

less thoughtful, more personal; and, concerning themselves rather with souvenirs of French life than with records of Egyptian days, they are lacking in picturesqueness.

Flaubert's enthusiasm for the sixteenth century gives special interest to an essay on Rabelais among these "mélanges inédits." It is undated, but probably belongs to the author's early years. It is not only a criticism of Rabelais, but of the judgments passed on his work by the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries; thus setting forth its relation to its own age and the following ones with point and vigor. It is a careful study, but not an important one. One of the noteworthy thoughts in it is this: "Great writers are to the world of ideas what capitals are to kingdoms: they receive the influence of every province, of every individuality, and, mingling with this what is personal to themselves and original, they amalgamate it, they arrange it, giving it back transformed into art."

The remaining papers are valueless but powerful fragments from three of the many works Flaubert left in manuscript. Two of these three are dramatic rhapsodies on Death and Sin, Time and Eternity; but there is a list also of some dozen romances and tales, half-a-dozen historical essays, and several other more or less finished performances, all written from 1835 to 1848. It was not till 1857 that 'Madame Bovary' appeared, and though that cost him five years' work and he put an interval of six or seven years between that and each of his two next works, one is curious to know what, besides 'Madame Bovary,' occupied him in the fourteen years between the dates of the last manuscript and the first publication. The forthcoming volumes of his correspondence may perhaps inform us. The precocity of his talent, and at the same time its shrinking from publicity, were almost as striking as its force in maturity; it is evident that the passion for perfection of form, which was his life-long inspiration, moved him from the first. Such a passage as this is certainly remarkable for a youth of twenty years, and it must be remembered that it loses greatly by translation:

"I loved life, but life expansive, radiant, irradiating. I loved it in the wild gallop of horses, in the twinkling of the stars, in the movement of waves flowing toward the shore. I loved it in the throbbing of beautiful naked breasts, in trembling looks of love, in the vibration of the strings of a violin, in the rustling of oak trees, in the setting sun which gilds the windows and carries the thought to the balconies of Babylon, where queens leant and looked upon Asia."

This was his emotion at twenty, and at fifty this (in yet more untranslatable phrases):

"As for me, poor wretch, I am glued to the earth as if by leaden sandals; everything agitates me, lacerates me, destroys me, and I vainly strive to climb up higher."

"Sed quia semper aves quod abest, presentia temnis, Imperfecta tibi elapsat ingrataque vita."

*John de Witt, Grand Pensionary of Holland; or, Twenty Years of a Parliamentary Republic.* By M. Antonin Lefèvre-Pontalis. Translated by S. E. and A. Stephenson. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1885.

PETER SIMONS's work on the Grand Pensionary bears the title, 'Jan de Witt en zijn Tijd'; James Geddes's, 'History of the Administration of John de Witt,' etc.; M. Lefèvre-Pontalis shows by his sub-title still more distinctly that the theme is historical rather than biographical. And yet the Grand Pensionary is not the representative of a government or of a period, but the chief actor in a grand political drama—a leader, a combatant, and a victim. He is a man of surpassing intellect and ability, of indomitable energy and resolution, and of spotless civic virtue; and his end is as tragic as any recorded in his-

tory, modern or ancient. What induces his recent biographers to merge his life in his times is in part the scantiness of materials illustrating "the social, non-political, non-official side of him (the human side of him, in short)," as Mr. Geddes expresses it, and in part the ease with which the mountains of documents and correspondence left by him enable his biographers to connect almost every day of his public life with the doings and schemings of the leading statesmen, diplomats, and princes of his age. John de Witt loses in biography, as a striking individuality, by the constant association of his name with Cromwell, Charles II., Louis XIV., and the young William of Orange, whose antagonist he was successively, as well as with the rulers, princely or official, of Spain, Sweden, Denmark, Brandenburg, and the Empire, whose aid he managed to secure for the United Provinces. Besides, the Grand Pensionary was a mighty man of the pen only, and though he did not shrink from risking his life under the naval flag of his republic—when he thought it expedient to follow it as commissioner—his quiet achievements were eclipsed by the deeds of Tromp, of Ruyter, and even of his own brother, Cornelius. No page of the two volumes before us shows John de Witt in as heroic an attitude as that in which Cornelius appears at the side of Ruyter, in the naval battle of Solebay, very shortly before the day (in 1672) on which both brothers were to be torn to pieces by an infuriated mob of Orange men:

"The courage shown by Cornelius de Witt was no less worthy of admiration [than Ruyter's]. Ill, suffering from rheumatic pains in his arms and legs, but triumphing by the strength of his mind over bodily weakness, he took his place close to Ruyter near the helm. Incapable of standing, he had a chair brought to him bearing the arms of the republic, and sat there as if in the seat of government, to give the signal of command and to share at the post of honor the dangers of the crew. In order to represent with dignity the sovereignty of the States General, whose delegate he was, he was escorted by twelve guards carrying halberds; three fell wounded at his feet, three more were killed, and their bodies thrown into the sea. Careless of the balls that were falling round him, having already dedicated his life to the service of his country, he remained calm and immovable on the deck till the close of the day."

John was no less patriotic and no less firm, but, unfortunately for his stature in a Pantheon, his "diplomatic despatches alone, at three sous a sheet, had in twelve years been worth 4,900 florins to his principal clerk." He was also too economical in the service of the State as in his thrifty household—"the cost of copying . . . he had reduced from four to three sous a page"—too balanced and free from ostentation, too religiously domestic, to make a shining figure. His excellent wife, whom he lost early, and his children reflected in their plainness no lustre upon his home circle. The highest trait in the character of the family was their resignation, in which Roman and Christian fortitude appeared blended. Cornelius, tortured on the rack, shamed his judges into abandoning the false accusation of his having conspired against the Prince of Orange; and when the two brothers were soon after massacred, not only their sister, Johanna de Zwynrecht, evinced a spirit undisturbed by fear and despair, but her firmness was surpassed by that of Cornelius's widow, Maria Hoout.

"The next day, as she was returning to Dordrecht, she met on the boat a passenger just come from the Hague. He had been a witness of the scene, and gave an account of it to the bystanders, winding up by exhibiting a finger which had been cut from Cornelius de Witt's hand.

"Maria, who had listened in silence, advanced towards him, and asked to look at the finger which he was showing. She examined it with reverent attention, and said suddenly, 'This finger was yesterday still on the hand of my beloved husband—I know it well.' At these words the

passenger, who had not expected to find himself face to face with the victim's wife, fell down overwhelmed with emotion, and all who were with him on the boat were struck with pity, whilst Maria remained calm and collected in her sorrow."

It should not be inferred from our extracts that the history before us abounds in striking delineations of scenes, situations, and character. Far from it: it is a diplomatic history, full of lengthy and occasionally tedious, though always instructive, accounts of negotiations, debates, and changing political phases, and often overladen with details more apt to obscure than to amplify the narrative—a defect which the work shares with too many historical productions of our time. On the other hand, the French historian of De Witt is, fortunately free from his English contemporary's, Geddes's, excessive "lack of enthusiasm for his subject, and the coldness, both of his judgment and diction," which we have had occasion to remark upon before (*Nation*, No 837). M. Lefèvre-Pontalis would never have said, like him, "The period . . . is not an heroic period, and John de Witt is in no sense a hero"; nor, in summing up the main activity of the Grand Pensionary—in opposing the centralization of Dutch power in the hands of an Orange stadtholder—"This surely was poor work, even taking it at its best." He sees in him a statesman who not only faithfully served his country and liberty, but who secured the former a place in the highest rank of European policy, and firmly established the latter—"a man of worth greater than any mere statesmanship, and character higher even than his talents." His work was good, and did not perish with him.

"The ineffaceable traces left by the long ministry of John de Witt were useful in keeping up the fidelity of this attachment to tutelary institutions. The power which he had exercised for twenty years bore without detriment the supreme test by which a good government is recognized, which even after downfall seems to live again in the benefits it confers. Before the United Provinces, threatened with the loss of their independence, had appealed to the Prince of Orange to save them, the Grand Pensionary of Holland had placed them out of the reach of the usurpations of a despotic power by accustoming them to rule themselves."

*The Lives of Robert and Mary Moffat.* By their son, John S. Moffat. With an introduction by William M. Taylor, D.D. With portraits and maps. A. C. Armstrong & Son. 1885. Pp. xix, 484, 8vo.

AMONG the persons sent out by the London Missionary Society to South Africa in the year 1816 was a young Scotch gardener named Moffat. The son of a customs officer in humble circumstances, he was early accustomed to severe toil and privations. The want of a regular education was of little moment, as from a boy "he had a craving, which clung to him through life, to learn something of whatever he came in contact with." After a short delay, the lad (he was but just twenty-one when he landed) was sent to the kraal of the noted outlaw chief Afrikaner, who had for many years been a terror to the colonists, but had now consented to receive a missionary. During the year spent at this station Moffat gained an extraordinary influence over the natives, as well as the strong personal attachment of the chief. This was owing in part to his noble presence, his singularly winning face and manner, but more to the perfectly fearless confidence and honesty with which he treated them. The Government was not slow to recognize this influence, especially after seeing the change wrought upon Afrikaner, whom Moffat had persuaded to accompany him to the Cape, and "imperious" proposals were made to him to become Government missionary to the Kaffirs. This invitation was declined in order that he

might continue the work he had begun among the Bechwanas.

In 1819 he was married to Mary Smith, a daughter of a former employer, and a person admirably fitted to be his companion. Her courage was proof against every danger. Her faith was unflinching, and her devotion to the missionary work equal to his own. They made their home on the banks of the Kuruman, nearly four hundred miles beyond the then border of the colony, and in a few years, under their fostering care, the desert began literally to "blossom like the rose." The civilizing influence of neat houses, and gardens filled with fruit trees, upon the natives, however, was long unattended by corresponding religious results. The brutish savages, untouched by the devotion of their teachers, seemed deaf to their appeals, and for ten years they labored without a convert. Nevertheless, their confidence in the truth of their Gospel message never wavered. At a time when there was "no glimmer of the dawn," a letter was received, from a friend in England, "asking if there was anything of use which could be sent." The answer of Mary Moffat was, "Send us a communion service; we shall want it some day." It came three years later, the day before the first converts were baptized. About this time Moffat undertook to provide a literature for his flock, and after thirty years of frequently interrupted labor, he had translated and printed the Bible and several other books in the Bechwana language. He made, also, numerous journeys both to the coast and into the interior, to gain the confidence of the natives, to secure openings for missionary work, to mediate between hostile tribes, and to prevent raids upon the white settlements. These journeys were never unattended by dangers, and were often exceedingly tedious. Twice Mary Moffat was detained more than a month on the banks of the Orange and Vaal Rivers, waiting for the waters to subside sufficiently to permit wagons to cross. Lions were very numerous and bold, besieging the travellers at times and destroying their oxen, while during the journeys into the interior the peril from bands of marauding savages was never absent. It was a trying life, in which the frequent and long separations of husband and wife, and parents and children, were the hardest to bear.

In 1839 a much-needed rest was taken in a visit to England, during which time the New Testament was printed, and Moffat, besides continuing his work of translation and delivering numerous missionary addresses, wrote his 'Labors and Scenes in South Africa.' After four years spent in this manner they returned to their station and were met on the banks of the Vaal by David Livingstone, who "had ridden from Kuruman, a distance of a hundred and fifty miles, to bid them welcome." The references to their future son-in-law are comparatively few, but they are sufficient to show that while the attachment between him and the Moffats was very deep, his giving up the missionary work for that of an explorer was a grief and disappointment to them. Livingstone, on his part, shared in this feeling to such an extent that he supported a missionary, to be his deputy, as it were, out of his own private resources, devoting "more than a fourth of his Government salary to this object." The old life, with its multitude of pursuits, was taken up again. Gordon Cumming, the famous hunter, who passed through Kuruman on his way to the interior, says of Moffat: "Minister, gardener, blacksmith, gunsmith, mason, carpenter, glazier, every hour of the day finds this worthy pastor engaged in some useful employment." The most interesting episode of this part of his life was his third and last visit to the noted chief Mosilikatse, who had conceived an extraordinary affection for him. When he reached the chief's house,

Moffat says, "I entered; he grasped my hand, gave one earnest look, and drew his mantle over his face. It would have been an awful sight for his people to see the hero of a hundred fights wipe from his eyes the falling tears. He spoke not, except to pronounce my name, Moshete, again and again. He looked at me again, his hand still holding mine, and he again covered his face."

In 1870, having completed a half century of work in the missionary field, the aged pair returned to England, Mary Moffat to die shortly after she landed, Robert Moffat to receive public honors such as probably no missionary in our time has ever received. The Queen twice sought an interview with him. The University of Edinburgh conferred the degree of D.D., the Corporation of London the freedom of the city upon him. Dean Stanley invited him, a Wesleyan, to speak in Westminster Abbey. The Lord Mayor of London gave him a public breakfast at which the Archbishop of Canterbury made the principal speech. And yet he had done no great work, had made no important discoveries, but had simply devoted his life to the welfare of an obscure tribe of savages. It was the missionary, not the man, whom his countrymen delighted to honor. He died in 1883, in the eighty-eighth year of his age.

The editor of this deeply-interesting biography, the son and successor of Dr. Moffat in his missionary work, has done his part well, though he has passed too briefly over the earlier part of his father's life, under the mistaken impression that his readers would be familiar with it from Dr. Moffat's own account. The burning questions of Cape politics are barely touched upon, but enough is said to show that Dr. Moffat was most strongly opposed to the giving back of the Transvaal to the Boers, and also to the Zulu war. The numerous letters which the editor gives show both his parents to have possessed, in addition to very earnest piety, considerable powers of description as well as a vein of strong common sense. Some of the expressions in them strike us as very felicitous, as, for instance, in speaking of his frequent interruptions, Dr. Moffat says, they "dart on one with the uncertainty of a shooting star, and render the appropriation of time as devious as the flight of the bat." The two maps of South Africa in 1820 and 1884 are very meagre, many of the places referred to in the narrative being left out. It is often difficult on this account to trace Dr. Moffat's journeys into the interior.

*New India; or, India in Transition.* By H. Y. S. Cotton, Bengal Civil Service. London: Kegan Paul & Co. 1885.

This little book is an earnest and well-reasoned plea for the concession of a large measure of political liberty to the people of India; and the argument derives additional weight from the fact that Mr. Cotton is a member of the Anglo-Indian bureaucracy which at present rules over India with virtually irresponsible power. The need for some change must be very urgent, indeed, when a member of the Bengal civil service does not shrink from pressing upon his countrymen the propriety of such radical alterations in the established order of things as are recommended in 'New India.' Of the profound importance of the subject discussed by Mr. Cotton there cannot be two opinions. The problem in process of solution is whether or not it is possible to graft upon Oriental minds the practical capacities of the West, and upon the immobility of Oriental institutions the progressive and adaptive attributes of European civilization. Should this problem be worked out successfully, then there can be little doubt that the new life breathed into the people

of India will gradually extend itself over the entire continent. If, on the contrary, the experiment fails here, "the light of Asia" will be, as it were, extinguished.

The great delicacy and difficulty of the existing situation are due to the fact that it is a product of two antagonistic influences which have been operating in British India for the better part of a century. As a result of one of these influences, the British Administration has become more centralized and despotic than before, and, consequently, a great deal less susceptible to the currents of native thought and feeling. As a result of the other, the most energetic, able, and aspiring portion of the people have become inspired with ideas and opinions which cause them to feel an alien despotism as a grievous injustice and an almost intolerable burden. In the earlier days of the East India Company, British power in India was the newly sprung authority of one band of adventurers among many. When Hyder Alee ruled in Seringapatam and the Marhatta Peshwas at Poonah, the struggle for empire was still a doubtful one. Indeed, but for the alliance of other native States, it is not improbable that the company of English merchants might have succumbed to the forces arrayed against it. Such a relationship between the two races had the effect of bringing Englishmen and Indians together upon a footing more nearly approaching equality than has been possible since the former became the one unquestioned and paramount Power throughout the Continent. Then, again, the effect of British rule has been to destroy the ancient aristocracy, and to grind down all classes to one dead level of helplessness and poverty. This levelling down of society consigned the two or three English officers in each district to an almost unbroken solitude, so far as the body of the people was concerned. They were brought into direct contact with the criminal classes, and they maintained of necessity certain formal relations with their own native subordinates; but they lived cut off from all that knowledge of the people and the country which is obtainable only in the free and equal intercourse of private life. It was this long-continued isolation which gave rise to those grotesque conceptions of native character which are prevalent among Englishmen in India, and which have received literary expression in the description of the Bengalese to be found in Lord Macaulay's essay on Warren Hastings. They ascribed to the people in general the same characteristics which most impressed them in the two classes of which alone they had any direct experience. Because the petty native officials, liable to dismissal and ruin at any moment from the caprice or ill-temper of their English superiors, endeavored to secure their position by sycophancy and obsequiousness, therefore manliness and independence of spirit were qualities not to be found anywhere in India. Because the complicated procedure of English law courts fostered a vast amount of perjury in those who had to appear before them, therefore *all* natives, in all relations of life, were wholly actuated by a spirit of lying, treachery, and deceit. These opinions, loudly and repeatedly expressed, had the natural effect of compelling sensitive and self-respecting natives to hold aloof from the society of their English rulers. They could not, in truth, venture into it except at the risk of being grievously insulted. And though few sensible Englishmen, at the present time, continue to speak or to think in this outrageous way, the gulf which was then dug between the two races is still very far from being filled up.

"The really best men," Mr. Cotton says, "among the natives of India who influence opinion and lead society, . . . do not care to make the acquaintance of Government officials