at midday. There is continual daylight for that period. However, the sun is lower, gradually sinking lower and lower until it appears merely as a great shining ball on the edge of the horizon, and then slowly disappears below it. It is at first rather confusing this mixing up of the old conventional night and day, and somewhat ridiculous mistakes occur. Yet there is always something about night in the Arctic regions which inescapably stamps it as night. There is an unvoiced calmness and stillness in the air and in all the surroundings. The sun gleams with a subdued glare over the golden tinted snow-fields and ice-floes, and the bergs float along with the mild light reflected from their glistening sides, like ice castles in that quiet flood of summer sunlight. The sea-gull sits now and then about the hummocks, or sits dreamily floating along on the broken pieces of ice. The noisy swarms of moulmokens—the spirits of old Greenland skippers, the sailor affirms—gorged with blubber, have now retired to the ice-floes. The only noise now heard is the angry cackle of an obese Procellaria, crowded out of its sleeping-place by its fellows. The rotjies, boom's and ducks, which all day long flacken wherever in the pool is the ice-floe, are now sitting in long pensively lines on the edge of some floating piece of ice. A seal, rising to stare round just at our stern, or a small family party of walrus floating along on the ice, are the only living things about. A temporary excitement may be raised at the sight of a huge bear which has approached, having scented out the odour of sapphire from afar; or the stillness of the midnight air in Hyperborea is broken by the shouts of the crew, who tumble up half dressed from below; the twirling of pulleys and the “ flap” of ropes as the boats are hastily lowered, for a whale has just blown, in full far more case, not a hundred yards from the ship.

All this is over now. The twilight has given way to the alternate night and day. The nights are cold, and in the morning a “raw fog,” which goes to your very bones, meets you as you come on deck. Storms of wind are not uncommon. The noise of the bergs crashing together, though beautiful to people abounding in more sentiment, is rather disquieting to the captain’s mind. He accordingly moves “sul’hard” in advance of the weather and in pursuit of the whale, which now begins travelling along the westward shores to its winter quarters somewhere out of the limits of fixed ice, but where is not known. Short halts are made at Home Bay, Clyde River, and other localities—the names of which hardly express the real geographical nature of these places. Most of them are inlets of the sea, of great but unknown extent; never penetrated by man, and unless the Admiralty choose to take one of their ship’s boats and a few of the many officers wearing out their lives ashore on the joys of half-pay and prospects, most likely never will. By the beginning of October they are opposed what is marked on the chart as Cape Hooper. South of this lies an extensive sound not indicated on any chart, known to the whalers as “Yakie Fjord,” or literally Eskimo-fjord, from the number of natives who were found there when it was discovered, though few or none are in that vicinity now. If the whaler has not yet a cargo, he either goes south to Cumberland Sound (Kemuesak) or to a little harbour known as “Hangman’s Cove”—from the circumstance of a native being found suspended by a line over a cliff when it was first entered—or the majority return into this “Yakie Fjord,” or rather into a little cal de sac just off it. Here the ships lie secure while the autumn storms rage outside, and every morning the boats go out and lie waiting for the sight of whales. This is called “rock-nosing.” It is not very successful, but still there is a chance of their obtaining a whale. If one is captured, the vessel comes out and assists in towing it into the harbour, there to be “made off,” or stripped of its blubber and whalebone. It is not often that the whaler stays later than the 20th October, but those who go into Cumberland Sound (where a number of vessels—chiefly American—winter) will occasionally delay their departure for home until the beginning of November.

In October, however, most of the whalers bear up for England, home, and a good warm fire—a luxury we have not experienced for a goodly number of days. Stormy weather catches us as we round Cape Farewell, and a howling blast blows us across the Atlantic; but if we have the ordinary luck of a whaler, we will be sighted Cape Wrath in another fortnight, be duly “broomed” by the passing coasters, and finally be hailed in kindly halloos! as we steam down the coast, up the Tay, and into Dundee Harbour, some day in dreary November.

ROBERT BROWN.

NOTES ON MR. STANLEY’S WORK.

By Captain R. F. Burton.

I consider it a duty to notice this book before the Royal Geographical Society and the professional mappers adopt as readily as they did, in the case of certain theories that preceded it, sundry changes proposed by Mr. Henry M. Stanley, “late Commander New York Herald Expedition.” Mr. Stanley, it is true, proposes little beyond alterations of names and of features which seem infinitely interesting to the non-professional geographer. But either he is right and I am wrong or vice versâ, and it is as well that both sides should be heard. Either the names are incorrect or they are correct; either they should be changed or they should be preserved, and without “arguing the point” no decision can be arrived at. The points also that appear to the general reader as wanting parts and magnitude become centres of interest to the professional geographer. Finally, I am anxious to see all suspicion of error even in nomenclature removed as soon as possible from a line of country which was first opened up to the world by English enterprise.

As a rule Mr. Stanley adopts the system of transliteration which I preferred to that of the “Mombas Mission” who naturally enough had accommodated theirs to the pronunciation of

Deutsche festerlande—

we day trikk und sing on Zonings und day tenn like al be tankt.

* When a whaler is sighted, it is courtesy for any vessel passing to hold up a brown—a mode of enquiry regarding his luck. The boatmen of the whaler in turn waves a brown once for every whale on board. This is one of the many old customs peculiar to whalers.
Indeed our English style dates from the days of Sir William Jones, and he also modified what was found in the translation of the Scriptures addressed to a certain "Most Dread Sovereign." The translators as well as the judge wrote Jerusalem, not the Jerusalem proposed by Dr. Gilchrist and those of the Anglonamian school. Mr. Stanley, however, has altered one important name, for others he has proposed various modifications which should not lightly be passed over.

And first of the word "Tanganyika," to which Mr. Stanley (p. 25 et passim) prefers "Tan-ga-ni'ka" (Tanganika) deeming the "y" superfluous. Here he is at issue with all his predecessors. Mr. Cooley evidently heard Zanganyika or Zangānīka, for he writes the letter with the Spanish ǎ (ā, ě). The Rev. Mr. Wakefield of Mombasa, a critical Kiswahili scholar, gives (p. 325 Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, S. No. ii., vol. x. of 1870) a cognate term Intanganyika, for which I proposed (Zanzibar, vol. i., p. 491) to read Intanganyika. The word corresponds with "Masingano," meeting of the waters, in Angola.

We are thus three to one in favour of the "superfluous y." It is a question whose ear is heard best, and to a certain extent it proves a matter of authority. When we scrutinize Mr. Stanley's claims to correctness; we are not struck by the breadth of their base. He is evidently enviously unfamilial with Jones and Gilchrist. He is utterly innocent of Arabic and Hindustani—in fact, of any eastern tongue except the slightest conversational knowledge of Kiswahili. His own pages give us the measure of his gift of tongues: he has apparently botched his Arabic from Dr. Livingstone, who converts the Semitic El wail (the Governor) into the pseudo-African "Loveli"; and his orthography reminds us of Hardy's "Neasfer" (Nyasat). "Deser" (Walisha); "Judeec" or "Lolit" (Rafidi); "Zawarah" (Ziwa), and "Maroroo" (Mgoro). We find in Mr. Stanley such palpable vulgarisms and blunders as Suyul Breakfast (as for Bahr;); "Halmi" (twice for Hammil, in the superlative, a porter); "Dowa" for Dawa; "Welled" for Waliad (whereas our "valet"); "Faraji" for Farajii; "Damin" for Damin, a short Arab jacket; "Masika" for Mishia, a cockboat; "Say" for Sun, if you will; "Snei"; "Ismali" for Ismaili, a horrible "a esparaste" taking the place of the classical ayn, which is equally ignored in "Mussoud"; "Bedweesi," the English plural of an Arabic plural, for Bedawi; "Essu" for Isū, and "Salt" for Sahh, whose peculiar and Sintric gutturization can hardly be mistaken by the dullest ear. What can be "watts" (Arabic for slippers) in page 37? How can the Arabs corrupt "Mbambwa" to "Mpwapa" (p. 166), when their language utterly ignores a "p"? Here again Arab and Kiswahili are confounded, an inexcusable confusion. The compromising mistakes in Arabic are as follows:—"Askari" is not an Arab word; it is Arabic connected with the Persian "Lashkar," and worn by Anglo-Indians know what a "Lascar" is. "Abdul" (literally "Slave of the") for Abdullah, Slave of Allah; is worthy of an English law court. "Betuel el Kuds" very poorly represents "Bay ibham el Kuds." "Khatšalūbu" is a fearful perversion of Katalšāb, he slew his father; and so is "Allah ho, Akbar!" for Allah Akbar, "Bakara!" (head to-morrow) does duty for "Ratās Bukar, ox headed. I confess that my Arabic is at fault to understand "Jibl el Haleeb Bil-Adhān" (p. 347). Perhaps the latter may be Allahu Akbar Alayk! but nothing can convert the meaning to "Bring the milk; you"—even in the "choice vocabulary of El Sham" (Sham or Damascus), which I certainly did not speak in 1859. Poor Prof. Blake—a man who knows anything of Arab customs would hardly have named his poor little dog "Omar." What should we think of a Moslem who called his pointer Saint Peter or Saint Paul?

Mr. Stanley's delicacy of ear is equally recognizable in Hindustani words and in Kiswahili. Otherwise he would not write (p. 33) "Ludhui Damji" for Lashī Dāmāh or Dāmāji; "Mushuk" for the popular Mushak, a water-skink, and "go-down" for the corrupted Portuguese Guam or Guado. Anglo-Indians say Godown, but the word does not belong to the system of Sir William Jones. Dr. Krafft, a German, was justified in writing "Samsilar" for Zanzibar: Mr. Stanley, an Anglo-American should not prefer "Tsecte," "Zanzur," "Wasegoa" and "Wagoehuka," to Tzetez, Kizungu, Wazegura and Wazeguha. "Monti" (p. 104) is not a "dry gully": the simple form of the word means a river or stream, and the locative ni here becomes phonetic. Other writers are equally unlucky when they speak of the "great river Matony." The Zebra is not called "Pinda-terma" (p. 155), but Phinda-

Kifundo in Kiswahili, Phundu-ndiuGENic Kigaramo, and Mbea in Kinyarwadi: it is the Himar Mushak-}

khat of Zanzibar Arabic, whilst "Ngila" is the headress of Zed's hair. Phinda (plural Mipinda) means the common as, in the coast and in the inner dialects.

"Whiyow" (upon the principle, I suppose, of Snaerley Vow) should be Uhiyo; "Ndgu M'hal" is not the sound of Ndugu M'ali; "Kali" (hot, strong) should be Khili with an aspirate, and "Wamusi" for Wamasi is probably a misprint. That the niceties of the language are quite unknown, we see by "Manggu Kula" for Mangu Mkuha, the second "m" an absolute necessity of euphony; by "Mameeno" for Ma-nceno, plural of neno; by "Paga" for upanga, a sword (in the plural P'hang), by "Nyanza," "Nyansa," which has no suffix; by "Sungomaziai" for Sungomaji; by Nazia Moya (one cock-nut tree), by "Mabhai," "Mbyah" and "Byah" (pp. 579 and 665), for Mbya (bad); and by the unintelligible "Sigue" for Sijua (I don't know).

With these instances of profound ignorance before me I shall adhere to "Tanganyika" until some scholar assures me that the word is more correctly written "Tanganyika."

And now for the disputed term "Uyamwedi." Mr. Stanley (p. 517) "prefers Mr. Cooley's interpretation to Captain Burton's." Yet he does not adopt Mr. Cooley's interpretation, which is strange, and he says that my interpretation is not mine, which is stranger. Mr. Cooley (according to Mr. Stanley), translates his Monomot, East Anglo-Monome or Mwezi, a term never heard in the interior or on the coast, "Lord of the World." I believe that so far from being the case, Mr. Cooley (Memoir on the Lake Regions, reviewed by W. D. Cooley, London, Stanford, 1864) last makes it Wa Mumbe Mwezi, The Landlord or Petty Chief Country, and referring Mr. Cooley's interpretation, he renders the word (p. 510) not "Lord of the World," but "Land"
of (the Chief) Mwezi." What then becomes of the preference? He owns that I did not "unhesitatingly adopt" the translation "Country of the Moon." It was suggested by Mwana, but after studying the language, the word consisted of "u" (a locative form), "nya" (of), and "Mwezi" (the moon). I did not adopt it because, after trying for months, it was found impossible to settle the value of the prefix or prefixes "Una." I did not wholly reject it, having often heard the Arabs and Hindus of Zanzibar call the country Mwezi (moon), and suspecting that possibly the Greeks, who, in the matter of barbarous etymology, were as incurious as Mr. Stanley, had derived it from their "Mountains of the Moon." But Mr. Stanley's objection, that a Kiswahili definition has been given to a Kinyarwanda word is simply puerile. The people of Unyanwezi, as I find in the vocabulary drawn up by myself, call the moon "Mwezi," with the lightest of nasalised: the word, therefore, is Kinyarwanda as well as Kiswahili. He has of course not attempted to explain the mysterious "Una," a common prefix in the "Land of the Moon." We find it in Unyansea, Unyasa and in Unya-ngurwe (a hug); and the latter we must not translate, as he does "Unyanwezi," Land of (the Chief) pig—"Mis chamaste Cicaccot." Mr. Stanley proceeds to tell us (p. 519), "also do I differ most positively with Captain Burton if he supposes that 'Nimeamaye,' the country said to be sixty days from the Atlantic Ocean by the Dutch historian Dapper, can be Unyanwezi." He grounds this objection—and he must indeed have been hard-upon—the fact that two months would be an insufficient time for the journey; and he holds that "Nimeamaye" is probably a corruption caused by misapprehending the correct sound of Manyauma (Manyauma?) or Manyuweyi, the latter being apparently his own invention. Had he taken the trouble to read anything beyond the "Lake Regions," he would have found that "the historian Dapper" (Beschryving van Africa, the well-known old writer quoted by Mr. Cooley), sets the question at rest by expressly asserting that the "Kingdom of Monomuvi" is "called by others Nimeamaye." I have given my reasons (Lake Regions ii. 4) for believing, that about a century and a half ago, Unyanwezi was a great negro empire, under a single despot, although at least one of my critics determined that the tradition was mainly the result of my own imagination. But Mr. Stanley (p. 517) has evidently heard the same legend, and his informers agree with mine in making Ukagaza the nucleus of empire. The question is, therefore, which region about the end of the sixteenth century, in fact, during the days of Pigafetta (A.D. 1591), was the more likely to spread its name across the African continent to the Western Coast, the important "Empire of Monomuvi," or the obscure "Manyuema," of which neither Arabs nor Africans had ever heard in 1859, and which has only during the last two years been made known by Dr. Livingstone. I need hardly say that verbal resemblances must be totally rejected in such a matter. We have only to see how the 'blessed word' Unyanwezi has been treated, e.g., Muninwezi, Munyavezi, Monomuvi, Monimwezi, Monimwézi, Monetzmug, Monnémug, Monnezmug, Moni-mung, Munomungwezi, Mwana, Mwezi, Unamwezi, and Oga-Nyamwezi (Captain Guilhain), being a few of the stages through which it passed.

Adhering to Dapper therefore, I still must hold Nimeamaye to be Unyanwezi and not "Manyuema." On some points I am disposed to think that Mr. Stanley may be right but want of confidence in his ear, and in his linguistic judgment, compel a certain reserve. The first is Kazeh. His informants tell him (p. 261) that it means, in Kinyarwanda, "kingdom," that it was never applied to their settlement by the Arabs, and that the site of Musa Mguni's house is universally called Tabora. But Kazeh was the name given to me by all the Arabs in 1856-59. Captain Grant (p. 53, A Walk across Africa) speaks of Kazeh. In his "Journal of the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile" (p. 53), Captain Speke informs us that "Kazé" is a well in the village of Tabora: yet, afterwards (p. 87), his illustration gives a "front view of Musa's house at Kazé," and again he uses the word in p. 123. It is true that the Arabs of Zanzibar, as of Syria, would more willingly allow a stranger to write down a wrong word than be rude enough to set him right. On the other hand, in Africa, as in Sind, the names of villages are easily changed by the least accident. We want therefore further information, and should Kazeh be proved a mistake, let it at once be expunged. Mr. Stanley is quite right in saying that the name of the tribe is "Wazegulaha," whilst Wazegura is the common pronunciation of foreigners. He calls Kadetunare (p. 141) "Misonghi," and makes the former the chief's name; this also is possibly correct. Not so in the case of the Nullah, of which he says (p. 219), "But has misnamed it in his map Kavale." Captain Speke (p. 82), who narrowly scrutinized all the names given by me, writes "Kadé or Partridge Nullah," and Kavale is certainly a red-legged partridge in Kiswahili, which becomes M'Wile in Kizaramo, and M'Wile in Kinyarwanda. I therefore unhesitatingly reject "Kavale." The general reader will hold these matters utterly below his consideration—not those who make a study of them, nor those who know how much small things tell of a man. And before we alter our maps let us be quite sure that the step is in the right direction.

Naturally enough, it ends thus. In this large and handsome volume, however, there are more important matters to consider, and we will begin with those of the least consequence. What, may I ask, is an "impetuous Tramontana capable of overflowing its steep bank"? Can this be a Fiumara, a wind for a water? Again, when we read of (p. 185) a "rival of glassy sky decked by the floating nimbus," we suspect that the rain-cloud has taken the place of the cirrus. "Professor Malthus" has been accused of many things, but not of "writing a foolish book" (p. 112); this is somewhat like calling Ptolemy a "hypothetical humbug." We are curious about the "grouse" (p. 130), and more curious about the "partridge." The former may be Titro Rata, alias Pterocles alchata, but whence came the latter? Are "binjallas" what the vulgar call Brinjalls? "Boise de Vache" (pp. 357, 367) is, I presume, the bois de vache, the well-known fuel of the Canadian voyageur. What is the forest-peach, (p. 359)—not connected, I presume, with Humboldt's peach-tree? What is "holly" in Central Africa? Does the want of index is a sad deficiency in this work, and in Captain Speke's two volumes. The fault, however, is of course the publishers.
Thus Mr. Stanley agrees with Dr. Krapf, who, it will be remembered, made a large river issue from "the Lake" westwards, and proposed, by following its course, to reach the Atlantic and Europe. The late Mr. James Macqueen (paper read December 15th, 1855) sensibly remarks concerning the theory, "In this way native narrators often reverse the course of rivers. Dr. Krapf would have found rivers running in that line but in opposite directions."

Kabogo is a geographical puzzle. The "Mombas Mission Map" made it an insular halting-place in a purely imaginary Caspian, and Captain Speke (p. 222, "What led to the Discovery of the Source of the Nile") fairly explains the causes of error. But Captain Speke also ran down by water to Kabogo, which he calls the half-way station from Ujiji to Kasenge, and the "usual crossing-place of the Tanganyika." Himself an eye-witness, he placed it on the eastern, not on the western side of the lake. He then crossed the lake to the Island of Kasenge, close to the position where Mr. Stanley places his caves; he lived there twelve days (September 11 to September 22, 1858), and yet he never heard the "thundering surf." Are there, then, two Kabogos, one to the east and the other to the west of the Tanganyika Lake?

The Arab traders of Ujiji and Uwayamwezi, some of whom had circumnavigated the lake — Mr. Stanley does not deny it (p. 553) — never heard of this issue. It is evident that the watershed of the Tanganyika is, according to the latest views, more confused than ever. First, the southern effluent, Captain Speke's theory, was cut off. Now, the northern river is asserted to be an affluent, while the issue from the western bank bears all the signs of fable. However, as Dr. Livingstone proposes to pass round the lake, he will soon ascertain, first if the Rufiji River does or does not drain it to the Indian Ocean, second if there be a Kabogo River connecting it with the Valley of the Laalala. Until then our mappers will, it is hoped, refrain from determining the much-vaunted "variant. The Tanganyika, all admit, cannot be a still lake. The perfunctory expedition, so recorded by Mr. Stanley by no means settled the disputed question, and Dr. Livingstone's last letters appear conclusive as to the Tanganyika flowing northward.

Upon other matters I shall touch very briefly. Mr. Stanley (p. 21) seems to complain that "Captains Burton, Speke, or Grant" did not devote a chapter upon "How to get ready an Expedition for Central Africa." He surely must rely upon his readers being ignorant of Captain Speke's "Journal of the Discovery of the Sources of the Nile" and, to name no more, of the appendix to my "Lake Regions:" these certainly contain not only some information, but far more details upon the subject than are given in his second chapter, headed "Organisation of the Expedition," and distinctly borrowed, to be reproduced in disguise. Had he attended a little more to the directions he would hardly have travelled with two horses, both of which were lost (p. 100), in a country infested by the Tsetse fly, and the same applies to Dr. Livingstone's outfit. When he tells the public "I am constantly wondering how Captain Burton has been able to draw his fine lines—which I must assure the reader are imperceptible to ordinary men like myself," it is easy to sympathise with him;
“nice ethical differences,” and the art and mystery of distinguishing wild tribes, are far beyond the power of the sharpest-witted “special” unless he has made the subject his especial study—he might as well be expected to know his sheep like a born shepherd. Mr. Stanley might have spared one passage (p. 148) about his friend the “bull-headed Makruri”; but as he fails (p. 10) to “detect any great difference” between his own nature and that of the slave or savage, “despite split ears,” “hispit heads,” and other peculiarities, the anecdote is mitigated by the fact that he could hardly refuse an “affair of honour” with his own negro. His visions of Missionary establishments (p. 235), and of white colonisation in the interior (p. 185), must be looked upon as excursions of fancy. His own picture of the country and of town-country-people shows how much is to be done before these plans can be attempted.

Finally, the very turning-point of interest, the very pivot of the book, the “Dr. Livingstone I presume,” which appears even upon the cover in the shape of two golden mannikins raising caps on a field of chocolate was, Orientally speaking, an utter mistake. It is vain to quote Kinglake’s “Fothen.” Had the travellers fallen upon one another’s bosoms and embraced, they would have acted like Arabs from the days of Esau and Jacob till A.D. 1873. Walking deliberately up to each other, taking off hats and addressing a few ceremonious words so far from impressing Arabs with a sense of dignity would only draw forth some such comment (to put it in a complimentary form) as “Wallah, what manner of meeting is this; verily, they are wonderful things these Franks.”

The publisher’s note prefixed to the volume states that Mr. Stanley will avail himself of the kindly suggestions and criticisms of his numerous reviewers in view of future editions. Additions are hardly wanted, but many omissions are very desirable. It will take the liberty of observing that a feminine hand might pass with advantage over many pages of what is purely a popular work, and that sundry expressions and sentences should at once be consigned to oblivion. The principal offenders are pp. 4, 14, 106, 148, 172, 184, 319, 483, 533, 534, 550, and 595. The illustrations again require revision where Mr. Stanley’s “own sketches” have not been borrowed from those of his predecessors. For instance, we find (opposite p. 550), the traveller confronted by a strange monster, an elephant, sub-African in length of ear and extra Indian in length of leg. It is entitled “A surprise”; and I can well believe that it was one.

“He” (i.e. Mr. Stanley) “cannot mention Burton, or Speke or Grant without a sneer”—so says a well-known Review, but hardly, I think, justly. In all travel, especially in African travel, men are apt curiously and even jealously to scrutinise the ways and works of their leaders, and this is as it should be: the public gains criticism, and as I have never hesitated to correct others, so would I also be corrected.

“A careful traveller may do as good service by destroying illusions as by bringing forward fresh information,” and my idea has always been, that to see what is not, often equals in importance seeing what is. two or three minor matters excepted—others can hardly blame it. Indeed I have every reason to be grateful to him for his spirited and effective recast of the “Lake Regions of Central Intertropical Africa,” which was intended for only a small section of the public: it now reappears under a new light, with all the additions which a lively fancy can supply. He complains of its “embitterment” and billions tone not without reason: on the other hand, he is harder than I am upon the “forbidding and unhappy country.” Finally, Mr. Stanley may console himself for the neglect of his book by the magazines and the vehicles of permanent criticism when he knows that it has been republished in three volumes by Messrs. Ascher of Berlin, and that his name will thus extend over the Continent as well as through England and the United States.

Mr. Stanley personally assured me that it is not his intention to give up African travel; and I was glad to hear it. He has youth and energy and perseverance; he can see things as they are, and he can describe in forcible language what he sees. Briefer, he wants only study and discipline, to make him a first-rate traveller.

R. F. BURTON.

THE STEPPE TO THE NORTH OF BOKHARA.

During the last few years in which the Russians have established their rule in the southern part of Turkistan, and have examined in every direction the territory immediately subject to them in the valley of the Jaxartes and the upper course of the Zarafshan, a great deal has come to light of which we had formerly but a very imperfect acquaintance. This is especially true of that part of Turkistan with which intercourse was exceedingly difficult even for natives, into which the smaller caravans but seldom penetrated, while the nomad tribes, in full possession of complete independence, rendered every step of the traveller a difficulty and a danger. When the Distict Zarafshansk had to be defined, it was of course necessary to come to an understanding with regard to the former limits, in a north-westerly direction, of the Khanate of Bokhara, which, in the eyes of the Amir himself, were of a very problematical character, but which the Russians had none the less to settle with legal exactness. In order to carry out the operations necessary for this purpose, several small expeditions were sent far into the Steppe. From one of them, conducted by an able Russian officer, M. A. Charoshchin, in the course of last year, we derive the following highly interesting data with regard to the sandy regions of the Kizil-Kum, of whose horrors I have heard so much from the natives, and which the above-mentioned Russian officer describes with the pen of an excellent geographer. To be sure it is true that the Russians, as enemies, and bitterly detested enemies, of the country, can tell us, comparatively speaking, little that is new with regard to the ways of thought, manners, and customs of the tribes that dwell deep in the Steppe. As conquerors, everything would, as far as possible, be concealed from them, or presented in false colours; nevertheless of the natural phenomena, the quality of the soil, and the character of the climate, in one word, of the open book of nature, they have an unimpeached view, and the information which they