

Wilkins, as a collection of "essays," but would more rightly be called sketches or memoranda of Burton's principal travels in Asia, Africa, and America. This book includes brief accounts of his wonderful *Medinah-Mecca* pilgrimage, of his *Harat and Tanganika* explorations, of his *Dahomé and Congo* trips, of his travels in *Brazil* and the *Western United States*, and of his *Palmyra* journey. Burton always had an eye to scenery, and some of his descriptions are very vivid — notably this picture of the Arabian desert :

"The sky is terrible in its pitiless splendours and blinding beauty, while the simoon, or wind of the wild, caresses the cheek with the flaming breath of a lion. The filmy spray of sand and the upsetting of the atmosphere, the heat-reek and the dancing of the air upon the baked surface of the bright yellow soil, blending with the dazzling hue above, invests the horizon with a broad band of deep dark green, and blurs the gaunt figures of the camels, which, at a distance, appear strings of gigantic birds."

Or take this picture of an extensive region in East Africa :

"The black greasy ground, veiled with thick shrubbery, supports in the more open spaces screens of tiger and spear-grass twelve and thirteen feet high, with every blade a finger's breadth; and the towering trees are often clothed with huge creepers, forming heavy columns of densest verdure. The earth, ever rain-drenched, emits the odour of sulphuretted hydrogen, and in some parts the traveller might fancy a corpse to be hidden behind every bush. That no feature of miasma might be wanting to complete the picture, filthy heaps of the meanest hovels sheltered their miserable inhabitants, whose frames are lean with constant intoxication, and whose limbs are distorted with ulcerous sores."

But on the whole the most interesting sketch in this book is that of his journey to *Salt Lake City* in 1860. This is very readable and graphic, and, as the editor says, "much better than his bulky book on the same subject." He records three "novel sensations" that his American trip gave him :

"The first was, to feel that all men were your equal. . . . The second was to see one's quondam acquaintance, the Kaffir or Negro, put by his grass kilt and coat of grease, insert himself in broadcloth, part his wool on one side, shave, and call himself, not Sambo, but 'Mr. Scott.' The third was to meet in the Rocky Mountains with a refreshing specimen of that far-off Old World."

Burton showed through all his life a savage independence, which reflects itself in a strong, terse, blunt literary style. His multifarious works are, for the general reader, too diffuse, and on the other hand this epitome is too condensed ; yet it is the best outline of his travels now available.

H. M. STANLEY.

BURTON'S "WANDERINGS IN THREE CONTINENTS."*

Sir Richard Burton was perhaps the most redoubtable explorer of modern times ; and to those who love adventure, his will always be a fascinating name. The posthumous volume by him, entitled "*Wanderings in Three Continents*," is spoken of by the editor, Mr. W. H.

* *WANDERINGS IN THREE CONTINENTS.* By the late Captain Sir Richard F. Burton. Edited, with a Preface, by W. H. Wilkins, M.A. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.