

of the solidarity of commercial interests and this astonishing specimen of international charity, the citizens of Abydos were piteously slaughtering themselves, their wives and children, upon their own walls, in accordance with a public resolution, rather than allow their families to fall into the hands of Philip V., their besieger; and Polybius, as a stoic, deplores the perversity of Fortune which prevented them from carrying out fully so glorious a resolution. His comment and the occurrence are equally significant. So sharp are the contrasts presented by the age; so unequal and so reflux is the tidal wave of civilization!

Supreme in importance and interest, to an American, at least, is the growing fashion of leagues between the smaller States for mutual protection, whose constitution approaches very closely the modern conception of federal government. Prof. Freeman, in his 'History of Federal Government,' and in some brilliant lectures, has discussed the constitutions of these leagues, and in particular of the Achæan League, the best known, the most important historically, and the most powerful of all. Already we find in its constitution, under various titles, a President, a Cabinet, a Senate, and a principle of representative voting. Nominally, it is a democracy—every citizen votes; but really, the necessity of distant travel to the places of meeting of the Assembly practically limits the franchise to the wealthy and influential, and converts the system into "a mild and liberal aristocracy." The workings of the League, its connection with the great names of Aratus, of Philopœmen and Polybius, and its relations with the Roman Empire, naturally occupy a large portion of the later pages of Prof. Mahaffy's volume, and call forth his liveliest interest; for no Irishman and no Englishman of the present day can neglect the most distant analogies to the question of Home Rule and English interference. This question, indeed, protrudes itself constantly from the beginning to the end of the volume, and its aspects inevitably color certain of our author's judgments. He sees in Achæan Home Rule many warnings against Irish Home Rule; he sees the sentimentalism of Titus Flaminus reflected in Mr. Gladstone; at the same time he sees clearly the Roman obtuseness and indifference to the Greeks, their fundamental want of sympathy, repeated between the English and the Irish. Far be it from us to deduce from so conflicting comparisons Mr. Mahaffy's own conclusions. He is fond of "strong governments," and distrusts democracies and popular orators. "We must judge the party of Demosthenes kindly as we judge all the other old men who have done mischief in the world." So piquant a sentence must be aimed at Mr. Gladstone, who is still alive, and old, rather than at Demosthenes, who has been so long innocuously buried.

The contact of the Jews with Hellenism at Alexandria and Antioch, in Syria, and even in Sparta, forms the subject of some curious and interesting chapters; and we are, apparently, promised a continuation of this series, to be entitled 'The Spiritual Life of Hellenism.' The task here undertaken is, in some respects, peculiar and exacting. The author who approaches it ought to have the gifts of the novelist as well as the conscience of the scholar and the historian; he should have the sympathetic imagination of the romancer, and yet deny himself romances. Dr. Ebers has been lately giving us pictures of antiquity which are neither fish, flesh, nor fowl—neither honest fact nor interesting fiction. Prof. Mahaffy's method is far more satisfactory. *Juvat integros accedere fontes.* Every English student and every in-

telligent reader will appreciate the opportunity given, by copious extracts from original authorities, to verify for himself the opinions and the conclusions of the author, and the amount of learned research which is here presented with so much freshness and vivacity.

CARLES'S LIFE IN COREA.

Life in Corea. By W. R. Carles, F.R.G.S. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1888.

THIS book is interesting as being the first in English about the once "Forbidden Land" and "Hermit Nation," by one who has been inside the country and among the people. Though shipwrecked sailors, gold prospectors, geologists, ornithologists, naval men, and missionaries have recently lived and travelled in Corea, these have not yet been provoked by either enemies or friends to write a book. Mr. Percival Lowell's 'Chôsôn,' charming as a piece of literary work, does not describe much of the country beyond the capital and the port Fusan. The Rev. John Ross, who wrote ably upon the history and language of Corea, set foot in the land, for the first time, during the winter of 1887-8. Mr. Carles, on the contrary, besides some months' residence as British Vice-Consul at the port nearest the capital, made a journey of six weeks, the tracing of which on the map forms a rough parallelogram covering one-third of the peninsula. Besides collecting his papers furnished to journals, geographical and Government publications, he has added much material from his note-books, so that the narrative before us is the pretty full story of an eye-witness, with the out-door flavor of an active traveller, sportsman, and business man alert to trade openings.

Sir Harry Parkes, the able British Minister to Peking, made a treaty with Corea in 1882, and in the autumn of the following year prepared to go to Séoul to exchange ratifications. At the same time Mr. Carles was invited to visit the country privately. On the 8th of November, 1883, he came in sight, from shipboard, of the red granite and richly colored rocks of the west coast. The party of three Englishmen and a Dane, with Chinese servants, ponies, and the regulation assortment of dried and tinned meats, soups, and jams, succeeded, after the usual banging and bumping, in transferring themselves to a Corean boat. This "fortuitous concurrence of planks," innocent of nails, iron, or paint, dubbed even by the Chinese junk-sailors "a shoe," finally reached shore, where, what seemed to be a group of penguins, with white breasts and black heads, turned out, on nearer view, to be venerable Coreans smoking long pipes. Choosing between the rough plank hovels and native mud huts of Chemulpo and the risk of being locked out of the city gates of Séoul after a twenty-six miles' ride, two of the party pushed on. Not until well within the city, and in side lanes, did they see a woman. This half of Corean humanity usually flies at the approach of foreigners, and to more than one embassy or company has the strange country appeared to contain males only. Admiral Welles's party saw not a single woman. The French missionaries, however, declare that the normal proportions of a census in other lands obtain, and that many of the females are comely in figure and beautiful in countenance. One numerous class, usually mistaken at first by newcomers for females, consists of unmarried boys and young men, who wear their hair in a long plait, like school-girls in our country. These bachelors are "boys," and, like the universal small boy, are frisky and playful, even though thirty years old, until they marry, for

sense, or an opinion worth listening to. Indeed, the bright little ragamuffins whom Mr. Carles saw in the streets and roads seemed the liveliest things in an otherwise sombre country.

"By the time that their pigtails had been tied in a married man's knot . . . their whole manner had altered, their humor had vanished, the whole of their thoughts seemed devoted to tobacco, and even the features of the face seem altered, owing to the constant strain on their facial muscles, used in supporting three feet of pipe-stem."

Another noticeable figure, the very reverse of the jolly small boy, is the mourner, dressed in hemp cloth, girt with a coarse belt, with the head completely hidden under wicker hats reaching to the shoulders. They further covered their faces with screens of hemp cloth stretched on two sticks. Etiquette allows no one to address a mourner, nor need he speak or reply to any one. This offered an obvious resource to the French missionaries who lived for years among the people, with a price set on their heads, often reading the Government proclamations adjudging them to death as soon as arrested. By means of this insulating costume, venturesome Japanese have succeeded in traversing the country, when death to all aliens found inside the provinces was the rule.

The custom of making the males keep inside the house at nights, and allowing the women to promenade the streets and take exercise at night—so striking in its contrast to our method of allowing the normal use of the night-key to gentlemen—is still kept up in Séoul. Mr. Carles thus confirms statements for making which some writers on Corea have been criticised. In the daytime the chief item of excitement on the streets was the passage of some officer who, with his outriders and foot-runners shouting to the crowd, made fuss and excitement. Perched on their stilted saddles resting on tiny stallions, the cavalymen made up, with the saddle an intervening medium between man and beast, for the amazing diminutiveness of the native breed of horses, which are as vicious as they are lively. A peculiar species of vehicle, the monocycle, is used by the political grandee, who is half carried, half trundled along by four bearers. With leopard-skin robes, huge hat, and throat-lash of colored stones, the person and progress of a Government officer are highly imposing. After the passage of such a procession, the throng of blind men feeling their way with sticks, drunkards lying by the roadside, and bulls hidden under enormous loads of brushwood, lent an air of calm repose to the scene. Another characteristic sight was that of the women washing and whitening clothes. Soap is unknown, but none the less the men wear white clothing, and, as the outer robe must be spotless, the labor entailed upon the women is immense. The clothes are boiled three times, cleansed with lye, and washed in running water; then, all day long and through the earlier hours of the night, the women are engaged in beating the cloth on a flat board with a wooden ruler. The result is a gloss on the cloth of almost a silky nature, which lasts for a considerable time.

The above will show how good an observer of the details of life in Corea Mr. Carles is. What he especially brings to view is that which has been omitted by most writers on this land of white coats and big hats. Evidently, Corea is one of the oddest, quaintest, and most old-fashioned of countries. Even the Chinese complain that the style of writing in vogue is that of centuries ago, while the costume and coiffure are those once fashionable in China dynasties ago. A country that seems behind the times to Chinese must indeed be old. The author not only describes the capital, but takes us into the

villages, points out the fortified monasteries, the queer roadside posts carved with grotesque human heads, and colored to represent the Corean devil; the dragon-pillars in honor of literary bachelors, and the rows of tablets of iron and stone set up to commemorate good magistrates. Evidently Corea suffers under the curse of being over-governed, and the number of the official class who prey on the community goes far to explain the poverty of the country.

With a keen scent after trade openings, the author made one overland journey from west to east, and a second long and interesting trip through the northern provinces. As Mr. James (as was noted in his book on Manchuria) saw the once "neutral strip" between China and Corea occupied and cultivated by Chinese farmers, so Mr. Carles, looking from the eastern side, saw new and flourishing Chinese towns lining the side of the Yalu River, and the Coreans seeking employment as farm laborers under Chinese landlords, even as they cross the Tumen to get under Russian masters. Such a state of things reveals a shameful rapacity on the part of the Corean magistrates, which calls for a reform such as Japan has safely achieved.

Mr. Carles found game plenty, and, though he bagged no tigers, had frequent evidences that they, as well as leopards, deer, and other wild quadrupeds, were numerous. Wolves, however, he neither saw nor heard of. His long journey was extended to very near the centre of the northern frontier, to Wen-san, a lively port almost more Japanese than Corean, and thence across country to Séoul; the details of which fill the bulk of his book. He afterwards lived officially at Chemulpo, the new port near the capital, frequently visiting the capital. He gives a correct summary of recent political history, but is not sanguine as to the future commercial possibilities of the country. His experiences in attempting to discover possibilities, and to interest the interior magistrates in the subject of commerce, were both amusing and pathetic. The absolute stolidity on the subject shown by natives in authority show how deeply they dread the impending social revolution which trade will surely bring. It seems certain that the merchant has a great missionary work to do in this commercially benighted country, and the surest way to rid the oppressed people of the incubus of bad government is to stimulate production and improve the condition of the industrial classes. At present, notwithstanding its great natural resources, paralysis rests on the country which once gave Japan scholars, artists, and artisans.

The author's style is simple, clear, and attractive. He seems scrupulously adherent to facts and things seen, and his unpretentious book is a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of a land which still piques curiosity. An excellent map, a number of illustrations by native artists, and a full-page picture of one of the colossal stone images called Mir-iok, together with good print and binding, add to the pleasures derived from an honest piece of literary workmanship. Though the three southern and richest provinces of Corea are still unexplored, and though these have most sentimental interest as being the scene of Hendrik Hamel's life and travels, we are grateful that so observing a traveller in the northern and central portions has told his tale so well.

BANCROFT'S HISTORY OF MEXICO.

History of Mexico. Vol. VI, 1861-1887. [Vol. XIV of Bancroft's Works.] By Hubert

Howe Bancroft. San Francisco: The History Company. 1888.

THE strongest impression left upon the reviewer as he closes this last volume of the series is the same as that with which he rose from reading the first, on its appearance—an impression, namely, of almost envious wonder at the immense range of material which Mr. Bancroft has laid under contribution. It may have been the reviewer's fortune to have picked up some unusual bits of information at first hand; for example, he may have been a guest in a remote and almost inaccessible Mexican village, quite off the travelled routes, and have asked his host to account for the charred beams to be seen in the ceiling, hearing, in reply, a long and strange tale of the ferocities of partisan warfare and of vengeful blows struck by foreign imperialists. Scarce a house in the whole village, in fact, but showed the marks of the torch. Yet even so minute a piece of knowledge as this, come at in such a chance fashion, floats along in its place on the broad stream of Mr. Bancroft's narrative, and an incidental note (p. 258) tells the story of Zitácuaro. One may have learned from natives, speaking in a half whisper, of the peculiar terrorism exercised for so many years in Guerrero by the Alvarez family, in which the Governorship of that State seemed to be vested as a feudal possession. Juan, the father, and Diego, the son, ruled like sultans, defying the Federal arms, laughing at the decisions of the Federal courts, robbing right and left like Turks. This little *peculium*, too, Mr. Bancroft sweeps into his great net, and shows (p. 127) that he knows all about it.

As to knowledge to be derived from printed books and manuscript collections, the case is hopeless from the start. A man will not be in haste to speak of the few rare books he may happen to possess, of a specimen or two of sixteenth-century Mexican typography, in the presence of Mr. Bancroft's royal resources—literally every authority, the rarest manuscripts, *incunabula* of the Mexican press. It would be Mudie versus the British Museum. Indeed, Mr. Bancroft's material is too great. No one man can handle it. The embarrassment of riches sticks out in every chapter. Careful indexing, thorough epitomizing, impartial abstracts by twenty hands, can never, though dovetailed together with the greatest skill, be equal to the product of a single mind in which all the ore has been fused. Thus it is that a sense as of ravelled threads, of a want of a continuous and philosophical grasp of the whole, is unavoidably connected with Mr. Bancroft's volumes. But this, after all, is little more than saying that man is a mortal and finite being.

Desiring, then, only to call attention to the distinctive merits of this final volume on Mexican history, we find its greatest value in the handling of the first seven years of the period in hand. These years are given 364 pages, as against only about a hundred for the remaining twenty. This is, of course, but a natural preference shown to a distinct and completed era—the French Intervention—over the less rounded-out events of the succeeding years. Mr. Bancroft might be thought to be also exercising a natural delicacy in speaking so succinctly of living Mexican statesmen and measures still pending, were it not that he is betrayed into something very like adulation with reference to Presidents Gonzalez and Diaz. We do not dispute, however, the general accuracy of his estimates of those great figures in contemporary Mexican politics. The volume closes with seven chapters, covering 230 pages, which are summaries, such as no one but Mr. Bancroft could

write, packed with information on Mexico's government, mining, manufactures, railroads, agricultural resources, ecclesiastical affairs, society, and education.

The book should be mainly judged by its success in telling the story of the Intervention, and the decision must be that the success has been very great. Until the French and Austrian archives yield their secrets, or until more Mexicans find their tongues, as they have been doing so remarkably in the past twelvemonth, we know not how more could be expected in the way of a thorough, all-sided, impartial, and penetrating treatment of this striking epoch in Mexican history. Its public and private aspects, its European and American relations, the long intrigues which led up to it, and the scheming and doubling which it covered, its political and its ecclesiastical aims and results, all leap into sharp outline under Mr. Bancroft's hand. Nowhere else is so much material brought together to bring out clearly the figure of Maximilian himself. Without any formal attempt at characterization, he stands before us in these pages, as in life, a strange mixture of worthy ambition and self-love—conceiving large projects and bringing to birth only petty results; deceived and helping to deceive others in regard to Mexico; an Emperor at a desk heaped high with proposed laws, when he should have been at the head of the army; mired and at last suffocated in Mexican officialism, incompetence, and deceit. The fact is well brought out, too, that Maximilian more than half thought of his Mexican "episode" as furnishing him a convenient stage on which to play to an audience of admiring Austrians, who had already had a taste of his art as Governor-General of Lombardy, and who might be led to devise some means of getting him over the obstacle of a single life which stood between him and the Austrian throne, if only he should well play the part in Mexico of a wise and liberal ruler. But the historical plays have their tragedy, as he found out to his surprise.

The only thing which could be called an omission to be noted in this part of the work is an absence of all reference to the highly important revelations made last summer by Gen. Escobedo in regard to the final scene at Querétaro. This, of course, simply means that the new light came too late for Mr. Bancroft's use, though it would seem as if a new edition or added page would be demanded in consequence. The doubt expressed in respect to the unaffected nature of the welcome given to the Emperor on his arrival in Mexico might have been given more color by a citation of the warrants on the Treasury, recently published by the Mexican Government, drawn to pay for the "spontaneous" festivities, triumphal arches, etc. That Bazaine made treasonable propositions to Gen. Diaz might also have been stated as something more than a suspicion, if due notice had been taken of the latter's recent allegations on this head. Again, one might wish that a little more attention had been given to the Empress Carlotta as a force in public affairs. Perhaps more striking than her social and charitable activities was her attitude as regent during some of Maximilian's absences from the capital—her dash and vigor compared to his good-natured indolence.

Several misprints disfigure the volume, and the oft-noted faults of Mr. Bancroft's style are only a little less offensive than in other books of his. On page 480 a blank half-page follows a promise to subjoin a statistical table. The index, which is to the six volumes of the series, is seriously defective in a few particulars in which we have tested it.