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- ART. I.—1. *Memorials and Letters illustrative of the Life and Times of John Graham, of Claverhouse, Viscount Dundee.* By MARK NAPIER. 3 vols. 8vo. Edinburgh: 1859-62.
 2. *The Case for the Crown in re the Wigton Martyrs proved to be Myths versus Wodrow and Lord Macaulay, Patrick the Pedler and Principal Tulloch.* By MARK NAPIER. Edinburgh: 1863.

THE first volume of the 'Memorials of the Viscount Dundee' was given to the public three years ago; and as the two concluding volumes have appeared more recently, we have now the work before us as a whole, and are able to judge fairly of its merits. It is confessedly designed as a sequel to the author's 'Life and Times of Montrose,' a complication of a Protean kind, which appeared at different times under four different titles and as many different sizes, reminding us, by the ingenuity with which the same materials were made to assume a great variety of shapes, of the transformations of the kaleidoscope. The two works embrace the fifty troublous years stretching from 1640 to 1690, and they are designed not merely to clear the fame of the two Scotch Royalist leaders from the mists of prejudice and passion, but to throw a new light upon the history of events in Scotland prior to the Revolution. According to Mr. Napier, all previous histories of these times have been written wrong: Charles I. was a saintly martyr, Charles II. a perfect gentleman, James, II. a good-natured, kindly man; and the Covenanters, who were hunted, hanged, drawn, and quartered, got only what they deserved. These opinions, conspicuous enough in the Life of Montrose, are stated with double energy in the Memo-

rials of Dundee; and Mr. Napier, as we shall presently see, is at all times peculiarly energetic in his manner of speaking, excelling almost all living authors in his rich vocabulary of complimentary epithets.

As Mr. Napier differs from all previous historians of these times regarding historic truth, so does he differ from all previous bookmakers in the art of making his book. He is eminently original in his manner as well as his matter. Order and arrangement he has evidently regarded as beneath the notice of a man who has brought forth old documents from charter chests, and published them for the first time to the world. His volumes are a chaos, without form and void. We can trace no plan in them; and, in the midst of the confusion with which he envelopes us, it is only at distant intervals we can get a hold of the thread of his narrative. More than half of the first volume is devoted to lavish abuse of Wodrow, Lord Macaulay, and even Sir Walter Scott, which he speaks of as clearing the way for the advent of his hero in unclouded glory; and when at last the history is begun, it is so often interrupted that the author may indulge his peculiar instincts, that it seems like a slender stream of water slowly finding its way through waste land, and constantly hid from view by the useless sedges and thickets which grow upon its brink. He has no dread of redundancy or repetition. He will print the same letter three times at full length, and tell the same story half a dozen times, and allude to it again as many times more. It is thus that a life containing very few memorable incidents is swollen out into three volumes; and it requires a patience that will fag without hope of reward to read through them all. If we might venture to compare his method, or rather want of it,

well-considered reform; and, in the second place, to entrust to ordinary ship-builders the whole work of our dockyards would be to impose upon a dwarf the work of a giant. The experience of the last three years has shown that the same firm which derives credit and profit from undertakings in which it has experience will fail to obtain either in the costly and exceptional work of building ships of war. The materials of our iron navy must still be supplied by private enterprise; but even to obtain them of the necessary quality is exceedingly difficult, and no better proof can be given than the immense proportion returned, as being below the required standard. Thus, of iron building plates (technically called ship plates and boat plates) varying from $\frac{3}{8}$ ths to $\frac{1}{2}$ ths in thickness, which form the principal part ($\frac{2}{3}$ ths perhaps) of a ship of war, the total supply is immense; but the proportion capable of bearing the different trials is very small. The best iron of the kind will bear a tensile strain with the fibre of 23 to 45 tons per square inch, and across the fibre of 15 to 25 tons. Now, as it is a well known axiom that the strength of a fabric is equal to that of its weakest part, Government very properly have fixed a standard to ensure a fair average quality of iron. That standard is a strength equal to 22 tons lengthways of the grain, and 10 tons across it per square inch, being far below the average of the best iron: there are also certain smithery tests of heating, bending, and punching, when hot and when cold, which good iron ought to stand. But the custom of the iron trade is to produce large quantities of these plates which will only bear a strain of 14 tons in one direction and 8 or 9 in the other. It is with iron of this quality that our markets are stocked, and that many packets and merchant vessels are built; but to use them in our iron-clads would be madness.* Nor is it only the low-priced iron that is found to be so weak, for hundreds of tons of the high-priced material have been from time to time rejected both at Chatham and in the contract yards. This will explain why, notwithstanding the vaunted (and justly vaunted) powers of private enterprise, much is promised or offered to Government, but little, comparatively, is done. It would also still further justify, were that necessary, the course taken in converting useless wooden ships into very serviceable iron-clads. The attacks made upon the Controller of the Navy upon this subject during the present session were clearly unjust, for, although it was boldly asserted, it

* We would again call attention to the article on 'Iron' published in this Journal, No. 235. The subject is one of the gravest national importance, especially to the navy.

was by no means proved, that without these ships we could occupy the position we now do in reference to the French navy. If it was a blunder on the part of our naval authorities to persist in laying down wooden line-of-battle ships when the days of such ships were numbered, it was a happy idea which turned that blunder to such excellent purpose as has been done in the case of the 'Royal Oak.' That success, guaranteeing as it does similar success with the other 'converted' ships, is a great triumph for the building department, and extricated this country from a position of inferiority alike dangerous and discreditable.

But although with an able and energetic man in the Controller's Office, we can build good ships, and meet an emergency with credit and success, as we have just seen, there is something harder to build up and to maintain than a fleet, and fully as essential. There is the moral strength which grows out of discipline—out of confidence in, and respect for, the ruling powers—there is the zeal for the public service, the contentment, the *esprit de corps*, the conscious power and the general smooth working of the whole machine, which a wise organisation at headquarters can alone produce.

- ART. VII.—1. *Memoirs communicated to the Royal Geographical Society, June 22nd, 1863.* By Captain SPEKE.
2. *Anniversary Address, May 25th, 1863.* By SIR RODERICK IMPRY MURCHISON, K. C.B., President of the Royal Geographical Society.
3. *Papers communicated to the Ethnological Society, June 30th, 1863.* By Captain AUGUSTUS GRANT.

THE two captains sent by the British Government, at the solicitation of the Royal Geographical Society, to discover the sources of the Nile, have been more fortunate than the two centuries despatched by Nero on a similar errand. There may exist doubts as to the exhaustiveness of their search; there may prove to be other tributaries of the Nile flowing from the east or from the west, from more distant fountain-heads than Speke and Grant have seen; but this much appears certain, that these explorers have traced the trunk stream of the river of Egypt to its exit from the Lake Nianza, and that a southern limit of latitude has also been determined, within which the tributaries of the lake must necessarily lie.

The most striking popular fact to be deduced from the present exploration is, that the Nile is far the longest river in the world, at least in one of the two senses of that epithet. When we measure its deposed predecessor, the Mississippi, in a direct line between its mouth and the head of its remotest tributary, we find the distance to be about 1,749 miles; the corresponding measurement of the Nile is no less than 2,380. If, on the other hand, we care to measure the course of either stream in its main features, by following their principal bends with a pair of compasses, we obtain 2,450 for the Mississippi, against 3,050 for the Nile. We have not patience to inquire into the minute meanderings of either stream; indeed, the exceedingly tortuous course of the upper part of the latter river is still unmapped with accuracy. There is no other on the globe that links such different climates as the Nile, none that is so remarkable for its physical peculiarities, none that is clothed with equal historical interest, and none that has so attracted or so baffled the theorist and the explorer. Let us state, in a few words, the slow steps by which its investigation had hitherto advanced, before we narrate the adventures of the party by whom it has, at length, been accomplished.

All the world knows that tourists may sail readily up the Nile from its mouth, if they wish it, to the second cataract, a distance of 750 miles, neglecting the meanderings of the river; and they also know that a further course of 700 miles, partly navigable with ease and partly with great difficulty, takes the traveller to Khartûm, where the Blue and White branches combine. Their united volume forms the identical stream that intersects the whole breadth of the Sahara with a thread of habitable land; for not a single tributary, except the Atbara—and that is almost dry in summer, while its mouth is barely 180 miles below Khartûm—adds anything to its volume. Bruce reached Abyssinia at the end of the last century. He acted upon the erroneous conclusion that the Blue River was the more important of the two arms. He accordingly devoted himself to exploring the Lake Dembea, whence it derives its source, and therefore he claimed the honour of having discovered the fountain-head of the Nile. The Blue River was certainly the more important stream of the two, speaking socially, for it led to Abyssinia, and its banks were populous; while the White Nile led due south into morasses, and to the haunts of barbarians. There is life in the waters of the former, as they swirl past Khartûm, clear, blue, and sparkling, like a vast salmon-stream; but the huge White Nile has a forlorn and mere-like character. The size of its mouth

is masked by an island; and when its undivided waters have been entered, they seem so stagnant as to suggest the idea of a back-water to the Blue Nile, rather than a sister affluent. But its breadth and depth more than compensate for the sluggishness of its current; and we now know, by better measurements than the contemporaries of Bruce were enabled to take, that its greater volume of water, as well as its far superior length, justly mark it to be the parent stream of the river of Egypt.

The White Nile was wholly neglected until M. Linant made a short expedition up it for one or two hundred miles, in 1827. His report of its size, and of the ivory, gums, and other savage products that were procurable on its banks, inflamed the curiosity and the greed of the Egyptian Government, who were then bent on extending their dominions. They sent out expeditions during three successive years, in which Arnaud and Werne took part, and explored the river for far more than 1,000 miles of water-way, terminating at or about Gondakoro, which we have at length ascertained, through Speke's observations, to be in lat. 4° 54' N. and long. 31° 46' E. Fifty or sixty miles above Gondakoro, the navigation of the river is absolutely interrupted by rapids and rocks.

Henceforward, and by slow degrees, the White Nile became a highway for competing traders, who formed stations near its banks, and trafficked in ivory and slaves. They had little power to convey geographical knowledge, and, for the most part, they had strong pecuniary interest in withholding what they knew; so that our acquaintance with the river, in a scientific point of view, was out of all proportion inferior to its value and accessibility.

Praiseworthy attempts have been made by individuals, who were mainly incited by the earnest appeals of the French Geographical Society, and especially of its late venerable President, M. Jomard, to explore beyond Gondakoro, and to map the neighbourhood of the river; but they met with scanty success. Our maps of the high Nilotic countries are compromises of exceedingly different representations, mostly devoid of any astronomical basis; and the farthest exploration of the most successful traveller, Miani, reached only to a point which Speke has now ascertained to be in lat. 3° 34' N. As for the extraordinary sketch of Petherick's route, which that traveller laid down upon paper with a free hand, and without the slightest astronomical check, we dismiss it from our consideration. It is wholly unproved, and is, in many respects, improbable.

The failure of travellers from Gondakoro

was mainly due to the distance of that place from Khartum, whence all supplies had to be drawn, to the wretched quality of Khartum servants, and to the disorganised and poverty-stricken character of the country immediately beyond Gondakoro. A traveller could obtain no porters at that place, beasts of burthen did not exist, yet a strong party was essential to security and progress. Success was only possible to an able leader, who could command means to take out with him an imposing expedition, so completely organised as to be independent of the natives.

While progress languished on the White Nile, and geographers were periodically tantalised and disappointed by scraps of intelligence published in the bulletin of the French Geographical Society, an entirely new base of operations was suggested to future travellers. Two missionaries, Krapf and Rebmann, directed by religious caprice, selected a small town on the east coast of Africa as their station. It is called Mombasa; it lies a little to the north of Zanzibar, and in lat. $4^{\circ} 4' S$. They established themselves there, learnt native languages, made journeys to the interior, and published an account of what they had seen and heard. They astonished European geographers by the assertion that they had found two snow-capped mountains, whose position they fixed at an extravagant distance from the coast. Unfortunately for their credit, their narratives were too loosely recorded to endure a searching criticism; their itineraries were discussed, and their journeys were shown to have extended only a half or a third of the distance they had claimed to have accomplished. Fanciful conclusions were also interwoven with their statements of fact. In consequence of these serious inaccuracies, a misgiving unjustly attached itself to the whole of their story. They were bitterly assailed on many sides; some persons asserted the mountains to be myths, and others believed them to exist as peaks of moderate altitude, whitened by quartz or dolomite. There were but a few who, while they acknowledged the missionaries to be unscientific, recoiled from accusing them of intentional misstatement, and refused to believe that a native of German Switzerland, like Rebmann, should mistake the character of so familiar an object as a snow mountain, when he had spent many days in its neighbourhood, and walked partly round it. We now know that the latter view was the correct one; but, at the time of which we are speaking, discussions grew exceedingly warm, and further exploration was urgently called for in Eastern Africa.

The next incident that bears upon our subject was the appearance of a map, wholly

compiled from native information by Mr. Rebmann, with the assistance of another missionary, Mr. Erhardt. It included a vast territory, reaching from the eastern coast to the medial line of Africa, and was founded on the statements of travellers by several caravan routes, which were said to run parallel to one another, from the coast to the interior, at 150 miles apart, and to end, in every case, on the shores of a lake. Other information connected the routes by cross sections, and made it probable that the three lakes were one continuous sheet of water, prolonged into the Lake Maravi of the older maps. The memoir that accompanied the missionaries' sketch was composed with great ability, and could not fail to convince readers that, notwithstanding the improbability of the existence of a sheet of water of the egregious dimensions and unnatural outline ascribed to it in the sketch, there was undoubtedly a lake country of great extent at some sixty days' journey from the eastern coast, and that more than one road to it lay perfectly open to any traveller who chose to make the effort.

The labours of Mr. Cooley are too well known and too numerous to need recapitulation here. He had advocated a long narrow lake, stretching down Eastern Africa; but his arguments were based on travels that were little known to the English public, and were raised on an almost too ingenious critical basis. The same may be said, with more or less truth, of the arguments of the Abyssinian traveller, Dr. Beke, and of a crowd of others who entertained various hypotheses on the geography of various parts of Eastern Africa. They had not the influence they deserved. It was perhaps natural that the simple statements of men writing from Africa itself, who were able to converse with numbers of travellers, including the native captains of caravan parties, who were, of all negroes, the best qualified informants, should impress the majority of geographers with a greater air of reality than learned discussions, elaborated within the sound of Bow Bells.

The discoveries, speculations, and maps of Krapf, Rebmann, and Erhardt, obtained a wide circulation, and induced theorists to suppose that the snow mountains of the missionaries were identical with the Mountains of the Moon, spoken of by Ptolemy, whence the Nile was said to rise; and they argued, on that hypothesis, that an expedition should be sent from Zanzibar to seek the sources of that river. On the other hand, there were many who urged an investigation of the Lake question, as one of great geographical interest and apparently easy solution. In fine, the Geographical Society successfully exerted itself to procure the despatch of an

exploring party to Eastern Africa, to find out what they could: hence, Burton and Speke's expedition to Lake Tanganyika in 1857-9. It will be recollected that Burton, the leader of the party, suffered severely from an illness during the whole of the journey, against which he gallantly but unsuccessfully struggled. Consequently, on his arrival at Kazeh, the half-way station between Lake Tanganyika and the coast, and an entrepôt of some importance, whence a trading route diverges to the north, he despatched Speke on a solitary expedition. He was to follow that route, and to visit a great lake called Nyanza, which was clearly one of the separate lakes which the missionaries had believed to be united in one continuous sheet of water. Speke went, and reached the southern shores of an enormous inland sea in lat. $2^{\circ} 45' S$. and long. $33^{\circ} 30' E$, and therefore at a distance of 480 geographical miles from Gondakoro, and about 400 from the highest point to which the White Nile had been ascended by Miani. Recollecting this fact, and being informed that the lake extended some 400 miles in that direction (it actually does extend more than 200), and that it had a northern outlet in a river frequented by white men, Speke came to the conclusion that that river must be the Nile, and therefore that the Nyanza (or as he was pleased to call it, with questionable taste, the Victoria Nyanza) was, in a proximate sense, its long-sought source.

The present expedition of Captains Speke and Grant was planned to investigate that hypothesis. It was undertaken with the help of Government aid, granted at the earnest solicitation of the Geographical Society, and has proved the truth of Speke's theory. We will now proceed to relate the chief incidents and the geographical results of their protracted journey.

Captains Speke and Grant left Zanzibar in October, 1860, after having despatched a caravan of natives in advance, to form a dépôt of goods and travelling necessities at Kazeh. The expedition was arranged on a liberal scale, though it was prepared under serious disadvantages, owing to the delays that always intervene between the time when hope is held out of Government support, and the day when it is finally given. Speke's preparatory arrangements were thrown sadly out of gear by the procrastination of officials at home, and his start was unduly hurried at the last moment. It was, in fact, retarded until the most favourable season of the year had passed. They started with a motley caravan, consisting, first, of sixty armed men from Zanzibar, who were engaged to serve them throughout the jour-

ney, and who carried the travellers' personal luggage; next came an army of local porters, laden with goods of exchange, such as beads and calico; and to these was added a curious detachment which had been pressed upon them, with the kindest intentions, by Sir George Grey, then Governor of the Cape. It consisted of a number of Hottentot soldiers. They were an utter and a costly failure; for the difference of climate between their native droughts and the steaming vegetation of the coast opposite Zanzibar, was too great for their constitutions to withstand. Many died, and the others were useless from ill-health, as well as from their ignorance of the language, habits, and methods of locomotion of Eastern Africa, and they had to be sent back. Some mules and donkeys were taken, but they also proved a failure. The great journey had to be performed on foot.

No African caravan-track could have been less obstructed than the road to Kazeh, when Speke travelled along it in the company of Burton: on the present occasion, the face of Fortune seemed steadily set against him. A drought and famine of remarkable severity afflicted the whole extent of Eastern Africa, and produced the well-known fruits of disorganisation and political troubles among the native tribes. It also happened that a chief of importance had died, and the question of his succession was disputed by arms. In short, the two travellers pushed through far more severe impediments than they had reckoned upon, before even Kazeh was reached; and, on attempting to proceed farther, they were attacked and plundered. Speke became seriously ill, and Grant, who at that time was detached from him, with a portion of the remaining stores, could barely hold his own. Communication with Zanzibar was expected to be cut off, and matters wore for a time a very alarming aspect. However, the two friends effected a junction, and contrived to fall back on Kazeh, and to reorganise their party by obtaining a new set of porters and fresh interpreters. They then recommenced their journey in October, 1861, just one year after leaving Zanzibar, with restored health, better prospects, and lighter hearts. Thus far we had heard from them *via* Zanzibar, but not a scrap of intelligence of their subsequent fate reached even the confines of the civilised world, until the two travellers emerged at Gondakoro, on the White Nile, on February 15, 1863.

Of the two routes from Kazeh by which the northern end of Lake Nyanza may be reached, a person who was merely guided by his map, might conclude it was a matter of indifference whether a traveller should follow the eastern or the western shore of the lake.

But when political causes are taken into consideration, it is found that the eastern route is wholly impracticable. It passes through the territory of a warlike and disunited people, the Masai, with whom no traveller has yet succeeded in making friends. They possess no paramount chief, whose goodwill can shield the explorer throughout an extensive country, but every tribe is independent in its own domain, and probably on ill terms with its neighbours. Thus, the Baron Von der Decken, who measured and ascended the missionaries' snow mountain, Kilimandjaro, to a height of 13,000 feet, has recently been driven back by the Masai, on attempting to enter their territory from the eastern side. The western and north-western shores of the lake are subject to very different political conditions. They are included in the territory of Uganda, and one despotic sovereign holds them under his strict control. He also maintains a fleet of war-canoes on its waters. He is, therefore, all-powerful to aid or to thwart a traveller, and it was to his court that Speke and Grant intended to proceed, in order to gain his assistance.

Thus far, say 120 miles north-west of Kazeh, the travellers had journeyed among the Wanyamesi and other uninteresting negroes, who are said to have been formerly included in a kingdom of some importance. They are now scattered in tribes and families, where each man does what is right in his own eyes, subject to no restriction beyond the self-imposed restraint of superstitions customs and the personal interference of his neighbours. The single principle they possess, that attains to the dignity of a national policy, is a tacit understanding that travelling parties should be taxed and robbed by individuals, only so far as will fall short of putting a stop to the caravan trade altogether. It is cold comfort to acknowledge that this is an advance upon the doctrines of the Masai. Now, however, on the western shores of Lake Nyanza, Speke and Grant came upon a series of strong governments, including that of Uganda, and found their history to be of considerable interest.

Scattered among the Wanyamesi, and neighbouring races, are found families of a superior type to the negro. They exist as a pastoral people, but in other respects they adopt the customs of the races of Africa. They bear different names in different places, but we will describe them by that which has the widest currency, namely, Wähümä. Speke considers them offshoots of the Gallas of Abyssinia, and of Asiatic origin. He believes they migrated in somewhat ancient times in bands from Abyssinia; and met with various fortunes. In some countries, as in

Unyamesi, they were simply mingled with the natives; but in those he was about to visit they had achieved the position of a ruling caste, though quite insignificant in numbers, when compared to the negroes whom they ruled. Such was first found to be the case in Uzinli, a small country governed by a robber, the terror of Arab traders, which lies 80 miles to the west of the south end of Lake Nyanza. Speke and Grant traversed Uzinli with the greatest difficulty, and thence made their way to the capital of the hospitable, Wahuma king of Karagwé, which lay 250 miles from Kazeh and 70 miles west of the lake. Uganda lies north of Karagwé, and is rarely visited by traders from Zanzibar. It was Speke's aim to make a favourable impression on the more accessible king of Karagwé, and to avail himself of his good will in obtaining a satisfactory introduction to his powerful neighbour. Rumanika, the King of Karagwé, keeps up his state with some magnificence, and has the bearing and the liberal ideas of a gentleman. His country is a fair undulating land, partly 6,000 feet above the sea, and elsewhere sloping to the lake. His cattle cover the hills in tens of thousands. His rule is strict, and his people are thriving; but as the peculiarities of Wahuma governments were more noteworthy in Uganda, we will reserve the description of them just at present.

Speke quitted Karagwé on the 1st of June, 1862, escorted by a guard sent by Rumanika, and carrying a friendly letter of introduction to M'tése, the King of Uganda.

Many are the difficulties of African travel, due to physical and other causes, that readily suggest themselves to any one, such as heat, rains, privations, and unruly attendants; but these may be overcome by any man who is gifted with a strong constitution, determination, and patience. The greatest difficulty of all depends on other causes, over which no traveller, however well qualified, has more than a limited control. There is the accident of the tribes among whom he travels, being at peace or at war with each other, and that of a despot's caprice being favourable or unfavourable to his progress. Wherever active warfare is carried on, the road is almost hopelessly closed between the contending parties; wherever there is peace, the suspicion of a ruler is aroused by the arrival of a stranger, on a doubtful errand, to traverse his territory. He suspects his mission to be espionage, he trembles lest enchantments should ensue, and is quite sure that covert danger of some kind or other is to be apprehended, if the traveller is allowed to move about as he pleases. Land journeys of great extent, in Africa, can only

be made, either when the road is freely open to caravans, as was the case in Burton and Speke's expedition to Tanganyika, or when the goodwill of a chief has been obtained, who enjoys such power and prestige that his escort, or even his name, is a sufficient passport. The latter was the good fortune of Livingstone, and such was the happy luck of Speke, whose power of managing natives seems to be unsurpassed by any recent traveller, and unequalled save by Livingstone. It also happened that the Wahuma kings, especially the King of Uganda, had a motive in letting him pass; they desired the establishment of trading routes with the stations visited by white men. They live in considerable semi-barbaric state, and have, as we shall presently see, a more refined taste than is usually heard of in negro Africa. Their wants are in advance of the productive skill of their people, though these are raised many degrees above barbarism: for instance, to show their advance in mechanical arts, the native blacksmiths have sufficient skill to inlay iron with copper. The King of Karagwé has not unfrequently received European manufactures by way of Zanzibar, though his rascally brother of Uzinli lays an almost prohibitive black mail on whatever passes his territory. The king of a yet more northern Wahuma State than Uganda, by name Unyoro, of which we have not hitherto spoken, but which abuts on the negro tribes in the neighbourhood of Gondakoro, occasionally obtained goods that had been conveyed by whites on the Nile; but none of these ever reached M'tése, the King of Uganda, except as noteworthy presents from his neighbouring brother-sovereigns. It naturally followed that he felt an eager desire to open a commercial route in both directions, and was thrown into a ferment of joy at the news of Speke's arrival. Little did M'tése know of the evil of uncontrolled traffic with a powerful and unscrupulous race. When Speke saw the doings of the Turkish traders at Gondakoro, and witnessed their plunder, their insolence, and their cruelty, he regretted bitterly that the word "trade" had ever passed his lips to tempt his kind-hearted host in Uganda.

Speke's route lay through vast reedy plains parallel to the west shores of the Nyanza. He crossed deep stagnant channels every mile, and one great river, which seemed to him as full of water as the White Nile itself, flowing swift and deep between banks of dense stiff reeds, impenetrable except through certain tortuous paths. This river may therefore be reckoned as the patent stream of the Nyanza lake; or, in other words, the river of Karagwé is the true head-water of the Nile.

Uganda occupies the whole of the north-

western shoulder of the lake, whose shores are of the shape of a schoolboy's peg-top. The peg-end is directed due south, and looks on the map very like an ancient outlet, in a southern direction, into an adjacent tributary of the Tanganyika Lake. Its geographical position is $2^{\circ} 30' S.$ lat. and $33^{\circ} 30' E.$ long. The flat upper boundary of the lake closely coincides with the equator, and from its very centre, and also at the frontier of Uganda, the Nile issues in a stream 150 yards wide, with a leap of twelve feet. Numerous other outlets of the lake (if in truth they be not independent rivers,) converge upon the Nile at various distances, one of which does not join it till after an independent course of ninety miles from the lake. One hardly knows where else to find an example of such hydrographical conditions. When a river runs into a lake or the sea, it has always a tendency to divide itself in many channels, because it deposits mud and forms a delta; but Speke's map presents that same appearance of many channels, in connexion with an outflow of the river, which is certainly a very unusual, as it is an unintelligible condition. The lake is heavily bordered by reeds, and continues exceedingly shallow far from shore; no boats venture to cross it. Uganda is bounded by the main stream of the Nile, which Speke followed, more or less closely, the whole way from the Nyanza to Gondakoro, a distance of near 5° , say 350 miles, with the exception of one part where it makes a great and remarkable bend. At the middle of the bend the river is said to dip into the northern shoulder of the Luta Nzigé, a narrow lake of some 200 miles in length, and to reissue immediately. There is some confusion about this name, though none about the water it refers to. Luta Nzigé, which is said to mean neither more nor less than 'dead locust,' was applied by the natives to many sheets of water, including the Nyanza itself. Speke identifies the lake of which we are now speaking by the phrase 'little Luta Nzigé.' The travellers were compelled by circumstances to cut across the chord of the above-mentioned bend, a distance of eighty miles, and to leave the Luta Nzigé unvisited; but we are exceedingly glad to hear that this single deficiency in their exploration is in a fair way of being supplied by the zeal of an excellent traveller, Mr. Samuel Baker, to whose proceedings we shall shortly recur, and who has started from Gondakoro for that purpose. It is the more necessary that this interval should be examined, as there is an unaccountable difference of latitude of the river before and after the bend, amounting to 1,000 feet. If there be no error of observations, a vast system of rapids and waterfalls must intervene.

It aids our conception of numerical data to measure them by simple standards; those that refer to the Nile are thus to be easily disposed of. That river spans, from south to north, very nearly one-fifth of the entire meridional arc, from pole to pole; and its general course is so strictly to the north, that its source in the river of Karagwé is due south of Alexandria. Khartûm is the exact half way between the sea and the exit of the Nile from the Nyanza, which lies almost exactly under the equator.

Having thus far anticipated the narrative of Speke's personal adventures by alluding to some of the main features of the country, we will proceed to fill in the picture by further details. Karagwé occupies the eastern slope of a plateau 6,000 feet above the sea. Conical hills, of which M'fumbiro is the highest and most central, are scattered about the plain, but there are no mountain giants and no continuous range. Westward of the plateau the watershed is into a small lake called the Rusizi, lying between the parallels of 1° and 2° and in about the 30° E. long. An affluent of Lake Tanganyika proceeds due southwards from this lake, consequently the amphitheatre of mountains that has been pictured in some maps round the northern end of the Tanganyika must be removed, or be so far cut away as to admit of the river's entry. An east and west distance of 150 miles separates the Rusizi from the Nyanza. The next tribute to geographical science, collected by Speke from native information, is that the Tanganyika has a large outlet at its southern extremity, which feeds the Niassa of Livingstone, and therefore reaches the sea by way of the Shiré and the Zambesi. This new fact, if fact it be, ranks as a signal triumph to common sense, in the face of the former observations of Burton and Speke, who navigated some distance down the Tanganyika, but never were within 150 miles of its supposed end. They insisted, upon native evidence, that a river ran into it at that place, not out of it. Consequently, the Tanganyika, though a fresh-water lake, was described as resembling the Dead Sea, a sheet of water without any outlet whatever, that gets rid of the water poured into it by means of evaporation only. It was objected, on their arrival in England, that two facts were also stated, irreconcilable with such an hypothesis; namely, that while, on the one hand, the periodical rains fell heavily and continuously during half the year, when no evaporation took place, so, on the other hand, there was no variation in the level of the lake, as ascertained at the wharves of the fishermen. It was wholly impossible that a half-yearly supply and loss of water should be accompanied by an un-

varying level. The statement now brought back by Speke is in accordance with physical science, as well as with the maps of Cooley and of the missionaries.

We have thus far arrived at the fact, that the high table-land, 120 miles across, of which M'fumbiro is the centre, is drained on the east by the tributaries of the Nyanza, and therefore of the Nile, and the south-south-west by those of the Tanganyika, and therefore of the Zambesi. There is also strong reason to believe, from the information brought by Speke, as well as from the appearance of the map and the conclusions of previous African geographers, that the sources of the Congo are to be found there also. Hence we may conclude that from this circumscribed district the waters drain into the Mediterranean, the Indian Ocean, and the Atlantic, and that the M'fumbiro plateau is the key-stone, the *omphelos*, of African geography. We consider this fact, if fact it be, the greatest discovery made by Speke and Grant.*

The theory of Sir Roderick Murchison, that the interior of Africa is an elevated watery plateau, whence rivers escape by bursting through a circumscribing mountainous boundary, must now be received with some limitation. It was literally true in the case of the Zambesi, but facts are still wanting to test its strict applicability to the Congo; and, as to the Nile, the following remarks were made by Sir Roderick in his Anniversary Address to the Royal Geographical Society:—

'Modern discovery has indeed proved the truth of the hypothesis, which I ventured to suggest to you eleven years ago, that the true centre of Africa is a great elevated watery basin, often abounding in rich lands, its large lakes being fed by numerous streams from adjacent ridges, and its waters escaping to the sea by fissures and depressions in the higher surrounding lands. It was at our anniversary of 1852, when many data that have since been accumulated were unknown to us, that, in my comparative view of Africa in primeval and

* It deserves observation that De Barros, one of the best informed of the Portuguese geographers, whose work was published in 1591, and is quoted by Dr. Beke in this 'Essay on the Sources of the Nile,' (p. 40,) speaks of a great lake in the interior as sending forth three rivers, namely, the Taouy or Nile, the Zaire or Congo, and the Zambesi or Guama. He says, 'The Nile truly has its origin in this first lake, which is in 12° S. latitude, and it runs 400 miles due north, and enters another very large lake, which is called by the natives a sea, because it is 200 miles in extent, and it lies under the equator.' The people on this lake are described as more civilised than the people of Congo. Though not strictly accurate, this ancient statement is an approach to what has now been ascertained to be the truth.

modern times, I ventured to suggest that the interior of Africa would be found to be such an unequally elevated basin, occupied now, as it was in ancient geological periods, by fresh-water lakes, the outflow of which would be to the east and to the west, through fissures in subtending ranges of higher mountains near the coast. While this theory was clearly verified in Southern Africa by Livingstone in the escape of the Zambesi, as narrated by himself, and is well known to be true in the case of the Niger, so does it apply to the Nile, in as far as the great central lake, Victoria Nyanza, occupies a lofty plateau of 3,500 feet above the sea. In this example, as the waters flow from a southern watershed, and cannot escape to the east or the west, there being no great transversal valleys in the flanking higher grounds, they necessarily issue from the northern end of the lake Victoria Nyanza, and, forming the White Nile, take advantage of a succession of depressions, through which they flow and cascade.

We, therefore, see that the watery plateau which was described as extending to the Niger, in Western longitudes, is terminated by the equator in the eastern portion of Africa.

We learn, in addition, that the exceptional character of the Nile is shared in a very much more remarkable degree by the Tanganyika, Niassa, and Shiré valleys. The Tanganyika occupies a crevasse of some 300 miles in length, comparable in its narrowness and abruptness to the Valley of the Dead Sea. In exactly a similar way, the Niassa and the Shiré occupy a continuous north and south chasm, that has already been traced by Livingstone to a distance of 450 miles. Now that we hear of a connexion existing between the Tanganyika and Niassa, we may reasonably suppose that its channel runs through a similar fissure. The length of the entire series, from the Rusizi to the Zambesi, is nearly 1,400 miles in a direct line.

Bearing these extraordinary facts in mind, the great feature of Eastern Africa consists in a more or less marked groove, occupied by water-channels. It runs right through the continent from north to south, beginning at Alexandria and ending where the land narrows into the promontory that terminates with the Cape Colonies. It cleaves the eastern shoulder of Africa from the rest of the continent, much as Arabia is cleft from Africa by the long and narrow Red Sea. So, again, to adduce another example from a neighbouring country, the deep and continuous Valley of the Jordan, Dead Sea, Wady Araba, and the Gulf of Akaba, is formed by an abrupt fissure possessing no less than three watersheds,—that of the sources of the Jordan in the north, and those of the Wady Araba, whence the drainage is to the Dead Sea on the one hand, and to the Gulf of

Akaba on the other. It is remarkable that our globe presents so close a repetition of the same peculiar fissures in several neighbouring places, and it strongly tempts us to refer their production to the same class of physical agencies.

Another important acquisition in geography, for which we are indebted to this and the previous expedition, consists in a greatly improved knowledge of the water-supply of Central Africa. It is undeniable that, owing to the great majority of travels, in recent years, having been confined to the Sahara, the Karoos, and the Kaliharri, an impression has forced itself on the popular mind that the whole interior of Africa is arid. But it is an error to suppose that this opinion was current among educated geographers; their fault lay in the opposite direction. The only approach, in recent times, to a belief in the aridity of any part of Africa, which subsequent facts disproved, lay in the question of the northern boundary of the Kaliharri Desert. It was a surprise to geographers when Livingstone showed them that it was abruptly bounded by a swampy land, full of large rivers; but in reference to the general question of the moisture or drought of equatorial Africa, the exceeding humidity of its coasts has unduly influenced opinion, as to the character of its more distant interior.

To take a single example, we will quote a few lines from a masterly sketch of African geography in the first volume of Bruce's 'Travels,' which appeared at the beginning of this century. It was written by his editor, Dr. Murray, and will be found in the appendix on the Galla races—those people from whom Speke theoretically derives the Wahumas:—

'The scanty knowledge we possess of the eastern and western shores of Africa, in the region of the Line, would lead us to suppose that the central country is mountainous, intersected with deep and extensive valleys and large streams, whose banks have all the wild luxuriance of warm rainy climates. All the kingdoms that lie around the Gulf of Guinea are well watered, and, consequently, fertile in a high degree. South of these, the countries of Loando, Congo, Ngolo, and Benguela, where the Portuguese have settled, merit a similar character, which undoubtedly may be extended across the interior to the countries of Mozambique, Querimba, and Zanzibar, on the opposite eastern shore. . . . All the interior of Africa between the tropics must be full of rivers, woods, and ravines, on account of the rains which inundate it during the winter season. Accordingly, we observe abundance of streams in these latitudes, which enter the ocean on either side.'

The error of more recent geographers has lain in the same direction. Thus, in Keith

Johnston's 'Physical Atlas,' the chart of the distribution of rain ascribes an amount of precipitation in equatorial Africa, little inferior to that observed in similar latitudes elsewhere in the world. The humidity of the coasts of Africa corroborated this view, and the outpour of water from its interior did not disprove it. The river drainage of Africa was known to be large, while our imperfect knowledge of the river mouths along its coasts, made it probable that the outpour was still greater than had actually been ascertained. Africa used to be described as a land in which we knew of the existence of vast rivers, but were ignorant of their embouchures. The Niger of a generation back, the Zambesi, the Limpopo, and the great river of Du Chailu, are all instances where the streams were known by exaggerated reports, but their mouths, where nautical surveyors might gauge the water they poured into the sea, were undiscovered.

The hydrology of Eastern Africa is now pretty well understood; it depends upon well-marked geographical features. A narrow coast-line is bounded by the rampart-like edge of a high plateau; the rain-bearing monsoons blow parallel to this ridge, and not across it; consequently there are heavy rains on the coast-line, and a comparative drought to a considerable space beyond. On passing about a quarter of the distance across Africa, and on arriving at the meridian of the lakes, rain again begins to fall freely, but its amount, as measured by Grant's rain-gauge, bears no comparison to the deluge that descends in similar parallels, either on the great oceans, or on the islands that lie within them, elsewhere in the world.

Whatever water the rivers of a country may pour year by year into the sea, must have been derived from it, on the average, within the same periods. Now it is clear, from geographical considerations, that Africa is unfavourably disposed to receiving rain-bearing currents from the ocean. The existence of the Sahara to the north, and the Kaliharra Desert to the south, makes it impossible that vapour supplies should reach the interior in a straight line from the sea in either of those directions. Again, we have already said that the monsoons blow parallel to the east coast, and we should add, that the trade winds blow parallel to the west coast; consequently, the vapour that reaches the interior must be derived from limited directions, and can only be conveyed by the comparatively insignificant channel of upper atmospheric currents. We consequently find that the vegetation of Central Equatorial Africa is, on the whole, not so moist and steaming as that of its coasts; but that it is

largely characterised by open plains and scraggy mimosa trees; and though the flatness of large portions of its surface admits of the ready formation of great lakes and reedy plains, there is an absence of that vast amount of suspended vapour which would ensue from African temperatures, if the air were saturated with moisture. The chief cause of the rise of the White Nile must not be looked for in the swelling of the Nyanza Lake. The rain-fall was found to be too continuous throughout the year to make any very marked alteration of its level; but south of the level of Gondakoro, the division of the rainy and dry season begins to be sharply defined. We should therefore mainly ascribe the rise of the White Nile to the rain-fall north of about 3° N. lat.

We will now turn from considerations of physical geography to the history and character of the races among whom Speke and Grant have been so long familiar. It seems clear to us that in no part of Africa do the negroes present so few points of interest, as in the country which stretches between the lakes Tanganyika and Nyanza and the eastern coast. But on arriving at the three Wahuma kingdoms, which enclose the western and north-western shores of the latter lake, a remarkable state of social and political life arrests the attention. Two at least of these Wahuma kingdoms have the advantage of being ruled with a firm hand, and, as we have already stated, the three are governed by a stranger dynasty, of a higher race than the people who compose the bulk of their respective nations. This is no exceptional occurrence in Africa: the great kingdoms of North African negroland which now, or formerly, stretch in a succession of blocks below the Sahara, from the Niger to the Nile, have been for the most part founded by alien races. It is hard to overrate the value of such a political condition to a negro population, who are servile, susceptible, and little able to rule themselves. The negro is plastic under the influence of a strong, if it be a sympathetic, government, to an extent of which our northern experiences can afford no instance. The recent growth of national dignity among the Italians is a feeble parallel to what may be effected, in the same time, by the conversion of a barbarian chief to the Mahometan creed. The impressionable character of the negroes is such as may be seen in a school of European boys, which is immediately infected by bad example and negligent discipline, and almost as rapidly raised in moral tone by the influence of a capable master. We Anglo-Saxons stand too far from the negroes, socially, morally, and intellectually, to be able to influence them

like the Arabs, the Tawareks, or these Wahumas.

The eagerness of the African to be led, and his incapacity to lead, is such that any able and energetic man, who can hold his own for a few years, appears to have a good chance of founding a kingdom and originating new customs and names. The political state of the African negroland seethes with continual agitation. The Niger countries have been known to us little more than forty years, yet that short space of time has witnessed the introduction of an entirely new race, the Fellatahs, and the construction of an enormous aggregate of Fellatah kingdoms, not only on the foundation of previously existing governments, but also by the annexation of barbarian races. So in South Africa, the Kaffir tribes of the earlier travellers have changed their names; they and their Hottentot, Negro, and Negroid neighbours dwell within largely modified frontiers; half-caste breeds of the Hottentots have flourished and become absorbed, while another somewhat adulterated Hottentot race, the Namaquas, are become the most powerful of any native race. The remainder of Africa is known to us so lately, that we have nothing but recent tradition and circumstantial evidence to guide us; these, however, suffice to confirm our assertion. The negroes are continually grouping themselves in fresh combinations, to an extent that may remind us of a pack of cards, variously dealt over and over again into different hands. The story of the Wahuma nations is quaint and characteristic; we will describe that of Uganda.

Many generations ago, a great kingdom of negroes, ruled by Wahuma chiefs, was established in the country now divided among Karagwé, Uganda, and Unyoro. That portion which bordered the lake, and is now called Uganda, was considered as the garden of the whole, and the agriculturists who tilled it, were treated as slaves. Then a man named Kiméra, himself a Wahuma, who was also a great hunter, happened to frequent for his sport, the Nile near its outflow from the Nyanza. The negro natives flocked to him in crowds, to share the game he killed, and he became so popular that they ended by making him their king. They said their own sovereign lived far off and was of no use to them. If any one sent him a cow as a tributary present, the way to his palace was so long that the cow had time to have a calf on the road, and the calf had time to grow into a cow and to have a calf of its own. They were therefore determined to establish a separate kingdom. Kiméra became a powerful and magnificent king, and formed the Kingdom of Uganda. He

built himself a vast enclosure of large huts, as a palace; he collected an enormous harem to fill them. He made highways across the country, built boats for war purposes on the lake, organised an army, legislated on ceremonies, behaviour, and dress, and superintended *Mygiène* so closely, that no house could be built in his country without its necessary appendages for cleanliness. In short, he was a model king, and established an order of things which has continued to the present day, through seven generations of successors, with little change. He was embalmed when he died, his memory is venerated, and his hunting outfit, the dog and the spear, continue to be the armorial insignia of Uganda.

Kiméra left at his death an enormous progeny, to whom his people behaved as ruthlessly as if they had been disciples of Mr. Carlyle, or as a hive of some imaginary species of bees might be supposed to treat their too numerous royal grubs. We do not learn what became of the girls, but the boys were sumptuously housed and fed, and when they grew up were royally wived; but they were strictly watched and kept asunder, lest they should intrigue. The most promising youth of the lot was elected king; the two *proxime accesserunt* were set aside as a reserve in case of accident, and then the people burnt to death, without compunction, every one of the remaining princes. The people have certainly been well ruled under this strict system of artificial selection, and the three Wahuma kings are every one of them more than six feet high.

Uganda is described as a most surprising country, in the order, neatness, civility, and politeness of its inhabitants. It would be a pattern even for Zanzibar; but M'tése's reign is a reign of terror. It is an established custom that there should be one execution daily. The ceremonies and rules of precedence of the Court of Uganda, as in that of the other Wahuma courts, are minutely defined, and are exacted under penalty of death. The first among the dignitaries of State is the lady who had the good fortune to have acted as monthly nurse to the sovereign's mother. After this Mrs. Gamp, follow the Queen's sister and the King's barber. Then come governors of provinces and naval and military commanders; then the executioners (who are busy men in Uganda), and the superintendents of tombs; lastly, the cook. In a lower grade are juvenile pages to look after the women, and to run upon errands: they are killed if they dare to walk. In addition to these is an effective band of musicians, who drum, rattle gourds with dry peas inside them, play flutes, clarionettes, wooden harmoniums, and

harp, besides others who sing and whistle on their fingers. Every person of distinction must constantly attend on his sovereign, or his estates are liable to be utterly confiscated. He must be decorously dressed in a sort of toga, made from the pounded bark of the fig-tree, for he is fined heavily or killed outright if he exhibits even a patch of bare leg. What a blessing trousers would be to them! These bark cloaks are beautifully made, and look like the best corduroy; they are worn over robes of small antelope skins sewn together with the utmost furrier's art. Every courtier's language must be elegant, and his deportment modelled upon established custom. Even the King is not free; Wahuma taste exacts that whenever he walks he should imitate the gait of a vigilant lion, by ramping with his legs and turning from side to side. When he accepts a present from a man, or orders a man a whipping, the favoured individual must return thanks for the condescending attention, by floundering flat on the ground and whining like a happy dog. Levees are held on most days in the palace, which is a vast enclosure full of life. It occupies the brow of a hill, and consists of gigantic grass huts, beautifully thatched. The ground is strewn with mats and with rushes in patterns, and is kept with scrupulous care. Half-gorged vultures wheel over it, looking out for victims hurried aside to execution. The three or four thousand wives of the King inhabit the huts and quizzed Speke's party. There is plenty to do at these levees, both in real work and in ceremony. Orders are given, punishments adjudged, presents are received. Military commanders bring in the cattle and plunder they have taken; artisans bring their *chefs d'œuvre*; hunters produce rare animals, dead and alive, Kiméra, the first king, having established a menagerie. Pages are running about, literally for their lives, and the band of drummers and pea-gourd rattlers, and artistes whistling on their fingers, with the other accompaniments, never ceases to play. The King has, however, some peace. He sets aside three days a month to attend to his religious ceremonies. He possesses a collection of magic horns, which he arranges and contemplates, and thereby communicates with a spirit who lives deep in the waters of the Nyanza. He also indulges in the interpretation of dreams. At other times he makes pilgrimages, dragging his wives after him; on which occasions no common man dare look at the royal procession. If any peeping Tom be seen, the inevitable pages hunt him down and rob him of everything. Occasionally the King spends a fortnight yachting on the lake, and Speke was his

companion on one of these occasions. M'tése, the King, is a young man of twenty-five, who dresses scrupulously well, and uses a pocket-handkerchief. He is a keen sportsman, and became a capital shot at flying game, under Speke's tuition. He told Speke that Uganda was his garden, and that no one might say nay to him. Grant, we may mention, had been ill, and remained five months at Karagwé, while his colleague had gone forwards to feel the way.

Speke established his position at the Court of Uganda by judicious self-assertion and happy audacity. He would not flounder on his belly, nor whine like a happy dog. He would not even consent to stand in the sun awaiting the King's leisure at the first interview, but insisted on sitting in his own chair with an umbrella over his head. The courtiers must have expected the heavens to fall upon such a man, but they did not; and, in the end, M'tése treated him like a brother, and the two were always together. Savage despots have to be managed like wild beasts. If the traveller is too compliant, he is oppressed, thwarted, and ruined; if he is too audacious, the autocrat becomes furious, and the traveller is murdered, like Vogel in Wadai.

Though Speke was treated with the utmost friendliness at Uganda, living entirely at the King's expense, his movements were narrowly constrained, and he never seems to have left the immediate neighbourhood of the palace, except on the one occasion when he was yachting with M'tése, who would not allow him to explore the lake more thoroughly. He was detained month after month, according to the usual fate of African travellers, and finally effected his departure with difficulty. Other reported facts on the geography of the land had now transpired. The southern end of the Lake Luta Nzigé was 100 or 150 miles due west of the northern end of the Nyanza, and therefore on the equator; and another small lake, the Baringo, was described due east of the Nyanza, and so far connected with it that the canoes of the Uganda people sailed there for salt. Its outlet was said to be by the Asua, a small river which joins the Nile above Gondakoro, near the farthest point reached by Miani. It would appear from the map, that if Kenia and Kilimandjaro send any of their drainage waters to the White Nile, it must be by way of the Baringo. Hence, whatever snow-water may be contributed to the White Nile must be poured into it through the Asua River.

After Speke and Grant had left the capital of Uganda, they travelled with an escort; Speke diverged directly to the Nile, which

he struck fifty miles from the lake. Speke then ascended the river, and traced it to its exit from the Nyanza, and afterwards returned down its stream in canoes. We pass over the particulars of his journey, though it was, personally, eventful to him. His boats were unexpectedly attacked, while he was still in Uganda, and he forced his way through considerable dangers. Finally, he reached the capital of Unyoro, the third and last of the great Wahuma kingdoms.

His reception by the king was unfriendly. The Unyoro people are sullen cowardly, and disobliging, and their habits afford a disagreeable contrast to the sprightly ways and natty dress of their neighbours in Uganda, whom Speke compares to the French. He and Grant spent many dreary months at Unyoro, in lat. $1^{\circ} 40' N.$, before they were allowed to proceed. The King would never permit them even to enter his palace: he was always at his witchcrafts. They were first threatened by the Unyoro people and then by their Uganda escort, who endeavoured to take them back. Half of their porters deserted them. It would weary the reader to follow the travellers' narrative of their truly African miseries in this inhospitable land. They were felt the more acutely because the bourne of their journey was close at hand, and many things denoted the neighbourhood of the races and localities known to travellers from the north. Negroes were seen in Unyoro, speaking an entirely new class of languages, which Speke's own interpreters could make nothing of. One single language in modified dialect, had carried the travellers the whole way from Zanzibar to Unyoro; now they were on the frontier of the northern tongues. These new races were barbarians, absolutely naked in their own land, and wearing a mere scrap of clothing in Unyoro, out of deference to Wahuma habits. Rumours reached the travellers of white traders at no great distance from them, on the river, and they chafed at their detention. They sent forward the chief of their Zanzibar men, Bombay by name, who has already figured in Burton's and Speke's writings. He returned firing his gun, frantic with delight, and dressed in new clothes. He said he had been to the Turks, who were encamped eight marches south of Gondakoro. At length, after daily anxieties and heart-sickness, a partial permission came for their departure, and the explorers made a joyful escape. It was impossible for them to follow the river, for a brother of the King of Unyoro occupied its banks, and was at war with him; they took a direct line across country, to Gondakoro, which led them along the chord of that bend of the Nile, to which we have

already alluded. When they again struck the river, they found themselves in a Turkish camp, at $3^{\circ} 10' N.$ lat. It was an ivory station, made by men in the employment of Debono, and established a short distance south of the farthest point reached by Miani. They were rapturously received, and Speke's men abandoned care and got drunk for a week. The Turks were preparing to start for Gondakoro, with the ivory they had bartered, and Speke waited till they were ready, for he was absolutely unable to get on without assistance. The Bari people among whom they were residing, are so disunited, that no village possesses a body of porters sufficient in number to travel securely by themselves; nor could they be spared to go, for, if they attempted to do so, the comparative weakness of the villagers who stayed at home would invite the attack of their neighbours. The Turks moved in a great caravan; they wanted some 2,000 porters, who they exacted a certain quota from every village, by which means they got their men, and the balance of power among the natives was not disturbed. In this despotic, effective way, Speke was enabled to reach Gondakoro. He was, however, thoroughly shocked by the recklessness with which stolen cattle and plundered ivory were bought, and with the exactions and terrorism that are made to administer to the demands of the Turkish ivory trade. The Arab traders of Uniamesi were perfect gentlemen compared to these Turks, whose conduct was inhuman to the last degree. He thoroughly confirms what has been so often repeated of late by various travellers to Gondakoro.

The discovery of this great river springing from two lakes, does certainly confirm the belief that the ancient knowledge of the Nile was more advanced than that of recent times; but the want of circumstantial precision with which the ancient accounts are conveyed, left an impression adverse to their truth. They stride in one great leap from Khartūm to the sources, without any description of the intervening land, unless we except Strabo's, which is as follows, if we understand it aright. After clearly describing all the Nile, down to the Atbara and Blue River, he says, 'But the Astapus is said to be another river which issues out of some lakes in the South, and this river forms nearly the whole of the Nile; it flows in a straight line, and is filled by the summer rains.' When we speak of geographical discovery, we rarely, if ever, mean the first sight of what no human eye had previously seen, but the visit of men who could observe geographically, and describe what they saw, so as to leave no obscurity as to their meaning. These conditions had

never previously been satisfied as regards the Nile; for geographers, working with the fairest intentions upon the same data, came to diverse conclusions, and no map made by any one of them bore other than a rude and childish resemblance to what is now ascertained to be the truth.

The first person Speke saw when he reached Gondakoro was his old friend Baker, who had just arrived there, bound on a self-planned journey of exploration and of relief to Speke. The interview, to use Speke's own words, intoxicated them both with joy. Baker gave him his return boats, stored with corn, and supplied him with every delicacy he could think of, and thus the journey ended. Mr. Consul Petherick, who had been furnished with 1,000*l.*, the proceeds of a private subscription to bear relief to Speke, and who had undertaken to arrive at Gondakoro a year previously, had wholly failed in his mission. Strangely enough, he too arrived at Gondakoro, previous to Speke's departure from that place, but not in a condition to render that succour which Baker had so happily and gratuitously afforded.

Gondakoro does not seem to be quite such a desert as Petherick had represented, where Speke must necessarily have starved had no expedition been directed to meet him. On the contrary, a polished Circassian Turk, Koorschid Pasha, had been governor of the place for fourteen months; he instantly gave the travellers a dinner of a fat turkey, concluded with claret and cigars.

Thus closes the tale of a journey that involved a *walk* of 1,300 miles through the equatorial regions of Africa, and has solved almost the only remaining geographical problem of importance. It has been the Matterhorn of the Geographical Society, the grandest feat and the longest delayed. If Speke himself, or Baker, would cross from the Luta Nzigé to the Atlantic, and if some Gregory or Stuart would traverse Western Australia, the great secret chambers of the habitable earth would all be unlocked.

- ART. VIII.—1. *Les Écossais en France, les Français en Écosse.* PAR FRANCISQUE-MICHEL. 2 vols. 8vo. Londres: 1862.
2. *Papiers d'État relatifs à l'Histoire de l'Écosse au 16^me Siècle; tirés des Bibliothèques et des Archives de France, et publiés pour la Bannatyne Club d'Édimbourg.* 3 vols. 4to. Paris.
3. *Papers relative to the Royal Guard of Scottish Archers in France.* (From

Original Documents.) Printed at Edinburgh for the Maitland Club. 1 vol. 4to. 1835.

In the midst of international questions of every shape and shade, and when the value of every conceivable form of international relation is daily submitted to the test of fresh experience, it is interesting to turn to the history of an alliance, the direct effects of which have ceased for three centuries to be appreciable to politicians, but which is still so important in the eyes of men of learning and ability as to entitle it to a literature of its own. The alliance of France and Scotland was, indeed, a memorable friendship, standing out from all merely political arrangements not only by intimacy and warmth whilst it endured, but by the lasting effects which it left behind it. These M. Francisque-Michel has traced,—in the public history, and still more in the private and domestic annals of France. In Scotland they meet us at every turn,—in the institutions, habits, and speech of the people, from the organisation of the Court of Session, the terminology of the law, and the constitution of the Presbyterian Church, to the baking of 'kickshaws' (quelquechoses) and 'petticoat-tails' (petits-gâteaux), and the opening of an oyster.* The high-roofed gable and the pepper-box turret of the French chateau gave to Scotland a style of architecture which became domestic amongst us in the sixteenth century, and which has been revived in our own days with great propriety and taste. We claim for the popular cookery of Scotland, distinguished by an enlightened use of vegetables and of broths, a marked superiority over the barbarous culinary preparations of South Britain; but it must be confessed that we owe that superiority to the lessons of our French allies. And, as we write, we are informed that in more than one Scottish village lingers the tradition of a French tambour-stitch, which was probably imported when the newest fashions came from the Court of Blois or Fontainebleau.

M. Michel says that a sense of the disproportion between the small space accorded to the Scottish alliance in the ordinary histories of France, and the magnitude of the part which it really played in the history of his country, was one of his motives for undertaking the work to which he has devoted so considerable a portion of his life. However the matter may have stood when M. Michel commenced his labours, five and twenty years ago, our countrymen will be extremely

* In Scotland, as in France, oysters are opened with the hollow side undermost; so as to retain the juice—a process which is too often reversed in England.

unreasonable if they are not more than satisfied with the *amende honorable* which has now been made to them. Of the class of writers—archæologists and compilers, rather than historians—by whom the task of reviving this curious and interesting page in the history of the two countries has been accomplished, M. Michel has been the most industrious, and he is consequently the most exhaustive. In the good work of restoring, as it were, to each other, two old school-fellows and comrades in arms, whom the changes and chances of life had drifted asunder, he holds, and probably will continue to hold, the first place. He is so far from a faultless writer, that,—taking into account that he is a Frenchman, and remembering the precision with which Frenchmen distribute their matter, and the clearness, sharpness, and brevity with which they write,—it is almost incredible that he should have produced so disorderly and dull a book. But the merits of M. Michel's performance altogether outweigh its defects; and, of the former, one of the greatest consists in the extent to which it has rectified and widened our conception of the subject of which it treats.

Hitherto this alliance between the most polished court of continental Europe and our ruder forefathers had been viewed chiefly in relation to two or three well-known historical events; for to say the truth the league of Scotland and France grew up under the shadow of England, and was strengthened by common hatred or common fear. In the popular conception of it, in France more especially, these passions centre in the single person of Mary Stuart. Everybody knows the ties which bound the beautiful and unhappy Queen to France,—that her mother was a Frenchwoman—that France was the land in which her own unhappy girlhood was spent—that for a brief period she sat upon the French throne (France and Scotland being then united by what would now be called a personal union)—that when she ultimately returned to her paternal kingdom she was accompanied by French attendants, and continued to be surrounded by them during her whole life, and that up to the last she herself always both spoke and wrote by preference what was indeed her mother's tongue. So constantly are these facts present to the minds of Frenchmen, that they regard her less in the light of a beautiful exotic that flourished for a time in the rich soil of France, than as the fair and fragile emblem of their country transplanted, by an adverse destiny, to arid and sunless Scotland. But the rough unkindness of Scotland is forgotten, and the lily is seen only as crushed and broken at last by the jealousy and

bigotry of England. M. Mignet has with entire justice and incomparable skill combated the prepossessions of his countrymen; but no Frenchman can forget that on the scaffold at Fotheringay Mary Stuart reminded her executioners that it was on the Queen Dowager of France that they were about to lay their sacrilegious hands.

What has been said of the powerful and indelible character of the influences of ballad poetry, might be said with equal truth of the sympathies and antipathies which arise from occurrences that appeal very strongly to the national imagination. Scottish auxiliaries fought by the side of Joan of Arc, under the banner which, according to M. Michel, a Scotchman had painted; and Scotchmen stood around as sympathising spectators of her last sufferings at Rouen. In like manner Scotland shared the insults offered to France in the person of Mary Stuart. It is quite surprising to how great an extent these facts, and the many pathetic incidents with which they are connected, dwelt upon as they are in early youth, still colour the feelings with which Frenchmen in general regard the two divisions of the island.

But the marriage of Mary Stuart, and the occurrences which arose out of it, down to the latest generation of her male heirs, are not the only links which, even in the popular imagination, bind Scotland to France. Many other royal marriages which preceded it are for the most part forgotten—even that of the fair and tender Madeleine de Valois. But the institution of the Scottish Guard, for example, is popularly remembered; and Quentin Durward has as many readers in France as in Scotland. Then, by a more limited class of persons, the Scottish colleges, and the numbers of Scotchmen who held learned appointments in the Universities of France, are called to mind; and the intellectual relation between the two countries which extended down to a very recent period, if it does not still exist,* is supposed to be the source at once of their national sympathies and of their political ties.

On all of these subjects the researches of M. Michel have thrown a flood of light. The general information which most persons possessed has been enriched by details, till the skeleton has become a portly figure once more. We see how each public transaction drew after it a mass of private occurrences and arrangements, not very important

* Whilst M. Victor Cousin lives,—the pupil of Royer-Collard, the friend of Hamilton, and the eloquent expositor of the Scottish school of philosophy,—we may surely hold the chain to be unbroken.