

time when the falling of the organized forces which people had hitherto trusted, made room once more in the world—nay, made room in so straightened a place as a Russian garrison town—for a man having strength of his own.

The wars undertaken by Russia having always been waged against nations of other creeds or other churches, the religion and patriotism of the people had been blended, as we saw, into the sentiment, giving force and steadfastness to the nation, but there were few, I imagine, who lived more absolutely under the governance of this kind of religious patriotism than did this brave Admiral. Indeed, it would seem that a main source of his strength was his faith in that Divine Power which he humbly believed to be taking part with "Holy Russia" in her struggle for a cause which seemed to him to be a righteous one. "May the Lord," he writes—"May the Lord bless our cause!" To the best of our understanding it is a just one. "Of course all depends upon God. God will not forsake those who are righteous. Therefore await the issue calmly and patiently."

So, against all the cares which were worldly, and therefore subject to limits, he ever could bring that strong faith, which, having its source in the Infinite, was not an exhaustible power; and as often as the trials he was facing grew heavier and heavier, he only clung so much the more to the aid of Heaven. Thus, although he was too loyal to suffer himself, even, perhaps, in thought, to cast doubt upon the capacity which directed affairs at headquarters, it will be seen that, whenever he strove to look cheerfully upon the prospect of what might be achieved under Mentschikoff's personal direction, he was careful to base his structure of hope upon strictly religious grounds.

From the traces we have of this chief it can hardly be shown that he was gifted with original genius, still less with a piercing intellect; and the soundness of his judgment in the business of war may well be denied, or, at all events, brought into question; but it is not from the mere tenor of his words, nor even, indeed, altogether from his acts, that the quality of his soul is to be gathered, but rather from the visible effect of its impact upon the souls of other men. As one man to whom many look may be passing through an assemblage unseen and unheard himself by those who gaze from afar, and yet his course can be tracked by the movement and the cries of devotion which his presence arouses, so, in part, our knowledge of Korniloff must rest upon the perception of what people did when they felt the impulsion he gave. At a time when there seemed to be no room but for despair and confusion, he took that ascendant which enabled him to bring the whole people in the place—inhabitants, soldiers, sailors—to his own heroic resolve. In a garrison town of the empire which had carried the mania of military organization to the most preposterous lengths, all those straitened notions of rank and seniority, and, in short, the whole network of the formalisms which might have been expected to hinder his command, flew away like chaff at the winnowing. By the fire of his spirit there was roused so great an energy on the part of thousands of men as has hardly been known in these times, and he so put his people in heart that not only the depression created by defeat, but the sense of being abandoned and left for sacrifice by the invading army, was succeeded by a quick growth of warlike pride, by a wholesome ardour for the fight, by an orderly, joyful

activity. And, even when he was dead, there continued to be still growing proofs of the power he had had over the minds and affections of those around him; for men whose pride it was that they had served under his immediate orders in the last—in the glorious—month of his life, were content to engage in great toil for the sake of making known to their country the worth of the chief they had lost.

GENERAL TODLEBEN.

Colonel de Todleben was born in one of the Baltic provinces lying within the Dominions of Russia, and to Russia accordingly he has ever devoted himself; but by race, and name, and features, and warlike quality, he is the fellow-countryman of Count Bismarck and some of the most formidable of the troops which conquered at Sadowa. Whilst the empire he serves is the empire of the Czars, the power he represents and also seems to embody is the power of North Germany. . . . His devotion to the study of his profession had been unstinted; and, indeed, there was a period when his practice of the business of mining had kept him mainly underground during a third part of each year, but, although his craft had been learnt at all this vast cost of toil, he was saved from the mistake of over valuing it by his strong common sense, but also, perhaps, by his wholesome experience of the trenches before Silistria, and the rough tasks of war in the Caucasus. Therefore, whenever his art was not really applicable, it did not seem so in his eyes. How and when to apply it to the business of war he exactly knew. . . . Towards the creation of all this confidence, both his manner and his expression of features were conducing. For although, as might be expected from his race and his Courland birth place, he had the northern, that North German conformation of head and countenance which denote a man fitted for violent bodily conflict lasting out to the death; and although he even seemed to be one to whom the very labours of fighting and of exterminating the weaker breeds of men must be an easy and delightful exertion of natural strength, he had joyous, kind looking eyes, almost ready to melt with good humour, and a bearing and speech so frank and genial that people were instantly inclined to like, and, very soon after, to trust in him. From his looks and demeanour it could not at all be inferred that he was a man who had devoted his mind to a science, and, for this very reason perhaps, he had the less difficulty in making people yield to his judgment. No one who had so much as seen him could imagine that his power of doing the right thing at the right time had been at all warped by long study of the engineering art. No one who had once conversed with him could doubt that, body and soul, he was a man of action—nothing more, nothing less. A race, corrupted by luxury and the arts of peace, knows instinctively that it must succumb to a nature of this kind. I imagine that few men of great intellect have ever attained so closely as he did to that which the English describe when they speak of a man as being "practical."

ELEPHANT HUNTING.

The cruise of the *Galatea* has been published in book form in England. From a review of the work by the *Broad Arrow*, we take the following account of an Elephant hunt in South Africa.—

"In a few minutes after this, the movement of the trees near the edge of the for-

est showed that an elephant was coming out and immediately afterwards an enormous brute, made his appearance, closely followed by a second, but instead of leaving the forest they both turned in again, after moving some short distance outside the edge of it, as it determined not to lose the cover of the trees. Presently one came out again on the side next to us, but from the nature of the intervening ground the Duke could not see it, so the Governor rode down into the valley to tell the Prince. In the meantime a man rode up to turn the elephant in the right direction, and the Duke pushed up the bank to meet him. The elephant did not notice the horseman, but continued to roam about just outside the edge of the forest, apparently bothered by the firing he had heard, and not liking the yorring of the dogs which had been sent in to turn him out. Both elephants afterwards repeatedly came out and returned again into the forest, where they trumpeted loudly at intervals. About this time several shots came flying out amongst us, fired by those on the other side of the wood. The Duke remained waiting, but not seeing anything of the elephants, a mounted Hottentot boy was ordered to go on and see if he could ascertain where they were. He had no sooner got up to the trees than he came face to face with a large bull elephant, which, the instant it caught sight of Totty, charged straight out after him, and the boy, turning his horse, dashed right for where the Duke was standing, the elephants every moment gaining upon him. In the wildest alarm he screamed out, (in Dutch, "For God's sake, shoot! shoot!") The scrub and thick grass impeded the horse, but formed no obstacle to the elephant, who crashed out at full swing. The instant he came in sight of the Duke and the rest, he left the pursuit of the boy and rushed right at them. Several now called out to the Duke to fire, but he waited till he could be sure of making both barrels tell, and did not fire until the animal was close up, when he gave him first a ball, which took effect in his head and seemed to check his pace. A little, and then a shell, which hit him near the eye and made him swerve to the left. As he did so, his broadside became exposed, and Sir Walter Currie, taking advantage of this, fired his large heavy single rifle, and put a ball in behind the ear. When the elephant sank down on his hindquarters, jawing with one forefoot, and then fell down. A loud cheer arose from the Duke and those who were with him, to which the Governor and party on horseback replied, and dashed up in time to see the elephant struggling on the ground. The whole body now heaved spasmodically; there was a loud guttural rattle in the throat, and the elephant lay over on his side dead. The Duke jumped on to the carcass—Smith standing by him—and whole party gave three ringing cheers. During all this time a constant firing had been going on, in the forest by, at the other elephant, which kept trumpeting wildly, and every minute we expected to see him come rushing out of the wood in our direction. Several times we closed up, with guns cocked to meet him; but he had been hit so often that he was too much done to charge, and was struggling for life in the edge of the forest, and more than a hundred yards from us. A loud cheer announced that he too was dead. As the Duke wished to secure the skin of his elephant with the head and feet entire, all the knives were called for, and the operation of skinning was at once commenced under the direction of the Prince, who set to work himself, being most ably assisted by Dr. O'Malley—Hottentots, Boers and everybody lending a hand to drag the