

Quitting the sportsman for the naturalist, we find a valuable book of travel on the *Amazon and Rio Negro*, by a diligent collector, Mr Wallace. This volume will be sought for the real information that it contains on scientific matters, and not in a less degree will it be welcome to the general reader for accounts of tribes and customs and of aspects of nature that lie out of the ordinary beat. Mr Wallace has a good instinct for what is worth relating, and his book is well written, though Mr Baker perhaps would declare at once that he is not a sportsman. Would a sportsman take advantage of the fact that he is writing a thoroughly able, useful, and interesting work, which carries on the reader with a cheerful will through many successive chapters, to lay in the very middle of his way a trap? The trap (in which we have ourselves been caught) is a most alarming set of blank verses on an Indian village, and the delightful manners of its people, showing, among other things, how

One day they made a festa, and just like
Our villages at home, they drank much beer,
(Beer made from roasted mandiocca cakes,
Called here "shirac," by others "caniri,"
But just like beer in flavour and effect, &c. &c.

Would any fair sportsman have taken such advantage of his reader! Luckily the trap is not too broad to be leaped over, and in prose Mr Wallace writes like an intelligent and active traveller, who has set out in search of solid information, and knows not only how to get it but at the same time how to communicate it to his readers.