country in February. On arriving at Kazungula he heard of the illness of his brother, who, after their parting at Nkala, had visited the copper mines east of the Kafue, and when halfway between the Falls and Monze he heard of his brother's death.

When Colonel Harding was home for a holiday in England, King Lewanika had been invited to the coronation of King Edward, and the duty devolved on Colonel Harding of accompanying the Barotse king both during his stay in England, and his journey to Barotseland. Colonel Harding in his last chapter gives an appreciative account both of the Barotse king during this time, and of the statesmanlike character of Lewanika.

Colonel Harding's book is a most vivid and fresh account of these remote parts of the empire. Based as it is on his notes day by day, it enables the reader to follow the life and work of those who amid many hardships are engaged in Britain's imperial work, and to behold those little known lands and peoples through the mind of an officer and gentleman.[1]

A GREAT GEOGRAPHER: ELISÉE RECLUS, 1830-1905.

By Professor PATRICK GEDDES.

I.

THE writing of biography is plainly one of those fields which must longest await reduction to scientific methods. Here most of all, amongst the puzzles of evolution, the difficulty seems supreme, the complexity greatest. Each individual is at his best unique, and the great man is a culminating product of past tendencies and forces, all hard to unravel, and perhaps yet harder to estimate at their respective importance, whether for him or for the world. Such in fact is the many-sidedness of every full life, every developing and varied career, that we may have as many biographies as there chance to be biographers, perhaps as many fresh interpretations of these as they find reflective readers. Yet here is no mere confusion, but the early struggle of what may be developed into distinct methods of biographic treatment, and these only in appearance rival ones. In the study of lower forms of life the first investigator gives himself especially to the task of formal and outward description of the adult organism as he sees it; another dissects, another classifies. Soon, however, some other complements these presentments—all too static—by inquiries into the inward life and its functioning; another by a study of the life in its wider outward relations to its fellows, its struggle of love and hunger amid the great world—its whole environment, in short. But none of these investigators is as yet fully an evolutionist; hence new schools of workers must take up the task. One reinvestigates the developments of individual infancy, or of such metamorphoses as that which in our own species we

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[1] The illustrations accompanying this paper are from Colonel Harding's book, and we are indebted to the publishers for the use of the blocks.

are beginning to appreciate as adolescence. Another strives to unearth the essential secret from the strata of ancestral history. Neither description, however complete, of racial origins nor of individual phases of development, can satisfy us. Phylogeny and ontogeny must be united, and each alike needs to become rational. For this the eventful outward struggle for existence must be examined anew, and anon the inward temperament and tendency re-read.

All these various lines of investigation have still to be harmonised; and only then, out of contending or isolated specialisms, shall we have an adequate biology. So it is with analogous studies in the world of men. Hence the sociologist struggles to unify the vast, but almost chaotic materials, which anthropologist and scholar, historian and economist, and many more are ever pouring upon him, each careful as to his own facts, but seldom heedful of their general bearing. The social psychologist, the biographer, cannot wait till all these sciences are completed; for him even more than for all others the stream of phenomena never ceases, its events must be taken as they come, observed and recorded at least, interpreted as far as may be.

Without waiting, then, for a completed method of biography, we may best progress towards this by making the most of existing ones, which indeed need little more than to be specialised here and generalised there—each one developed to the utmost possible, yet all taken together. Thus our collection of annals can hardly be too complete, even if outer facts, circumstances, events, seem apparently small; for it is in biographical interpretation as in medical diagnosis; a detail, a symptom is no longer trivial when we can read its meaning. Still, however we may hold with some that a Boswell's value lies largely in his own pettiness, our records must essentially be of the phases of personal development, and of their characteristic expression, their essential productivity. Given these annals, then, in their continuous serial presentment of the years, we have to reconstitute the essential phases of life; the child in his parentage and home, the youth at college, and in the larger environment of his wander-years, settling to life and work, his outward crises, his inward developments. We must consider all these in themselves, and in their reaction upon the maturing life-work; and so prepare for a just estimate of this both from the standpoint of the specialist and of the larger world. Yet these estimates are also changing; and this not only during life, nor at its close, but in the world's realisation of its concrete legacy, its absorption of less material influence and impulse.

Towards some such regularising of biographies, towards orderly description and comparative treatment, the lives of men of science, of inventors and artists also, since all in their way are so plainly children of a larger growth, lend themselves more easily than do those spent in the complex struggles of the temporal or the spiritual world. Yet where such comparatively clear and simple lives also are plainly affected by the greater streams of thought and of events, and in turn react towards these, we have biographies of peculiar instructiveness, since our inquiries into individual and social evolution must peculiarly unite. Such lives are still rare; for the man of science must more naturally be found

among the cloistered regulars rather than in the busy secular world. Hence a peculiar interest in such a life as that of Reclus. That school of thought which most insists on deriving all things from the geographical *milieu* has here the man whose essential distinction it is to have attained to the universal consciousness of the material world and most to have promoted this. Yet those who explain a personality by its directive ideals, or those who interpret each career as essentially a resultant of the social and political events of its time, will each find a representative man in this young idealist of '48, this veteran of the siege of Paris, this irreconcilable exile from the Commune.

II.

Beginning, then, with the annals of this long and busy life, we are able, thanks to the care and courtesy of his nephew, M. Paul Reclus, to subjoin in colourless presentment that essential outline of facts and dates which his future biographer will thus fortunately find to his hand waiting to be vitalised.[1] Of primary importance towards that reconstruction of the earlier phases of life, upon which our interest and understanding alike so much depend, will be found his brief but admirable recent outline of the life of his much-beloved elder brother and lifelong friend, Elie. So intimate were the two brothers, and despite complemental temperaments and studies, so similar was their early experience, that much of this small biographic sketch may be read at the same time as an autobiographic one, and indeed as one of superior value to autobiography proper, since the writer is without thought of self at all. In this sketch we see a type of home life, which is also one of our own national traditions, for has not the intellectuality and the idealism of Calvinism, its sternness and its strength, culminated in the pastor of the Cevennes, in the Scottish minister of the Covenant or of the Disruption? The schooling of both boys by the Moravian Brothers at their then notable school of Neuwied, where they seem to have been thoroughly grounded in both classical and modern subjects, if disillusionised with its theology, and where they met representatives of many nations, is briefly but vividly told. Here, too, the young Reclus were prepared for their wide interest and sympathy with men of all nations, not only by every form of physical encounter with the representative boy-barbarians of each; or even by the ready assimilation of the leading languages which such a mixed school favoured; but also by forming enduring friendships with Germans, Dutchmen, Englishmen, among whom notably our own George Meredith.

From this school the boys returned to the Protestant College of St. Foy, and in due course to the Theological Faculty of Montauban. But here, in Reclus' own words, "the local influences were singularly overpowered by those which came from the great Paris, bringing the news of political struggles, and then, in a thunderclap, those of the Revolution itself. The year '48, that fine, that generous epoch of

[1] This summary will appear at the end of the paper next month.

which the historic importance will appear greater and greater in coming ages, was already carrying on men's minds towards a new political and social ideal. A Dionysiac intoxication had seized the young, and naturally the students were among the most ardent of all."

After these sentences, so expressive of Reclus' essential standpoint throughout his long and busy after-life, we need not be surprised at the event of next year, a sudden boyish impulse of truancy which sent off the two brothers and a comrade in search of the Mediterranean and its breath of liberty. Weeks afterwards they trudged back, but expulsion followed; and Elisée thence went to Berlin, where the great tradition of Humboldt, the admirable and vivid teaching of Ritter, rapidly shaped him for his scientific work in life. Nothing too can have been more fully complemental to this than the joyous homeward tramp of the two brothers from Strasburg to their southern home, no more perfect preparation for the geographer who was destined most fully to infuse his faithful descriptive science with an ever-youthful joy of nature, and a no less enduring sympathy with the toil of man. This brief idyll ended, the two students arrived at home in time to add their protest against the *Coup d'Etat* of December 1851, and so to find themselves under the then remorseless ban of the new Empire. Thus began new wander-years; the first spent partly in London, partly in Ireland, and apparently painful at best; but the next two in the United States, both Northern and Southern, which he learned to know in true American fashion, the trained eye of the scientific geographer being sharpened through earning his way and setting his hand to each occupation as it offered itself. Thus schooled and strengthened, three years in South America next gave that first-hand knowledge of tropical nature and agriculture, of Indian and Spanish-American character and civilisation, which were all later to be expressed in living volumes.

But for a Frenchman of all men it is hard to strike enduring roots in foreign lands, so with the amnesty of 1856, proclaimed by Napoleon, now secured in his throne by the successful issue of the Crimean War, the two brothers meet again in Paris, and there begins that steady output of substantial production here recorded year by year. Its main headings show how the juvenile journeys through France, the later stays in the United States and in the tropics especially, bring forth their appropriate fruit, and this not merely in comprehensive descriptive knowledge, but also in matured social thought and intense political conviction. Thus, as the cordial obituary notice in the *Times* (5th July 1905) reminds us, "he was the first French writer to lend support to President Lincoln in the great struggle of the North against the South; so highly was this appreciated that the American Minister offered him a large sum of money, which, as might have been expected, was indignantly refused."

This quiet existence as geographic worker and writer was rudely interrupted by the Franco-German War, the Siege, and the Commune. Of his two ruling passions, that of world-travel and world-vision naturally made him one of that brilliant corps of æronauts whose doings make up an unforgetable chapter in the progress of ærostation; the other

passion, that high inward vision and hope of social ideals, that sympathy with popular aspiration, thence led him into the ranks of the Commune. Of the terrible year he rarely spoke; but the writer was once privileged to hear from his cousin and sister-in-law, Madame Elie Reclus, a description of that time so vivid, so nobly impassioned, that she stands ever since in his memory as the very type and image of the Muse (say rather the Sybil) of History. In his life of Elie above cited,[1] Elisée has briefly and proudly told how his brother earned only his subsequent proscription and banishment by the very greatest service to science and literature possible to man, that of accepting the keepership of the Bibliothèque Nationale throughout that stormy time, and guarding its treasures from dangers on every hand. But we still need the corresponding record of the share of Elisée himself during the Commune, though in a general way this is known to have been also to his credit. Fortunately for science, he was taken prisoner by the Versaillais before the climax of utmost embitterment and the resultant massacres of the vanquished Communards. Removed to Brest, he doubtless thought much, and found expression in giving lessons to his fellow-prisoners. When his turn for trial came in November 1871 he was sentenced to New Caledonia, but an international petition to the Government from men of science, which included the signatures of Darwin, Wallace, and many others, led to the mitigation of the penalty to exile.

III.

Settling at Clarens on the Lake of Geneva, matured in geographical preparation, and with his political hopes destroyed, his social hopes at least indefinitely postponed and now essentially centred upon a general educative process, he was now ready and free to undertake the great work of his life, the *Géographie Universelle*: and to the production of the nineteen bulky volumes of this the next twenty-two years were mainly devoted, up to its completion in 1894.

There are, it is true, estimable specialist workers who affect to undervalue this encyclopædic endeavour, because of this or that inevitable shortcoming in their province, or because of the continuous advance of our detailed knowledge of each of the world's regions. But so also has it not often been a limitation of the workman proper in our time, whether as quarryman or hewer, lumberman or carpenter, to pass beyond legitimate pride in the work of his own hands and to undervalue that of the architect, forgetting that it is through such synthetic skill alone that the product of their labour comes to completion and usefulness?

In the main, however, Reclus' work did not lack the appreciation it deserved; all the more because, as a master of descriptive prose, he raised anew geography into literature, victoriously challenging a higher and keener criticism than that even of his own workfellows in science. To appraise this great work, we must consider it in its place in literature. Adequately to attempt this would involve a muster of kindred great and

[1] *Elie Reclus*, 1827-1894. L'Émancipatrice. (3 Rue Pondichéry), Paris, 1895.

synthetic works of descriptive science from the eighteenth century onwards, and notably from Buffon's *Histoire Naturelle* to Humboldt's *Cosmos*. It would require an analysis of the influence of not a few of the literary masterpieces of three generations, from *Ossian*, from Bernardin's classic *Paul et Virginie*, Rousseau's return to nature, onwards through Chateaubriand's imperishable transcripts of his own experiences in America (*Les Natchez*, *Atala*, etc.), to the idylls of peasant life of Georges Sand, or to the purple prose of Michelet, as much by nature a poet as a historian. Nor could our inquiry remain on French soil alone. Without Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, itself within its limits, as Professor Gregory[1] points out, "one of the finest works in the whole range of geographical literature," our comparison would be incomplete; and here indeed a fresh essay on comparative criticism would be but beginning. Enough, however, if we note here two points. First, that each science in turn needs to be raised into literature, and this even for its own sake as well as for the world's; so that Huxley or Geikie in their popular writings on natural science, or in more abstract fields, William James or Herbert Spencer, with their minor books or essays, are no less truly advancing science than with their technical works, such writing being not merely "popular," but architectonic. Secondly, we may also note that, while each generation must naturally renew its surveys of science for itself, circumstances may give this or that world-survey a peculiar permanence. This is doubly the case for the great work we are discussing, and indeed for all its best contemporaries; for we must not forget that the intense Nature-passion, so characteristic of all the eighteenth and nineteenth century romantics, from Ossian and Rousseau to Ruskin and Reclus, began with the encroachment of the industrial revolution upon the beauty of nature, and culminated with the vast and reckless destruction of natural and historic beauty by the railway and manufacturing age. In these men's youth nature was still to be seen in virginal loveliness, pure from snow to sea, and cities still enthroned upon their past, each unique in its homely or its monumental beauty, since in either case the cumulative museum and treasure-house of the ages. They lived to see all these more ignorantly, ruthlessly demolished or transformed than ever by the desolation of past conquests, the wilful wreckage of ancient wars. Hence their descriptions are so strongly coloured; hence they range from passion to pathos, joy to despair; but we must read them to know the Alps before they became funicular hotel-playgrounds. Hence Ruskin's bitter lament over the polluted Wandel is matched by Reclus' last and briefest description of the prosperous Rhine. Yet that Reclus had no undue fear of change, was no enemy to progress, surely needs no assertion here: his book is not only in great part a record of the conquest of nature by man, but a continual incitement to this. But enough here of its various excellences; each lover of geography may best find them for himself.

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[1] J. W. Gregory, *The Teaching of Geography*. Melbourne (no date).

IV.

Of his later years at Paris, and since 1894 at the Université Nouvelle of Brussels, happy and fertile though these were; of his manifold productivity, his minor journeys and lecturings—as once and again, 1893, 1895, at the Edinburgh Summer Meeting—there is no space to speak; yet perhaps as little need, for few men can be more warmly remembered, as teacher, colleague, or friend. So here we might leave our author, as his many appreciators have commonly done, or at most call for the perpetuation of his nobly sculpturesque features by some worthy master of the art so greatly renewed among his countrymen. His monument will doubtless soon stand beside that of his cousin Broca in his native town. Yet were our biographic sketch to close here, it would still be incomplete; nay, lacking in essentials. For we do not understand either the man or his work if we forget his full conception of his science, his greatest scheme for its expression and exposition, or with the kindly *Times* writer already cited, treat his social convictions, impracticable or extreme though they may seem to us, as but the expression of his human sympathy, and not also as a thought-out creed. To each of these three points, therefore, some brief consideration must be given.

(*To be concluded.*)

GEOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

Asia.

The New Province of Bengal.—The official resolution, announcing the creation of the new province of *Eastern Bengal and Assam*, has appeared in India. The new province consists of the districts of the Chittagong and Dacca divisions, those of the Rajshashi division except Darjeeling, and the district of Malda. The line of demarcation will follow the present boundaries of these districts. The new province is to be a Lieutenant-Governorship, and the capital is Dacca, the ancient capital of Bengal. The change reduces the population of Bengal proper to 54½ millions, and the territory to 141,580 square miles. Eastern Bengal and Assam will have a total population of 31 millions, and an area of 106,540 square miles.

America.

Exploration of Labrador.—Sir William Macgregor, Governor of Newfoundland, has been lately engaged in a journey of exploration off Labrador. The party started from St. John's on board the *Fiona*, and, in addition to Sir William Macgregor, included Mr. Henry Reeve, C.M.G., who has held office as Director of Public Works in various parts of the Empire; Captain Elgee, a student of anthropology and ethnology; and Mr. Clemenson, a West African official now on leave