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cant point in the long-standing controversy between the opponents and admirers of democratic progress. Whately was emphatically a man devoted to "questions." He argued them with great vigour, and hence obtained endless small triumphs. He never, or scarcely ever, examined the principles on which the ultimate solutions depended; and hence he achieved very few permanent victories. This defect is seen best by examining his treatment of those subjects for which his mind was, in many respects, well suited. That he could ever have been a great theologian or a deep philosophic thinker is scarcely conceivable; but it might have been expected that he would compose a thoroughly good treatise on logic. All students know that he has not done so. His *Elements of Logic* have the great defect that they avoid, or leave unexplained, every logical difficulty of importance enough to make logic a study worthy of a rational being. On the relation of induction to deduction, on the true nature of syllogistic reasoning, on the existence or non-existence of *à priori* truths, Whately either says nothing or says nothing worth saying; and, when Mill and others pointed out the true difficulties of the subject, and gave, or attempted to give, their solutions, Whately showed that he wanted either the capacity or the will to learn from others, and republished edition after edition of his *Logic* with a sublime neglect of all the labours of Mill or Hamilton or Whewell.

In this case, as in others, there was brought into a clear light a further marked defect in Whately's intellectual character. He could not teach successfully, because he would not learn. He was in one sense the least original, in another the most original, of authors. His thoughts were little more than the common-sense of the generation among whom he had been educated put into a clear form. On the other hand, his thoughts were his own, in the sense that he owed little to the intellectual labours of other thinkers. A glance at his common-place book affords a curious proof of his mind's stationary character. The extracts of which the book consists were written in various years between 1818 and 1862; yet they exhibit little change of tone. Whately thought, it is true, as vigorously in 1862 as in 1818; but, on the other hand, he seems to have learned nothing in 1862 which he did not know forty years before.

His failure to influence his age is, therefore, not hard to explain. There are two different modes by which men may keep more or less in sympathy with the feelings and speculations of the generation which grows up around them. Some great and original thinkers accomplish this by force of sympathy and imagination. Persons endowed with humbler, yet, perhaps, rarer gifts, occasionally attain the same end by careful mental culture, and by following, step by step, the intellectual progress of the age. A candid reader of Mill's works will see that he might possibly have by this time stood quite as much alone as did Whately at the end of his life. He possesses far greater powers than did the Archbishop, but he suffered from the disadvantage which Whately apparently escaped—of being bred in a school marked by narrow dogmatism. Yet neither friend nor foe can doubt that Mill is, and deserves to be, a man of marked influence; and this influence is due, at any rate in great part, to the fact that he has not been content, like Whately, simply to think out his own thoughts, but has thoroughly weighed and studied the thoughts no less of opponents than of friends. Had Whately engaged in a controversy with Whewell he would probably have been content with fixing his adversary on the horns of an apparent dilemma, and might very probably have succeeded in leaving on the minds of careless readers the impression that the Master of Trinity was a puzzle-headed fool. Mill, on the other hand, though he does not expose the fallacies of his opponents in a few sharp sentences, gains an advantage that Whately would never have obtained. From the long controversy with Dr. Whewell, he takes occasion of bring-

ing into the clearest light all that can be said in favour of the theory which derives all our knowledge from experience. Yet, if Whately, in a certain sense, exercised no permanent influence, and, it may be added, did not deserve to exercise it—if he meets the theological difficulties of the present day with petty arguments and miserable dilemmas which would scarcely have floored the weakest rationalist of the last century—the world of English thinkers nevertheless owes him a considerable debt of gratitude. He has done for Philosophy somewhat the same service that Macaulay has performed for History. They have each gained the attention of the world to the subjects on which they wrote. Many men who can see well enough now that Macaulay is not a faultless historian would never have cared for history if they had not been introduced to it by his essays; and those who can see that Whately is not a great philosopher often owe it to him that they ever studied philosophy. His defects themselves fit him for rousing the attention of multitudes who would turn away at once from any teacher who was less clear and less sensible. There are other defects besides puzzle-headedness; but, after all, at least one-half of mankind are puzzle-headed; and it is a great gain when a man arises who will beat thoughts of any kind into dull brains.

## CAPTAIN SPEKE'S NEW VOLUME.

*What led to the Discovery of the Source of the Nile.* By John Hanning Speke, Captain I.C.M. Indian Army, author of "Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile." (Blackwood and Sons.)

CAPTAIN SPEKE intends, in this volume, to place before the public a narration of two separate African expeditions which he made between the years 1854 and 1858, with an explanation of the circumstances which induced him eventually to undertake his final journey of exploration to the Victoria N'yanza in 1860.

The author was as yet but a subaltern officer serving in the Indian army when, in 1849, he first conceived the idea of exploring Central Equatorial Africa, of striking the Nile at its head, and then sailing down that river to Egypt. This plan suggested itself, he tells us, not so much for its geographical interest, as with a view to add specimens of the unknown fauna of those regions to the museum in his father's house, the nucleus of which he had already formed from the rich resources of India during his hunting expeditions in the Himalaya Mountains and Tibet. When, therefore, in September 1854, the tenth year of his service in India was completed, and he had his three years of furlough to dispose of, he lost no time in arranging to carry out his favourite design. His first move was to Aden, where he visited Colonel Outram, to whose memory, in recognition of the kindness and advice he received from him upon that occasion, the present volume is dedicated. From Aden he started on his first expedition, under command of Lieutenant Burton, and in the service of the Indian government, for the purpose of investigating the Somali country.

This region of Africa Captain Speke describes as an elbow of land lying between the Equator and the 11th degree of north latitude, which, from its peculiar form, might well be designated the Eastern Horn of Africa, and is separated from the neighbouring shores of Asia by the Gulf of Aden. It was at a little village on the Somali coast, called Kurrum, that, Captain Speke tells us, he first heard from the natives of the existence of the N'yanza lake. From that time he was constantly making inquiries concerning it among the natives and Arab merchants, and became more and more fascinated with the subject as the evidence he obtained and his own observations and deductions

appeared to corroborate his favourite speculation concerning its connexion with the river Nile.

This Somali expedition ended most disastrously for the author and his companions; and, with "eleven artificial holes in his body (received in a terrible encounter with some of the natives), and a loss of £510 which he never recovered," he returned to England in June 1855.

The Crimean war was then at its height; and Captain Speke had scarcely rested from his African labours when he went to join the army in the East. While there, and seeing no chance of ever revisiting Africa, he resolved (still intent on stocking the paternal museum) to try his hand in collecting the fauna of the regions of the Caucasian Mountains. These projects, naturally enough, led to a correspondence with the Geographical Society, and to his eventually relinquishing the Caucasian plan in favour of a new African expedition under the Society's auspices. And so, at the close of the year 1856, our brave-hearted young traveller found himself once more on African soil, and, as in the former instance, under command of Captain Burton.

Upon the occasion of Captain Speke's visiting the rooms of the Geographical Society, immediately previous to this expedition, he had observed, hanging on the walls, a map of that section of interior Africa which extends sixteen degrees inland from Zanzibar and to the fourteenth degree of south latitude from the Equator. In the midst of this section-map, and occupying about half its area, there figured a huge lake, supposed to cover a space of some 800 miles long by 300 broad. This chart, the imperfect details of which were chiefly the result of such confused information as the Zanzibar missionaries could obtain during their sojourn among the natives on the coast, may be said to have represented the nearest approach to a definite geographical notion that the world by that time had arrived at concerning the lake-regions of Central Africa. It was the object of the expedition now in hand to cut right through the continent of Africa, from Zanzibar on the east coast to the lake-region in the centre; and so, by means of personal investigation, to solve the problem pictured upon that same section-map of the Geographical Society, whose startling query suspended upon the walls of a modern lecture-room appeared as dark to read aright as was of old the magic writing on the walls of the Babylonian palace.

The line of march from Zanzibar on the south-east coast to the great inland lake Tanganyika measures some 600 miles, in a direction almost due west. About two-thirds of their march thither brought the travellers to Kazé, an Arab trading-dépot in the centre of the Unyamuezi, or Land of the Moon, and situated about 200 miles south of the Lake N'yanza. At this point Captain Speke was anxious to proceed northwards to the N'yanza, in preference to continuing their westward route to the Tanganyika. But this suggestion being, he tells us, set aside, the travelling party arrived in due time at Ujiji, the district on the shores of the Tanganyika which the Arab traders chiefly frequent. It was nearly a year now since the Englishmen had enjoyed their last glimpse of civilized life at Zanzibar; and, during this time, they had toiled through miles of savage life, and become emaciated and weakened by great privations of food and rest. Their approach to the enchantingly beautiful lake was across the eastern horn of a large crescent-shaped mass of mountains overhanging the northern half of Lake Tanganyika, and which Captain Speke regards as the true Mountains of the Moon—those mountains which the ancients pictured from time immemorial as ranged in snowy splendour along the very brink of the known world, and shutting out the darkness beyond.

We will quote Captain Speke's own description of the Tanganyika:

The Tanganyika lake, lying between 3° and 8° south latitude, and in 29° east longitude, has a

length of three hundred miles, and is from thirty to forty broad in its centre. The surface-level, as I ascertained by the temperature of boiling water, is only eighteen hundred feet, and it appears quite sunk into the lap of these mountains. Its waters are very sweet, and abound with delicious fish in great variety. The fertility of the northern end of the lake surpassed anything we had hitherto seen; but this was not surprising when duly considered. The hills, instead of being, as on the great plateau we had recently left, outcrops of granite, were composed of argillaceous sandstone. Rain there lasted all the year round, and the temperature was very considerable. In consequence of this the sides of the lake are thickly inhabited by numerous tribes of the true negro breed, amongst which the most conspicuous are the Wabembé cannibals, into whose territory no Arabs durst ever venture. Bombay, my interpreter, describes them as being very dreadful creatures, who are "always looking out for some of our sort." The port we finally arrived at is called Kawélé, a small village in the Ujiji district. Here we landed all our property, and took up our abode in a deserted house, which had been left to decay by some Arab merchants.

The following is taken from the account of a cruising expedition on the lake:—

Again we start, and, after crossing a similar small bay, continue along a low shelving shore, densely wooded to the water's edge, until the Malagarazi river's mouth is gained. This river is the largest on the eastern shore of the lake, and was previously crossed by the caravan on its way from Kazé, in small bark canoes, much rougher, but constructed something similarly to those of the Americans. Each of these canoes contains one man and his load, besides the owner, who lives near the ferry, and poles the vessel across. Still to the eastward we have the same tree-clad hilly view, beautiful in itself, but very tiresome in its constant sameness. After a stretch, and half an hour's pipes and breathing, we start afresh, and cross the bay into which the river debouches. Here tall aquatic reeds diversify the surface, and are well tenanted by the crocodile and hippopotami, the latter of which keep staring, grunting, and snorting, as though much vexed at our intrusion on their former peace and privacy. We now hug the shore, and continue on in the dark of night till Mgiti Khambi, a beautiful little harbour bending back away amongst the hills, and out of sight of the lake, is reached at 11 P.M. Could but a little civilized art, as whitewashed houses, well-trained gardens, and the like, vary these evergreen hills and trees, and diversify the unceasing monotony of hill and dale, and dale and hill—of green trees, green grass—green grass, green trees, so wearisome in their luxuriance—what a paradise of beauty would this place present! The deep blue waters of the lake, in contrast with the vegetation and large brown rocks, form everywhere an object of intense attraction; but the appetite soon wearies of such profusion, without the contrast of more sober tints, or the variety incidental to a populous and inhabited country. There are said to be some few scattered villages concealed in these dense jungles, extending away in the background; but how the shores should be so desolate strikes one with much surprise. The naturally excessive growth of all vegetable life is sufficient proof of the soil's capabilities. Unless in former times this beautiful country has been harassed by neighbouring tribes, and despoiled of its men and cattle to satisfy the spoilers and be sold to distant markets, its present state appears quite incomprehensible. In hazarding this conjecture it might be thought that I am taking an extreme view of the case; but, when we see everywhere in Africa what one slave-hunt or cattle-lifting party can effect, it is not unreasonable to imagine that this was most probably the cause of such utter desolation here. These war-parties lay waste the tracks they visit for endless time. Indeed, until slavery is suppressed in Africa, we may expect to find such places in a similarly melancholy state.

Arriving once more, on their return homeward, at Kazé—the Arab trading-dépot south of the N'yanza—Captain Speke prevailed upon Captain Burton to allow him to proceed alone in the direction of that lake, with the view to ascertain whether or not the mighty stream of the Nile emanated from its waters. Six weeks were all the time Captain Speke had for this N'yanza expedition. After that time it was anticipated that the route between Kazé and the N'yanza would be unsafe, the

whole country being, as is usually the case, in a state of civil war. The account of this rapid march of some 200 miles forms, however, the most interesting portion of the volume before us.

Day by day the author, with his suite of dusky attendants, thread the tropical splendours of this Land of the Moon. Through forest and desert, over fruitful plains and wooded valleys, passing, on their way, caravans laden with ivory and slowly journeying towards the coast; now resting at night in negro villages, where the natives dance and sing in honour of the "wise or white man;" now eluding the over-polite curiosity of antiquated Cleopatras, dirtily garbed, or awakening, for the first time since creation, the echo of the sportsman's gun among the hills and valleys of Central Africa: so onward, through a varying and interesting country, crowded with villages and highly cultivated, the little cavalcade progresses with all possible speed. From among the notes the author jotted down from day to day we select the following:—

At 6 A.M. we crawled through the opening in the palisading which forms the entrances of these villages, and at once perceived a tall, narrow pillar of granite, higher than Pompey's at Alexandria or Nelson's Monument in Charing Cross, towering above us, and having sundry huge boulders of the same composition standing around its base, much in the same peculiar way as we see at Stonehenge, on Salisbury Plain. This scene strikes one with wonderment at the oddities of nature, and taxes one's faculties to imagine how on earth the stones ever became tilted up in this extraordinary position; but, farther on, about five miles distant, we encountered another, and even higher pillar, that quite overtopped the trees and everything about it. This and the former one served as good station-marks for the journey, the latter being visible at eight miles distance.

Further on we come to a desert respecting which Captain Speke tells us—

The sandstone in this region is highly impregnated with iron, and smelters do a good business; indeed, the iron for nearly all the tools and cutlery that are used in this division of Eastern Africa is found and manufactured here. It is the Brumagem of the land, and has not only rich, but very extensive iron-fields, stretching many miles north, east, and west. I brought some specimens away.

At length, early one August morning, the motley caravan of black porters, donkeys, cattle, &c., arrived at the summit of a gently ascending hill, beneath which, on the other side, they beheld, with infinite rejoicing, the pale blue expanse of the N'yanza waters. Unluckily Captain Speke had neither the time nor the means to complete his design of going round the lake; so, after investigating the matter of its connexion with the Nile as thoroughly as he could from his post of observation at the south of the lake, inquiring among the resident natives, and so forth, he reluctantly turned again towards Kazé, with the determination to do everything in his power to revisit the lake, and to complete his half-finished task.

From the time the Somali native at Kurrum had told him of the great inland lake, said to be navigated by white men, till the day when he left it "as tantalized as the unhappy Tantalus must have been when unsuccessful in his bobbings for cherries in the cherry-orchard, and as much grieved as any mother would be at losing her first-born," everything had combined to rivet the conviction Captain Speke had then formed that here the true source of the Nile was to be hit upon—here only the secrets of that ancient stream should be disclosed. If neither the first nor the second expedition to the N'yanza has proved sufficient to set the matter entirely beyond the tumult of controversy, there can be but one verdict in favour of the important insight we have gained by their means into regions known hitherto only by report and conjecture, and of the positive knowledge we have arrived at, through Captain Speke's unwearied exertions, regarding the rainy system of the African

continent. Among works of travel Captain Speke's latest volume may rank with the most notable. Throughout there is a strong grasp of the geographical situations, and a simplicity and honesty in the narration of events and in the descriptions of details which render the reading of the book fresh and pleasurable; while we are charmed all along, as much as ever we were, with the indomitable energy and recklessness of hardship which are among the author's most admirable characteristics.

#### "MAURICE DERING."

Maurice Dering. By the Author of "Guy Livingstone." (Tinsley Brothers.)

PARTRIDGE is a dainty dish, "fit to set before a king;" but yet we all know that "*toujours perdrix*" has become a by-word for nausea caused by satiety. The author of "Guy Livingstone," versed as he is in modern French literature, has probably read the story of the man who laid a wager that nobody could eat a pigeon a day for a hundred days, and must recollect how competitor after competitor broke down in utter weariness. It would be well, we think, if he took to heart the moral of this apologue. "Guy Livingstone" always appeared to us a perfect model of the gamy order of literature. It was high with a flavour of cayenne, with a *souppçon* possibly of being too high; but still it was good in its way, just as caviar and olives and absinthe are good also. Our objection is not to the dish itself, but to the fact that its composer never treats us to anything else. Each of the successive series of which "Guy Livingstone" was the first is a *réchauffé* of its predecessor. The cool captain, the hero of "Barren Honour," whose name, we regret to say, we have forgotten, and Maurice Dering are all cast in the same mould with their prototype. They sin the same sins, talk the same talk, perform the same feats in horsemanship, shoot the same shots, and seduce, or fail to seduce, the same women. Moreover, the range of their intellectual reading seems never to have progressed or extended. The *Idylls of the King*, the *Odes of Horace*, and the *Jerusalem Liberata* are all choice treasure-mines of appropriate quotations; but still we cannot help thinking that we have really heard enough of Merlin and Lalage and Armida and the rest. When we read "There is more music in your song, O white-robed sirens, than in the monotone of 'Quare fremuerunt gentes?'" we know what is coming, and skip on to another page. You are welcome acquaintances, Messieurs of Mesdames of the classic monde, or "demi-monde;" but we have known you ever since we were taught Latin in our boyhood, and we really think you call upon us in those pages rather too often.

There are people, however, whose appetite for spiced game-pie is stronger than our own; and we see no reason to doubt that "Maurice Dering" will be to their liking. It is the old, old story over again. Maurice, we need hardly say, is a man of strong passions, a matchless horseman, a crack shot, and a lady-killer. He begins by falling in love with the betrothed of his dearest friend Philip Gascoigne, but, by grim self-command, conquers his passion, after saving his lady-love's life by a neck-and-neck race against death, and goes to India. Meanwhile he has won the affections, without wishing or knowing it, of the betrothed of another friend, Geoffrey Luttrell. Everybody, by-the-way, in these novels rejoices in a name such as a boarding-school conclave would pick out for their heroes. Maurice, while in India, kills a tiger in hand-to-hand contest, gets wounded, and is nursed and bewitched by a Miss Alice Leslie, to whom he pledges his faith, and whom he is to marry after a couple of years' furlough in England. On his return home he finds that Mrs. Gascoigne, abetted and tempted by Mrs. Luttrell, is about to elope with a broken-down blackleg of good family—Gerald Annesleigh. To save his friend, Dering deliberately murders the would-be