

FULL OF IRREPRESSIBLE animal spirits, the vigorous young British politician, who is wise enough to be (in the eyes of his opponents) an entertaining fool, when it serves his purpose, leaving Parliament and London behind him last year, hied him away to the land of Boers, diamonds and ostriches, at the gold-tipped end of the Dark Continent. His letters home to the London *Daily Graphic* showed that he has a pen as powerful as his tongue. One indeed wonders whether he has not mistaken his calling as a politician, and ought not to continue to explore and write for the myriad readers of the daily press. In an amusing preface, Lord Randolph shows the danger of joking. The average member of the British public takes a jest too seriously, or at least in a belated manner. In point of chronology of perception, the Briton is far behind the Yankee. The point of a joke has been enjoyed and is over with an American when first visible above the horizon of an Englishman's mind. An Englishman is voted a 'back-number' by Americans in the matter of seeing a joke. Happening to venture a witticism on the origin of the female sex, Lord Churchill was so earnestly controverted by grave and serious journals like *The Spectator* and *The Speaker* that he has suppressed from book-form this and other jests, so as to withdraw from competition with Darwin.

Handsomely printed in large type, and with scores of illustrations, a folding map and an index, the book contains a crackling story of adventure and research. With eyes wide open, zeal for fun and novelty, a firm belief in the divinity of 'British interests' and the manifest destiny of Great Britain in the occupation of the greater portion of Africa, if not of the whole earth, our author holds his whip and lines bravely, and drives his team with little respect for opposing opinions. He gives a most interesting picture of the gold and diamond mines, and the various processes for converting ore and gravel into pounds, shillings and pence. In Transvaal, where the Dutchmen have built up a Biblical republic and are intoxicated with the ideas of patriarchal democracy and liberty, our John Bull was not happy. He wants the land redeemed from 'the withering grasp of the Boer'—*i. e.*, brought under the British Crown. Since, however, the boys and horses grow up together, from infancy, and the men are as well acquainted with rifles as were the American 'boors' of 1776, and since these Africanders love their liberty and do not see through the spectacles of John Bull, they are yet unconquered. In fact, they decline to be as Sepoys and Burmese and other subjects of the Queen.

The chapters on trekking, hunting, lion-shooting, and other phases of sport and travel are full of incident and interest, and there are no dull pages in the book. Evidently his lordship was not a crack-shot. His spending of twenty-seven cartridges to bring down one antelope reminds us of Adirondack observations, in which we saw nickel-plated hunters from New York, with a whole arsenal and such a squandering of ammunition as furnished their guides with fun for a winter, fail to secure a single buck. All the more is it enjoyable that the author laughs at jokes which are at his own expense. Being a most companionable narrator, we vote the author a good fellow, and his book one of the most interesting volumes of travels issued this year.