THE READER.

10 DECEMBER, 1864.

And the broad shield that o'er his shoulders hung,
Thither direct we then our car, where next
In mutual slaughter horse and foot engage,
And daily, with his shield's unshroud.

He said, and with the plaint he touch'd his
The sleek-skinned horse; springing at the

Between the Greeks and Trojans, light they bore
The flying car, or cope of the son
And, like hucksters trampling; all beneath
Was plac'd with blood the sad, and the rails
And from the forlorn, where the wheels, were threw
The bloody ghoutes; yet on he sport, to join
That bold and woe-living, that opposing rank.
His coming spread confusion mid the Greeks,
His spear whiled withhide; then through the
With, sword and, spear, and ponderous' stones
he rush'd:
The mound of 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:

Also great son of Peleus, woful news,
Which would to Hea's I had not to impart.
To thee I bring: Patroclus lies in death;
And o'er his body now the war is waj'd;
His mantle, and, for his arms are now
The prize of Hector of the glancing helm,
He said; and darkest clouds of grief oppressed
Achilles, most deep; for both hands he wept
And pour'd upon his head the grimy dust,
Wearing his greaveless visage; and did not
With his mouth he sabes all his costly robes
Strew'd in the dust his left stature lay,
As with his hands his flowing lock he tore;
Louis, the wailing of the female band,
Achilles' and Patroclus' prise of war,
As round Achilles, rushing out of doors,
Rushing that charge of the strong limbs they press'd.
In turn beside him stood Astiathus,
And in his own Achilles' hand he held,
Grieving in spirit, fearful lest for grief
In his own bosom he should shatter his sword.
Is was there his mien his Grecian mother heard,
He the ear of aged father whom she saw
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 lamentsations of his kindred, Lord Derby's language is animated with a wonderful energy; and it is evident from a man's own heart and seldom comes to do the bidding of another. It is good nervous English, strong and clear, not clogged with awkward contortions, or subjected to troublesome involvements, and it rises on occasion (with rare and excelled exception in 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 burst of eloquence. It is uniformly worthy of itself and its author.

BURTON ON THE NILE SOURCES.


In many respects Captain Burton fulfills the idea of a perfect traveller. His remarkable wide-spread mental and linguistic attitudes, and powerful constitution have driven and sustained him hither and thither in many unknown quarters, during several years. He has shown himself equally at home in Oriental cities, in a Moorish caravan, in Eastern Africa, and among the saints of Brigham Young. But to these qualifications is unfortunately added a feminine quality which even his best-read has works without vexation that one as worthy as any many a romance to do honour to the English name should manifest. He is equally sagacious in petty attacks and ignoble personalities. The present volume commences, it is true, with a tribute of respect to Speke's memory, and south beaches. Two or three feet difference in measurement would make all the difference between flood or rain in the rainy season, and therefore the rising of the lake, being very moderate. It must be borne in mind that, although Speke did not visit the lake, the rumour of its neighbourhood was in all probability constantly present to him. Again, the movements of Captain Speke were not free, and the rosy nature of the shores of the lake made it by no means certain that he had been permitted to visit it. Great beds of grass and reeds, such as those that fringe the Kilangani swamps, have to overspread the margins of the Nyanza.

Captain Burton further objects that the stream at the Ripon Falls cannot be the head stream of the Nile, and he remarks that that consistent arrogance that contradicted everybody was impossible to mistake. He found that it was to be feared that the pleasure of seeing reproduced before the guardian of his youth... Nicholas Roly.

Captain Burton's object in the present volume is, first, to show the extreme unreliability of Speke's conclusions on the geography 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 conclusions of his own, to which he has come after careful inquiry. It is evident that those of Captain Speke, inasmuch as they make the lake Tanganyika and the river Azania the principal sources of the Nile, doing this Captain Burton has given prominence to that discontent in Speke's results that has been growing for many months past, and, in some instances, as in the Westminister Review, has been very forcibly expressed.

He shows that Speke travelled under the impression of several ideas, and found that he was a neglectful, to a scarcely credible degree, in collecting the chain of evidence upon which his conclusions were founded; that 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 it, in order to see for himself, 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, which was a road to the sea than that by which he came —namely, through the Masai country, which extends from Kilimanjaro northwards. From these and other facts, he concludes that the waters seen by Speke are not portions of a continuous sheet of water. He believes the Masai to be wholly imaginary, 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 regret that the incompetences in altitude, barely amounting to 200 feet, are far within the limits of instrumental inaccuracy. Map-makers are greatly to blame for their involvement of inserting altitudes given by a precise reduction of a rude observation with the same numerical precision that it gives in a mere approximate observation. Captain Burton ought to know that the value of observations at most altitudes, when temperatures of boiling water is not reliable in units and tens of feet—not, indeed, to 200 or 300 feet—when they are made under circumstances, where stupendous among at a rapid, diminishing of known altitude, are impossible. As to the route from Uganda through the Masai, he was on a route of the Geographical Society that the nearest route from Uganda to the sea, would be far better pass through the Masai country, cutting off a great bend by the non-observation of flood-marks north of the lake is an argument of no value whatever until we have accurate information of the elevations of its north

KERNICK'S ARCHEOLOGICAL AND HISTORICAL.


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