

10 DECEMBER, 1864.

And the broad shield that o'er his shoulders hangs;

Thither direct we then our car, where most
In mutual slaughter horse and foot engage,
And loudest swells, uncheck'd, the battle cry."
He said, and with the pliant lash he touch'd
The sleek-skinn'd horses; springing at the
sound,

Between the Greeks and Trojans, light they bore
The flying car, o'er corpses of the slain
And broken bucklers trampling; all beneath
Was plash'd with blood the same, and the rails
Around the car, as from the horses' feet,
And from the fellos of the wheels, were thrown
The bloody gouts; yet on he sped, to join
The strife of men, and break th' opposing ranks.
His coming spread confusion 'mid the Greeks,
His spear awhile withheld; then through the
rest,

With sword, and spear, and pond'rous stones
he rush'd,
But shunn'd the might of Ajax Telamon.

The words which express the grief of
Achilles on hearing of the death of Patroclus
are full of beauty.

Beside him stood the noble Nestor's son,
And weeping, thus his mournful message gave:
"Alas! great son of Peleus, woful news,
Which would to Heav'n I had not to impart.
To thee I bring: Patroclus lies in death;
And o'er his body now the war is wag'd;
His naked body, for his arms are now
The prize of Hector of the glancing helm."
He said; and darkest clouds of grief o'erspread
Achilles' brow; with both his hands he seiz'd
And pour'd upon his head the grimy dust,
Marring his graceful visage; and desil'd
With black'ning ashes all his costly robes.
Stretch'd in the dust his lofty stature lay,
As with his hands his flowing locks he tore;
Loud was the wailing of the female band,
Achilles' and Patroclus' prize of war,
As round Achilles, rushing out of doors,
Beating their breasts, with tott'ring limbs they
press'd.

In tears beside him stood Antilochus,
And in his own Achilles' hand he held,
Groaning in spirit, fearful lest for grief
In his own bosom he should sheathe his sword.
Loud were his moans; his Goddess-mother
heard,

Beside her aged father where she sat
In the deep ocean caves; she heard, and wept.

And so on in rapid progress through these
later books, which tell of Achilles' revenge,
of the great fight, of the death of Hector, of
the outrage on his corpse, and the bitter
lamentations of his kindred, Lord Derby's
language is animated with a wonderful
energy, such as rises from a man's own
heart and seldom comes to do the bidding
of another. It is good nervous English,
strong and straightforward, not crippled with
awkward contortions, or subjected to trou-
blesome involvements, and it rises on occa-
sion (our extracts have exemplified some of
these occasions) into a fine harmony and
true living poetry; but Lord Derby's work
is, on the whole, more remarkable for the
constancy of its excellence and the high level
which it maintains throughout than for its
special bursts of eloquence. It is uniformly
worthy of itself and its author.

BURTON ON THE NILE SOURCES.

The Nile Basin. By Richard F. Burton, F.R.G.S.,
and James M'Queen, F.R.G.S. (Tinsley
Brothers.)

IN many respects Captain Burton fulfils
the idea of a perfect traveller. His
enterprise, insatiable zeal, linguistic apti-
tude, and powerful constitution have driven
and sustained him hither and thither in many
important journeys during several years.
He has shown himself equally at home in
Oriental cities, in a Meccan caravan, in
Eastern and Western Africa, and among the
saints of Brigham Young. But to these
qualifications is unfortunately added a femi-
nine spitefulness. It is difficult to read his
works without vexation that one so worthy
on many accounts to do honour to the English
name should mar his reputation by indulging
in petty attacks and ignoble personalities.
The present volume commences, it is true,
with a tribute of respect to Speke's memory,

but is continued, in an altered tone, and in
a spirit of innuendo, against him. We have
not patience to follow the author into this
painful matter, but will rather select, as an
example of the style to which he is capable
of descending, the following passages, on
which comment is needless. Captain Burton
says:—

At Southampton he [Speke] was received by
the civic authorities and sundry supporters, in-
cluding a Colonel Rigby of the Bombay army,
ex-Consul of Zanzibar, who had taken a peculiar
part in promoting, for purely private reasons,
the proposed Nyanza-Nile expedition of Captain
Speke *versus* the Mombas-Nile exploration pro-
posed by myself.

To this he appends, as a foot-note,—

Ah that harsh voice, that arrogant style, that
saucy superficiality which decided on everything,
that insolent arrogance that contradicted every-
body: it was impossible to mistake them! And
Coningsby had the pleasure of seeing reproduced
before him the guardian of his youth . . .
Nicholas Rigby.

Captain Burton's object in the present
volume is, first, to show the extreme unreli-
ability of Speke's conclusions on the geo-
graphy of those parts of the country which
he never actually saw; secondly, to state
with precision what Speke did see and what
he did not see; and, finally, to submit con-
clusions of his own greatly at variance with
those of Captain Speke, inasmuch as they
make the lake Tanganyika and the river
Asua the principal sources of the Nile. In
doing this Captain Burton has given promi-
nence to that discontent in Speke's results
that has been generally felt for many months
past, and, in some instances, as in the *West-
minster Review*, has been very forcibly ex-
pressed. He shows that Speke travelled
under the influence of preconceived ideas, and
that he was negligent, to a scarcely credible
degree, in completing the chain of evidence
upon which his conclusions were founded;
that, though Speke travelled parallel to the
whole western shore of the lake Nyanza, as
laid down in his map, he never took the pains
of diverging from his course to visit the lake,
and to assure himself it was really there.
Captain Burton points out inconsistencies in
the altitudes of the north and south ends of
the lake, as measured by the temperature of
boiling water, and refers to statements made
to Speke at Uganda that there was a shorter
road to the sea than that by which he came
—namely, through the Masai country,
which extends from Kilimandjaro north-
wards. From these reasons, from the fact
of the north shore not being flooded as much
as the south shore, and from some rather
confused native reports, Captain Burton con-
cludes that the waters seen by Speke are not
portions of a continuous sheet of water. He
believes the great Nyanza to be wholly ima-
ginary, and that a road from Uganda to the
sea, through the Masai, runs directly through
the position that has been assigned to the
lake. In answer to Burton's arguments, we
must recollect that the inconsistencies in
altitude, barely amounting to 200 feet, are
far within the limits of instrumental in-
accuracy. Map-makers are greatly to blame
for their inveterate habit of inserting the
altitudes given by a *precise reduction* of a
rude observation with the same numerical
pretension that they insert a *precise* reduction
of an accurate observation. Captain Burton
ought to know that the value of observations
of altitudes from the temperatures of boiling
water is not reliable to units and tens
of feet—nor, indeed, to 200 or 300 feet—
when they are made under circumstances,
where simultaneous observations at a neigh-
bouring station of known altitude, are impos-
sible. As to the route from Uganda through
the Masai, it was argued at the Geographical
Society that the nearest route from Uganda
to the sea would, according to Speke's map, hug
the southern shore of the lake and thence
pass through the Masai country, cutting off
a great bend by Kazeh. The non-observance
of flood-marks north of the lake is an argu-
ment of no value whatever until we have accu-
rate information of the elevations of its north

and south beaches. Two or three feet difference
in elevation would make all the difference
between flood or no flood, the fall of rain in
the rainy season, and therefore the rising of
the waters of the lake, being very moderate.
It must be borne in mind that, though Speke
did not visit the lake, the rumour of its neigh-
bourhood was in all probability constantly
present to him. Again, the movements of
Captain Speke were not free, and the reedy
nature of the shores of the lake made it by
no means accessible, even had he been per-
mitted to visit it. Great beds of grass and
reeds, such as those that fringe the Kitan-
gule, appear to have overspread the margin
of the Nyanza.

Captain Burton further objects that the
stream at the Ripon Falls cannot be the head
of the Nile, solely because, if we understand
him rightly, the flooding waters of the lake
took an undue time to reach the Nile. He
does not entertain the very reasonable idea
that the intervention of the lake Luta Nzige
delayed their flow.

There are, perhaps, no arguments so tedious
as those on critical geography when the
data are conflicting, based on native testi-
mony, and mixed with personalities and spite.
It is sufficient to confine our attention to the
more important of Captain Burton's argu-
ments, to be assured that Captain Speke's
maps are not above the reach of severe
criticism, but that, on the other hand, his
conclusions cannot be considered so defence-
less as Captain Burton would have us
believe.

KENRICK'S ARCHÆOLOGY AND HISTORY.

*A Selection of Papers on Subjects of Archæology
and History, communicated to the Yorkshire
Philosophical Society.* By the Rev. John Ken-
rick, M.A., F.S.A. (London: Longman & Co.
York: Sunter and Sotheman.)

THE name of John Kenrick on its title-page
is a guarantee for certain merits in any
book. He is an accurate and deeply read
scholar; he has the art, which scholars do
not always possess, of communicating knowl-
edge to others briefly, clearly, and agreeably;
he remembers as he writes that not only is
man's life short, but also that most men's
leisure for reading is even shorter; he has
more than once proved himself as skilful as
Mr. Banting himself in dealing with obesity
—but Mr. Kenrick's patients are not stout
human creatures, but bulky German tomes,
which he has reduced to fair proportions;
lastly—and, in consideration of its rarity, we
set this down as the climax of his scholarly
virtues—his references are not only germane
to the matter, but may be relied upon for
their accuracy.

Books "published by request of friends"
not unfrequently cause their readers to wish
that the writers of them had been friendless,
more especially if the gods have made them
poetical. But Mr. Kenrick's associates in
the Yorkshire Philosophical Society were well
advised in "wishing" him "to preserve
these Papers in a permanent form," acces-
sible to persons who dwell in no one of the
Ridings, and far beyond the jurisdiction of
the youngest of archbishops. The subjects,
like the occasions of these Papers, are various.
"Some of them were read at the monthly
meetings of the Philosophical Society; others
were lectures delivered to more numerous
assemblages of the members." Of the eight
papers four have a local superadded to a
general interest, inasmuch as they relate to
the "Knights Templar in Yorkshire," to the
"Historical Traditions of Pontefract Castle,"
and to "Coins" and a "Monument" illus-
trative of the Romans in that part of Britain.
The other four papers may not be without
attractive metal for general readers, although,
from their contents, their direct interest will
be for persons of like pursuits with those of
Mr. Kenrick.

The few lines of Introduction to the volume
before us contains a sentence which archæ-
ologists generally would do well to mark,
learn, and digest. After telling us that the