

made, shook hands with us and stated they would follow the enemy through the night." The Prussians hotly pursued for ten miles until both men and horses were unable to move.

After deducting the killed and wounded and the few men assisting the latter he had only one man of his troop unaccounted for. He had got away to plunder during the advance after sunset. He was reported by his comrades "and booted by them" the next day.

June 19th.—"I rode this morning over the battlefield—the face of the hill from near the centre to Hougoumont," about three-quarters of a mile—the battle front was two miles—"has more the appearance of a breach carried by assault than a field of battle," the bodies lay so thick. "I gave brandy to three wounded men, the first two were wounded in the leg, the third in the stomach. One of the first stated that as the latter was wounded in the belly brandy would do him harm and begged (in vain) for his share." The peasantry had flocked in plundering. Excellent French watches were being sold at a low rate. A soldier at Hougoumont, although unwounded, had left for the rear; the Rifles "caught him and gave him a good booting." The road to Brussels was completely blocked up with broken down or deserted waggons. There was some disgraceful conduct in the rear on the part of some British soldiers and even by more than one officer. A full half of the British troops had never been in action before.

The editor (p. 302) makes a mistake by confounding Col. Ponsonby with Sir William Ponsonby. The horse of the latter was bogged while retiring from the great cavalry charge. He was killed, quarter being refused. Colonel Ponsonby, although dreadfully wounded, survived.

Tomkinson retired from the army in 1821 and resided on his estate at Willington, Cheshire. He often rode to the hounds on "Bob" who had so faithfully carried him during the Peninsular War. He died in 1872.

Although there are scores of histories of the Waterloo campaign, one painstakingly written from the point of view of a warrior-statesman is needed to do full justice to the subject. Taking all things into consideration, this is the best and most reliable behind-the-scenes book respecting the events narrated. In future times it will be a standard work for reference. All those who wish to know the true inwardness of the Peninsular War should possess a copy. There is a good index and also maps.

Yours, etc.,

FAIRPLAY RADICAL.  
(Conclusion).

### BIG GAME SHOOTING.\*

We may safely say there is no race on this earth of ours more wedded to field sports than our own. There is but little explored or unexplored land, speaking comparatively, north, south, east or west, which the indomitable Briton has not pierced and awakened the echoes with the crack of his well aimed rifle. How much geography and natural science owe to the patient perseverance, the dogged pluck, the marvellous endurance and wonderful enterprise and sagacity of sportsmen, only the initiated know. The fauna, flora, climate, appearance and inhabitants of lands far removed from the ordinary course of travel have from time

\* Big Game Shooting. By Clive Philipps-Wolley. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1894.

immemorial been first described by the ardent and indefatigable Nimrods of ancient and modern times. It is fitting that a country with the sporting traditions of Great Britain should provide the world with the admirable and comprehensive encyclopedia of sport known as the "Badminton Library." The two handsome volumes last issued, comprising together nearly 900 pages, have been ably edited by that ardent and experienced sportsman, Mr. Clive Philipps-Wolley, the well-known author of "Trottings of a Tenderfoot," etc. In the departments of that branch of hunting to which the term "Big Game Shooting" is applied the editor has availed himself of the assistance of some of the greatest contemporary sportsmen, some of whom, as Mr. W. Cotten Oswell and Sir Samuel Baker, are, however, no longer with us. A glance at the table of contents, let alone perusal of the volumes, whets the appetite and gives promise of the treasure house of recorded sport within. After a most readable introductory chapter by the editor, that superb sportsman and discoverer, Sir Samuel Baker, introduces to us, in a short biographical sketch, a very paladin of hunters—the pioneer of big game hunters in South Africa, William Cotten Oswell, and then come perhaps the three most enthralling chapters of the two volumes, those by Oswell himself. From references, met with here and there in our general reading, to Oswell, we have longed for fuller information and we have it to our satisfaction here. We find him to have been one of those rare men who equal or even surpass expectation. Sir Samuel Baker says: "His character, which combined extreme gentleness with utter recklessness of danger in the moment of emergency, added to complete unselfishness, ensured him friends in every society; but it attracted the native mind to a degree of adoration. As the first comer among lands and savage people until then unknown, he conveyed an impression so favourable to the white man that he paved the way for a welcome to his successors. That is the first duty of an explorer; and in this Oswell well earned the proud title of a 'Pioneer of Civilization.'" Of the personal appearance of this prince of modern sportsmen, Sir Samuel says: "I have always regarded Oswell as the perfection of a Nimrod. Six feet in height, sinewy and muscular, but, nevertheless, light in weight, he was not only powerful, but enduring. A handsome face, with an eagle glance, but full of kindness and fearlessness, bespoke the natural manliness of character which attracted him to the wild adventures of his early life." But we cannot, though sorely tempted, say more of this marvellous man and his extraordinary adventures in pursuit of the lion, elephant, rhinoceros and other wild game. The written record reads like a page of romance, and yet Sir Samuel Baker was assured that not one word of his description contained a particle of exaggeration. We must refer our readers to the account of his "grand old gun," which, Sir Samuel says, "exhibited in an unmistakable degree the style of hunting which distinguished its determined owner. The hard walnut stock was completely eaten away for an inch of surface"—"the result of friction with the wait-a-bit thorns"—and the deeds of its owner to the book itself. Mr. F. J. Jackson begins with most useful and interesting information as to East Africa—battery, dress, camp gear and stores; game districts and rules; the caravan, headman,

gunbearers, etc.; hints on East African stalking, driving, etc. He then leads the reader to battle with the elephant, buffalo, lion, rhinoceros, hippopotamus, ostrich, giraffe and antelope. Then comes, perhaps, the most noted explorer and hunter of today, Mr. F. C. Selous, with a modest chapter on the lion in South Africa. The editor treats of big game in North America, and Mr. Warburton Pike, who we followed with so much pleasure, in his temperate, yet graphic account of the Barren Lands of Canada, closes the first volume with a chapter on the musk ox, the long-haired denizen of the Arctic circle. We shall only indicate the contents of the second volume: Mr. Arnold Pike writes of arctic hunting, and the editor, of the Caucasus and its mountain game; the Caucasian Aurochs receive attention from St. G. Littledale, who also pays attention to the Ovis Argali of Mongolia. To Mr. W. A. Baillie-Groham is allotted the chamois and the stag of the Alps; the Scandinavian elk is described by Sir Henry Pottinger, Bart.; Major Algernon Heber Percy and the Earl of Kilmorey join forces in doing justice to European big game; and the large game of Spain and Portugal are not neglected by Messrs. Abel Chapman and W. I. Buck. The grand game fields of India find their advocate in Lieut.-Col. Reginald Heber Percy, and of the Ovis Poli of the Pamir, the editor renders a good account. We have most useful notes by H. W. H. on rifles and ammunition and hints on taxidermy by the editor, as well as a short bibliography. We have forborne giving lengthy extracts, and have simply referred to Oswell as a grand type of the true British sportsman. These two volumes hold the record, in our estimation, as the most thorough, comprehensive and altogether satisfactory account of "Big Game Shooting" that has yet appeared in print. They abound in graphic description of wild natural scenery, in vivid and stirring sketches of daring adventure in pursuit and capture of big game. They offer many a well told anecdote of sporting scene or incident, and provide most freely just such information as to wild game and their habitat as meet the needs of the sportsman as to outfit, arrangement, mode of travel, etc., in following the chase in various parts of the globe. For our part, we have no critical suggestions to offer, but counting ourselves of the number who delight in the manly and straightforward story of, fair hunting, the world over, we heartily congratulate the editor and his contributors on their most excellent work. As is fitting in such books, the illustrations are capital and abundant. The indices, contents and mechanical features are all that could be desired. We are sure that good sportsman, the Prince of Wales, who has demonstrated what royalty can do for a republic in the case of the Britannia v. the Vigilant, will be well pleased with the latest addition to the great sporting library which was appropriately dedicated to his name.

What a lucky escape it was for John Calvin, as well as for Martin Luther, that he got out of the world when he did, and that he is now safely dead and buried; for if Luther rejected the Epistle of James as part of the Bible, Calvin did the same with the second Epistle of Peter, so that neither of them would have come up to the modern requirements of preachers of the Gospel.—*New York Evangelist.*