

and surroundings, expression of face and action of body, hounds in full cry and hounds at fault; Sir Roger riding between Mr. Spec and Will Wimble—all are so good that the general impression is one of perfect content; there is naught to quarrel with or even to question. When there is something to question, one hardly dares suggest it; but is it right for Sir Roger to take his friend down into Northamptonshire in a post-chaise? Would he not have had out his coach and six? Was he not a contemporary of Sir Charles Grandison's father, and would that gentleman have travelled post? Even forty years later, what did Sir Charles himself and Sir Hargrave Pollexfen think of the roads of England, and how did they travel? Six horses for the muddy roads and armed footmen for the highwaymen were needed then. And then, if Sir Roger were for once so economical as to take the humbler conveyance, as he is shown to do on page 1, would all his luggage have gone by carrier? The reader will see how good a piece of English antiquity we have here when such questions as these are all that arise concerning it.

Washington Irving's two sketches give us old England of a century later; and these were published with the Caldecott illustrations in 1875 and 1877 respectively, in neat little 12mo volumes. 'Bracebridge Hall' was condensed or shortened, but still remains twice as long as 'Old Christmas,' which is only one of the essays in the 'Sketch Book,' first published in 1820. Now the two studies are brought together in one octavo volume, being presumably more salable in that form, though it is hard to say why. Because there is more margin for the full-page cuts? But there are very few full-page cuts. We like the little volumes the better. But, that we be not suspected of deference to the reigning craze for first editions, let us add in haste that the present is a charming book. Caldecott, in these cuts, and in those made for 'North Italian Folk,' has worked more as a book illustrator than elsewhere; his pictures are finished up more completely, some of them elaborately, with definite backgrounds, and the text is followed closely. In fact, there have been few better book illustrators than he, as was soon felt after the 'Old Christmas' had become known. The comparison is interesting between the open-air, out-of-door pictures in these two books, and Mr. Thomson's in the Sir Roger. A more delicate sense of beauty seems to be Caldecott's greatest advantage over his rival, for, what seems strange, the fun of the situations is perhaps as strongly felt in one as in the other series. Caldecott's gift as an inventor and combiner of humorous situations is more shown outside of the line of these book illustrations, as in the 'Æsop's Fables.'

Mr. Blackburn's book tells the short story of Caldecott's short art life, from 1871, when a drawing of his first appeared in a London magazine, to about 1879. The few remaining years of his life are left to be treated of in another work. He had exhibited at least one picture and a few of his drawings had been engraved before 1871, but it was then that he was encouraged by permanent engagements, and it was in 1872 that he, being twenty-five years old and assured of his power, at least as a caricaturist and humorous designer, finally left the bank-clerk's stool in Manchester and came up to London. *London Society*, the magazine in which many of his sketches appeared in 1871 and thereafter, is so little the kind of magazine that one would be led to keep and bind up, that it is fortunate we have so many facsimiles here of the Caldecott sketches. His first drawing for *Punch* was also in 1872.

Two books, 'The Harz Mountains, or a Tour in the Toy Country,' and 'Bretton Folk,' each by himself as draughtsman and Mr. Blackburn as writer, are hardly to be credited to Caldecott as

among his book illustrations; his work in these is as independent as his fellow-workman's own, for he is not illustrating an existing text, but helping a colleague to work up a tour of observation. We are told too little for our wishes of the minor incidents and impressions of these two journeys. Of his 'Æsop's Fables' the peculiarity is that the illustrations to the Fables proper, however spirited, are the least important part of the book. The real thing is in the "Modern Instances," which are added, as comment on the text; as when, in further illustration of 'The Fox and the Crow,' a young gentleman is seen persuading the mamma to sing, and afterwards kissing the daughter while mamma's eyes are on her notes and her back to the lovers. Funnier than this is the "modern instance" of the Fox and the Stork. A hunting man at his breakfast is amazed by the appearance of a Christmas present, "with Mrs. Stork's kind regards," and inscribed as being Harvey's Meditations. *Per contra*, a tall and spectacled lady is receiving at the hands of her little maid a copy of *The Sporting Magazine*, "with Mr. Fox's respects, and many happy returns of the day." We have dwelt on the 'Æsop's Fables' because Mr. Blackburn says it was not very successful. He adds that Caldecott himself did not approve of the plan, whether it was his or another's, and a letter of his is quoted in which he regrets that he "did not approach the subject more seriously." It is a very curious question how he would have treated it "more seriously." The fables, by their very nature, are humoristic-satirical. Perhaps he had in mind a more profound tragedy concealed beneath the humor, when possible, as in illustration of the Horse and the Stag. Here a farmer is seen in a money-lender's office, borrowing money on a "Bill of Sale" which he is signing, with a paper inscribed "Rent-day Arrears" in his pocket.

But, to return to Mr. Blackburn's book, it must suffice to add that it tells much of the life of the artist for the few years it covers, and much of the daily details of his work. The numerous illustrations are all facsimiles of Caldecott's work, and although it seems a pity to take so many from books that anybody can get, and not more from almost inaccessible journals, yet all are worth having, and the whole book has only one serious fault, that there is not enough of it.

The new edition of 'Les Misérables' in English is to be in five handsome volumes, a really beautiful piece of printing by the De Vinne press. There are countless illustrations, some full-page and nearly all large; they are sufficiently explicative of the story, but not of especial merit, having little novelty or individuality. It is an odd instance of the changing value of reputations that M. De Neuville, whose name is printed first on the title-page, has but one cut in the volume—no better, by the way, than the others. It does not seem to be of his recent work, the vigorous and direct drawing of his battle studies since 1871. The translation is not free from awkward reminders that it is a translation from the French. But how would even a genius at the work manage with Victor Hugo's prose?

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.—II.

'THE CHILDREN OF THE COLD' (Cassell & Co.) contains in collected form the very interesting and acceptable articles on the life of Eskimo children near Hudson Bay, which Frederick Schwatka has contributed to *St. Nicholas* during the past year or two. All boys and girls old enough to distinguish between different races of men will enjoy the vivid account of the games, toys, and manner of life of the little Eskimos, who seem, their climatic limitations considered, to have much the same tendencies as children in other lands. Here one may learn where and how

they live, how their houses are built, what are their playthings, how they make sleds and coast on them, how the dogs are fed, what they have in place of candy, their work, hunting, and fishing, how their clothes are made, and much about their sports and exercises of skill and strength. The book contains nothing to which exception can be taken, and we can heartily recommend it.

The latest addition to Mr. T. W. Knox's series of books of travel for children is of special value at the present time, when the interest in all things Russian is so widely aroused. Youngsters who study with attention the account of 'The Boy Travellers in the Russian Empire' (Harper's) will know more about the subject than many of their elders. Nearly every book of any value in the English language dealing with the subject has been consulted, with the exception of D. Mackenzie Wallace's volumes, and the result is a vast mass of information on a great variety of subjects. This plan of giving as much solid information as possible necessarily imparts a rather dry, guide-book style to the greater part of the book, whereas the narrative of the author's own trip across Siberia is at once easy and likely to be remembered. A book of this sort, which attempts to give statistics, needs occasional revision to keep it up to the times. It is a pity, therefore, that it should start with any erroneous statements, such, for instance, as that the *Golos* is now the journalistic organ of the Ministry of the Interior (p. 131), and that all foreign princesses who marry into the royal family of Russia are obliged to enter the Greek Church. The *Golos* has been dead these four years, and a ukase of the Emperor, issued several months ago, releases all princesses, with the exception of the Tzesarevitch's bride, from the necessity of abjuring their religion. The volume is profusely illustrated, which adds to its interest; but some of the pictures are so ancient that they will be apt to lead children astray in the matter of costume. The children will probably think that Russian ladies wear a national costume which includes the sugar-scoop bonnet of fifty years ago (p. 63), and that the dress of the children, on page 121, for example, is as truly national as the nurse-maid's kokoshnik and apron. There are other cases of antiquated pictures which will attract the attention of older readers. The Russian words and sentences quoted are not always strictly accurate, but as no one could extract much good or harm from them, this is a less important consideration than the pictures and the errors of statement. These last are trivial, on the whole, though worth mentioning, and the book should prove one of the most successful as it is one of the prettiest of the holiday volumes. Maps of the Russian Empire on both covers add to the value, and a colored frontispiece, representing a winter scene, enhances its beauty.

Mrs. Lydia Hoyt Farmer's 'Boys' Book of Famous Rulers' (T. Y. Crowell & Co.) contains the lives of fifteen distinguished rulers, from Agamemnon to Napoleon I. The list is selected with good judgment, and the stories are told in an interesting style, so that we have a near approach to a general history associated with the lives of great men—a very suitable way to teach history to the young. The author has, moreover, undertaken to accomplish this end more nearly by introductions, which fill up the gap between the lives; for example, the life of Charlemagne begins with Clovis. There are two or three drawbacks to what is in many respects an excellent work. The first is the entire absence of historical criticism. That the story of Agamemnon is told as if he were a wholly historical character, is perhaps pardonable, for it is professedly drawn from the poetic account. But the account of Cyrus is derived from Xenophon, with hardly a word

to intimate that it is a fiction. A fondness for moralizing is another fault, which finds surprising expression in the judgment of Napoleon that, "from an earthly point of view, his was the greatest life of mortal man," and in the thoroughgoing eulogy pronounced upon him. We do not find any mention of the murder of the prisoners at Jaffa or of the Duc d'Enghien.

Miss Henrietta Christian Wright is favorably known by her volume of well-told stories in American history, and her 'Children's Stories of American Progress' (Scribners) is equally worthy of commendation. It consists of eighteen stories, or, as they are designated, chapters; but they have no special connection with one another except that of chronological sequence, so that each chapter forms a story by itself. Taken together, they present a series of pictures of great graphic interest, covering the period of the last hundred years—the last being "The South after the War." The illustrations are excellent.

The Roman boy whose adventures Prof. Church has narrated in 'Two Thousand Years Ago' (Dodd, Mead & Co.), is Lucius Marius, a nephew of the great Marius; and the scene of the story is laid in the years which followed the first civil war. Those were stirring times, and the story makes the most of its varied and exciting materials. Our hero is captured no less than three times—by Spartacus, the pirates, and Mithridates, and twice his life is barely saved. He also nearly perishes at sea, but he passes safely through all perils, marries a beautiful heiress, and obtains immense wealth from other sources also. Among the characters introduced are Verres, Deiotarus, and Pompey. One feels that there is something forced in crowding nearly all the historical events of the time into the career of this one boy—or young man, rather, for he is seventeen at the beginning, and the main action of the book occupies about ten years; in loading him, moreover, with all possible earthly blessings. But everything is worked out in a very probable manner, and the story serves as a background for a large amount of well-selected historical information. The illustrations are wretched—the hero at seventeen would certainly be taken to be twenty-five; and while they are derived from classical representations, they wholly miss the beauty and grace of classic art.

'The Land of Little People'—poems by Frederic E. Weatherly, with pictures by Jane M. Dealy (Scribner & Welford)—has faults which will be overlooked by the children it is meant for. The verses are of the right jingle or of the right rhythm to please the little people to whom they are to be read, and these critics will not mind the words that are dragged in to make up rhymes or eke out metres. The pictures of children are full of pleasant expression; the colored landscape backgrounds are agreeable to look at, and may please mothers as well as babies; the very imperfect drawing of limbs and bodies, dogs and baby-wagons, will disturb no one of all those for whom the book is made. There are some picture-books which one rescues from childish hands and puts away—to the extent, at least, of one copy—and there are some childish rhymes that are permanently valuable, and which one recalls in after years among the poems which he loves to remember. Now and then the *Nation* has the pleasure of calling attention to such a one. There are none such this year, so far as we have gone, and certainly 'The Land of Little People,' pretty as it is, has no such pretensions.

Neither does 'The Children of the Week,' by Mr. William Theodore Peters, pictorially aided by his brother, Mr. Clinton Peters, claim a place among the few masterpieces; yet, now that we have made our declaration to that effect, we can praise it heartily. The tale sets forth, in good prose, how a poor little crippled boy lived alone

all day long, how he was nicknamed Alexander Selkirk, jr., by a pitying shop-girl who, besides other little presents, one day left him a surprise penny on his window-sill; and how the red Indian on the copper cent turned around and looked at "Alexander," and proceeded to tell him stories. Pretty little stories they are, though they have not much to do with "the children of the week," that is, with "Monday's child," who was notoriously "fair in the face," and her sisters. It is a pity that the author did not know 'Karl Krinken's Christmas Stocking.' The idea of the book need not have been so very like that of Miss Wetherell's admirable story—one of the masterpieces, that one! But, again, no harm is done to the young readers or listeners by a resemblance which, if they detect it, will only gratify them and help them to pleasant thoughts of their own perspicacity. The illustrations, apparently in pen-and-ink, are spirited and interesting, though full of bad drawing. It is not easy to learn to draw in our land and in our day, and the half-dozen men who can draw cannot illustrate all our little books. Happy are we when they will illustrate one or two of them. No, these are not grave faults, these shortcomings. The real serious fault is in making the book so handsome and expensive with its thick paper and broad page. A "Rollo book" at sixty cents or so has more matter in it; and why should we have to pay so much for so little?

"Susan Coolidge" has neatly adapted from the French of M. Arnaud the text of his 'One Day in a Baby's Life' (Roberts Bros.), a pretty picture-book in colors, with very ingenious decorative borders. Mothers, of either nationality, may be glad to think there could not be many such days, what with grabbing for the goldfish in their globe (at the suggestion of the maid, who thus averts legitimate angling), gorging at the pastry-cook's, and dancing at a young folks' fancy ball in the evening. But the various scenes are cleverly drawn, and Jean and Jeanette are refined little people.

Ticknor & Co. give us still another edition of 'The Peterkin Papers.' In this one Miss Hale has omitted some of the doings of her amusing family of imbeciles, but has added a new and very good chapter, called 'The Peterkins at the Farm.' There are numerous illustrations, of which the few large ones are poor and the many small ones good.

It would seem as if Mr. George Parsons Lathrop were trying, in 'Behind Time' (Cassell & Co.), to emulate the scintillations of the author of 'Alice in Wonderland.' But as of all other things there are various grades, so also are there of nonsense, from pointless trash to really delectable fun; and, despite some amusing conceits and some fertility of invention, this book comes nearer deserving the former than the latter characterization. Moreover, there are various allusions which savor of trade and the humbugs of the day, and seem like "the trail of the serpent" where should be only flowers for children. It is high time that more idealism should enter into books written for them.

A sort of real-life fairy tale is Mrs. Burnett's 'Little Lord Fauntleroy' (Scribners). It tells of an American boy unexpectedly summoned to England as heir to an earldom. In ordinary hands this *motif* would have easily developed into commonplace. Not so with our author. Her story is full of spirit and originality, of bright surprise and captivating sweetness. It reminds one of some graceful allegretto or scherzo coming with gay relief and charm among slower and sadder strains—of life or art. The beautiful child-nature of the little hero is rendered with the utmost felicity. His small lordship is meant to be, and is, irresistibly winning. Perhaps the best thing in the book is the clear showing of his innate nobili-

ty—a strength and sweetness of character quite independent of circumstance or condition, which conquers even the hard-heartedness of the selfish old earl, his grandfather. This may not suit believers in total depravity, but to any other reader, old or young, we recommend the story as most fascinating; and though, as previously hinted, it is almost too charming for reality, there are not wanting touches of humor and pathos to make it lifelike. The young people who have feasted on it monthly in *St. Nicholas* will be delighted to see it in book form, embellished with gay covers and with the same good illustrations that appeared in the pages of the magazine.

The readers of Miss Alcott have at last got their long-wished-for treat in 'Jo's Boys' (Roberts Bros.), a finale to the various other chronicles of the March family. But they will hardly find it so much of a treat as they had hoped. It would appear to have been written with reluctance as well as slowness, and it shows its perfunctory character in lack of unity of interest. Otherwise, it has the usual merits and demerits of Miss Alcott's longer stories. Whatever her faults, it must be said that she earnestly tries to influence her readers for their good; but it is a pity that, like many other writers for the young, she fails to recognize how far from tonic are ordinary love stories. This volume contains a batch of them.

Commander Cameron has followed the example of Mr. Stanley, not only in crossing Africa, but also in writing a book for boys. His 'Cruise of the *Black Prince*' (Chicago: Belford, Clarke & Co.) is full of stirring incidents on land and sea. There are fights with highwaymen in England, with French and Spanish frigates, with Algerine pirates and negroes of the Gold Coast; and the ship, instead of being wrecked in the ordinary manner, is lifted high into the air by a capsizing iceberg, while romantic love adventures, of course, are not wanting. Yet with all this wealth of material there is a certain lack of life and "go" to the story, due, no doubt, to the matter-of-fact way in which it is told. The author is unquestionably right in the historical sense in making his hero, the captain of a privateer carrying slaves to the West Indies, utterly unconscious of the iniquity of the slave trade, but in the moral sense he is wrong. From the moment the *Black Prince* receives her living cargo every right-minded boy should cease to wish for the success of her voyage. If he does not, as we fear will be the case, the author has made a grave mistake.

Mr. Henty's 'With Wolfe in Canada' (Scribner & Welford) has a wider range than the title implies. After a description of life on the Devonshire coast, in which a wreck and a fight with smugglers are the principal incidents, the scene changes to America, where the hero, a lad of seventeen, is an aide of Washington in the Braddock expedition and a captain of scouts during the later operations on Lakes George and Champlain. In the last hundred pages only the story of the capture of Quebec by Wolfe is told, the young captain being the leader of the party first scaling the Heights of Abraham. The book is thoroughly interesting, and will give the reader a good idea of the military events preceding the conquest of Canada. For the greater part of his historical chapters the author acknowledges his indebtedness to Mr. Parkman's latest work.

The street-boy is taking in literature, through the stories of Mr. James Otis, a place very similar to that which the pictures of Mr. J. G. Brown are giving him in art. They both idealize him, no doubt, and dwell chiefly on the bright side of his hard life, but they do a good work in increasing the interest felt in a very important class of our fellow-citizens. His latest book, 'Silent Pete' (Harpers), is a pathetic story, in which the

gentle violinist is well contrasted with the manly, unselfish Jerry, who devotes himself to the welfare of his weaker friend. The scenes are laid partly in New Orleans and New York, and partly on board a brig which is wrecked off Cape Hatteras. Though the virtues of these boys may be somewhat exaggerated, yet the story is in the main true to life, and shows, what boys in other circumstances need to know, that true nobility of character does not depend upon station in life, nor great charity upon the possession of riches.

'Forest Outlaws' (Putnams), by the Rev. E. Gilliat, is a romance of the twelfth century, the principal historical characters being King Henry II. and St. Hugh, the Bishop of Lincoln. The character of this famous prelate, whose undoubted sanctity was tempered by a certain shrewd worldliness, is well delineated, as is also life at the great monastery of St. Albans and in the cities of London and Lincoln; but far less is told of Robin Hood and his band than we could have wished. The author has been at great pains to imitate the forms of speech of that period, and in some cases has put into the mouths of his characters their own words taken from their writings or contemporaneous records. In this way, he has made a very faithful picture, but at the same time has lessened the interest of his excellent story by being often unintelligible. A glossary of unfamiliar terms and explanatory notes at least should have been added, for the ordinary boy can hardly be expected to read a story with a dictionary in his hand.

FROM THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE TO LAKE NYASSA.

The Far Interior: a Narrative of Travel and Adventure from the Cape of Good Hope across the Zambesi to the Lake Regions of Central Africa. By Walter Montagu Kerr. With numerous illustrations. 2 vols. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886. 8vo.

THE Basin of the Zambesi River is now one of the least-known parts of Africa; its pestilential climate, the tsetse fly, the scarcity of food, and the slave trade, combining to present almost unsurmountable obstacles to the explorer. It showed no ordinary determination, then, in a young man, without experience in African travel, to undertake alone to cross this dangerous region. Mr. Kerr left the Cape in February, 1884, and by the middle of May had reached the home of the King of the Matabeli, now the most powerful of the independent South-African native chiefs. His permission to pass through Matabeli-land was easily obtained, and the preparations for the perilous journey were soon made. Instead of a large and well-appointed expedition, such as all African travellers consider essential to success, he was accompanied by only five natives, one of whom could speak a little English.

His immediate aim was Tete, about five hundred miles to the northeast, on the Zambesi. The first half of the way was through the eastern borders of the "big game" region, a fertile country with great forests traversed by belts of prairie, but absolutely uninhabited. He travelled for nearly a month after leaving Inyati without meeting a single soul, although the land showed many signs of former cultivation. The Matabeli have driven out the old inhabitants, the Mashona, who find a precarious living in the mountains to the eastward. Their huts are built on the tops of isolated rocks, the only means of access being by a "notched pole, which they can pull quickly up in event of attack, or through innumerable intricate windings" in the rocks, while the gateways are barricaded before sunset with immense trunks of trees. Their tribal distinction consists in "flitting out spaces between the two upper front teeth, the aperture having the shape of the letter A."

A more curious instance of this custom was observed on Lake Nyassa, where Mr. Kerr saw a chief whose "upper teeth were neatly filed each in crescent form, with the horns downward." His reception by this persecuted and hunted race, inferior in every respect except morals to their warlike neighbors, was not unfriendly, but with them the real difficulties of his journey began. His wagon having to be abandoned as soon as he entered their country, he was obliged thenceforth to depend upon native carriers. These, however, were extremely unwilling to go far from their homes, and it was necessary to persuade them to take his goods to the next town, where new carriers could be engaged. In this manner he made his way slowly and painfully towards the river through an uninviting land, over vast undulating plains, and amid granite hills which at times break "into a wild and indescribable confusion of gigantic blocks and obelisks, rent, torn, tilted, and turned in every direction, or piled one above the other in a chaotic grandeur of fantastic and grotesque disorder." The chief prospective value to the world of this region seems to be the gold which is found here in considerable quantities. The natives were continually bringing into the camp large quills filled with gold-dust, which they were anxious to barter for cloth and beads. They set an extraordinary value on it, often making signs "that they had worked very hard to procure it." Although our traveller, who had had some experience in gold-mining, used every opportunity to search for the gold-bearing quartz veins, he was unable to find any traces of them, the natives getting their gold by washing the earth in the beds of the rivers. There are also iron and copper in these hills, and beads are made of them, but not of the gold, which is apparently all sold.

Beyond this people are the Makorikori, a hitherto undescribed race, who resemble the Mashona, but are of a higher grade of intelligence, having a few arts, as pottery and wood-carving, as well as making a poor but serviceable gunpowder out of the efflorescence of saltpetre mixed with charcoal made from the bark of the mufati tree. "Many of the men had flintlock rifles decorated in a wonderfully ornamental manner by means of brass-headed tacks and brass wire." "Their tribal mark is their mode of tattooing the face." Mr. Kerr succeeded in passing safely through their territory, though at one time in great danger from the anger of a chief whose consent he had neglected to ask, into that of a Portuguese half-caste named Rubero. This man is one of a small class who have got possession of most of the country claimed by the Portuguese, as a result of the custom "that when a native of Portugal marries a black woman the Portuguese Government gives or rather lends him a large piece of territory for three generations." These kings, though nominally acknowledging the supremacy of Portugal, are practically independent, and, it is hardly necessary to add, are generally far worse rulers than the pure-blooded blacks whom they have superseded. "Senhor" Rubero treated Mr. Kerr kindly, and, the last of his original followers having refused to go further, furnished him with carriers for the remainder of his journey to Tete.

This once flourishing place, situated at the head of navigation on the Zambesi, he found nearly in ruins, its prosperity having departed with the slave trade, which has been diverted from this part of the coast to the interior. A Portuguese Governor resides here with a small garrison of negro soldiers, the whole number of Europeans, including officers, priests, and merchants, being about thirty. There is some trade with the interior, as "thousands of native hunters still leave Tete every year. . . . Success in hunting, however, is slight, and year by year the results

are diminishing." After a short stay in this town, Mr. Kerr made a fresh start for the final goal of his journey, Lake Nyassa, a hundred and fifty miles distant, due north. The Portuguese in recent years have made several attempts to explore this region, but, their expeditions meeting with great obstacles from the hostility of the natives, have only been able to penetrate about one hundred miles to the northwest. It was accordingly into a comparatively unknown land that the young Englishman plunged, accompanied by a few natives to carry his scanty supply of beads, cloth, and provisions. Two-thirds of the distance was safely passed, through a region very similar in its natural features to that south of the Zambesi, when his followers again deserted him, leaving him stranded and absolutely destitute in the town of Chikuse, a savage despot and noted slave-hunter. His very poverty, however, was probably his safety, the greed of the King not being excited by the sight of coveted goods. But, unable from want of these either to advance or retreat, he was in despair, and would have undoubtedly been put to death as a spy, when there suddenly appeared, "as though dropped from the clouds," a Portuguese elephant-hunter, who enabled him to escape by generously supplying him with both goods and men. This place is "one of the greatest slave-trading centres of Africa," 2,000 of Chikuse's men being at that time absent on a kidnapping expedition in the valley of the Shiré. "Every village shows the familiar sight of the slave in the yoke" awaiting the departure of a caravan. This yoke "is made from the forked branches of a tree; about five or six feet long—some are much longer—and from three to four inches in diameter at the thickest part. Through each prong of the fork a hole is bored for the reception of an iron pin. This ready, a soft fibrous bark is wrapped round until the whole forms a thick collar of bark, making a sort of pad much rougher than a horse's collar. The forked branches vary in thickness, to suit docile or fractious subjects." It is "often allowed to remain upon a slave for nine months or a year, night and day, without being once taken off." When a caravan is ready to start, "the men are coupled by the yokes being lashed so as to form a rigid pole, binding the pair from neck to neck together. With loads on their heads, they then turn their faces to the eastward, and leave their homes for ever."

Mr. Kerr reached Lake Nyassa only to find that the missionaries had abandoned the station at its southern end. It was a cruel and nearly fatal disappointment. His men, with a single exception, left him, and, prostrated with dysentery, he had barely strength to get enough food to sustain life. At the end of sixteen wretched days, his stock of cartridges being reduced to five, he was startled one night by cries of "Mzungo [whites]!" He sprang to his feet and saw far out on the lake a faint light. A bonfire was quickly made, and soon he could see "the bows of a small steamer emerging slowly and cautiously from the gloom." With all the energy which he could summon for a last effort, he hailed her, and fortunately was heard. It proved to be a steamer on its way to the River Shiré, having on board M. Victor Giraud, who was returning from his perilous journey to Lake Bangweolo, during which he, too, had been deserted by all but six of his men. With his rescue the special interest of Mr. Kerr's narrative ceases. Together with the French traveller, who speaks of him in his report as "a charming companion, with information as varied as it was extensive," he descended the Shiré as far as Blantyre by steamer, the remainder of the way by canoe. The river voyage was hardly less full of incident than the previous land journey. There was an ex-