

thankfully gets home naming temptations to belong to other nations, he remained an Englishman." And he was wise.

GEO. MANVILLE FENN.



THOUGH roughly written, and at little pains to save the reader by judicious retrenchment from the inevitable repetitions and occasional monotony of a hunter's diaries, Colonel Pollok's "Sport in British Burmah" (2 vols. : Chapman and Hall) must be ranked among the best books of its class. In one sense, indeed, it is the story of a discovery. Less than thirty years ago, when our author's career as a *shikaree* began, the very existence of "big game" in Burmah was matter of dispute among the lovers of the chase—young Pollok alone maintaining the affirmative against such authorities as Speke, Dr. Wilson, and Colonel Allan Grant. Even he probably hardly suspected then that from Burmah to Assam was the finest hunting country in the world—the Paradise *par excellence* of the rhinoceros, the haunt of the elephant, whether ponderous and tuskless "mucknah," or lighter, but not less combative, "tusker," of the wild boar, whose pluck is the perpetual wonder of the hunter, of the tallest specimens of the tall *Bos gaurus*—the great Indian bison, first, we think, introduced to general readers in the bright pages of the "Old Forest Ranger." Yet however fervid in the pursuit of game from the swamps of Burmah to the Cossyah Hills, Colonel Pollok is much too true a sportsman to describe his triumphs in the successful butcher's tone which sets our sympathies inevitably on the side of the beasts, still less to spice his narrative with tales which cause a suspicious scepticism to mingle with our natural and legitimate sense of awe. One tiger story, perhaps, excepted, there is not an incident in either volume which the most incredulous would receive *cum grano*, while the wide range of sport recorded by wood and stream—for Colonel Pollok is as much at home angling for gigantic "mahseer" in the rivers as stalking elephants and bisons in the bush—makes of this volume an almost complete guide-book to Burmah and Assam as game-producing countries. Moreover, like most Indian sportsmen of the highest class, Colonel Pollok is something more than the mere hunter—a naturalist as well, whose notes upon the denizens of the forest in sickness or in health are the results of practical observation; an old Company's officer whose memories go back to the deceitfully happy time before the great explosion of the Mutiny, and who still fondly lingers over days when life in every way was simpler and more happy; an experienced engineer who can vary his forest tales with interesting accounts of road-surveying in the jungle and convict-guarding in the Cocos islets. We can honestly commend the volumes to the reader for details of sport over ground till lately all but unexplored.

The ponderous tomes in which Mr. Shoshee Chunder Dutt brings together, under the title of "Historical Studies" (2 vols. : Trübner and Co.), his many contributions to ancient and modern history, recall to fancy the "Universal Histories" of 50 or 100 years ago. Nor is the resemblance limited to the com-