

these ways his name is written. Of course, tradition now relates that at his birth strange portents were observed in the sky. But it is more in accordance with hard historical fact that the genius of this man succeeded by conquest—ruthless, cruel, merciless—in welding the dissevered tribes into a nation, which took the name of the victor's people and called themselves Zulus, or properly Amazulus, and of whom Chaka became the head. Commencing his career by murdering his brother in 1813, he extended his conquests far and wide, until in 1822 his sway was felt from the St. John River, on the south-west, to Inhambane on the north-east, and from the Indian Ocean across half the continent to the westward. He had even conceived the idea of subjugating all the chiefs of South Africa, including his friend "George, king of all the white men," as he was "king of all the black men," when death cut short his career. In 1828 he was murdered by his brothers Dingaan and Umhlangaan—Dingaan

finally murdering Umhlangaan, who contested with him the vacant throne. Dingaan was, in 1840, murdered by the Ama-Swazis, to whom he had fled when driven from the kingdom by the Boers, aided by his brother Panda, who thereupon succeeded to the throne. Panda carried out the projects of his two brothers and carefully drilled his troops. He was a despot, but a lazy one, and lived on in fat ease until 1856.

To Panda—or "Umpanda," as his name is spelled—succeeded Cetywayo, whose name, if the reader wishes to be considered a Zulu scholar, he had better pronounce "Ketch-way-o," though it requires a combination of letters to which the English language is unequal to express the clicking sound of these Kaffir names. Of Ketch-way-o I need not speak. Of the wickedness he has done, and the evil deeds which he is only suspected of, the newspapers have had enough to say.

ROBERT BROWN.



A VISIT TO THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.



HE city of Oxford has no lack of objects of interest to the visitor, and amongst them the Bodleian Library will hold a foremost place in the eyes of very many. An institution of which the University and Englishmen at large may be justly proud, its reputation is world-wide. It takes

its name from Sir Thomas Bodley, by whose munificence and zeal it was founded towards the termination of Elizabeth's reign, and first opened to the public on November 8, 1602. Since that date it has been the recipient of a succession of noble bequests, which have combined to raise it to its present position of one of the finest libraries in the world. Its collection of Oriental manuscripts is without a rival in Europe for the beauty and rarity of its specimens; its first editions of the classics are only equalled by those at Vienna.

Curious histories attach to some portions of the collection. Amongst it are found a number of volumes once part of the library of Jerome Ossorius, who has been called the Cicero of Portugal. These were seized by the Earl of Essex at the assault on Faro in the year 1596, and subsequently made over to Sir Thomas Bodley, who was then founding his library.

Passing by the handsome Radcliffe Library, now used as a reading-room for the Bodleian, and containing the more modern works, we will proceed to the

Bodleian itself, as being an object of more general interest.

The visitor who has before his eye the graceful outline of the Radcliffe, and bears in mind the reputation of the library he is about to visit, will doubtless be disposed to expect some noble building specially adapted to the requirements and suited to the fame of its contents. He will assuredly be disappointed. In one corner of the gloomy quadrangle of "the schools" is an insignificant doorway, above which appear the words BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA. We enter, and ascend an ancient staircase with many turns, and very little light, and presently enter the library. A long gallery is before us, dimly lighted by some few stained-glass windows. Down its centre stretch glass cases, the contents of which we will presently notice. Curious old shelves extend from floor to roof, the upper ones reached by a narrow gallery, and all filled with ponderous volumes in strange old binding. A musty odour pervades the place. Everything seems redolent of antiquity. The bright attire of two or three lady visitors contrasts strangely with the sombre hue of all around. Examine one of the quaint old volumes side by side with some production of a modern publishing house, and mark the strides printing has made since the day when Caxton first set up his press amongst us. The magnitude of the library is attested by the army of huge volumes in which its precious contents are catalogued. There also lie open for inspection some ponderous parchment tomes, in which the names of benefactors are duly inscribed, together with their arms, and particulars of their gifts to the library.

To the chance visitor not the least interesting por-

tion of the gallery will be the curious relics displayed in the glass cases and upon the walls. First we notice an open book displaying the firm and legible signature of Her Majesty, that of the Prince Consort, the Princess Alice, and some other royal visitors. A little farther on we meet with the original Solemn League and Covenant, bearing the signatures of Scottish peers and others, most of whom, however, could scarcely be congratulated upon the excellence of their handwriting. Close at hand is an autograph statement made by the Duke of Monmouth in the Tower on the morning of his execution, and attested by Turner, Bishop of Ely, and Tenison, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Near at hand are poems in the clear and beautiful handwriting of Milton and Chatterton; and letters of Archbishop Laud, Pope, and Addison. Side by side are resignations of the Chancellorship of the University by Laud and Clarendon, the latter dated from the Tower. In another case is a relic interesting to the school-boy mind, in the shape of a Latin exercise-book, containing some youthful labours of King Edward VI. A few printed volumes attract attention. One, a copy of the New Testament, is remarkable for its unique binding, which is fashioned out of a waistcoat of Charles I. Near it is a copy of a book printed by Caxton at Bruges, in 1472, the first book printed in the English language. For a companion it has a copy of the first printed Latin Bible. Not far from these, and far surpassing them in attractiveness of appearance, are several manuscript volumes of devotional works of various stages of antiquity, some ranging as high as the ninth century. Most of these are illuminated in a style which compels us to admire the patience and skill of the artist, and the durability of his pigments. The colours seem as fresh and as bright now as they must have appeared to the toilsome worker centuries ago. But certainly these mediæval illuminators were not very happy in their delineation of animate objects. They seem to have always aimed at representing saints in the most impossible and painful of attitudes.

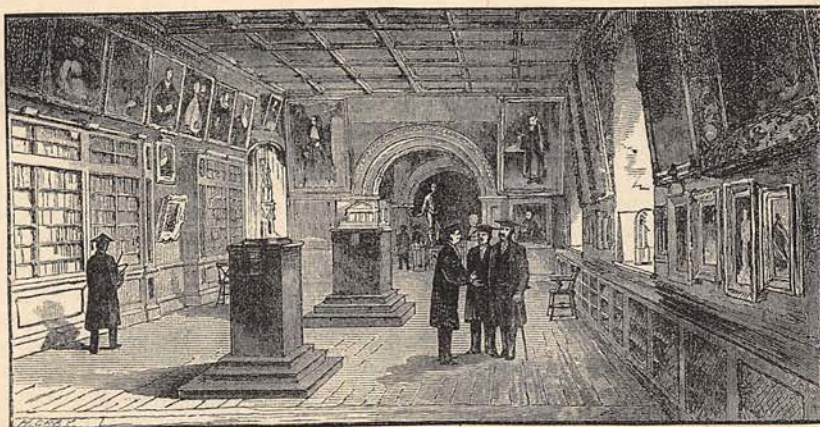
Before leaving, we may notice upon the wall a facsimile of an ancient map, whereon are depicted the fanciful shapes ascribed to the inhabitants of polar and other remote regions by Pomponius Mela, and geographers of old.

At right angles with this gallery is another of an even more gloomy character, divided off by book-cases into a variety of small dens, wherein readers may seclude themselves in the company of the volumes they desire to consult.

The treasures of the library, which do not meet the eye of a chance visitor, are open to the inspection of a stranger, whether native or foreign, on proper recommendation and the performance of a few formalities. The precious gifts of Bodley, Laud, Fairfax, Digby, Rawlinson, Heber, and other benefactors are all for the time being at his service. He may gloat over the choicest manuscripts, Biblical and classical, in Hebrew, Arabic, Persian, Greek, Latin, and a variety of tongues ancient and modern; may revel amongst first editions of the ancient authors, early Bibles, fifteenth century books, and the productions of the Aldine Press. Persian manuscripts, Egyptian papyri, and Mexican hieroglyphics, rescued from the ravages of time and ignorance, all find a home here.

Before leaving the Bodleian we must glance into the Picture Gallery, which is in itself worthy of a careful inspection. Apart from its noble collection of portraits, historical paintings, statuary, and its models of ancient buildings, it contains some few relics interesting to the curious. Amongst them we may notice a chair made from the mast of Drake's vessel, the *Golden Hind*, and the identical lantern carried by Guido Fawkes at the time of his arrest. The latter is very antique in its pattern, and has moreover experienced such rough usage that it would not tempt the cupidity of a dustman.

And now once more down the staircase so many generations of visitors have trodden, away from the odour of ancient things, out into the freer air of the quadrangle.



THE BODLEIAN.