

he kicked it to pieces by using both hind hoofs as fealty as a man would stroke his beard.

#### RELENTLESS NATURE.

The worst part of the journey was yet to come. Mr. Garland has interspersed his chapters with verses describing the difficulties of the way. There is nothing remarkable about them and the book would have lost little had they been omitted. Occasionally, however, there are a few striking lines, as, for instance, the following description of Relentless Nature :—

She laid her rivers to snare us,  
She set her snows to chill,  
Her clouds had the cunning of vultures,  
Her plants were charged to kill.  
The glooms of her forests benumbed us,  
On the slime of her ledges we sprawled ;  
But we set our feet to the northward,  
And crawled, and crawled, and crawled !  
We defied her, and cursed her, and shouted :  
"To hell with your rain and your snow.  
Our minds we have set on a journey,  
And despite of your anger we go !"

#### THE GREAT SILENT LAND.

Crossing the Big Divide was a terrible experience. It was like swimming in a sea of green water. The mud spurted under the horses' hoofs, the sky was gray and drizzled moisture, and as they rose they plunged into ever deepening forests. Hazel bushes, alders, wild roses, and grasses were left behind and the forest became savage, sinister, and silent. It was a land of torture to man and beast. There was no living thing. It was a great silent land. The journey became a grim race with starvation. Each day food became scantier, and they were compelled to move no matter what the weather might be like. Descending the Divide the horses slid upon their haunches and were unable to turn themselves in the mud. They crushed into the tangled pines and were in danger of being torn to pieces. The trail ran through a barren, monotonous, silent, gloomy, and rainy country. It had almost no wild animal life. Its lakes and rivers were for the most part cold and sullen. Its forests were sombre and depressing. The mosquitoes were a distraction but not a pleasant one. At night the savage insects could be heard like the roaring of a far-off hailstorm. The horses rolled in the dirt, snorted, wheeled madly, stamped, shook their heads, and endured most terrible sufferings.

#### THE WAY OF DEATH.

At Glenora Mr. Garland abandoned the trail, determined to reach the coast and enter by way of the White Pass—the Way of Death. The trail over the Pass was comparatively easy, but it appears in the past to have deserved its gruesome name. Mr. Garland says :—

The waters reeked with carrion. The breeze was the breath of carrion, and all nature was made indecent and disgusting by the presence of carcasses. Within the distance of fifteen miles we passed more than two thousand dead horses. It was a cruel land, and land filled with a record of men's merciless greed. Nature herself was cold, majestic, and grand. The trail rough, hard, and rocky. The horses laboured hard under their heavy burdens, though the floor they trod was always firm. . . . Everywhere were the traces of the furious flood of human kind that had broken over this height in the early spring. Wreckage of sleighs, abandoned cattle, heaps of camp refuse, clothing, and, most eloquent of all, the pathway itself, worn into the pitiless iron ledges, made it possible for me to realise something of the scene.

Mr. Garland did not get further than the Atlin gold-fields, and then returned to civilisation. (Macmillan.)

### BIG GAME IN CENTRAL AFRICA.

#### M. FOÀ'S EXPLOITS.

M. EDOUARD FOÀ's handsome volume, "After Big Game in Central Africa" (A. and C. Black, 21s.), is the most interesting book on sport which has appeared for many a long day. It is filled from cover to cover with graphic descriptions of the killing of lions, elephants, rhinoceroses and innumerable other wild beasts which haunt the jungles of Central Africa. M. Foà has a consuming passion for the pursuit of big game. There is no animal in the African continent which has not contributed a victim to his deadly rifle. Elephants, rhinoceroses, giraffes, hippopotami, lions, buffaloes, leopards, elands, zebras, antelopes and crocodiles, besides many other varieties, fell before M. Foà's well-directed bullets. Between 1891 and 1893 he shot 704 animals ; between 1894 and 1897 1,228 wild beasts, of which 488 were large animals. It is his exploits during this latter period that he describes. It is impossible to give an adequate idea of the wealth of information contained in his volume about the habits of wild animals and how they are killed. The book ought to be read in its entirety. A few extracts, however, will convey some idea of the nature of the book.

#### THE DEATH OF A MAN-EATER.

M. Foà has much to say about lions and their ways. He has had many a narrow escape from death at the claws of the King of the Jungle. He does not, however, believe that the lion is brave. It fears man and always gives way before him. M. Foà has lived for years in the midst of lions, but has never come to any harm. The lion has three enemies, the most formidable of which is the wolf, which can, and sometimes does, kill the lion. Its other foes are snakes and thorns. M. Foà narrates many stories of how he has killed lions by day and night. The following account of the shooting of a man-eater, which had carried off a fourteen-year old boy from a village, is typical of many encounters. The lion has taken refuge in the grass. M. Foà says :—

I consider whether everything is ready, and I enter the grass, my finger on the trigger, eyes directed well in front, ears on the stretch without making the slightest noise with my feet . . . We hear a rustling in the grass ten yards ahead ; we see the tops move, but nothing more. We continue to advance slowly. Ah ! there is a tree to my right ! A sign to Kambombe, who climbs like a monkey, and in a trice he is at the fork on the look out . . . "There is the child," he says, in a stifled voice, "but no lion" . . . Then turning his head to the right : "There he is ! . . . Quick, this way !" And, guided by his gesture, I run to my right ; then, a thought striking me, I beckon to the villagers who follow us to approach, and with a movement of my arm tell them to wind round the grass to the left. I send Rodzani to ask them to make a noise, so as to drive the lion towards me. I myself take up a position in a glade, standing motionless, all my faculties brought to bear on that square of brush which I count upon seeing the lion leave. Kambombe gives me information in a low voice from his tree. "He's off . . . No, comes this way . . . He stops and looks in the direction of the men . . . He raises his mane . . . Ah, he comes in your direction ! . . . At walking pace . . . He's going to pass the ant hill . . . Ah, if you were here ! . . . How well I see him . . . He looks behind him . . . There he is ! there he is ! Get back a little, get back !" One can understand with what anxiety I hear these words. Following his advice I retire two steps. My men are behind me with their weapons ready. "Only fire in case of necessity," I tell them . . . "Don't hurry yourself," murmurs Tambarika. The rustling grass bends forward, then opens on either side, and the lion walks out eight yards away from me, looking behind him, engrossed by the noise of voices. Upon turning his head he sees me standing motionless, shows his teeth, and snarls without deviating from his

path. At the same time his tail rises, he flattens his ears, and I see he is going to charge at the very moment when, having followed him with my rifle, and aiming at the nape of his neck, I pull the trigger . . . His four feet give way under him and he falls stone dead without a movement.

#### HOW NOT TO DO IT.

Compare with this the native method of dealing with a man-eater, for they leave other lions severely alone. About eighty natives set out in pursuit, accompanied by M. Foà and some of his men. They formed a circle round the lion, and as soon as it made its appearance began firing wildly :—

Bullets come hissing above my head, by my side, everywhere ; and a piece of iron passing with a dry noise near my ear strikes the trunk of the tree, behind which I take shelter immediately. During the space of ten minutes the seventy-two muzzle-loaders are fired, loaded and again discharged. Two more bullets strike my shelter ; others pass by with a prolonged buzz. . . At last the cries cease, the smoke clears away, and I understand that the hunt is abandoned. My men come to tell me what has happened. The lion tried to find an opening at several points of the line time after time and the shots drove him back. But he took advantage of a breach in the human barrier, and escaped by the place we entered without having apparently been wounded. Not so the natives, eleven of whom are wounded, two of them seriously. This is an extraordinary moderate number, considering that eighty men formed a circle of fifty yards towards the centre of which they fired, fortunately rather high from all points of the circumference, during a quarter of an hour. My men are uninjured or hardly injured at all, having thrown themselves on their stomachs as soon as the fusillade began.

#### PURSUED BY AN ELEPHANT.

M. Foà shot numbers of elephants, but on one occasion very nearly met his death from an infuriated animal which he had wounded and was tracing in the forest. He gives a very vivid description of the pursuit :—

No sooner have we arrived than, within terrifying proximity, there break upon our ears a cry of rage, a shrill trumpet blast similar to the shriek of a siren, and a black mass, which we have not even time to look at so near is it to us, bursts like a locomotive from the thicket which we are skirting. Each of us leaps aside in search of safety. Msiambiri and I dash straight ahead through the hole made by the herd. . . The ground trembles . . . a sinister rustling of the leaves, the breaking of branches, the shriller and shriller trumpet blasts tell us that the elephant is behind us and overtaking us . . . There is no doubt about it. . . We throw down our heavy rifles so as to run the quicker. It is impossible to describe the terror mingled with rage which fills me at this moment. During our mad race all my thoughts are summed up as follows :—"No rifle . . . many elephants killed with impunity, this is the hour of reckoning ! . . . The game is up . . . a rapid vision of my native country . . ." That is all . . . And now, clenching my fists, I run and jump in a supreme struggle for life . . . Minutes slip by and seem to be hours. Some one, whom I recognise as Msiambiri, though without seeing him, brushes past me. Our feet pass swiftly over the ground. Trees upon trees flash past . . . Behind us the shrill cries stop, but on our heels are heavy footsteps which shake the ground ; a powerful spasmodic breathing is heard ; then warm air passes over my shoulders and neck . . . Heavens ! it is its trunk ! "Tchitamba ! tchitamba" (trunk), murmurs the wretched fellow at my side. On we fly, maddened and blinded, bruising ourselves in grazing trees, insensible either to thorns which tear us or to branches which whip our faces . . . It is useless ! . . . I shall soon grow feeble and fall . . . Then I hear as in a dream the cry, "A mala !" ("It is all over"), uttered in despairing accents, and I see a body rise in the air . . . I am alone . . . The noise has ceased . . . I continue running for a few seconds unconsciously, but the awakening comes. I stop, and

the terrible reality stares me in the face . . . Yes, I am saved ; but the other is dead !—and through my fault. Remorse and regret complete my distraction. I lean against the tree faltering, overcome.

The man was not dead, however. He had escaped by a miracle, and shortly afterwards had the satisfaction of standing beside the dead body of his enemy.

#### SKINNING AN ELEPHANT.

M. Foà gives many interesting details which enable us to realise better the huge bulk of the African elephant. Here is an elaborate description of the skinning of one of these huge beasts. When it comes to removing the internals, he says :—

You would think you were looking at children struggling with an enormous milky-white eiderdown. As the liver, heart, and lungs are already removed, the body of the animal forms an immense cavity, generally full of blood ; and to be more at their ease, ten of the men get inside, where, covered with blood and bathed up to the knees in it, they continue their work. The head is detached, then—the blood having been previously gathered in skins—all help in turning over the body. Once all the parts are detached the natives proceed to make biltong. By working from eleven until eight o'clock, all that one can do that day is to carry the two elephants to the camp and to pile the meat there as well as may be into a veritable mountain. On the average, forty men are required to carry a female elephant thus cut up, flesh and bones included ; fifty-two for a male. When the bones have been taken out and the flesh is dried, the numbers are reduced to about one-half—that is, twenty-five men for a male, twenty for a female. One can estimate the approximate minimum weight of a living animal at two tons for a male and rather over one ton and a half for a female.

#### A RHINOCEROS'S CHARGE.

Another dangerous animal is the rhinoceros. His charge is terrible, although hardly as dangerous as that of the buffalo when the latter is in the grass and not in the open. The following is M. Foà's description of a rhinoceros's charge :—

In the midst of broken branches, overturned shrubs, and trampled grass, appears a huge mass which charges in our direction with the speed of a locomotive. We have only time to jump on one side. The animal passes, but so quickly that I cannot take aim, being hindered from doing so by a tree. It disappears in the grass. But in a few seconds we hear it returning on its steps, again seeking for that vitiated air, that smell of the enemy which has provoked its anger. It snorts and searches, turns and turns again like a gigantic pointer, with this difference, that the *ro/s* are reversed—we are the game which it is looking for. . . This cursed vegetation is so thick that there is nothing to do but to wait ; it is impossible to fire. I see the top of the grass wave and the shrubs lean over ; I can guess, therefore, the position of the animal, but it remains invisible. However, its anger increases, and it continues to snort, making a noise somewhat similar to the grunting of a pig, only louder and deeper. It draws near. . . From which way is the wind blowing ? It is impossible to say, for the earth is wet and there is no dust. . . Time is pressing. . . Ah ! it charges us a second time ! This time I see my animal a moment before it is upon us ; although going at a gallop, it is not travelling over the ground so quickly as it was. We have jumped aside, and everyone is hidden . . . Stationed behind a tree, I see it advance splendidly, and I decide to stop its passage. Doubtless smelling our fresh tracks, it slackens its pace when in front of us, and I take advantage of this to fire two shots, which make it swing round in a direction opposite to ours. Before disappearing through the smoke it receives another express bullet.

#### HOW WOLVES CHEAT THE CROCODILE.

M. Foà has many interesting things to say about the African wolf—how he hunts his game, and how even the lion falls a prey to his tactics. I have not room for

quotation, except for the following fact, which is interesting evidence of the intelligence of the wolf :—

When traversing the country in every direction in search of game they continually cross rivers, and, knowing that the water hides one of their worst enemies—the crocodile—this is the method they adopt to avoid it. Assembling at the edge of the water, they bark so as to attract the crocodiles; when this is done they set off at full speed either up or down stream, and when a hundred yards away throw themselves into the water and cross the river in a body in the deepest silence.

#### CROCODILES.

Of the crocodile M. Foà has nothing so pleasant to relate; in fact, some of the discoveries he made in regard to this reptile were gruesome in the extreme. For instance :—

One morning when we were at lunch, one of these reptiles, measuring a good length, which had been killed the moment before, was dragged ashore, and they came to tell us that a man was in its stomach. Upon verification, it was found that its intestines contained at least part of a human body. An arm, with the hand attached, a foot, with the ankle, and a few ribs were withdrawn, each part being clean cut from the body and hardly damaged, though the flesh was swollen and the skin was discoloured under the action of gastric juices shielded from the light. On the following day another crocodile, containing the head and the shoulders of the man, a part of whose body we had found on the previous day, was killed. This discovery caused me in future to open the crocodiles which I shot, a thing I had never thought of doing before; and thus I found several times rather strange things, including half a goat-skin rolled into a ball, and a red loin-cloth. At Lake Nyassa, two years later, there was taken from the stomach of a gigantic crocodile, over six yards long, an assortment of twenty-four copper bracelets and a large ball of frizzy hair, which the horrid beast had been unable to digest, after having devoured the native lady to whom these objects belonged.

#### INDEX TO THE PERIODICALS OF 1898.

THE ninth volume, covering the year 1898, of the "Annual Index to Periodicals" is now ready, and intending subscribers would do well to send in their orders early, as the edition printed is a very small one. Subscribers are also advised to see that their sets are complete, for Vol. III. is now out of print, and other early volumes are getting very scarce.

The following table of pages shows how the Index proper has developed since 1890 :—

Vol. I. (1890) 64 pages	Vol. V. (1894) 175 pages
" II. (1891) 74 "	" VI. (1895) 224 "
" III. (1892) 109 "	" VII. (1896) 218 "
" IV. (1893) 152 "	" VIII. (1897) 228 "
Vol. IX. (1898) 241 pages.	

All who have had any experience in index-making will understand how much more unmanageable, proportionately, is the material of an index of 240 pages compared with four indexes of sixty-four pages each.

In the Index of 1898, the American war with Spain occupies a foremost place, for in addition to the history of the war, we have many articles on the American Army, the creation of an American Navy, the Cost of the War, American Territorial Expansion, Cuba, the Philippine Islands, etc. The Partition of China is another important topic of the year, and in consequence China has become a very tedious heading in the Index.

From how many points of view Mr. Gladstone has been discussed is also revealed by the Index of last year. Some of the articles are personal characteristics or reminiscences; some writers regard him as a political or historical figure, others are more concerned with his

religion or theology; two very interesting notices deal with him as an author, supplying at the same time bibliographies of his contributions to literature.

Foreign literature plays an important part in our periodical literature, and the references under German, French, Italian, and other Foreign Literatures are very numerous. There are, for instance, seven interesting articles on Edmond Rostand and "Cyrano de Bergerac."

In History, Napoleon and Nelson continue to be engrossing topics; and Mr. Andrew Lang and Miss A. Shield seem to have made the House of Stuart, especially the Young Pretender, a subject of their own. But it remains to be realised what interesting volumes could be made by collecting and binding together in one volume all the articles of the year on these and many other topics. The articles relating to English History would indeed make many volumes. Another branch of History might be named "Local History." There is scarcely an English county which is not included in the Index, and cross-references to all places mentioned elsewhere than under the county's name are carefully added in every instance. There are nine general articles relating to Yorkshire, besides references to some sixteen Yorkshire places to be found in other parts of the volume.

But enough has been said to give an idea of the contents of the book. It is published at 10s. nett. A specimen page will be sent to any address, and a specimen volume will be sent on approval for cost of postage.

#### HERO-WORSHIP GONE MAD.

By no stretch of the imagination can Mr. E. A. Vizetelly's volume on "Zola in England" (Chatto and Windus) be regarded as a notable book. It is, however, a curious one, which could only have been written by a man wholly devoid of the sense of humour. Here we have the *ne plus ultra* of hero-worship. In the pages of this book the reader may learn how M. Zola bought a shirt collar, what he had for breakfast, and many equally important and interesting details. The whole record is a trifle ridiculous. Any satirist in search of a theme will find in this volume ample material ready to his hand. But it is not the actions and words of the master alone which are carefully recorded. Mr. Vizetelly has extended the scope of his work so as to include the doings of numerous disciples amongst whom he occupies a distinguished position. The reader will find set forth with minute detail the particulars of the various panics which seized Mr. Vizetelly on overhearing odd scraps of French conversation in the public streets or in railway carriages. It would be unkind to mention the number of French detectives which M. Zola's guardians discovered in all manner of unlikely places, and the marvellous feats they performed in eluding these imaginary pursuers.

One incident in the book is interesting. On the night before the death of Colonel Henry became known in England, Mr. Vizetelly's daughter, Violette, had a remarkable dream, which was repeated several times. Next morning, at breakfast, she told M. Zola that she had had a frightful dream. "I was in a big black place," she said, "and there was a man on the ground covered with blood, and people were crowding round him with great excitement. And I saw you, M. Zola, and you came up looking like a giant, and waved your arms again and again, and seemed well pleased." On opening the London papers they found the announcement that "Colonel Henry has been found dead in his cell at Mont Valérien."