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PURNEA: A SHIKAR LAND.*

THE SCENE of the sporting adventures which are here chronicled is laid in Northern Bengal, in a district which was formerly celebrated for its abundance of big game, including elephant and rhinoceros, and which, in spite of the fact that much of its territory is fast being brought under cultivation, still affords plenty of exciting sport in the pursuit of tigers and leopards. Buffaloes are now rare, and, in fact, almost extinct towards the northern part of the district, though they still exist in the Moulana range of the south. In some places the author has seen them in hundreds, though he admits that good heads are rare.

Wolves have disappeared, but striped hyaenas are occasionally encountered. Apparently the records of the author states, as might be expected, that they are to be found in all grass jungles in the western parts of Purnea, on the banks of the different tributaries of the Kosi river. But he goes on to remark that "one variety is particularly notable, namely, the ordinary swamp or hog deer, as it is generally called." Now the "swamp deer" in North-eastern Bengal is the barasingha (twelve tined) scientifically named *Cervus duvauceli*, after the French naturalist who first brought it to the notice of Cuvier, while the "hog deer" is the much smaller *C. porcinus*, standing only half the height at the shoulder, i.e., about 2ft. instead of nearly 4ft. It is not clear to which of these two species the author is referring, although not only is size, but also in the character of the antlers they differ too much to be confounded. He says, "in some places hog deer are so very abundant that one could get a hundred a day if wished for." Apparently *C. porcinus*. But he adds, "some very fine heads too can be obtained." This might apply to the swamp deer or barasingha with twelve tines, but hardly to the hog deer with only two on a long pedicel. Two notes to which the author alludes are, in the first place, swamp-deer instead of pigs, and have found it quite easy to do so with a fast pony." To which of the two animals does he here refer? It would have been well to have been a little more explicit.

"As for 'pig-sticking' the janaina fields, the favourite resort and feeding grounds after the rains of the Indian wild in the middle of big paddies, almost as good as a well-to-do man's country, and the author's experience has taught him it is a dangerous pastime. He relates a singular accident of which he was an eye witness that is worth quoting.

A horse stumbled and rolled over in a ditch; the rider's spear went into his hand but he was unhurt. The horse fell too, and as it lurch would have it, the spear-head caught him just below his shoulder and came clean out of his back. The stick had to be cut off and the spear stuck in the horse's back, the rider getting pain at the time. Luckily no vital part, neither lungs nor spine, had been touched, and the rider eventually recovered though the wound took two months to heal.

Purnea and North Bhagalpur, bordering on the Terai, has been described by another writer as "the best tiger shooting ground in the world," and the author of the present volume writes in some stirring advice to the sportsman who would support that assertion; carried out chiefly in high grass jungles where the grass rose actually higher than the elephants' howdahs, with here and there very treacherous swamps. With regard to the measurements of tigers killed by the author and his companions, we are told that the average length of a full grown animal varies between 9ft. and 11ft., but some bigger ones have been recorded as exceptionally large beasts, measuring even to 12ft. 6in. The author mentions (p. 55) a fairly-large one to which he gave the finishing shot, and which was found to measure "an inch less than 11ft." But this is eclipsed by a monster which is described in a chapter headed "A tiger shot through the heart at the first shot. He measured 12ft. 3in. This, of course, is a most unusual length, but it is not quite unprecedented. The late Sir Joseph Fayer, who was killed by a tiger in the Terai in 1841, and one in 1842 in Purnea, Edw. G. in, gave a list of large tigers in a letter to Nature, June 27, 1878, in which of 12ft. are mentioned, besides others of 11ft. 5in. and 11ft. 9in. This list has been reprinted in *Sterndale's Mammoth of India*, 1884, where some additional large measurements are given, including those of a Dhoon tiger killed many years ago by General Sir Charles Reid, K.C.B., and exhibited by him in the exhibition of 1862 as the largest he had ever killed or ever measured. It measured 12ft. 6in. long and 34 in. high. The animal now described as having been shot in Purnea in April, 1915, by Rajah Kirtanand Sinha, and measuring 12ft. 3in., beat the previous record by 1in. An illustration of it is a photograph of the animal's skull.

Although this small octavo volume of 120 pages is mainly "a record of slaughter," there being very little natural history in evidence, there are passages in it which reflect credit on the author and show that he is not only a sportsman, but particularly to his remarks on the two different methods of tiger shooting in India—sitting up at night in a tree on a machan over a kill, or hunting the animal on foot or on elephant's back through the grass or on the jungle. He thinks there can be no doubt which is the more exciting (because more dangerous) and sportsmanlike method. The use of the machan, or platform in a tree, if placed high enough to be out of reach of the tiger's spring, is comparatively safe, and, as the author says, "to take the animal's advantage of the game, as it is the case also with the use of an electric light. The author has never adopted it." To seek out a tiger in its lair by fair hunting and bring it to book is the form of sport which he advocates; for, as he truly says, there is no manliness in it combined with exercise, and a world of heroic entertainment.

BEDFORDSHIRE AND HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

To the counties named above the latest of *The Little Guides Series* (Methuen and Co.) is devoted, and in a manner and style which call for no special commendation, but which have been bestowed upon the many previously issued of these charmingly produced, small-sized volumes. It is the work of the late Rev. Herbert Walter Macklin, whom Mr. J. Cassell & Co. in their recent reprint of *The Little Guides Series*, reissued Jan. 16, 1917, justly state he had received the revised sheets of the first proof." To Mr. Cox has to be given the credit of having helped in several ways, notably in furnishing the book with a very useful index, but the main part of the first and second impressions of the book, whose knowledge caused him to be invited to prepare and write it. In the matter of arrangement the plan that has become quite familiar is observed, location, extent, and boundaries of the first and second impressions of the book, whose knowledge caused him to be invited to prepare and write it. In the matter of arrangement the plan that has become quite familiar is observed, location, extent, and boundaries of the first and second impressions of the book, whose knowledge caused him to be invited to prepare and write it. In the matter of arrangement the plan that has become quite familiar is observed, location, extent, and boundaries of the first and second impressions of the book, whose knowledge caused him to be invited to prepare and write it.

* RAJA KIRTANAND SINHA.—Purnea: A Shikhar Land. By the Hon. Raja Kirtanand Sinha, B.A. Proprietor Banault Mills. With photographic illustrations. 8vo, pp. 122. Calcutta: Tinacker, Spink, and Co. Price 3s.4d.

A COMMON-SENSE PHILOSOPHER.*

HERBERT SPENCER'S right to be considered a maker of the nineteenth century is assured if two reservations be made to a statement that it is the first of the great nineteenth-century writers in which he took a hand, and the second, that he was the symbol of that mid-Victorian period which was liberal in thought and dogmatic if nebulous in its principles. To deny either of these things is to ignore the vigour of its influence and the recurrence of its spirit in the life of the nation. Mr. Elliot, it seems to us, has a vivid perception of that time, and it is his own, though it is not his own, persistence with which he has addressed himself to the comprehension of Herbert Spencer, whose writings he has read twice over in a period of seventeen years, once when he was campaigning in the South African war, and a second time while he was preparing to write the biography. Many people of the last generation could have vied willingly with him in the first part of the task; there are few either of Mr. Elliot's generation or of his own who would be so ready to re-peruse twice. A first reading was once meritorious; there was a time when the absorption of *First Principles* conferred a local distinction similar to that achieved at a later date with less effort by the Latin who assimilated an extract of Nietzsche. The comparison is not inapposite, and Mr. Elliot makes use of it to excellent effect in his introduction. No philosopher was ever more anti-German by conviction and by habit than Herbert Spencer, and he was no less an English philosopher; he could not read German; he loathed German philosophers; and such parts of his controversial writings as were not devoted to the condemnation of the Prussian type of militarism and socialism were occupied largely with attacks on German metaphysics. Of all great thinkers he was owed less to German influence than any other who can be named. Spencer's whole controversial attitude was directed to the demolition and the annihilation of authority over the life of the individual. His was the doctrine of personal freedom, and all the mental qualities which that freedom implies—it was the devotion of authority to the State and a second time while he was preparing of a war have I read Spencer's furious declamations against warlike and military activities. But now in many parts I find his arguments ill-founded; in other parts the conclusions are not only ill-founded but ill-considered. It is not so lucid now seems to have settled down to a deadly and invariable monotony. Yet still the thought arises that if Europe had followed Spencer, this war could never have occurred. Europe and European civilisation were occupied and prosperity are fast being drained away. The spirit of Treitschke has triumphed over the spirit of Spencer—the metaphysics of Germany over the common sense of England. The result has been that we have reached a point of no return, that notwithstanding his errors his spirit was sound and true." It will be seen from the foregoing passage why a life of Herbert Spencer is of interest now, and why Mr. Elliot is so admirably equipped, by sympathy and discrimination, to write one of the books of the year.

ART PUBLICATIONS.

THE current number of the *Studio* is chiefly devoted to the work of three men—Wilfrid Ball, whose death was recently announced, George Harcourt, and Emile Claus. Several other artists are mentioned, but the main interest of all of them is effective, more especially "The Birthday" after George Harcourt, which is one of the most charming colour-prints we have seen for some time. Describing the Prussian type of militarism and socialism were occupied largely with attacks on German metaphysics. Of all great thinkers he was owed less to German influence than any other who can be named. Spencer's whole controversial attitude was directed to the demolition and the annihilation of authority over the life of the individual. His was the doctrine of personal freedom, and all the mental qualities which that freedom implies—it was the devotion of authority to the State and a second time while he was preparing of a war have I read Spencer's furious declamations against warlike and military activities. But now in many parts I find his arguments ill-founded; in other parts the conclusions are not only ill-founded but ill-considered. It is not so lucid now seems to have settled down to a deadly and invariable monotony. Yet still the thought arises that if Europe had followed Spencer, this war could never have occurred. Europe and European civilisation were occupied and prosperity are fast being drained away. The spirit of Treitschke has triumphed over the spirit of Spencer—the metaphysics of Germany over the common sense of England. The result has been that we have reached a point of no return, that notwithstanding his errors his spirit was sound and true." It will be seen from the foregoing passage why a life of Herbert Spencer is of interest now, and why Mr. Elliot is so admirably equipped, by sympathy and discrimination, to write one of the books of the year.

GENERAL READER.

A NOTABLE addition to county family history is to hand in *The Hammers of Marton and Montford, Salop*, compiled by Calvert Hamner, with pedigrees and illustrations (John Lane; price 10s. 6d.), and the author proposes to amplify what he has written in a paper read at the meeting of the Society on documents not at the moment available. The records go back to the sixteenth century, and there are supplementary chapters on the Hammers of Hamner, the Hammers of the Pens, Thomas Hamner, the Spinkler, the Adverts of the Hammers of Pelham, the Staffordshire Underhills, and the Lanyon Owens, of Southsea. Of course such books appeal more directly to the families immediately concerned and their connections, but they do serve a distinctly useful general purpose in that they help the reader to find connections of one county family with another, and are also of historical value.

Running a rifle into the County of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII.) as he was rounding the corner of Carfax and dancing in the same quadrille set as H.R.H. and his young bride during their visit to commemoate at the first of the war in the County of Wales. The hardships incident to training are very real. The weather is usually cold, one's clothing is of the lightest, one's hands are blistered, one's feet are raw, and the sun is very hot. I must say, however, that to row in a boat race, especially as one of the winners, must be most enjoyable, and well worth all the trouble of rowing any more. In the connection with the training, I can say that I was altogether sorry. The hardships incident to training are very real. The weather is usually cold, one's clothing is of the lightest, one's hands are blistered, one's feet are raw, and the sun is very hot. I must say, however, that to row in a boat race, especially as one of the winners, must be most enjoyable, and well worth all the trouble of rowing any more. In the connection with the training, I can say that I was altogether sorry. The hardships incident to training are very real. The weather is usually cold, one's clothing is of the lightest, one's hands are blistered, one's feet are raw, and the sun is very hot. I must say, however, that to row in a boat race, especially as one of the winners, must be most enjoyable, and well worth all the trouble of rowing any more. In the connection with the training, I can say that I was altogether sorry.

If anyone believes in telepathy, or Christian science, or that human beings travel about each with his or her own "aura," he cannot read Dr. D. Schaller's collection of these idiosyncrasies of mind in *The Borderland of Science* (Cassell); 6s.). It is a discursive but an entertaining book, though we cannot agree with the publishers that the author shows "how scientific" and "how logical" in the material to the spiritual—the great source of light. The

* ELLIOT—Herbert Spencer. By Hugh Elliot. (Makers of the Nineteenth Century Series.) Constable. 6s. net.

light which scientists seek is not that which is hidden under the bushel of a preference for the occult.

Lady Peore has given us another very interesting book. It is entitled *An Admiral's Wife in the Making* (Smith, Elder, and Co., 7s. 6d.), and in it she tells of her life from the period of childhood to the present. Being a widow from her previous work how capable a writer Lady Peore is the early part of the book under notice would convince and cause the reader to anticipate what follows with pleasure. Those reminiscences covered by the title are divided into four parts, and to whichever of these sections attention is given there will be found much of an entertaining character. It is, however, those parts which deal with the life of the author's husband that are of most interest. But it is all good reading, with a large modicum of humour.

BOOKS ON WAR.

My Years in the Kaiser's Army, by an ex-officer (Cassell) and Co.; price 1s. net), is a gloomy indictment of the old Prussian system which has aimed at ruthlessly eliminating every human sentiment and feeling in a man and transforming him into a mere machine, without thought, compunction, or pity. All this can, of course, be done—but at a price, and as the book shows, the price paid is so terrible that the ordinary man wonders whether a nation adopting such principles would be worth the trouble of fighting. This anonymous author himself practically admits—as, indeed, he must, for the theories he describes as accepted by German military circles can have no other effect. Regarding the system, it is not only a matter of the Prussian military academies is that the Prussian officer, as a discipline, and possessed, therefore, of all the virtues, and that the bulk of the German people has been placed upon a career for life in the Prussian army. The result is the creation of a spirit of intolerable braggadochio. Another cause for the demoralisation of the Prussian officer is his immunity from civil justice, except in extremely rare cases, supported by the complete immunity of the Crown Prince's Comandar, and where he shows a contempt of his subordinates and the civilian population he has nothing to fear, no matter what his faults may be. The system, as it is, is a present state of things abroad, and the leaders are sketched in a rather better showing than the system has eaten into their souls, while the chapters on the male and female spy methods deal with another but equally sinister side of the general military scheme. It is a book of interest to the general public for a ray of light in the general atmosphere of gloom.

In *Ruhleben: Letters from a Prisoner to His Mother*, which has been edited by Douglas Sladen and illustrated by the author, we are given a most interesting and Blackett; price 5s. net), is written by a young man who graduated only twenty years of age, with a knowledge of modern works on philosophy in English, French, and Italian, and is at present lecturing at Ruhleben, where he is still a prisoner. Mr. English, French, German, and Latin. Philosophy and metaphysics necessarily creep into his letters to a certain extent, but their principal characteristic is the atmosphere which they convey of what Bishop Burne calls "the old-fashioned devotion, tinged with a Hedley Vicar's earnestness, and expressed with the charming pendency of the eighteenth century." The illustrations given among the letters are of a high order, and the conditions of the publication of these letters resemble those of Mlle. de l'Espérance in that they are genuine letters, written for one person's eyes only, and that they are published privately for the benefit of the mother who received them is giving them to the public the son who wrote them is still unaware that they are in print. The account of the "University" life, class, sports, and the admiration of the camp, which is written to make the illusions intelligible to the mother who received them is giving them to the public the son who wrote them is still unaware that they are in print. The account of the "University" life, class, sports, and the admiration of the camp, which is written to make the illusions intelligible to the mother who received them is giving them to the public the son who wrote them is still unaware that they are in print. The account of the "University" life, class, sports, and the admiration of the camp, which is written to make the illusions intelligible to the mother who received them is giving them to the public the son who wrote them is still unaware that they are in print.

Mrs. St. Clair Stobart is a lady whose name is well known in connection with the care of the sick and wounded in war time for she is the founder of the Women's Sideline Work in War. Connected with the Sideline is a detachment operating with the Bulgarian army in Thrace during the Balkan War of 1912-13, and was decorated with the Bulgarian Red Cross for services rendered in the Balkans. When the war broke out she organised the Hospitals (Women's Units) in Belgium and France for the St. John Ambulance Association, and being taken prisoner by the Germans, was imprisoned in a camp where she was surrounded by the time to be shot as a spy. She was in charge of a hospital at Antwerp during the bombardment, and later on took a unit out to Serbia for the Serbian Relief Fund, in which country she established a military hospital and also ran a side tent dispensary for the wounded population. In September, 1915, Mrs. Stobart was appointed commander (rank equal to that of a major) of column with the first Serbian English Field Hospital, and proceeding to the Balkans to accompany the Serbian army when it made its retreat over the mountains of Montenegro and Albania to Scutari. In the book entitled *The Fleming Sword in Serbia and Blacchere* (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.) Mrs. Stobart relates experiences in the campaign, and, as might be expected, she has a good deal of interesting information to impart. It can easily be gleaned from these pages that the author is a thoroughly practical woman, and that she has a most difficult time of it when she is in a hospital when it went out to Serbia and after Mrs. Stobart was attached to the army are graphically but, at the same time, naturally described.

The British Navy at War (W. Heinemann; price 1s. net), Mr. D. M. G. St. John's review of the Glasgow, gives a brief but very lucid sketch of the work achieved by our seamen during the great war. As he very justly says: "What now is the outstanding fact of the whole naval war, which governs all other parts of the war, is the fact that the British Navy has not only been unwilling and tacit, but the full acceptance by Germany, with all the strategy and tactics involved in the admission of her naval inferiority. Before a blow was struck, she framed her plans, and made her dispositions in the light of it." The accounts of the now historic actions bear out the oft-repeated statements that our fleet is quite capable of doing as much as any other fleet in the world. In the early days of the war, the submarine, the author remarks: "Despite its widely advertised activities and ravages among defenceless ships, against which, of course, any old blunderbuss of a vessel might be supported by speed, with the first of the war, it was not to deal damage, not of course, denied; indeed, she will take her toll of shipping, hundreds more will be done to death; but it will all prove a delusion, and that she does the reckoning." The author also shows that the