive musician to become entitled to the name of artist—and unless an interpreter can feel with some of its original potency the influence that impelled the composer, his interpretation will speak a different dialect, if not a diffrent tongue, than that native to the composition. I would rather find an explanation of the beauty of the Philharmonic Society's performance of the two symphonies in this relationship between the composer and his interpreters, difficult as it may be to analyze, than to rest on that weak reed commonly spoken of as tradition. Musical tradition is a very uncertain quantity. The Bayreuth festivals have failed to preserve Wagner's manner, though established and maintained for that very purpose. Yet the Bayreuth festivals are only fifteen years old, and Wagner has been dead only a decade. Nevertheless, the strongest wish that I felt while listening to the two symphonies on this occasion was to believe that it was thus that they sounded in the inspired fancy of their creator. Of the weak sentimentality with which so many conductors infuse Mozart's music there was not a trace in Herr Jahn's interpretation. All was splendidly sane and joyously vigorous. The muscularity of the band's string-tone and its ebullient vivacity in the minuet of the G-minor Symphony made the music as sonorous as that of an ultra modern composer utilizing the large and varied apparatus of to-day. The spirit thus manifested is beyond question inherent in Mozart's great works. It is the element that has preserved them while those of his contemporaries have perished. So far as it is permitted us to speak of immortality in connection with a musical composition (of all art works the most perishable by reason of its nature), it is this spirit which made Mozart's chief works immortal. They can ever be read so as to interpret the feelings of the readers. The thought is not confined by its formal investiture. Yet while Herr Jahn read the symphonies in this vital manner, he did not in any way distort them. Their utterance remained simple and ingenuous. It was particularly gratifying to find him untouched by the desire to win interest for the music by the pedantic devices with which some conductors are now seeking to make plain the purposes of composers as they say. He did not distort the minuet of the "Jupiter" symphony as Mr. Thomas has done of late in the concerts of the New-York Philharmonic Society, by playing it so slowly as to rob the melody of its native character. This is a part of the mischief that has resulted from Wagner's criticism of the tempo in which Mendelssohn and other conductors were in the habit of playing the corresponding movement in Beethoven's eighth symphony. That criticism has given birth to the notion that a symphonic minuet must be played in the tempo of the old dance for which Mozart set a standard in the minuet to which his nobility step it so decorously in the first finale of "Don Giovanni," a notion, which never occurred to either Haydn, Mozart or Beethoven, as should be obvious enough from the character inherent in the themes of their symphonic minuets.

In a lesser degree, but still very noticeably, the same fresh and vigorous style of reading marked Madame Essipoff's playing in the concerto—especially at the rehearsal which had been thrown open to the public at the price of a gulden, in order to accomodate the many who could not obtain tickets to the concert. Madame Essipoff still maintains her position at the head of the women pianists of Europe, and plays with all the charm that characterized her work when she visited the United States, sixteen or seventeen years ago. I hear that she is again sending longing glances across the Atlantic. At the concert, she had the honor of seeing Madame Schuman among her listeners.

The performances of the solo singers at the concerts do not call for especial comment beyond an expression of admiration and wonderment for the singing of Herr Walter, the famous Liedersaenger of Vienna. Herr Walter is now sixty-three years old, but his tenor voice is still full, pure, sweet and ample in range, while his art and taste are exquisite. He alone of all the singers was compelled to repeat one of his airs. Herr Ritter, who sang in the duet from "Die Zauberfloete," is the husband of Frau Ritter-Goetze, the admired contralto of the last Metropolitan season in New-York. His allegiance is now divided between Hamburg and Vienna. Like his companion in the duet, Herr Ritter made his chief success in the representation of "Le Nozzi di Figaro," in which he impersonated Count Almaviva. H. E. K.

# EGYPTIAN EXPLORATIONS.

## VALUABLE MANUSCRIPTS RECOVERED FROM MUMMY CASES.

London, July 27.

Some adequate idea may at last be formed of the extent and importance of the Egyptian explorations which have been conducted during recent years by Mr. Flinders Petrie. From time to time announcements regarding his work have been made, many of them of intense interest. But these have only been fragmentary and have served rather to arouse curiosity than to afford satisfactory information. The statement that a hitherto lost or unknown treatise of Aristotle had been found set the whole archaeological world to speculating what next would be reported. The whole extent of Mr. Petrie's discoveries is, however, now set forth in order. Professor Mahaffy, of Dublin, has prepared the record and the Royal Irish Academy has published it in a very elaborate form, including fac-simile reproductions of the most important manuscripts. In this notable work Professor Mahaffy has been assisted by Professor Sayce, and before being published the result of their labors has been submitted for criticism and approval to a number of the most eminent Continental scholars.

In speaking of the work accomplished by Professor Sayce and himself, Professor Mahaffy says: "Seldom has it fallen to the lot of modern scholars to spend such days as we spent together at Oxford, in the Long Vacation of 1890; poring all day, while the sun shone, over these faint and fragmentary records; discussing in the evening the stray lights we had found and their possible significance. Gradually pieces of Platonic dialogue emerged, which presently we determined to be the 'Phaedo,' then a leaf of a tragic poem, identified beyond question as the 'Antiope' of Euripides; and with these were many legal or official documents with dates which arrested and surprised us." These dates belonged to the third century B. C., referring to the kings immediately following Alexander. It is no wonder, therefore, that they "arrested and surprised" the scholars who came upon them. The literary manuscripts were evidently, by the style of the writing, still older than these dated official documents. The transcripts of the work of Plato and Euripides were, in fact, actually written during or immediately after the lifetime of those authors.

The fragment of Euripides consists of three pages only of his lost play of "Antiope." Professor Mahaffy has translated it, forming an integral extract of about 100 lines. This passage is a part of the last act of the play, and describes the capture of King Lycus, the persecutor of Queen Antiope, by her son Amphion, the founder of Thebes. The fragments of the "Phaedo" of Plato consist of about five pages, beautifully written, and present an interesting contrast to the common text, which is taken from Alexandrian versions of a much later date. Another interesting manuscript was found to consist of about thirty-five hexameter verses. They were all mutilated, only the beginnings and endings being readable. Mr. Bury, of Dublin, however, soon identified them as belonging to the eleventh book of the Iliad. Five of the thirty-five verses are not to be found in the text of the poem as it exists to-day, and were apparently rejected by some of the late editors of the Alexandrian period. This fact arouses the interesting speculation whether the whole poem has been edited down to a similar extent from the form in which it existed in the third century before the Christian Era.

The other manuscripts discovered by Mr. Petrie include a series of wills disposing of the property of Greek soldiers who were settled in Egypt in the early years of the Ptolemies. They are all drawn up in official form, dated, signed and witnessed. The names of the soldiers and the names and numbers of their regiments are given, and also a detailed personal description of each man. These documents throw a most interesting light upon many of the social conditions of Egypt at that time and upon the method pursued by the Ptolemies in settling their soldiers in that country and thus Hellenizing it.

But perhaps the most important and interesting feature of the whole business is the source from which these manuscripts were obtained. Mr. Petrie has discovered, what was suspected by others before his time, that many mummy-cases are not made of wood, nor yet of a solid and homogeneous mass of papier-mache or other substance. But they are built up of single sheets of paper, pasted one upon the other, until the necessary thickness is obtained. In many cases the paper thus used is nothing less than old manuscripts torn up and put to this base employment. How many mummy-cases are thus composed of manuscripts is a matter of interesting speculation, as is also the question what priceless literary treasures have been thus disposed of. Mr. Petrie has shown that it is possible, after all these centuries, to resolve the mummy-cases into their original sheets, and so to cleanse and restore them as to make them legible. The possibilities of future discoveries that are thus opened up are incalculably great, and the prospect can scarcely fail to stimulate popular interest in Egyptian research.

## *LA FONTAINE'S STATUE.*

From The London Standard.

After 250 years, La Fontaine, the author of the fables known all over the world, has at last his statue in Paris. It has been inaugurated in the presence of M. Bourgeois, Minister of Public Instruction, M. Gerard, Vice Rector of the Academy, M. Sully Prudhomme, the well-known Academician, and numerous other political and literary celebrities. It has taken M. Sully Prudhomme no less than eight years to collect the 54,000 francs which the monument cost. Of the total, 20,000 francs only were derived from public subscription, the town and Government having each furnished a sum of 12,000 francs. The monument, which now stands at the intersection of the Avenues Ingres and Ranelagh at Passy, represents La Fontaine with Glory in the shape of a woman on his right, while lower down the genius of Satire is taking sight; a mask in one hand and a rod in the other. On the pedestal are seen the celebrated crow, fox, lion, etc., so familiar from his fables.