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THE GRAPHIC

have travelled fast since Stanley first visited it, and explained the Gospel to the King M'Tesa, of whose grave we give a sketch. It is quite the most advanced of all the African States.

The people, the Wa-Ganda, are a very intelligent, industrious race. Their desire for all sorts of useful knowledge is insatiable. They readily learn trades and become expert workmen and cunning of handicraft. As gunsmiths, carpenters, boat builders, and blacksmiths they excel. They can construct a new rifle barrel as well as a London gunsmith, and their spears are beautifully made and finished. The Wa-Ganda are possessed of quick, sharp minds, and delight in arguments and points of law. They are excitable, but brave and always ready and spoiling for a fight.

The kingdom itself is full of low hills and valleys, the hills being covered with rich pasture grass, and the valleys filled with a rich black soil. The only drawback to them is the presence of huge



MWANGA, THE PRESENT KING OF UGANDA

swamps. It is a fertile country, with great resources and capable of growing anything. The kingdom is of half-moon shape, and lies on the west and north of the Victoria Nyanza. There are in it ten provinces, of which the four largest are Chagwe, Singo, Buddu, and Bulamwezi. Uganda occupies an extent of some 50,000 square kilomètres, and, with its dependencies, more than three times as much. Mr. Stanley estimated the population at between two and three millions, but missionaries consider there are nearly five.

The World of Letters

BY H. D. TRAILL

“His mind was so beautifully and finely edged and so subtle in its nature that he went further and gave us perfect essays in the form of his judgments which can be handed down to our successors as models of absolute perfection.” This, the tribute of the Master of the Rolls to the memory of the late Lord Bowen, is extraordinary praise to be bestowed even on the most accomplished of judges and men of letters combined; and there is, no doubt, a touch of amiable exaggeration in the pronouncement about “models of absolute perfection.” Still, no one would question the substantial justice of Lord Esher’s eulogy on his former colleague in the Appeal Court. What one may venture to criticise is his apparent assumption that intellectual subtlety and fineness of mental edge are aids instead of obstacles to the attainment of a perfect form of expression. Surely, we all know of at least one almost superhumanly subtle and finely edged intellect of this generation which has never yet succeeded in finding for itself any but the most cumbrous and inelegant literary style that ever acted as the ill-dressed servant of a powerful mind.

As a matter of fact, of course, it was the extreme and scholastic refinement of Lord Bowen’s judicial perceptions which tried his powers of expression so severely, and rendered their great achievements such remarkable *tours de force*. No one, however, who is acquainted with his translation of Virgil will be in any doubt as to where those powers were trained, and that it was scholarship and not the study of the law which made him such a master of the niceties of language. The translation, of course, was itself a brilliant failure. It could not be otherwise with a translator who proposed to himself the impossible task of producing a rhymed English version of the Latin poet, every single line of which should be the exact metrical equivalent of a single line, neither more nor less, in its original. But the marvellous accuracy of phrasing, the unerring taste, and the exquisite feeling for language which was characteristic of the writer displayed their evidences on every page.

Mrs. Ward’s “Marcella” bids fair to retrieve the comparative failure of “David Grieve” without repeating, one is glad to add, the precise kind of success which was achieved by “Robert Elsmere.” There are passages in it of greater power than she has ever risen to before; the characters of the story have, as a rule, more blood and less ink in them than was the case with either Robert or David, and if there is any “purpose” at all in the novel, there is less intrusion of it than in the former, perhaps even than in the latter of the two previous works. Its “up-to-dateness” is a little depressing, but doubtless without that quality the book would not be already in its second edition. And, of course, it is not Mrs. Ward’s fault that her young Socialists, to make them like the real thing, have to talk that hateful jargon which certain of our newspapers have made a weariness to the eye and mind.

Among the most interesting of current literary announcements is the promise of Lord Macaulay’s journal, which has, it is said, been