

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 indescribably stamps it as night. There is an unwonted 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 silver castles in that quiet flood of summer sunlight. The snowy gull\* flits now and then about the hummocks, or sits dreamily floating along on the broken pieces of ice. The noisy swarms of mollemocks†—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 rotjes, looms and ducks, which all day long blacken every pool in the ice-floe, are now sitting in long pensive 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 supper 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 *dolce far niente* ease, 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 "suth'ard," 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 spare one of their idle ships 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 opposite 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

\* *Larus churucus*. † *Procellaria glacialis*.

goes south to Cumberland Sound (Kemesoak) 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 retreat into this "Yakie Fjord," or rather into a little *cul de sac* just off it. Here the ships lie secure while the autumn storm rages 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 sighting 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 uninteresting to the non-professional geographer. But either he is right and I am wrong or *vice versa*, 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

*De Deutsche faterlandt  
wo dey trink und zing zu Zuntags und dey tanz like all be tampt.*

\* When a whaler is sighted, it is courtesy for any vessel passing to hold up a broom—a mode of enquiry regarding his luck. The boatswain of the whaler in turn waves a broom 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 Juroosalum proposed by Dr. Gilchrist and those of the Anglomaniac school. Mr. Stanley, however, has altered one important name, whilst 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-nika" (Tanganika) deeming the "y" superfluous. Here he is at issue with all his predecessors. Mr. Cooley evidently heard Zanganyika or Zanganika, for he writes the letter with the Spanish ñ (= ny). The Rev. Mr. Wakefield of Mombasa, a critical Kisawahili scholar, gives (p. 323 *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, S. No. xi., vol. x. of 1870) a cognate term Intanganyiko, 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 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 equally unfamiliar with Jones and Gilchrist. He is utterly innocent of Arabic and Hindostani—in fact, of any eastern tongue except the slightest conversational knowledge of Kisawahili. His own pages give us the measure of his gift of tongues: he has apparently borrowed his Arabic from Dr. Livingstone, who converts the Semitic El wali (the Governor) into the pseudo-African "Lewalc"; and his orthography reminds us of Hardy's "Neasfer" (Nyassa); "Beser" (Walisha); "Jiufec" or "Loffih" (Rufiji); "Zuwarbah" (Ziwa), and "Marorrer" (Maroro). We find in Mr. Stanley such palpable vulgarisms and blunders as Sayyid "Burghash" for Barghash; "Hamal" (twice for Hammal, in the superlative, a porter); "Dowa" for Dawa; "Welled" for Walad (whence our "valet"); "Farajji" for Faraji; "Damir" for Dámir, a short Arab jacket; "Mashiwa" for Máshwá, a cockboat; "Suy" for Suay, or, if you will, "Suei"; "Ismahili" for Ismá'ili, a horrible "h asperate" taking the place of the classical ayn, which is equally ignored in "Mussoud"; "Bedaweens," the English plural of an Arabic plural, for Bedawin; "Esau" for Isá, and "Sali" for Salih, whose peculiar and Siriatic gutturalization can hardly be mistaken by the dullest ear. What can be "watta" (Arabic for slippers) in page 37? How can the Arabs corrupt "Mbambwa" to "Mpapwa" (p. 166, when their language utterly ignores a "p"? Here again Arab and Kisawahili are confounded, an inexcusable confusion. The compromising mistakes in Arabic are as follow:—"Askari" is not an Indian word; it is Arabic connected with the Persian "Lashkari," and most Anglo-Indians know what a "Lascar" is. "Abdul" (literally "Slave of the" for Abdullab, Slave of Allah), is worthy of an English law court. "Betlem ei Kudis" very poorly represents Bayt laham el Kuds. "Khatálabu" is a fearful perversion of Katal'abuh, he slew his father; and so is "Allah ho, Akhbar" for Allaho Akbar. "Rasbukra" (head to-morrow) does

\* This vulgarism is not countenanced by an Arabic scholar like the Rev. Mr. Badger, who ("Translated History of the Imáns and Seyyids of Omár") writes "Burghash."

duty for Ra'as Bukar, ox headed. I confess that my Arabic is at fault to understand "Ji'ib el Haleeb Bil-alek" (p. 347). Perhaps the latter may be Allaho Akbar Alayk! but nothing can convert the meaning to "Bring the milk, you"—even in the "choice vocabulary of El Scham" (Sham or Damascus), which I certainly did not speak in 1859. *Par parenthèse*—a man who knows anything of Arab customs would hardly have named his poor little dog "'Omár." What should we think of a Moslem who called his pointer Saint Peter or Saint Paul?

Mr. Stanley's deficiency of ear is equally recognizable in Hindostani words and in Kisawahili. Otherwise he would not write (p. 32) "Ludhai Damj" for Ladhá Dámhá or Dámji; "Mushok" for the popular Mashak, a water-skin, and "go-down" for the corrupted Portuguese Gudam or Gudão.—Anglo-Indians say Godown, but the word does not belong to the system of Sir William Jones. Dr. Krapf, a German, was justified in writing "Sansilar" for Zanzibar: Mr. Stanley, an Anglo-American should not prefer "Tsetse," Kisungu, "Wasegua" and "Waseguhha," to Tzetze, Kizungu, Wazegura and Wazeguhha. "Mtoni" (p. 104) is not a "dry gully": the simple form of the word means a river or stream, and the locative ni here becomes phonastic. Other writers are equally unlucky when they speak of the "great river Matony." The Zebra is not called "Punda-terra" (p. 155), but P'hundá-mlíá in Kisawahili, P'hundá-ngirirá in Kigaramo, and Mbega in Kinyamwezi: it is the Himar Mushakh-khat of Zanzibar Arabic, whilst "Ngála" is the head-dress of Zebra's, hair. P'hunda (plur. Mápundá) means the common ay, in the coast and in the inner dialects. "Whiyow" (upon the principle, I suppose, of Snarley Yow) should be Uhyáo; "Ndgu M'hali" is not the sound of Ndugu M'ali; "Kali" (hot, strong) should be K'hali with an aspirate, and "Wamusai" for Wamasai is probably a misprint. That the niceties of the language are quite unknown, we see by "Msungu Kuba" for Mzungu Mkuba, the second "m" an absolute necessity of euphony; by "Manneno" for Ma-neno, plural of neno; by "Panga" for upanga, a sword (in the plural P'hángá), by "N'yanza" for Nyanza, which has no hiatus; by "Sungomazzi" for Sungomaji; by Nazi Moya" (one cocoa-nut) for Mhazi Moyya (one cocoa-nut tree), by "Mabyah," "Mbyah" and "Byah" (pp. 579 and 606), for Mbaya (bad); and by the unintelligible "Sigue" for Si-jua (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 "Tanganika."

And now for the disputed term "Unyamwezi." 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 owns that my interpretation is not mine, which is stranger. Mr. Cooley (according to Mr. Stanley), translates his Monomoezi, Moenemoézi or Mwéne Mwézi, a term never heard in the interior or on the coast, "Lord of the World"; I believe that so far from this being the case, Mr. Cooley (*Memoir on the Lake Regions*, reviewed by W. D. Cooley, London, Stanford, 1864) last makes it Wa Mueñe Muezi, "the Landlord or Petty Chief Country—a mere error. And preferring Mr. Cooley's interpreting, he renders the word (p. 519) 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 proposed by Messrs. Krapf and Rebmann, who, after both studying the language, made the word consist 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 "Unya." 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 from it their "Mountains of the Moon." But Mr. Stanley's objection, that a Kisawahili definition has been given to a Kinyamwezi word is simply puerile. The people of Unyamwezi, as I find in the vocabulary drawn up by myself, call the moon "Mwenzi," with the lightest of nasals: the word, therefore, is Kinyamwezi as well as Kisawahili. He has of course not attempted to explain the mysterious "Unya," a common prefix in the "Land of the Moon." We find it in Unya-ngwira, Unya-nyembe and Unya-nguruwwe (a hog); and the latter we must not translate, as he does "Unyamwezi," Land of (the Chief) pig—"Mis chiamaste Ciacco!"

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 Unyamwezi." He grounds this objection—and he must indeed have been hard-up for one—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 Manyema (Manwema?) or Manyemayi, 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 Monemugi" is "called by others Nimeamaye."

I have given my reasons (*Lake Regions* ii. 4) for believing, that about a century and a half ago, Unyamwezi 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 Ukalaganza 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 Monemugi," or the obscure "Manyema," 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" Unyamwezi has been treated, e.g., Munha Munge, Muenhe Muge, Monemugi, Monemugis, Munimugi, Mounemigi, Monoe-mugi, Mou-hi-mougi, Munomuizes, M'wana, M'wezi, Unamesi, and Oua-Nyamouezi (Captain Guillain), being a few of the stages through which it passed.

Adhering to Dapper therefore, I still must hold Nimeamaye to be Unyamwezi and not "Manyema."

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 Kinyamwezi, "kingdom"; that it was never applied to their settlement by the Arabs, and that the site of Musa Mguri's house is universally called Tabora. But Kazeh was the name given to me by all the Arabs in 1858-59. 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 Kaze," 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 "Wazeguhha," whilst Wazegura is the common pronunciation of foreigners. He calls Kadetamare (p. 144) "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. 216), "Burton has misnamed it in his map Kavale." Captain Speke (p. 82), who narrowly scrutinized all the names given by me, writes "Kūalé or Partridge Nullah," and Kwāle is certainly a red-legged partridge in Kisawahili, which becomes M'wāle in Kizaramo, and M'wāle in Kinyamwezi. I therefore unhesitatingly reject "Kwala."

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. Novelty naturally commends itself.

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 "riband of glassy sky flecked 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 "ptarmigan" (p. 359): the former may be Titrao Rata, *alias* Pterocles alchata, but whence came the latter? Are "binijalls" what the vulgar call Brinjalls? "Bouse 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. 356)—not connected, I presume, with Humboldt's peach-palm. 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.

"curry" mean turmeric? Is "Eschinomene or the pith-tree" the *Ceschynomene Indica*, mentioned by Captain Grant, the well-known Solah of India? What have "prairie-dogs" (p. 529) to do in the old world? And how can women dive for oysters in the Lualaba River (p. 464), when we are expressly assured that it swarms with crocodiles? I need hardly say that the King of Dahomey is *not* "to be seen in a European hat with his body naked, promenading pompously about in this exquisite full dress" (p. 19).

We are told that Dr. Livingstone's "fault was in relying too implicitly upon Portuguese information. This error it cost him many months of tedious labour and travel to correct." The fault was palpably that of ignoring or rather of pretending to ignore Portuguese "books and maps," and of trusting too much to the "misinformation" given by ignorant half-castes. The Chambezi and the Zambezi were, it is true, reported, in A.D. 1798, as identical to Dr. de Lacerda; but even before his journey began, that admirable traveller doubted the fact that the former was the head-water of the latter, and he expressly declares, "I venture to say that it is not our Zambezi." On September 10th, 1798, he crossed it, made careful measurements and registered the error of those who informed him that it "flows to the right (*i. e.* eastward instead of westward) of our going to the Zambezi." Of the debouchure he could only say that "it trends to the river which runs by the city of the Cazembe," and Dr. Livingstone has only proved that this is the fact. Again Captains Monteiro and Gamitto, both in book and map, show the Chambezi, famed for oysters, flowing to the left or west. It is the triumph of an English "Comparative Geographer," to give it a round turn and to discharge it north-eastwards. The reader can now appreciate the true value of the following sentences: "When Lacerda and his Portuguese successors coming to Cazembe crossed the Chambezi and heard its name, they very naturally set it down as 'our own Zambezi,' and, without further inquiry, sketched it as running in that direction." The fact is, that our geographers have run into the contrary extremes as regards the Portuguese: these, like Dr. Livingstone, neglect or despise them; those, like Mr. Cooley, copy them with servility but without understanding them.

There is something very peculiar about Mr. Stanley's "Kabogo." He and Dr. Livingstone, we are told, after a canoe-voyage to the north of the Tanganyika, found the Ruzizi River to be an affluent, as the natives assured me it was, not an effluent as the Arabs declared. Yet the joint excursion is narrated in a style so unreal that there still hangs a mystery about it. How, for instance, could a canoe make way against a current of "six to eight miles an hour"? (p. 504) This is indeed "Row, boatmen, row, the stream runs fast." The author evidently inclines to believe (p. 400 *et passim*) that the huge lake drains westward through the caverns of Kabogo near Uguhha, and he records the information of native travellers that Kabogo is a "great mountain on the other side of the Tanganika, full of deep holes into which the water rolls"; moreover, that at a distance of over one hundred miles, he himself heard "the sound of the thundering surf which is said to roll into the caves of the Kabogo." In his map he prudently avoids inserting anything beyond "Kabogo mountains 6000 to 7000 feet high."

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 10th, 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 "Mombasa 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 Unyamwezi, 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 Lualaba. Until then our mappers will, it is hoped, refrain from determining the much-vexed *versant*. The Tanganyika, all admit, cannot be a still lake. The perfunctory expedition recorded by Mr. Stanley has 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 (p. 237), "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 ethnical 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. 348) about his friend the "bull-headed Mabruki"; 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," "hispid 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 the country-people shows how much is to be done before these things 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 'Eothen.' 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. I 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. 580), 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 by it. I should be the last to complain of friendly 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. If I am satisfied with the tone of Mr. Stanley's book—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 re-cast 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 bilious 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. Briefly, he wants only study and discipline, to make him a first-rate traveller.

R. F. BURTON.

#### THE STEPPES 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 District Zarafshanski 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 Khanat 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 unimpeded view, and the information which they