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ESSAYS

ON

NATURAL HISTORY.

Third Series.

BY

CHARLES WATERTON, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "WANDERINGS IN SOUTH AMERICA."

WITH A CONTINUATION OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY,

AND

A PORTRAIT OF THE AUTHOR.

SECOND EDITION.

LONDON :

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1858.

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PREFACE.

As I know by experience, that the pursuit of Natural History in the field is productive both of happiness and health, I offer the following pages to the attention of young Naturalists. I can assure them, that they will find in Natural History a most fascinating recreation. “*Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis.*”

When we reflect how completely the order of things has been reversed in civilized life, by having turned day into night, and vice versâ, we cannot wonder that sickness shews itself in such distressing forms. And this will always be the case, so long as the sound of the midnight fiddle has more attractions in it, than the sky-lark’s matin-song. This last brings health,—the first destroys it.

If I succeed in convincing both my young and old readers, that such is really the case, we shall hear no longer of their passing the finest part

of the day in the gloomy regions of Morpheus. Bright Phœbus will be their best of friends. He will string their nerves, and give them coral lips; and fit each individual, most admirably, for every following duty of the day. No shadowy allurements of the silly thing called fashion shall ever tempt me to adopt late hours. "Early to bed, and early to rise," ought to be the motto of every one who looks forward to the enjoyment of a long life. By always keeping this good old saying in mind, and by acting on it, I am robust and energetic at the age of seventy-five.

So far as this little book is concerned, I respectfully offer it to the notice of an indulgent Public. Some, no doubt, will praise it; others may abuse it. I am prepared either for honey, or for wormwood. Come what may, I trust, that I possess philosophy enough to act, as a man well hacknied in the ways of the world ought to act.

CHARLES WATERTON.

WALTON HALL,
JULY, 1857.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SECOND EDITION.

MY last little book goes merrily along, both in England and in France;* notwithstanding that here, in our own country, Fraser, my former kind and liberal noticer,† has pelted it with mud.‡ I should have borne the unwelcome plaster on my rhinoceros hide, without a single grunt, had I not imagined, that some parts of his critique, were detrimental to the real interests of Natural History. This you shall see anon.

A book from the press, being public property, the public has a right to strew its path, either with wormwood or with balm. The one which I have lately written, has certainly had the misfortune to incur the displeasure of honest Fraser. Be this as it may, I must content myself with the reflection, that “humanum est errare;” and that, our own tastes are seldom in unison with those of our

* See the “Revue Britannique,” Paris, November, 1857.

† See his Magazine for March, 1835.

‡ See his Magazine for December, 1857.

neighbours. Thus, christians thrive on flesh of swine ;—still, Israelites abhor it. Hemlock is bane to man,—but provender to horses. I myself, being south of the Tweed, have no particular liking for flower of brimstone ;—whereas, I am assured, that those who live to the north of that lovely stream, cannot do without it :—especially if Argyle's most useful milestones, are not within their reach.

Thus, there is no accounting for taste,—as was formerly said of the canny old woman, who admired a carbuncle on the extremity of her husband's fiery nose.

One could scarcely imagine, that, in these days of zoological research, my peppery reviewer will still adhere to the antiquated and preposterous notion, that monkeys possess the faculty of throwing stones. In support of this absurdity, he quotes the following passage from Acosta. " Perhaps," says our learned critic, " he, (Mr. Waterton) will not object to the evidence of Acosta, who relates of a Quata, (*ateles paniscus*) which belonged to the Governor of Carthagena. They sent him to the tavern for wine, putting the pot in one hand, and the money in the other. They could not possibly get the money out of his hand, before the pot was full of wine. If any children met him in the street, and threw stones at him, he would set his

pot down, and cast stones against the children, till he had assured his way."

Now, it were to be wished, that my reviewer had "assured" us, that Acosta, with his own eyes, had actually seen the Quata in the act of throwing a stone. No such thing. The quotation is worthless, without this declaration on the part of Acosta. No doubt, Acosta had heard the story, and possibly might have believed the absurdity. In Demerara, more than fifty years ago, we had a current narrative of a monkey, which used to fetch a pitcher of water daily, from the cistern to its master's house. Every body believed the tale:—but I could never find the identical house in which the monkey lived; nor learn the master's name; nor find out precisely what species of monkey it was, whether from Africa or from the wilds of Guiana, which performed the wonderful achievement.

But, to Acosta's "Quata." I was a rover in the same forests with Quatas, for many a long month; and I can affirm, that, of all known monkeys, the Quata is the least disposed to act the biped. Malice, mischief, and malignity are its ruling powers. It could no more be sent on an errand through the streets of Carthagena, than I could be commissioned to navigate the river Styx. The act of throwing stones at the children, clearly proves the account

to be an idle story:—based probably, on some old negro slave, as ugly as a Quata.

There is something in the whole race of monkeys, perpetually militating against their being allowed to run loose, in their reclaimed state. What this something is, I leave to profound zoologists, to determine. We know, that the wild boar can be brought to herd with our domestic swine. Formerly, with untiring patience, I succeeded in educating the Marjay tiger-cat, (considered by Buffon to be untameable) to hunt with pointer dogs. But never, during the course of a long life, either here in England, or elsewhere, have I ever met a monkey, unattended in the streets. No, indeed!—such a sight would be a phenomenon, as marvellous as that of the flying Dutchman in the stormy regions round the Cape of Good Hope.

When I was in Malaga, at the beginning of the present century, a king of Spain was said to have possessed an ape from Barbary, of surprising sagacity. It was so docile, so knowing, and so calculating, that it was allowed to play at chess with the monarch; and so soon as it had discovered check-mate to his majesty,—it took to its heels, and scampered off, in order to avoid a bastinado for its presumption. This ape would have done to run in couples with Acosta's celebrated Quata.

My reviewer's story of the "male Egyptian night-walker," is a bungled composition. Having broken his chain, and got at liberty, he "ascended a building, from the roof of which, he plied the tiles about the heads of the keepers, with such dexterity, strength, and nimbleness, that he fairly beat them off, after untiling almost all the place."

Here, we have a monkey, apparently throwing tiles at the heads of the keepers, with considerable noise and clatter. The true bearing of this wonderful fracas, is easily shewn without much loss of time and ink. Thus, tiles are mostly arranged on the roof, without the use of mortar. And this must certainly have been the case here. Had they been fixed with mortar, (or pointed as it is usually called) I defy any monkey to have dislodged them. Now, if these simpletons of keepers, (who, it seems, had lost all presence of mind at the sudden escape of their supposed revengeful prisoner,) merely observed if its face were turned *to* them, or *from* them, this would have enabled them to discern, whether it were actually throwing the tiles at their heads, or whether the tiles, dislodged by the monkey scampering over them, were merely coming down to the ground by their own weight. In a word, the voluntary return of the prisoner to its keepers, clearly proves, that it had entertained

no animosity against them : and of course, would never have thought of plying their heads with tiles.

My Reviewer's account of "happy Jerry from the guide-book" is an obvious failure. He neither gives us the name of the person who saw it kill the boy aboard the vessel, nor even the name of the poor boy himself.

Surely such an awful and unusual feat, must be on record somewhere. I blame the Reviewer for not looking more narrowly into this suspicious affair. Had he given names and dates, I would have thought it worth my while to shew, that the death had been caused by accident, and not by intention on the part of the monkey. In its present form, I dismiss it, as an idle fabrication.

As for Vaillant's ape, let us call to mind, that, it was one which had been reclaimed from the forest ; and of course, its tricks were all acquired, from the time that it had kept company with man.

But Vaillant says nothing of his ever having actually seen a *wild* monkey on the ground, engaged in pulling up herbs with its teeth. No such thing. He knew better than to pawn such a fable upon the public. In truth, he would have us believe, that this tame monkey of his, was really endowed with reason ; — inasmuch as, it could discover, by some faculty or other, never as yet

granted 'by Providence to the monkey family, that its master, was particularly fond of a certain root, very "refreshing and excellent." Now, Vaillant's monkey, knowing this, took good care, to have the first go at the root; and it devoured the savoury morsel, before its master could manage to lay his eager hand upon it! This really places the brute on a par with intellectual man himself. Let it be burnt for trash in Don Quixote's library; or, at least, placed on the shelves of my old grandmother's bookcase. It will suit the nursery maid, and make the children laugh.

My Reviewer tells his readers, that, in his boyhood, he "had his eyes full of saw-dust," in punishment, "for having offered an apple or a nut, and snatching it away, just as the disappointed monkey, thought it was within its grasp."

This borders on a fraud,—if not a fraud outright. The Reviewer, combatting my statement, viz., that no monkey can hurl a projectile, evidently wishes us to believe that monkeys have the art to do so:—and he adduces his own experience by telling us, that he himself had had "his eyes full of saw-dust." But, he carefully refrains from stating, that the monkey did actually *throw* that saw-dust in his eyes. So that, the reader is left in doubt to determine, whether the anterior or

the posterior members of the agitated monkey, caused the saw-dust to reach my Reviewer's eyes. A monkey disappointed, and in rage, may well be conceived to flounce and jump about, and with its posteriors just as well as with its anteriors, make the saw-dust fly in clouds from the bottom of its cage. I have not a doubt, but that this was the real state of the affair.

I have here at last, the Reviewer fairly within my reach. I now call upon him to demonstrate to me, in *propria persona*, that monkeys can hurl projectiles, or throw saw-dust.

If monkeys, in the days of his boyhood, could perform such feats, certainly they will be able to perform them now. I feel sure that my reviewer is a gentleman; and on the strength of this, I invite him at once to Walton Hall, whence we will proceed on a visit, to the best assorted collections of monkeys in the three kingdoms:—and, if necessary, we will go to the Continent. I will provide “stones,” “tiles,” “lead,” “pewter pots,” and “saw-dust:” — all which things, in my Reviewer's belief, have, from time to time, been hurled at men by monkeys. I will obey his orders implicitly. He may place me as near to the monkeys as he chooses. Then, should any one of the tribe, great or small, or young or old, throw

saw-dust, or hurl projectiles at me,—I will give in ; and I will publicly confess in Fraser's Magazine, that, the information which my Reviewer has collected from hearsay and from books, is sound and valuable to science ; whilst on the contrary, that which I have acquired, during a long sojourn in the forests of Guiana, (the native haunts of monkeys,) is rotten, and not worth one single farthing. Can more be required at my hands ?

So much for my learned Reviewer's intellectual monkeys.

The Reviewer in Fraser's Magazine, having drawn my serious attention to certain extracts from Acosta, Vaillant, and the Guide-book ; I must confess, that, on perusing them, it appeared to me, that orthodox Natural History, suffered sorely at his hands. His belief in the validity of these improbable accounts, would lead me to suspect, that whilst I was ranging through the forest, barefooted and in rags, now moistened by the dews of night,—now parched by a noonday sun, my Reviewer was engaged in obtaining unsound information from the shelves of his library,—in ease voluptuous ; and every now and then, whispering to himself, I too, ere this, had been a rover in the endless woods of America, had not that villainous yellow fever been con-

stantly staring me in the face. But, let me touch with gentleness this greenhouse plant:—too delicate for Nature's open field.

He taunts me with the remark, that "a little anatomy (learning?) is a dangerous thing," because, forsooth, in my noticing the poison-fangs of snakes, I have merely confined myself to a few simple words, in preference to a scientific jaw-breaking description; so that, our young naturalists might know at once, in what part of a serpent's head, these terrible harbingers of death, are invariably to be found:—and this was all I aimed at. A scientific description would not have cost me much, either in time or trouble; for, on the day in which I penned down my notice of the poison-fangs, I had more than half a dozen rattlesnakes around me.

Again, my Reviewer chides me for occasionally having indulged in a random shot at Mother Church by law established, especially at a period, "that hostile feelings betwixt Christians should be mitigated."

Bless her liver! I am a poor harmless assailer. If she gets no harder blows, than those which I have given her, she may yet move on in all her worldly splendor, with tolerable security.

But, it is nearly time to say farewell.

I marvel, how old Fraser's Magazine, so long and justly famed for science, pith and marrow, should have stained its fair pages, by inserting into them, extracts such as those which my Reviewer has selected from Acosta, Vaillant, and the Guide-book, to convince me, that monkeys are on a par with us intellectual beings.

Some of the tribe, have, no doubt a near resemblance to ourselves;—hence the whimsical verse, said to be from the pen of old Ennius, “*Simia, quam similis, turpissima bestia nobis!*” It is a clever hit at us; but, it only appertains to the outward form of man. So far as rationality is concerned, the ape has no more title to it, than has the half starved donkey, cropping thistles on the Queen's highway.

My little book having worn out its first suit of clothes within the year, has just been supplied with another;—and in a short time will sally forth again, on the world's wide stage.

Renewed luck attend thee, my dauntless little fellow. Be sure to thank, on the part of thy Parent, those gentlemen who have reviewed thee so kindly heretofore. And shouldst thou fall in with him of Fraser's Magazine, tell him with a smile, that thou art not much worse for his discourtesy to thee. Thou mayest add, that his

critique, like old Priam's javelin, is considered "telum imbelle sine ictu," a harmless dart. Say also, that I entertain no rancorous feeling against him. But, on the contrary, should he accept my invitation to Walton Hall, I will shake him by the hand, (even should he be a North Briton without his gloves,) and offer him good old English hospitality, until we set out in quest of monkeys possessing the power of throwing stones, or of hurling any projectile whatever.

So no more at present, my pretty Pet, from thy affectionate Parent,

CHARLES WATERTON.

WALTON HALL,
July, 1858.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
CONTINUATION OF THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY . . .	i
<hr/>	
A NEW HISTORY OF THE MONKEY FAMILY . . .	1
PIGEON-COTS AND PIGEON-STEALERS	104
THE HUMMING-BIRD	118
AIX-LA-CHAPELLE	131
NOTES ON THE DOG TRIBE	155
SCARBRO'	184
CANNIBALISM	208
THE FOX	234
SNAKES	263
CONCLUSION	289

CONTINUATION
OF
THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

ON the 26th of May, 1844, in the last page but one of my Autobiography, continued in the second volume of the "Essays on Natural History," I bade farewell to the reader, and to that delightful pursuit at the same time, so far as the public press was concerned. The fact is, I saw, not without some faint inward feelings of regret, that my once eastern sun, was inevitably approaching to its western repose; that future adventures would, of course, be scarce; and that mere common occurrences, incidental to retirement from a busy world, would have little in them either to amuse or to instruct the reader of them, whoever he might be.

Under this impression I thought, how happy I should be, in this sequestered valley, where nature smiled, and all was gay around me. Here the pretty warblers from the south, when Spring had called them back, would charm me with their

sylvan music; and when the chilling blasts of Autumn warned them to return to their own sunny regions in Africa, their loss would be replaced by congregated ducks and geese, and even by Cormorants, to change the scenery,—and still bring joy.

Vain castles in the air! devoid of all reality! delusive as the quagmire's treacherous surface. My roving spirit, ever on the watch for new adventures, disdained a life so tame and unimportant. Even the Roman poet's warning line of "O navis referent in mare te novi fluctus," had no effect upon me. So, having formed a plan of the campaign with my two dear sisters-in-law, Miss Edmonstone, and Miss Helen Edmonstone, I bade adieu to these regions of the north, and we turned our faces once more to those of the smiling south.

I had read Lord Shrewsbury's pamphlet on the Tyrolean Ecstatica; and felt wishful to see with my own eyes, the prodigy which his Lordship has pourtrayed most minutely. So we wended our way through fertile lands, and magnificent scenery, amongst people whose conduct and courtesy required no rural police, (such as that which has lately been inflicted, at an enormous expense, on this part of Yorkshire,) till we arrived at the hill-surrounded town of Botzen.

Foreseeing how difficult it would be to have an interview with the Ecstatica, a letter was forwarded by the Bishop of Bruges to the Bishop of Trent, asking permission for us to enter the convent where she resided. But, it so happened, that this letter, by some mishap or other, did not reach Botzen till after our arrival in the town.

May I here request my good Protestant readers, for obvious reasons, to skip over the following little narrative. It will do them no good;—but, should they read it, probably, it will place me before their eyes, in the unenviable light, either of a knave, or of a dupe:—two characters very repugnant to the feelings of my interior man. I frankly own, that, if I saw any one labouring under a palpable delusion, I would do my best to clear away the mist from before his eyes. And I declare on the word of an honest rover, that, if I had a cheat to deal with, I would expose him before the face of the public; just as I did with the imposter in his barefaced account of the city of Ixymaya, and the two dwarfs named Astégs.

During our stay at Innspruck, the good Jesuit Fathers there, gave us a letter of introduction to the Baron Giovanelli, in Botzen. He was very attentive to us, and most useful at the same time: for he not only furnished us with the necessary

letters, but he returned with us to the hotel, and gave us most interesting information concerning the Ecstatic Virgin, and the cause of her present sojourn at the retired convent of Caldaro.

Caldaro is full three hours' drive by post from Botzen. It lies in the bosom of lofty mountains, and is entirely surrounded by extensive and highly cultivated vineyards, which are interspersed with fruit trees. We passed along the border of a far-spreading morass, on which I hoped to see some water-fowl. But I was disappointed. All was nearly "barren as lances," as the old saying has it. A few carrion crows, half a dozen hawthorn finches, and three common wagtails, were all I saw in ornithology; saving a bird which was quite unknown to me. It appeared to be about the size of our common grey bunting, and with black wings and tail. A huge and almost perpendicular sand-bank flanked the road. To this, it would cling at times; and then it fluttered onwards, as our chaise advanced. Just as I felt certain of getting sufficiently near to view its whole plumage, an unlucky boy and girl suddenly made their appearance ahead of us, and completely frustrated my expectations. We saw no more of it.

Caldaro is a pretty rural village, in which is situated the convent where Maria Mörl the Ecstatica resides.

This day, November 1st, being the Festival of All Saints, was unpropitious to our visit. We could not have arrived at a more inconvenient time for seeing Father Capistrani, to whom we had our letter of introduction from the Baron of Botzen. The whole of it till noon, was occupied in his conventual duties: and he was engaged again, after dinner, at vespers for the day's festival; and at other vespers again, a little later, for the following day of All Souls.

On account of these pressing duties, Father Capistrani could not possibly be at liberty to attend us, until a quarter before five o'clock in the afternoon.

By appointment then, it was arranged that we should meet him, at that hour, in the church of the convent, where resides Maria Mörl, the Ecstatic Virgin of the famed Tyrol.

Father Capistrani is a monk of the Order of St. Francis. His fine form and placid countenance were wonderfully striking; and they gave us an assurance in advance, of our good fortune in having an introduction to him.

The convent where Maria Mörl sojourns, is about five minutes' walk from his own, and a trifle higher up in the mountain. We were already in the church attached to it, when we saw the

venerable Father Capistrani approaching to the portal.

We immediately went up to him; and after the usual salutations on similar occasions, he received our letter; and then, in the most obliging manner possible, he led us up to the room occupied by the Ecstatica.

He opened her door softly, and we all entered; viz: Miss Edmonstone; Miss H. Edmonstone; their maid, Mary Day; our footman, William Ireland; and myself.

The room is of common size, neither large nor small. The bed itself on which the virgin kneels, is quite plain, and has no curtains. The walls are hung with holy pictures. The head of her bed, and one side of it, come in contact with the wall. The foot of it, may be about two yards, or perhaps not quite so much, (so far as I could judge), from the other wall. On the wall at the head of the bed, there is suspended a large and beautiful crucifix; and another equally large and beautiful, hangs on the wall at the foot of the bed; and over this crucifix, is a grand and well-executed picture of the holy Mother of God.

The Ecstatica was on her knees, with her face turned to this crucifix and picture. She appeared quite motionless; her eyes being stedfastly fixed

upon these sacred objects. During the whole time that I stood by the side of the bed, gazing at her holy countenance, I could not perceive the smallest movement in the eyes. I now went up to Father Capistrani, and respectfully said to him, in Latin, that there was not quite sufficient light in the apartment. He gave me to understand by a nod of his head, and a look at two unlighted candles, which were on a little oratory, next the wall at the foot of the bed, that he would light one of them immediately, by the candle which he held in his hand. He did so: and with the additional light from it we had a full and very distinct view of the angel countenance before us. She was still on her knees, keeping her eyes immovably fixed upon the crucifix before them; and her body seemed unmoved, as though it had been a statue. Her hands were joined devotionally under her chin; whilst her hair, and the rest of her person, were just as they have been represented by portraits taken of her.

When we had fully satisfied our curiosity, Father Capistrani desired her to come out of ecstasy. She obeyed immediately; and then lay reclined with her head on the pillow. Her countenance was that which we suppose common to the angels; and on her face could be clearly descried her calm resignation to the will of her adorable Creator.

Father Capistrani told us that we might take hold of her hand. It was her left hand that was nearest to us; and Miss Edmonstone, her sister, and myself, availed ourselves of the permission. Whilst we were in the act of holding it, she suddenly placed herself upon her knees, by a movement which I am convinced no other mortal could effect. I had never seen the like in the whole course of my life; and I cannot describe it in a manner to give a correct idea of what I then witnessed. The reader must imagine to himself a person lying recumbent on his back, and then arising to an upright position without bending the knees, or making any use of his hands.

No sooner had she got upon her knees, than she fell into ecstasy, with her eyes fixed on the crucifix at the foot of the bed; and in her appearance she seemed to be noways altered from that in which we had observed her on our first entering the apartment.

I myself distinctly saw, and felt with my own fingers, the cicatrix on her left hand; but her right hand being out of my reach on account of her position, it was not in my power to examine it.

Father Capistrani now informed us, that the Ecstatica was in the act of praying: and in about a couple of minutes after this he desired her to

return to herself. She instantly obeyed ; and then we all recommended ourselves, and our absent friends, to a remembrance in her prayers. She spoke not one word, so I could not learn the tone of her voice.

Just at this time she made a sign to the Father Confessor to hand her a box, which was upon a little table near the window. There happened to be two boxes on it, and by mistake, he gave her the wrong one. On observing this she shewed, by a sign, that it was the other box which she wanted, and then the good Father immediately gave it to her. The Ecstatica took two holy prints out of it, and presented them to Miss Edmonstone ; then, three to Miss Helen ; two to myself ; and two to each of our servants.

During our interview, which lasted over twenty minutes, she had relapsed into ecstasy several times, and was as often recalled from it by the intervention of her Father Confessor.

There was a Barbadoes dove in a cage at the farthest end of the room. I conjectured that it was the property of her female attendant ; or perhaps, that it was kept in the room as an emblem of the Ecstatica's innocence and purity. A few ripe apples were on the window board ; and two or three small rolls of bread upon a little table near it.

Having asked Father Capistrani if she took ordinary sustenance, he replied that she scarcely took any at all: a very few grapes in the season, an apple or so,—a piece of bread not larger than your finger, was all she would eat,—and these, added he, at long intervals from each other. But this, he considered, with a little water, was by no means enough to support health in the common course of nature.

This Ecstatic Virgin of the Tyrol has now been eleven years the admiration of these romantic regions far and near: but not all the time at this particular convent. Whilst her father and mother were alive she stayed with them; but, at their death, she was invited to her present abode of peace and piety, for very obvious reasons.

On the day of our visit to the convent we found the Ecstatica dressed in a white robe, tied close round her waist by a slender cord, and nothing more. Her confessor assured us that she had the holy wounds of our Saviour's crucifixion on her feet, as well as on her hands. However, being perfectly satisfied with his word, I should have considered it neither proper nor decorous in me, to have requested the favor of an inspection. Indeed it was by no means to be wished for in the present conjuncture, as I had already inspected

minutely the cicatrix on her left hand, upon which I had placed my two fingers, with studied care and gentleness. My sisters did the same. All this time Father Capistrani had stood a little distance from us in respectful comportment, and had never opened his lips, except when a word or two of information were required by us.

We had now remained in the room a sufficient length of time to satisfy both our curiosity and our edification; so I retired to the place where Father Capistrani was standing, and after making a respectful bow to the confessor, I thanked him, in the Latin language, for his kindness and his services to us on the present occasion. He bowed lowly in his turn; and then I beckoned to my sisters, as much as to say, that it was time for us to depart.

We all took a long farewell of the Ecstatica, and slowly left the room, with our faces turned to the Tyrolean Virgin, and our eyes devotedly fixed upon her; Father Capistrani holding the door open with one hand, whilst he pressed the other to his breast, as we departed from the room.

The Ecstatica had now returned to the position in which we had first observed her, and had fixed her fine blue eyes upon the crucifix before her. I was the last to descend the staircase, on which I

tarried for a while, in hopes that I might have once more the opportunity of assuring Father Capistrani how much we considered ourselves indebted to him for his valuable services. But, I was disappointed in my expectations. We were doomed to see his venerable face no more, for he had descended, we suppose, to his convent by another flight of steps. I fear that we must have broken in upon his precious time, and sacerdotal arrangements; as this day had been to him one of unmitigated duty; being the glorious festival, known throughout all Catholic Christendom, under the denomination of All Saints.

On descending to our hotel, three circumstances forcibly presented themselves to my mind. Firstly, the extraordinary scene which we had just witnessed, probably never to be observed again; secondly, the mild and imposing demeanour of Father Capistrani; and thirdly, the total absence of anything like studied show, or the smallest attempt to represent things in an interested point of view; or indeed, to represent them in any view at all. For it was no easy matter to gain admission to the Ecstatica; and after we had gained that admission, we were left entirely to our own discernment and conclusions.

The fixed posture of the Ecstatica, and then, the

occasional transitions from it, floated perpetually before my eyes after we had reached the hotel; and it haunted me to the very hour of my repose for the night. Her existence seemed to be that of a privileged being, exempt from the common law of mortality; and ready, whenever heaven should will it, to take its flight to the everlasting mansions of the blessed in another world.

Now, what I ask, will my good Protestant readers say to this most extraordinary narrative,—true and correct as I have a soul to save? It is, and it will be utterly inexplicable to them, so long as they continue to stand aloof from the ancient faith; which, they have been informed, by Acts of Parliament, from the days of the sad change, is both damnable and idolatrous.

Under such an impression, how can I expect to persuade them, that a religion so stained and so condemned can possibly be in favor with heaven? Wherefore, I ought not to be put out of sorts, if, on this occasion, I myself, am considered by them as an incorrigible dupe. All then that remains for me, is to comfort myself with the old adage, “*sic mundo est stultus, qui tibi Christe sapit.*”

On leaving Botzen, we shaped our course for Trent,—Trent, so well known in ecclesiastical history. The road is nearly level, and winds

along the base of lofty mountains; whilst the intervening land has the appearance of a continuous vineyard. Recent rains had much impaired it in many places, and had forced down gravel and huge pieces of rock into the cultivated plain, causing lamentable spoliation. Men were standing ready, by order of the Austrian Government, to assist arriving carriages; but they refused our offer to remunerate them for their labour!

I only saw one solitary crow, and a small flock of finches throughout the whole of this day: birds indeed, seem to be forbidden all protection in this portion of our earthly paradise, which, as far as ornithology is concerned, may be compared to Ovid's memorable description of Famine.

The railway to Venice, is supported by such a length of arches, that it fairly astounds the beholder. There must be good doings at the Hotel d' Europe in this ancient city; for we had scarcely got into it, when I spied a sleek and well fed Hanoverian rat, basking in a sunny nook. It looked at us with the most perfect indifference, as much as to say, "I have capital pickings here, both for myself and my relatives." How well this plodding animal contrives to fatten both in a cold climate and in a warm one! Although so late in the season, we could perceive numerous bats over our heads as we

were sitting in the gondola. Woodcocks were lying at the shop windows in great abundance.

If you chance to be near the Church of St. Mark just at the time of "Ave Maria," when the people of Venice stand in the street with their hats off, and say a short prayer of thanksgiving for the blessings received during the day, you will see a man with a light in each hand before a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Popular tradition concerning it is, that a murder had been committed in one of the streets. After the assassin had effected his deed of blood, he took to his heels, and thus escaped detection : but, he dropped the bloody knife, near where the body of his victim lay. On the following morning, a poor shoemaker at an early hour, had left his house to take his usual walk ; and most unfortunately for himself, he had an empty knife case in his pocket. On his being taken up by the police, and his person searched, this case was found to fit exactly, the fatal knife ; and upon this demonstrative evidence, the shoemaker was executed.

At a later period, the real murderer was taken up, and confessed his crime. The republic of Venice, then ordered, that two torches should always be lighted at the hour of Ave Maria, in commemoration of the innocent shoemaker's fate ;

and to this day, his soul is remembered in the prayers of the citizens.

At Venice, the kind Jesuit Fathers gave us a letter of introduction to those of Loretto. Pigeons in the city of Venice are remarkably numerous. They retire to roost, and also make their nests in the façades of the churches, and behind the ornamental statues of the saints, and in the holes of the walls, where scaffolding is used. These pigeons are uncommonly tame, and I question if they have any owners. Cats and dogs being scarce in Venice, may be one cause of a plentitude of pigeons.

I am very averse to Italian cooking in general. We had a dish one day, which by its appearance and the sliminess of its sauce, I took to be a compound of cat and snail. When I shrugged up my shoulders at it, and refused to take it on my plate, as the waiter presented it to me, I could perceive by the expression of his face, that the scoundrel pitied my want of taste.

At the town of Monsilice, there was nothing in the way of Natural History; saving, that, in passing along the street, there was a goodly matron sitting on a stool, and with her thumb-nails impaling poachers in the head of a fine young woman, probably her own daughter. On our way to this town, I observed a fair sprinkling of carrion crows, but nothing more.

The morning on which we left Monsilice for Bologna, was dark and gloomy: but, towards noon the sun broke out in all his glory. Butterflies and wasps were on the wing, even though we were in the month of November; and I could perceive cats sunning themselves at the windows of the houses on the side of the road.

Finches and sparrows were not uncommon, but not a crow, nor a daw, nor a magpie could be observed. Plenty of more than usually large turkeys, evidently of this year's breed, were in great abundance; and very numerous also were dunghill fowls in the adjacent fields, and at the barn doors of the farm houses. Dogs, upon the whole, seemed scarce. Teal and widgeons in abundance.

Whilst in this city, the Marquis Frasoni, eldest brother of the Cardinal, gave us an introduction to the Church, where, in an adjoining apartment, is kept the incorrupt body of St. Catherine of Bologna. We saw it, and we had the finest opportunity of examining it with great attention.

If a splendid appearance were to constitute the real comforts of an hotel, certainly, the one in which we took up our quarters here, would gain the prize of merit. But there were serious drawbacks. O ye nasty people of Bologna, of what

avail are your gorgeous palaces, your cookery and fruits, whilst your temples to the goddess Cloacina are worse than common pigstyes.

At Rimini, now celebrated for its miraculous picture of the blessed Virgin, we could see the larger and the smaller species of bats, on wing, as the night set in. Here again, large turkeys and common fowls were most numerous. The horses are no great things: but there are potent mules and asses. Some of the carts cut a droll appearance, by having three beasts abreast, closely allied to each other, but not forming one distinct family. Thus, you would see a horse harnessed on one side, and an ass on the other, whilst the middle place was occupied by the mule, their strong and stubborn half brother. The oxen are nearly all one color. They are docile, large and beautiful. Animals, "sine fraude dolisque." Huge fat red pigs, some of them with white faces, might be seen, well packed in curiously formed carts. Judging by their plump appearance, and likewise by this particular kind of conveyance, I suspected, that this was their last journey, and the last day they had to live.

The weather was now remarkably fine. Fleas were vigorously skipping about, but we neither saw nor felt a bug.

At Pesaro, I had a tough contest with the postmaster, a cunning, positive, black-eyed native of Italy. He saw that we were bent on proceeding: and he forced us to take more post-horses than we had ever taken before.

At Case Brusciate our journey had well nigh terminated sadly to our cost. One horse fell down whilst going at a gallop; and in an instant, both itself and the off leader were on their backs in the ditch alongside of the road. How it happened that they did not drag the carriage after them, I cannot comprehend. The fore wheel sank deep in the soft earth, which partially gave way under the weight. Had the carriage moved a trifle more, nothing could have prevented a total smash.

Although exposed to imminent danger, my sisters behaved nobly. Not a shriek, not a sigh escaped from their mouths; and when we had managed to get them out of the carriage, they retired to a safe distance from it, with wonderful composure, and silently awaited the termination. But on many other occasions when danger has been apprehended, their self-command has been worthy of all admiration.

In the meantime, the prostrate leader kept striking out at intervals, till at last his foot got jammed in the spokes of the fore wheel. Our position was bad indeed. Every moment I expected

that the fettered leg of the horse would be broken. However, by dint of exertion, and help from people on the road, we got the leg released and the horses on their feet again; so that we were enabled to reach Ancona.

Although the Adriatic had been in view for the best part of the day, we saw not a single gull of any species. But there were abundance of larks and finches on the sea-shore; and Miss Helen pointed out some scamps going after them with a gun. One vagabond had a Civetta owl at the top of a long pole: a common practice here, to decoy the poor birds to their destruction. Whilst I was condemning it, our attention was drawn to an amusing young hero, who was wrestling most manfully with a jet black half grown pig. He got the better of it, seized both its hind legs, and then forced it to walk on, as a biped; putting us in mind of a man with a wheel-barrow. At last he jerked it into a large hole full of water and washed it well; himself laughing immoderately, and seemingly proud of the adventure. Cats were plentiful; taking the sun as they sat on the roofs of the houses.

Loretto stands upon a mountain of vineyards, surrounded by other high mountains, also cultivated for the grape.

The celebrated Church of our Lady is most magnificent: whilst the Santa Casa within it, surpasses all attempt at description. The inside of the Santa Casa's walls are in their pristine state; but those outside are entirely covered with sculptured marble, chiselled by the first artists of the times.

That Supreme Being, who can raise us all at the last day, could surely order the Santa Casa, which was inhabited by the Blessed Virgin, when she lived in Nazareth, to be transported from Judea to the place where it now stands; if such were His will and pleasure. There are authentic proofs of its miraculous transition; but the belief of it is optional with every Catholic, as the Church has pronounced nothing on the subject. Millions upon millions of pilgrims have already visited it, and millions in times to come, will, no doubt, follow their example. I believe in the miracle.

The road onwards, from Loretto to Rome, offered us very scanty gleanings in ornithology. All that we saw, was a few finches and carrion crows. The pigs here are mostly black, and stand high on their legs; but not quite so high as those of Belgium. The mules and asses seemed to be well taken care of; and the oxen are beautiful. Although the day was deliciously warm, and although I cast my

eyes upon every sunny bank which presented itself, still, I could not observe a single lizard. These pretty little children of summer, were all in their winter's sleep, safe and secure from harm.

But, now ornithology was certainly on the mending hand. Large flocks of finches flitted on before us, whilst jays and magpies assured us by their harsh notes and their chatterings, that they were safe from the poison and exterminating guns of such fell destroyers as our English gamekeepers.

Still, this unexpected treat in animated nature, could only be considered as accidental at the best; for from Calais to Rome, the traveller may pronounce the country on each side of the highway, little better than a barren wilderness so far as regards living wild animals. It is clear then, that the traveller, journeying on from town to town in continental districts, will be sadly disappointed if he expects to find even a very moderate shew of birds in the surrounding country. But, that birds do frequent these regions in vast abundance, is beyond all doubt, by the ample supply to be found in every town during the season; especially in Rome, where the daily consumption and supply almost surpass belief.—I have known seventeen thousand quails brought to the eternal city in the course of one morning.

Here I will close the scene, and return home; otherwise, I shall never be able to bring this continuation of my autobiography to its proposed termination. I have had an adventure or two of very singular import; and I could wish to unfold them to the eye of the curious reader, ere I bid him adieu for ever, as far as an autobiography is concerned. But, previously to their introduction, I would kindly ask permission to say a word on the Gorham case:—an ecclesiastical affair which has set all England by the ears, except us Catholics, who are not in the least astonished at what has taken place:—knowing, as we know by awful precedents, that those who repudiate unity of faith, have seldom any fixed faith to steer by. In fact, surrounded on every side by the dense mist of religious innovation, they can no longer discern their long lost Northern star.

I own, that I am not prone to revere the Church by law established. Her persecutions and her penal laws together, having doomed my family long ago, to pick up its scanty food in the barren pastures allotted to Pharoah's lean kine; she keeping possession of all the clover-meadows.

Thus, kind-hearted and benevolent Protestants, will make due allowance, if I give her a thrust, from time to time in these memoirs.

Seeing the Bishops of Exeter and Canterbury hard at work doing mischief both to their own new faith, and to our old one, I bethought me to borrow good (?) Queen Elizabeth, in order to remind these two potent ecclesiastics, that they had better look at home, rather than spend their precious time in condemning, or in supporting a delinquent Pastor of their own new fold.

So, being in a poetical humour, one morning at early dawn, I composed the following for insertion in our much valued Tablet Newspaper. It goes to the sweet and solemn tune of "Cease rude Boreas;" and also of "When the rosy morn appearing." The measure, in my opinion, is by far the most melodious in the English language.

APPARITION OF OLD QUEEN ELIZABETH'S GHOST TO THE
PRELATES OF CANTERBURY AND EXETER.

Church and State in conflict raging,
Filled the realm with dire alarms;
Exeter, his Chief engaging!
Canterbury, fierce in arms.

As their mother law-church staggers,
Underneath each cruel wound,
Suddenly their murderous daggers,
Drop innocuous to the ground.

For behold! in brimstone burning,
From below a phantom rose;

And its eyeball fiercely turning,
Thus addressed the mitred foes :

“ Whilst you Bishops here are boasting
Of the reformation-tricks,
My poor soul is damned and roasting,
On the other side of Styx.

See me punished for the measures,
Which I followed here on earth,
When I stole the sacred treasures,
And to Church by law, gave birth.

O, that in earth's farthest corner,
I had hid my wanton head,
Ere I first became the scorner,
Then the scourge of our old creed.

Villains, bent on holy plunder,
Strove to drive from Albion's shore,
What had been her pride and wonder,
For nine hundred years and more.

Vain have proved their machinations ;
Vain each tyrant act of mine ;
Vain all impious protestations,
Raised against that faith divine.

Still in Albion's sea-girt regions,
Just as when I first began,
This firm faith defies hell's legions,
And dispenses truth to man.

Ours alas ! for ever changing,
 From the period of its dawn,
 Through what lands, no matter, ranging,
 Nothing leaves, save error's spawn.

Warn'd by my sad condemnation,
 Hasten to St. Peter's rock;
 There alone you'll find salvation,
 For yourselves, and for the flock."

This was all.—The royal spectre,
 Sank again to endless night;
 Leaving each law-church director,
 Dumb with horror at the sight.

But, to concluding adventures.

It has been aptly remarked by writers, that death will often spare his victim when far from home, and slay him at last, close to his own fireside.

Thus fell poor Bruce whom Abyssinian toils could not subdue. Death, without a moment's warning, struck him down at the foot of his own staircase. Sancho Panza, was justly of opinion, that there is nothing secure in this life.

A few years ago, the jubilee which takes place once in every fifty years, was to be celebrated in the city of Bruges; and the holy blood of our Redeemer, was to be carried in procession with vast magnificence through the streets. My two

sisters had already set off before me, and I was to follow them in the course of a few days;—urgent business keeping me at home.

So, in due time, I left Yorkshire for London, and thence for Dover by the night train. The night was as dark as pitch, for there was neither moon nor stars; all above being one dense cloud.

On my leaving the station to go on board the Belgian steamer, I threw my Italian cloak over my shoulders, and with a little portmanteau in one hand, and an umbrella in the other, I enquired for the porter. But, he had just been engaged that very moment, by two gentlemen who were on their way that night to Calais; so I thought that I could not do better than keep them company. The porter asked to carry my portmanteau; but as he had already enough of weight upon his shoulders, I answered that I would carry the little portmanteau myself.

The Belgian boat was moored a trifle ahead of the French steamer, and she burnt a blue light. This, he pointed out to me. “You have only, sir,” said he, “to cross the little bridge close by here, and you will be on board the Belgian steamer immediately.” I thanked him and we parted company.

Following his instructions I passed the wooden

bridge; and when I supposed myself at the temporary gangway leading to the vessel—not being able to distinguish land from water, on account of the darkness, O horrible mistake!—I was, in fact, on the very confine of the basin—and at the next step, I sank overhead in the water, after having dropped down some fifteen feet. Death now stared me in the face.

Here, I ought to remark, that I wore the miraculous medal of the Blessed Virgin, so well known throughout all France; and I had daily begged this “*Consolatrix Afflictorum*,” that she would obtain for me, from our dear Redeemer, the favor that I might not die a sudden and unprovided death.

At the first plunge into the water, I heard a voice exclaim from the vessel, “there is somebody overboard:” but not a word more. Stunned and confounded by the awful accident, and not in the least aware whither I was swimming, I had got under the paddle wheel; and there I found support. Just at this critical moment, when through excessive cold and numbness, I was on the point of sinking for the last time; a voice called out in French, “courage, and I will save you.”

In an instant of time a Belgian sailor, seized my hand, and immediately a comrade came to his

assistance. On hearing my cry for help, they had come through the paddle house door on deck, and had descended through the interior of the wheel.

Arrived on board, soaked through and shivering in the midnight blast, two police officers kindly stepped forward to my assistance; and I requested to be conducted to a respectable hotel. The Dover Castle, kept by the widow Dyver, (a most appropriate name on such an occasion) was the nearest to us.

Whilst the good landlady was gazing on me, she appeared greatly affected, and pressed me much to have a doctor. "There is one close at hand," said she, "he will be here in a minute or two." "Madam," I replied, "a doctor will not be necessary: let me have a couple of blankets. I will roll myself up in them, and lie down on the floor by the side of the fire, and I shall be better at break of day." So, I lay me down, without taking any inward consolation in the way of cordial, much to the astonishment of those who were standing by.

Ere the sun rose on the morrow, nature had wonderfully rallied. My cloak, umbrella, hat and portmanteau, had all been picked up, and conveyed to the hotel. The portmanteau and umbrella, had remained fixed in the mud; the cloak had floated to a distance; and the hat had drifted still farther

out. These unlucky remnants of an unlucky misadventure, gave rise to a current report in Dover, that somebody must have perished during the night.

I now began to have hints from within, that I should have to wrestle with a cold and fever. A short cough with pain at the chest, gave me to understand, that a cold bath at midnight, was more likely to do harm than good. Still, I felt great repugnance at the very thought of returning home to my house in Yorkshire.

There was a French steamer in the harbour, to start for Calais in the afternoon. I embraced the opportunity: so, having settled my little account at the hotel; and having thanked the worthy landlady for her attention to an unknown gentleman in distress, I bade her farewell; and whilst shaking her by the hand, I assured her, that, wherever I went, I would never fail to recommend to my friends, the excellent cheer, and comfortable apartments in the Dover castle hotel.

As we parted, she put a card into my hand, with the address, "Hotel de Paris, à Calais, tenu par Charles Ledez." "This, Sir," said the landlady, as she gave it to me, "will be of service to you, on your reaching Calais."

And so indeed it proved to be: for this kind-

hearted French gentleman, did every thing in his power to comfort me. We had a roaring fire at which I gave him a full account of my recent disaster. He remained with me in the coffee room until midnight, when he took a ticket for me by the train for Flanders; got my passport viewed; and thus saved me much trouble at the time when I was the least prepared to undertake it.

Excellent are the accommodations at the hotel de Paris, which is close by the railway. I would never wish for better: So, what with Mrs. Dyver on the English side of the Channel, and Monsieur Ledez on the French side of it, the weary traveller, whoever he may be, is sure to meet with hospitality, cleanliness and attention, as he journeys to and fro.

Arrived at Bruges, I felt assured that I was called upon to pay the piper for my late wintry dance in Dover's unprotected basin.

Symptoms of fever, heats, and shiverings alternately, accompanied by cough, and oppression at the chest, warned me forcibly that it was time to keep a sharp look out.

This was on the eve of the great festival of the Holy Blood. I had come all the way from Yorkshire to be present at it, and I could not well brook a disappointment. Finding things going worse and

worse on the score of health, I resolved at once, to have recourse to the lancet; and I forthwith drew twenty-five ounces of blood from my arm. The operation was crowned with complete success, and I immediately became a new man.

The fever, cough, and headache went away as though by magic. I found myself competent to attend the procession through the streets of the city, for full four hours;—but to make all sure, on the following morning, I took an aperient of twenty grains of jalap, mixed with ten grains of calomel; and this rectified most satisfactorily, all that had been thrown into confusion, caused by the unfortunate midnight dip already pourtrayed.

Before I close these additional memoranda to be attached to the former autobiographical sketch in the first and second volumes of “Essays in Natural History,” I have to describe another mishap of a very dark complexion.

Let me crave the reader’s leave to pen down a few remarks on bone-setting, practised by men called bone-setters, who, on account of the extraordinary advance in the art of surgery, are not now, I fear, held in sufficient estimation amongst the higher orders of society.

Every country in Europe, so far as I know to the contrary, has its bone-setter, independent of the surgeon.

In Johnson's Dictionary, under the article "Bone-setting," we read, that a Sir John Denham exclaimed, "give me a good bone-setter." In Spain the bone-setter goes under the significant denomination of *Algebrista*.

Here in England, however, the vast increase of practitioners in the art of surgery, appears to have placed the old original bone-setter in the shade; and I myself, in many instances, have heard this most useful member of society, designated as a mere quack; but most unjustly so, because a quack is generally considered as one devoid of professional education, and he is too apt to deal in spurious medicines.

But, not so the bone-setter, whose extensive and almost incessant practice makes ample amends for the loss of anything that he might have acquired, by attending a regular course of lectures; or by culling the essence of abstruse and scientific publications. With him, theory seems to be a mere trifle. Practice—daily and assiduous practice, is what renders him so successful in the most complicated cases. By the way in which you put your foot to the ground; by the manner in which you handle an object, the bone-setter through the mere faculty of his sight, oftentimes without even touching the injured part, will tell you where the

ailment lies. Those only, who have personally experienced the skill of the bone-setter, can form a true estimation of his merit in managing fractures, and in reducing dislocations. Further than this, his services in the healing and restorative art would never be looked for. This last is entirely the province of Galen and his numerous family of practitioners.

Wherefore, at the time that I unequivocally avow to have the utmost respect for the noble art of surgery in all its ramifications, I venture to reserve to myself (without any disparagement to the learned body of gentlemen who profess it), sincere esteem for the old practitioners who do so much for the public good amongst the lower orders, under the denomination of British bone-setters.

Many people have complained to me of the rude treatment at the hands of the bone-setter; but, let these complainants bear in mind, that, what has been undone by force, must absolutely be replaced by force; and that, gentle and emollient applications, although essentially necessary in the commencement, and also in the continuation of the treatment, would ultimately be of no avail, without the final application of actual force to the injured parts. Hence the intolerable and excruciating pain on these occasions. The actual state of the accident is to blame; not the operator.

Towards the close of the year 1850, I had reared a ladder, full seven yards long, against a standard pear tree, and I mounted nearly to the top of this ladder with a pruning knife in hand, in order that I might correct an over-grown luxuriance in the tree. Suddenly the ladder swerved in a lateral direction. I adhered to it manfully; myself and the ladder coming simultaneously to the ground with astounding velocity. In our fall, I had just time to move my head in a direction that it did not come in contact with the ground. Still, as it afterwards turned out, there was a partial concussion of the brain. And add to this, my whole side, from foot to shoulder, felt as though it had been pounded in a mill.

In the course of the afternoon, I took blood from my arm to the amount of thirty ounces, and followed the affair up the next day with a strong aperient. I believe, that with these necessary precautions, all would have gone right again, (saving the arm), had not a second misadventure followed shortly on the heels of the first; and it was of so alarming a nature, as to induce me to take thirty ounces more of blood by the lancet.

In order to accommodate the position of my disabled arm, I had put on a Scotch plaid in lieu of my coat, and in it I came to dinner. One day

the plaid having gone wrong on the shoulders, I arose from the chair to rectify it, and the servant supposing that I was about to retire, unluckily withdrew the chair. Unaware of this act on his part, I came backwards to the ground with an awful shock, and this no doubt caused concussion of the brain to a considerable amount.

Symptoms of slowly approaching dissolution now became visible. Having settled with my solicitor all affairs betwixt myself and the world, and with my Father confessor, betwixt myself and my Maker; nothing remained but to receive the final catastrophe with christian resignation. My affectionate sisters, ever on the watch, had telegraphed Doctor Hobson,* of Leeds, their sole remaining hope; whilst my son had taken his departure for a dear friend. The doctor, on his arrival exerted his giant powers with wonderful precision, ordering the immediate application of leeches and blisters to the head. This masterly practice made death surrender his devoted prey; for although, after this, I lay insensible, with hiccups and subsultus tendinum for fifteen long hours,—I at last opened my

* Doctor Hobson found me with spasmodic twitchings, and notwithstanding the previous loss of sixty ounces of blood, ordered the immediate application of one dozen and a half of leeches.

eyes, and gradually arose—I may remark, from my expected ruins.

I must now say a word or two of the externals damaged by the fall with the ladder.

Notwithstanding the best surgical skill, my arm shewed the appearance of stiff and withered deformity at the end of three months from the accident. And now, my general state of health was not as it ought to be;—for incessant pain prevented sleep, whilst food itself did little good. But, my slumbers were strangely affected. I was eternally fighting wild beasts, with a club in one hand, the other being bound up at my breast. Nine bull-dogs one night attacked me on the highroad, some of them having the head of a crocodile. I had now serious thoughts of having the arm amputated. This operation was fully resolved upon, when luckily, the advice of my trusty gamekeeper John Ogden rendered it unnecessary.

One morning, “Master,” said he to me, “I’m sure you’re going to the grave. You’ll die to a certainty. Let me go for our old bone-setter. He cured me, long ago—and perhaps he can cure you.”

It was on the twenty-fifth of March, then, alias Lady-day, which every catholic in the universe knows is a solemn festival in honor of the blessed

Virgin, that, I had an interview with Mr. Joseph Crowther, the well-known bone-setter, whose family has exercised the art, from father to son,—time out of mind.

On viewing my poor remnant of an arm—"your wrist," said he, "is sorely injured; a callous having formed betwixt the hand and the arm. The elbow is out of joint, and the shoulder somewhat driven forwards. This last affair will prevent your raising the arm to your head." Melancholy look out!—"But, can you cure me, doctor," said I? "Yes," replied he firmly;—"only let me have my own way." "Then take the arm and with it, take elbow, wrist and shoulder. I here deliver them up to you. Do what you please with them. Pain is no consideration in this case. I dare say, I shall have enough of it." "You will," said he, emphatically.

This resolute bone-setter, whom I always compared to Chiron the Centaur for his science and his strength, began his operations like a man of business. In fourteen days, by means of potent embrocations, stretching, pulling, twisting and jerking, he forced the shoulder and the wrist to obey him, and to perform their former healthy movements.

The elbow was a complicated affair. It required greater exertions, and greater attention. In fact, it was a job for Hercules himself.

Having done the needful to it (*secundum artem*) for one and twenty days, he seemed satisfied with the progress which he had made; and he said, quite coolly, "I'll finish you off, this afternoon."

At four o'clock, post meridian, his bandages, his plasters, and his wadding having been placed on the table in regular order, he doff'd his coat, tucked his shirt above his elbows, and said, that a glass of ale would do him good. "Then I'll have a glass of soda water with you," said I; "and we'll drink each other's health, and success to the undertaking."

The remaining act was one of unmitigated severity: but it was absolutely necessary.

My sister, Eliza, foreseeing what was to take place, felt her spirits sinking, and retired to her room. Her maid, Lucy Barnes, bold as a little lioness, said she would see it out; whilst Mr. Harrison, a fine young gentleman who was on a visit to me, (and alas, is since dead in California) was ready in case of need.

The bone-setter performed his part with resolution scarcely to be contemplated; but which was really required under existing circumstances.

Laying hold of the crippled arm just above the elbow, with one hand, and below it with the other,

he smashed to atoms, by main force, the callous which had formed in the dislocated joint; the elbow itself crackling, as though the interior parts of it had consisted of tobacco-pipe shanks.

Having pre-determined in my mind, not to open my mouth, or to make any stir during the operation, I remained passive and silent whilst this fierce elbow-contest was raging.—All being now effected, as far as force and skill were concerned,—the remainder became a mere work of time. So putting a five-pound note, by way of extra fee, into this sturdy operator's hand, the binding up of the now rectified elbow-joint was effected by him, with a nicety, and a knowledge truly astonishing. Health soon resumed her ancient right;—sleep went hand in hand with a quiet mind; life was once more worth enjoying; and here I am, just now, sound as an acorn.

About one half-mile from Wakefield's Mammoth prison, on the Halifax road, nearly opposite to a pretty Grecian summer-house, apparently neglected, resides Mr. Joseph Crowther, the successful bone-setter. He has passed the prime of life;—being now in his seventy-seventh year. But unfortunately, he has no son to succeed him. I might fill volumes with the recital of cases which he has brought to a happy conclusion. Two in

particular, dreadful and hopeless to all appearance, have placed his wonderful abilities in so positive a light before my eyes, that I consider him at the head of his profession as bone-setter, and as rectifier of the most alarming dislocations, which are perpetually occurring to man in his laborious journey through this disastrous "vale of tears."

Thus much for accidents by "flood and field." Warned by experience, I shall prefer in future, to mount into trees without the aid of ladders; and should I again have to grope my midnight way along the edge of an unprotected pier, I will bear in mind, at every step, the dismal dip at Dover.

Barring these two sudden and nearly fatal accidents, I have had most excellent health; and whilst engaged in my late annual trips to the continent, in company with my sisters, nothing has intervened to damp the usual flow of spirits.

In Belgium, fine opportunities have occurred, of seeing many rare summer birds of passage. At the ancient castellated villa of Viscount de Croezer, now alas, no more, I could go and hear the "tuneful nightingale charm the forest with its tale," and see the golden orioles at their nests, close to the villa's moat;—a treat denied us here in England, by plundering boys and wanton gun-men, ever on the look out, to steal the eggs and take

the lives of these amusing choristers. I had known the Viscount ever since the year 1796. He was of mild and polished manners, and his loss will be sorely felt by the citizens of Bruges in particular, near to which ancient city, stands his finely ornamented and venerable chateau.

But time gets on apace. An inspection of this silvery head of mine, which has now seen nearly seventy-five long years, gives hints, that henceforth, I shall not have many more adventures, either bright or dark, of sufficient import to merit a reader's notice.

Ere I close this page, I would fain pen down a word or two of a visit which I paid at Christmas, to the good Jesuit Fathers, at Stonyhurst College, now, "into such beauty spread, and blown so fair." The very sight of her lofty towers warms my heart into a full glow of gratitude and friendship for the solicitude with which dear Alma Mater watched over my youthful days; and for the innumerable attentions which she has most kindly shewn to me, up to the present time.

The English nation is too well informed now-a-days to be gulled, (thanks to the change of times and temper,) by the old bigot-cry of away with Friars, Jesuits, Monks and Nuns.

These holy people,—these learned and disinter-

ested members of society, are now again amongst us,—helping the needy,—instructing the ignorant, feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked. Wherever their establishments appear, we may truly say with Jemmy Thomson the poet, that they are, “the good and grace of all the country round.”

So it is with Stonyhurst,—“the safe retreat of health and peace.” Her newly-finished square within the ancient portal,—her recent accommodations for scholastic purposes,—her warm and spacious ambulacrum in case of rain and snow storms, and her magnificent church of cathedral grandeur,—her library and her theatricals prove incontestably, what can be effected, when sterling piety, fine taste, and prudence go hand in hand for the greater glory of God; “*ad majorem Dei Gloriam*,”—the noble motto of the glorious founder, St. Ignatius de Loyola.

And now let me observe, that, our higher orders of society, have not the whole of the honey, from this productive hive. Here the poor, whom our dear redeemer has so often, and so pathetically recommended to the care of all his followers, find pity, food, and comfort.

Without any formal visit on the part of paid inspectors, without occasional announcements from

the press;—but silently and bountifully from the hand of a humble lay-brother, the poor receive a charitable dole:—upwards of sixty gallons of nutritious soup being distributed to them twice a week, the year throughout, with bread in addition to all who shall apply for it.

On looking back to the days of sacrilege and rapine, when an adulterous king with his cormorant court, first plundered our holy monasteries, and then destroyed them; (thus paving the way for poor rates and union-houses;) my heart turns sick and falters in its beat. Heaven will bless the venerable fathers, who have restored to the poor their long lost halcyon times. Aye, it has already blessed them a hundred fold, in their long and arduous struggle of more than sixty years. The poor themselves, will pray aloud for farther blessings on the College of Stonyhurst, at the gates of which, that touching plaint of

“Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,

Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,

O give relief, and heaven will bless your store,”

is never made in vain.

Kind reader—a few words more, and then, fare thee well.

Some sixty years ago, my father put into my

hand a little iron cannon ball; requesting, at the same time, that, I would never allow it to go out of the family keeping. "It was used," said he, "against Oliver Cromwell, when he attacked our house." My father then gave me the following account:—

"At that period, the old gateway was three stories high; and on the top of it was placed an iron swivel-gun, to carry balls the size of that which you now hold in your hand. Our people who were defending the place, against the attack of the Marauder, having observed one of his men going up the footpath through an adjacent wood, with a keg on his shoulder, for a supply of ale from the village; imagined that he would return by the same route. Under this supposition, the swivel-gun was pointed to bear on the path. When the returning soldier came in sight, the gun was discharged at him with so just an aim, that the ball fractured his leg. Tradition from father to son, pointed out the spot where the ball had entered the ground. Long before you were born," added my father, "curiosity caused me to dig for the ball at the place which had been pointed out; and there I found it, nine inches deep under the sod." So far my father.

The year before last, (1855) perceiving that the

drift mud had accumulated vastly in the lake, I determined to cut a channel three and twenty feet deep, through the intervening rock to the level below; in order to effect a drainage for the water, which hitherto had discharged itself from a sluice, merely acting as a by-wash.

On the 12th of March, 1857, being at sludging-work, close to the old gateway, and in front of it; we found an iron swivel cannon, eight feet deep in the mud, and resting on the remains of the ancient bridge. The little iron ball, mentioned above, seems to have been cast to fit this gun. I have no doubt in my own mind, but that this is the gun, and this the ball which were used at the period of the defence. We have since found several musket bullets, a sword blade, a battle spear, two daggers, the heads of a hammer and an axe, many coins, three or four keys of very ancient shape, a silver spur, and two silver plates, all deep in the mud, and within the woodwork of the former bridge.

Up to the time of this discovery, nothing whatever had been known of these articles. But my Father often said, that our plate was put under water when Charley Stuart's father made his appearance from abroad.

The following historical fact, will possibly let out the long concealed secret, touching the gun and the minor arms.

After the fatal battle of Culloden, our house was ransacked for arms, by an officer sent hither on the part of government.

When the inmates of the house saw, with anger, what was going on; I can easily fancy, that they would do all in their power to baffle the government intruder; and that they then took their opportunity of hurling into the lake below, what arms they could lay hold of: the swivel cannon amongst the rest.

How varied is the turn of fortune! Success in battle, or the want of it, makes a man a patriot or a rebel. My family, solely on account of its conservative principles, and of its unshaken loyalty in the cause of royal hereditary rights, was by the failure at Culloden's bloody field, declared to be rebellious; and its members had to suffer confiscation, persecution and imprisonment. It had the horror to see, in a foregoing century, a Dutchman declared the sovereign lord of all great Britain; and subsequently, Hanoverian princes, and Hanoverian rats called over from the continent, in order to fatten on our fertile plains of England.

A NEW HISTORY
OF
THE MONKEY FAMILY.

“EX FUMO DARE LUCEM.”

HAVING formerly placed the ant-bear and the sloth in a true position with regard to their habits, which had never been properly described; I could wish to say a word or two on those of monkeys, ere the cold hand of death “press heavy on my eyelids;” for having now been an inhabitant of this planet some seventy-four years, every rising sun informs me, that my mortal course is drawing to its close; and methinks, that beautiful verse of the poet comes aptly home to me, “Omnem crede diem, tibi diluxisse supremum.”

The study of zoology is not so simple now, as it formerly used to be. Our learned instructors in this pleasing art, have fabricated systems so abstruse, so complicated, and so mystified withal, that I find little pleasure, and still less profit in perusing the books which contain them.

Indeed, I candidly avow, that I am not learned

enough to comprehend the exact meaning of many newly coined words, whilst the divisions, and subdivisions of species in the birds, perplex me beyond measure, and ever and anon, make me as angry as the "fretful porcupine."

So that, when I have managed to struggle through a few chapters of modern improvements in the arrangement and nomenclature of animated nature, I feel none the better for the labour.

Not long ago in glancing over a history of monkeys, which had been sent by a friend for my perusal, I had to pronounce the following words, and comprehend their meaning: "Cereopithecus, Gallitrix, Sciureus, Oristile, Arachnoides, Subpentadactylus, Hypoxanthus, Platyrrhini, Pygerythreus," etc.

Possibly I may be wrong in noticing these abstruse words, as, for ought I know to the contrary, they may be essentially necessary in these times of scientific novelty, to help the young naturalist in his journey onwards to the temple of fame.

Towards the close of the last century, I well remember, when Billy Pitt's tax upon hair-powder changed the very nature of ornamental hairdressing. The barbers were all up in arms; and tails, both pig and club, as they were then termed, fell in an universal massacre.

One order alone deemed it important to retain the grotesque absurdities of former days. The lawyers stood true to the powdered wig and gown, and have patronised them up to the present hour, in spite of their uncouth appearance. The general impression was, that gowns of unmeaning shape, and hoary wigs with greasy curls and downward tails, added dignity and consequence both to judge and council.

I verily believe, that if an unfortunate criminal, just now were defended by a serjeant-at-law, without his professional wig and gown; and then condemned to death by my lord judge in plain clothes, the people would exclaim, "that poor devil has not had a fair trial!"

So it is with natural history. Divest a book, on birds for example, of its unintelligible nomenclature, together with its perplexing display of new divisions; and then it will soon be declared deficient in the main points, and be condemned to slumber on the dusty shelf.

If, in this little treatise on monkeys, I shall succeed in imparting a love for natural history into the minds of my young readers; and at the same time convince them, how much is gained in the field, and how little in the closet, my time and labour will be well repaid.

I will introduce no harsh words to confound them, nor recommend to them, systems, which at best, are unsatisfactory inventions. All that I have got to say, shall be placed before them in so clear a point of view, that every reader, be his education light or solid, will be able to comprehend my meaning: and nothing more than this can be required.

Let us now proceed to investigate the form and economy of a race of animals, which, although known so early as the time in which Aristotle lived, still even in our own days of supposed universal knowledge, seem to be but imperfectly understood.

The whole family of those amusing and interesting animals usually denominated monkeys, stands conspicuous in the catalogue of animals. I shall at once divide it into four distinct departments, without any reference to subdivisions: and this plan will be quite sufficient for the instruction of our young naturalists.

I would wish to impress upon their minds, that notwithstanding what ancient and modern philosophers have written to the contrary, monkeys are inhabitants of trees alone, when left in their own freedom; that, like the sloth, they are produced, and live and die in the trees: and that, they rarely

or never resort to the ground, except through accident or misfortune.

I would also entreat young naturalists to consider well, and always bear in mind the formation of the extremities of the four limbs of a monkey. This animal, properly so speaking, is neither a quadruped, nor what moderns now style a quadrumanus, that is, a creature with four hands. The two limbs of its fore parts, may safely be termed hands to all intents and purposes. Whilst the two limbs of its hind quarters, are, in reality, neither hands nor feet; but, "centaur like," partake of the nature of both; their fore part, being well defined fingers, and the hind part, a perfectly formed heel. Hence, we are not surprised at the self possession which these agile animals exhibit, when left to their own movements in their native woods.

In my arrangement then, of the monkey family, I place the ape at its head: secondly the baboon; thirdly the monkey with an ordinary tail; and fourthly the monkey with a prehensile tail.

The ape is entirely without a tail, and in this he resembles man. He is an inhabitant of the old world only.

The baboon has a short tail, somewhat in appearance, like the tails of our own pointer dogs, truncated and deformed by the useless and wanton

caprice of civilized man. It is an inhabitant of the old world only.

The monkey with an ordinary tail, long and bushy in some species, and only with a moderate supply of hair in others, is found in both continents, and in several of their adjacent islands.

The monkey with a prehensile tail, when in its wild state, is never found except in America; so that it is entirely confined to the new world; and of course, was never heard of in the other three quarters of the globe, until the discovery of that country by the Europeans.

This prehensile tail is a most curious thing. It has been denominated very appropriately, a fifth hand. It is of manifest advantage to the animal, either when sitting in repose on the branch of a tree, or when in its journey onwards in the gloomy recesses of the wilderness.

You may see this monkey catching hold of the branches with its hands, and at the same moment, twisting its tail round one of them, as if in want of additional support; and this prehensile tail is sufficiently strong to hold the animal in its place, even when all its four limbs are detached from the tree; so that it can swing to and fro, and amuse itself, solely through the instrumentality of its prehensile tail, which, by the way, would be of

no manner of use to it, did accident or misfortune force the monkey to take up a temporary abode on the ground. For several inches from the extremity, by nature and by constant use, this tail has assumed somewhat the appearance of the inside of a man's finger, entirely denuded of hair or fur underneath, but not so on the upper part. By way of recapitulation then, let the young naturalist, when he turns his thoughts on the monkey family, always bear in mind, that, a monkey without a tail, is a real ape, found only in the eastern parts of the old world: that a monkey with a short tail, like that of a mutilated pointer dog, is a baboon from the same regions: but that a monkey with a long tail of common appearance, may be an inhabitant either of the old world, or of the new; and lastly, that when a monkey presents itself before him, with a prehensile tale, he may be as sure as he is of the rising sun, it is from the never ending forests of the new world.

The termination of all the four limbs in every known monkey, is pretty nearly the same, varying only in some trifling particulars in certain species. Thus, for example, the thumb is longer in some than others; and in others again, the fingers of what are usually styled the hands, from the knuckles to the first joint, are connected, and give the hand a somewhat unsightly appearance.

Nevertheless, these variations from the general form, are so trivial and unimportant that they are hardly worth notice; and they affect not materially, the ordinary appearance of the limb: so that, were the four hands of a monkey, (no matter from what part of our globe) cut off and presented for inspection, the inspecting naturalist, would know at the first glance, that they had belonged to a monkey, and to a monkey alone.

In other animals a man may be deceived. Thus, it would require a keen and knowing eye, to distinguish the feet of some wolves, from those of some dogs; and the feet of jackals, may, occasionally be confounded with the feet of foxes. But, there is no mistaking what are usually termed, the hands or the feet of a monkey. There is nothing like them, in any other animals, throughout the whole range of animated nature. From the huge ape of Borneo in the east, down to the minute Sacawinki of Guiana in the west, we may be quite assured that they can be recognized most easily, on the very first inspection.

Let the enterprising young naturalist pause a little here, and bring to his mind, the singular formation of a monkey. Omnipotence has given various shapes of feet to various animals: and these feet support the respective animals on the

ground, with most admirable ease and aptness. But, with the monkey it is not so. We can find nothing in the economy of its feet so called, to demonstrate that they are intended for the ground. The projecting thumb, and the long toes or fingers, argue that they are inadequate for a journey on land, or even to make it a temporary abode, now and then, for pleasure or for ease. Indeed, their delicacy and tenderness shew beyond dispute, that they have not been in the habit of coming in contact with the sand and the flints on the paths which nearly all other animals pursue.

These considerations force one to conclude, that, monkeys, although gifted with astonishing power of limb, are destined by the wisdom of Providence to have a region of their own. And when I shall have placed them in it, I trust that I shall be able to prove by the very nature of tropical forests, that, trees can support, and do support, the entire family of monkeys, apart from the ground in evident security, and with a never-ending supply of most nutritious food.

By way of varying the dull monotony of hacknied description, I will introduce here, a conversation betwixt an ant-bear and a howler or preacher monkey; although, most probably, at the risk of displeasing scientific compilers, and of incurring

their monitory censure. Still, methinks, it will not be altogether lost upon the general reader. It will tend to show the true habits of two animals, hitherto but imperfectly known.

DIALOGUE.

“I thought that you inhabitants of the trees, Mr. howler,” said the ant-bear, “never troubled the ground?” “I thought so too,” replied the preacher monkey, “until very lately. But, I fancy that I must have got drunk one night at a party of our preachers. All I remember was, that I came whack to the ground; and that soon after daylight I found myself on a man’s shoulders, and he was carrying me off, When I had recovered my senses sufficiently to know what was going on, I made my teeth meet in his ugly cheek. So he threw me down and left me to myself. All this was pure accident: but here alas, I am, with my back broken, and for ever incapacitated from returning to the trees, which are my native haunts.” “I see clearly,” replied the ant-bear, “that you are out of your element: but pray, Mr. howler,” continued he, “how many of you howler monkeys assemble together, when you have determined to give the woods a benefit of your preaching? We are gravely told by an author, that you assemble for that purpose.” “The idea of our howling

in concert," rejoined the preacher monkey, "is most absurd. 'Tis the invention of a wag,—believed and handed down in writing, by some closet-naturalist or other. Gentlemen of this last description, seldom possess discrimination enough to distinguish truth from error. They will just as soon, (most unintentionally no doubt,) offer husks, left by swine, for sound corn. Had one compiler not referred his readers to a work, written by a man, whom he styles 'an eccentric writer,' the public would still be ignorant of my true history. Now, that 'eccentric writer' disdain- ing information acquired in the closet, dashed boldly into the heart of our tropical forests, and there convinced himself that one solitary individual of my tribe, produces by his own efforts alone, all those astounding sounds, which naturalists have attributed to a whole bevy of monkeys assembled on the trees to howl in concert. But you, Mr. ant-bear, if reports be true, are said to get your daily food from ants' nests, high up in the forest trees?" "Mr. howler," replied the ant-bear, "if writers on natural history, bring *you* to the ground from the tops of the trees, in order that you may find your daily food, I dont see why these gentlemen should not elevate *me* to the tops of trees, in quest of mine."

“Now, good Mr. howler, pray look at my hind feet, and examine them well. They are just like those of a dog, totally unfit for climbing, whilst the fore ones are most unlikely for that purpose. The curvature of the three long claws, added to the inward bending of the foot itself, ought to convince anybody, one would think, that we ant-bears, draw no nutriment from ants’ nests in the high trees of the forest. ’Tis quite true, that huge ants’ nests are seen amongst the trees; but, it does not follow from this, that we are to place our lives in jeopardy by attempting to draw our food from them. The ground itself swarms with millions upon millions of insects, fat and healthy, through the whole extent of our wooded empire. Upon these ants I exist. Neither am I in fear of an enemy. My skin is tough enough to resist the teeth of an hungry tiger, whilst my claws are the dread of every rushing foe.”

“Then,” remarked the howler monkey, “our respective customs are opposite in the extreme. You draw your nutriment from the ground, whilst I procure mine from the trees. You would perish in the trees, and I should die on the ground for want of food. Were I to abandon the trees, and be attacked on the ground, my death would be certain; for I can neither save myself by flight

nor by fight. In the trees alone, I am safe:—whilst you, Mr. ant-bear, would be awkwardness itself in a tree, and would soon wish yourself down again.”

Here the conversation ended;—and from it we may infer, that the information acquired by the “eccentric writer” in the heart of the forest, is more to be depended upon, than that of the scientific compiler, who draws up the history of monkeys in his own ornamented study.

I can well imagine, that, an attempt, on my part, to place in a new light, the hitherto accepted habits of the monkey family, carries with it an appearance of presumption, bordering perhaps, on self-sufficiency.

How is it likely, sages will remark, that we can possibly be in ignorance of the true economy of an animal, known and described before the days of our redemption? Is then the knowledge of Linnæus,—the industry of Buffon,—the researches of Dampier, and the opinions of gone-by writers to be thrown into the back-ground, by one, of little notice in the walks of science? To say nothing of our modern adepts in zoology, whose herculean labours have enkindled such a galaxy of light in every department of natural history; and have shown to the world, what study,—what

investigation,—and what talents can effect when properly directed? Are all these champions in error, when treating of the monkey family? To this, I answer, have a little patience, courteous reader, everything shall be explained. In the course of this treatise, I will do my best to remove from my old grandmother's nurseries, accounts of the monkey family, which deserve a better place; allowing at the same time a multitude of absurdities to remain there, as mental food for little children.

Before I proceed to examine minutely the movements and the haunts of the monkey tribe, in a state of pristine freedom, and to place every individual of it, in an entirely new point of view before my readers, I would fain draw their attention to an ape found in Gibraltar. It is called the magot by French naturalists, and is an exception from the general rule,—on account of its peculiar locality.

Portentous circumstances, in some very remote period, quite unknown to us, may possibly have placed this insignificant portion of the widely extending family, in its present ambiguous position.

Or perhaps, even man himself, the everlasting interferer with the brute creation, may, in the ardour of a whim, have conveyed a few African

apes to the rock of Gibraltar, and left them there to propagate their kind. If so, the existence of apes on this stupendous fortress, may safely be accounted for, without any particular stretch of imagination on our part.

But, I believe, there is nothing on record to shew, that this establishment of an apish colony had ever taken place.

Still, curiosity is often on the alert to discover how this ape found its way to the rock of Gibraltar; and by what means it has managed to protect and support itself in a locality so devoid of forest, and so exposed to the rush of commerce, and the roar of cannon. It is an ape in form and feature, possessing the same powers of mimicry, so notorious throughout the whole family of the monkey; nor is there anything observable in its nature to warrant a suspicion, that it would deviate from the habits of its congeners, were it placed, like them, in the unbounded regions of freedom and repose.

At present, the ape of Gibraltar, is a prisoner at large, just as far as the rock extends. For want of original documents concerning its ancestors, we must have recourse to speculation, in order to obtain a faint ray of light upon the history of an animal whose habits, in one or two respects, differ widely from those of all other apes in the known world.

Let us imagine then, that, in times long gone by, the present rock of Gibraltar was united to the corresponding mountain called Ape's Hill, on the coast of Barbary; and that, by some tremendous convulsion of nature, a channel had been made between them; and had thus allowed the vast Atlantic Ocean to mix its waves with those of the Mediterranean Sea.

If apes had been on Gibraltar, when the sudden shock occurred, these unlucky mimickers of man, would have seen their late intercourse with Africa, for ever at an end. A rolling ocean, deep and dangerous, would have convinced them that there would never be again, another highway overland from Europe into Africa, at the Straits of Gibraltar.

Now, so long as trees were allowed to grow on the rock of Gibraltar, these prisoner-apes would have been pretty well off. But, in the lapse of time, and change of circumstances, forced by "necessity's supreme command," for want of trees, they would be obliged to take to the ground, on all fours, and to adopt a very different kind of life from that which they had hitherto pursued.

During the short period of winter in Gibraltar, the weather is often cold and raw; most ungenial, one would suppose, to the ordinary temperament of a monkey tribe, left prisoners on the solitary

rock, and for ever prohibited from following the retiring sun in his journey to Capricorn, after he has paid his annual visit to the tropic of Cancer.

It must have cost many years of painful endurance, to have enabled animals so susceptible of cold as monkeys are, to preserve existence in such an ungenial situation, until the sun, returning from the southern hemisphere, could accommodate them with a sufficient supply of warmth.

Be this as it may, there still exists, on Gibraltar's towering mountain, a small colony of apes, which, although in want of space to range in, seems never to have passed the neutral ground between the fortress and the realms of Spain. So that, up to the present time, history has no documents to shew that apes have ever been found wild in any other part of Europe.

During the short peace of Amiens, at the commencement of the present century, on visiting the fortress, I saw several apes passing over the rocks on all-fours towards the western side;—the wind blowing strongly from the eastward.

It is difficult to conceive how these animals can procure a sufficient supply of food, the year throughout; or how they can bear the chilling blasts of winter. One would suppose, that they must often be upon very short commons, and

often in want of a blanket. But, "God tempers the wind," said Maria, "to the shorn lamb."

It would be gratifying in the extreme, if we could learn by any chance, at what period of time, this interesting ape made its first appearance on the rock of Gibraltar. If apes migrate from Barbary to escape the winter season, then we may safely conclude, that the apes, now prisoners in Gibraltar, would make a similar movement, were it in their power to do so. But they cannot join their comrades,—for there is a fearful rush of water, betwixt Calpé and Abylæ.

The Abbé Raynal, in his History of the East and West Indies, has given us an account of a deplorable convulsion, which, in remote antiquity, once took place beyond the "Pillars of Hercules." On the authority of Diodorus Siculus and Plato, he tells of a large island named Atalantis. "It was a region more extensive than Asia and Lybia taken together, and it disappeared in an instant."

Might not then, a convulsion of nature, in a still remoter period, have separated Europe from Africa, and have formed the present channel, betwixt the far-famed Calpé and Abylæ?

If we had proof sufficient, that such a convulsion ever did occur, the location of apes in Gibraltar would no longer be a perplexing enigma.

Let us return to monkeys in general.

It is far from my intention to uphold or patronise the tricks and movements of these animals, when under the command or tutelage of civilized man. Such antics have nothing to do with the real character of monkeys in their wild domains.

Innumerable are the narratives, in modern and in ancient books, of gentleness in the apes, of ferocity in the baboons, and of playfulness in all of the tribe, from the orang-outang down to the little black sacawinki, no larger than a rat, in the interminable forests of Guiana.

These amusing anecdotes, in support of the marvellous, may all be very well to frighten children or to make them laugh: but, like Martin Luther's reformation, they are not orthodox.

Then again, there has been a general and a great mistake on the part of those who have written on monkeys; that is, those writers have seldom, or ever, studied their habits in the localities in which nature has commanded them to move.

This blunder has placed the whole family in anything but the real and necessary point of view. Thus, in our own events, when the sun was believed to roll round the earth, and rose every morning, "roseis sol surgit ab undis," and went to bed regularly every night, "occiduis absconditur undis," the

whole world was under a pleasing delusion. Still, every thing went wrong in the planetary system.

At last, in lucky hour, the sun was proved to stand still; and then an immediate change took place. Away went all the poet's fictions:—man saw his error, and he rectified it;—and he found, for the first time, that the earth and all the heavenly bodies perform their revolutions in perfect harmony, and in proper time. Might I be here allowed to compare small things with great ones, I would say, that up to the present time, the monkey has been placed in the same false position that the sun formerly maintained:—and I would express a hope, that when I shall have clearly pointed out the error, my readers will have no hesitation in conceding to this interesting animal, the real sphere of action which nature has allotted to it; and that, they will allow it (as we now allow the sun,) to act its proper and legitimate part in the vast drama of the creation. In a word, I will remove the whole family of monkeys from the ground to the trees. There, and there alone, ought we to contemplate the nature, and the movements, and the entire economy of the monkey.

For many years during my boyhood, I myself had very erroneous ideas of the sloth; having read his history in the works of one of the most talented

and indefatigable naturalists the world has ever produced. He describes the sloth as "a miserable and degraded production of nature, occupying the lowest degree in the scale of quadrupeds."

But a sojourn of eleven months in the forests of Guiana, without having emerged from them for even a single day, afforded me the finest opportunity imaginable, of contemplating the sloth in its native haunts. I soon changed my opinion of its habits, and I placed in the "Wanderings" all that I had observed of them.

The public doubted the accuracy of my observations.

Years, however, after this, the arrival of a living sloth at the Zoological Gardens, Regent's Park, proved my statement to the fullest extent. The animal mounted up into a tree which had been prepared for it, and moved rapidly along, suspended by its natural hooks, (we can scarcely call them claws) underneath the branches; but it was never observed to walk, or to rest upon the upper side of those branches.

The arrival, too, of a fine ant-bear in the same gardens, afforded a demonstration to the visitors, that it could not possibly move forward with any manner of ease or comfort to itself, unless the long and sharp claws of its fore feet were doubled up

(to use the expression) and the fore feet themselves placed on their outward sides; a position entirely different from that of any other known quadruped: nevertheless, quite adapted to the habits of the animal in question.

I beg to offer here, two anecdotes, which will shew how cautious one ought to be in giving full credit to statements apparently well founded, and believed by the public in general.

The South American quadruped named tapir, is considered the largest wild animal in the forests of Guiana. It is called Maipourie by the native Indians; and as it resembles a dwarf cow somewhat in shape, when viewed from a distance, the Dutch planters have given it the name of bosch, or bush-cow.

In the year 1807, some thirty miles up the beautiful river Demerara, in north latitude about six degrees, there lived an elderly Dutch settler, whose name was Laing.

He was one of those farming-looking gentlemen who sauntered up and down his sylvan domain, with a long pipe in his mouth, and with a straw hat on his head, broad enough to serve both himself and his wife, by way of an umbrella, in the blazing heat of an equatorial sun.

Mynheer Laing had stubbed the surrounding

trees to a certain extent; and this enabled him to have a little dairy, and enough of land to feed his cattle, and to enclose a garden for the culinary wants of his household.

In passing up and down the river in your Indian canoe, his house appeared to great advantage. It stood near the top of a gently sloping hill; whilst the high trees of magnificent foliage surrounded it on every side, saving that which faced the river; and there, the green sward came down quite to the waters' edge. On viewing it, you would have said, that it was as lovely a place, for a man of moderate desires, as could be found on this terrestrial globe.

It happened, that one of Mynheer's cows, which was accustomed to range in the adjoining forest, where sometimes a tapir had been seen to stray, produced a calf. It was mis-shapen from its birth, and it soon began to attract attention.

Mynheer's wife would often invite her female friends who were located in the neighbourhood, and who were known to be exceedingly clever in the breeding line, to see the little stranger. To a matron, they all agreed that it was a compound, half bush-cow, and half domestic cow:—its mother, no doubt whatever, having got married clandestinely to a tapir which she must have met in one of her excursions through the mazes of the forest.

This sage opinion, soon spread like wildfire. Everybody who went to see the prodigy, confirmed its genealogy; and nothing was talked of, far and near, but the prodigy to be seen at the abode of Mynheer Laing.

When I would occasionally remark, that such a union of animals so opposite in their nature, could not be; and that I could not compromise myself by patronising such a preposterous deformity, the men pitied my incredulity, and the matrons said that I had better attend to my own business. These last affirmed that the animal in question was half cow, and half bush-cow, in spite of all that I could say to the contrary.

Determined to see with my own eyes this wonderful production, I went up the river Demerara, with my friend Mr. Edmonstone, to pay a visit to its owner.

The Dutch gentleman received us with his usual courtesy; and after partaking of a cup of excellent coffee with him, not mixed with *chicory*, which, so far back as the days of Don Quixote, was in no great repute, (see Tonson's edition, page 56, part 1st, libr. 1st, chapter 8th,) we proceeded to the stable where the phenomenon was kept; Mynheer observing, as we went along, that such a curiosity had never been seen, since his countrymen had

felled the first tree on the wooded banks of the beautiful river Demerara.

On entering the place, I saw standing there, an animal certainly, of most curious form and dimensions; but not a particle of tapir or bush-cow could I detect in it. It was a bull calf of the common breed of domestic cows, and was awfully mis-shapen. So ended the investigation; and in a few weeks afterwards, the report of such a hybrid gradually died away, and nothing more was said about it.

The second anecdote fairly outdoes the first.

Some years ago, I formed an acquaintance with a most benevolent and mentally enterprising English gentleman in Rome. He was, at that time fully bent on fitting out an expedition, from his own native land, to the interior of Africa, in order to christianize the barbarians of those far distant parts, and to make good English farmers of them.

Many an hour's conversation I had with him on his darling plan of cultivating Africa. But he could not gain me over. I placed before his eyes the diseases of the climate, the pestilential swamps, the torrents of tropical rain, the heat of a fiery sun, and the hostility of surrounding tribes, savage as the savagest wild beasts of the forest. To all this, he answered that he would try:—and after-

wards he did try on his return to England. Having organised an expedition at fearful cost to the country, it proceeded to Africa: he himself staying at home. Woful was its final issue. But to the point. One day, whilst our conversation turned upon the natural history of the country, he asked me, if I believed that pelicans feed their young ones with the blood from their own breasts? I answered, that it was a nursery story. Then sir, said he, let me tell you that I do believe it. A person of excellent character, and who had travelled far in Africa, had assured him that it was a well-known fact. Nay, he himself, with his own eyes, had seen young pelicans feeding on their mother's blood. And how did she staunch the blood, said I, when the young had finished sucking?—or by what means did the mother get a fresh supply for future meals? The gentleman looked grave. The whole mystery, sir, said I, (and which in fact, is no mystery at all,) is simply this: The old pelicans go to sea for fish, and having filled their large pouch with what they have caught, they return to the nest. There standing bolt upright, the young ones press up to them, and get their breakfast from the mother's mouth; the blood of the captured fishes, running down upon the parent's breast:—and this is all the keen observer saw.

'Tis indeed a wonder,—a strange wonder, how such a tale as this, could ever be believed. Still, we see representations of it in pictures, drawn by men of science.

But enough of infant pelicans sucking their mamma in the nursery. I consign them to the fostering care of my great grandmother.

In the meantime, I will proceed with careful eye to inspect the genealogical tree of the monkey family; and after having lopped off its diseased or useless branches, I will ingraft in their stead, others which I trust will bear fruit of a better quality; and be more agreeable to the reader's palate, than the bastard fruit which they have hitherto been accustomed to eat.

Whatever books we open, which treat on the habits of the monkey, we are sure to find stories upon which no manner of reliance ought to be placed; and it is humiliating for the cause of natural history, to see how such absurd tales still continue to find their way into editions of the present times, where the schoolmaster is supposed to carry all before him.

An immortal engraver on wood, (and faultless, had he attended solely to his own profession,) having never seen monkeys in their native regions, has taken his account of them, from the pages of other writers.

In the frontispiece to his book, he gives us an unfaithful portrait of the large orang-outang sitting on a bench, with a cane in its hand, and supporting its arm on it. Uncomfortable position for the captive brute! We might easily mistake it for a man, both in form and in position. He tells us, that the "largest of the kind are extremely swift." Swift forsooth! I should like to talk with any European traveller, or with any native of the regions in which orang-outangs are found, who will positively assert, that they have ever detected one of those apes, either young or old, in flight, or in a journey on the ground. I would prove the assertion to be a fabrication by the anatomy of the animal itself.

Our author continues, that "they drive away the elephants who approach too near the place of their residence." What, in the name of bullying, I ask, has the orang-outang to do with the elephant in the way of residence?

Wild animals in boundless space, do not quarrel with others of a different species, except for food; and then, the strongest soon destroy the weakest, or make them retire elsewhere. Thus, we may easily conceive that a stiff buck goat, might so far forget good breeding as to pounce upon a tender lamb, and seize the savoury plant upon which the lamb

was feeding. Now the ordinary pursuits, and also the food and the territory of the ape and the elephant, are quite sufficient to prevent a collision. Wherefore, we may safely infer, that as there is no object to cause a misunderstanding between the orang-outang and the elephant, these two peaceful inhabitants of the torrid zone, will never meet in hostile fury.

Again,—as he mentions the “place of their residence,” I would ask, who has ever seen it?—Pray, on what part of terra-firma, have apes been known to locate themselves permanently, or even for the lapse of a few days?—The badger has his secret cave, warm and comfortable:—the fox his earth, whither to retire in case of need:—not so the monkey, as I’ll shew hereafter.

Of all known quadrupeds, monkeys are the least inclined to settle. In fact, they may be said to be eternally on the move; disporting up and down the trees, or roving on in quest of food; and when that becomes deficient,—deviating in all directions for a fresh supply.

Let a man come up with a troop of monkeys in the trees above him, as I myself have often done and I will give my ears if he find them in the same locality on the following day. They would have no attraction to those trees, saving the hope of

nutriment, which would not last them long. Had these errant animals, nests, or recesses in the trees, wherein to rear their young, certainly, in this case, we should see them skulking near "their place of residence." But, no such thing. I could never find a young monkey left to itself; neither could I learn from the Indians, that they themselves had ever seen one, except in company with the rest.

When stationary, or when in motion, the baby monkey adheres closely to the mother's body: so closely, that it requires a keen, and an accustomed eye to distinguish it. The mothers may be aptly styled a kind of moving cradle; their fur or coat of hair, serving as blankets for the little ones in earliest infancy. If you are in want of a tender monkey, a month old or so, to boil for broth, or to educate as a pet, your only chance of success is, to shoot the poor mother: but, not with a fowling piece. Nine times out of ten, the wounded mother would stay in the clefts of the trees, where she would ultimately perish with her progeny. An arrow, poisoned with wourali, is your surest weapon. Take a good aim, and in a few minutes, the monkey will be lying dead at your feet.

The wourali poison, (see the Wanderings) totally destroys all tension in the muscles. Now, a gunshot wound, even although it be mortal, has not

such an immediate effect. Knowing this to be the case, whenever a monkey was wanted, recourse was had to poisoned arrows. By this precaution, the ill-fated animal's existence was not prolonged under the painful anguish of a deadly wound. The wourali poison would act as a balmy soporific, and the victim would be dead at your feet in a very short space of time.

In treating of the "pigmy ape," our author remarks, that troops of them assemble together, and defend themselves from the attacks of wild beasts in the desert, by throwing a cloud of sand behind them, which blinds their pursuers, and facilitates their escape.

Now, this act of throwing dust in the eyes of a pursuing enemy, is a most extraordinary feat on the part of the pigmy ape, and were it really the case, it would argue a faculty in the monkey tribe, far surpassing that of instinct.

But, let me ask in the first place, who ever saw monkeys in a sandy desert?—or, if in decided opposition to their ordinary habits, they had strayed out of bounds;—pray what kind of pursuers were those which received the cloud of sand from the monkeys' hands? Were they wolves, or bears, or foxes, or jackals? If any of this motley group of hunters,—say, what were the hunters

themselves doing in a sandy desert, where no food could be procured, either by the pursued or by the pursuers? I have spent days in the sandy deserts of Guiana. They are called dry savannas. But never did I see a monkey there. Had I observed one, my astonishment would have been beyond the power of words; and I should have been utterly at a loss to account for the apparition. In the second place, an assemblage of monkeys, argues a tract of trees. Supposing then, that there had actually been a tract of trees in the desert, these monkeys must have been deprived of their usual instinct to descend and take up a handful of sand, in order to throw it at their pursuers; and thus expose themselves to have their backs broken by the jaws of a famished jackal, or to be made mince-meat of, and then swallowed by a pack of ferocious wolves. Depend upon it, no bands of monkeys and of wild beasts, have ever yet had a hostile meeting; or been engaged in hot pursuit of each other; or ever will have one to the end of time. In the third place, I positively affirm, that the act of throwing things, does not exist in any animal, except in man, whose reasoning faculties enable him to perform the feat. But more of this anon. The prerogative must not be conceded to the monkey

family, however highly we may estimate its powers of mimicry.

One quotation more from our immortal engraver on wood, and then I will shut his valuable book, wishing sincerely, for the good of zoology, that he had confined himself solely to the engraving department of it, in lieu of consulting writers whose judgment seems never to have been sufficiently matured, to enable them to distinguish truth from fiction. Hence, with the very best intentions, they are perpetually going astray by too often mistaking for real flame, the fallacious exhalations of "Will o' the Wisp," as they hover over the treacherous surface of a distant quagmire.

He informs his readers in the volume of quadrupeds, that "monkeys break off branches,—throw them at the passengers, and frequently with so sure an aim, as to annoy them not a little."

This is said of the pata or red monkey, perhaps the most wary of all the family, and ever on the alert to escape when man approaches. But, granting for a moment, that monkeys have the power to throw sticks, let me ask, how did the patas contrive to take a sure aim, amongst the woven and intervening branches of a tropical forest? The question is easily answered. This monkey, by its natural shyness and fear of danger, has never had time,

nor opportunity to fling a stick with sure aim, at the head of any traveller.

The traveller who first invented this idle story of monkeys throwing branches at passengers, must have been a wag of the first order, and of most inventive intellect.

The art of throwing projectiles has not been given to the brute creation; man alone,—man, a rational being, possesses the qualification. Monkeys know nothing at all of the combined act of moving an elevated arm backwards, and then, whilst bringing it forwards, to open the hand, just at that particular time when the arm can impart motion to the thing which the hand had grasped. Thus, man, at a distance from you, can aim a stone at your head, and break your skull. The monkey can do no such thing. It will certainly take up a stone or a stick;—but that is all, as far as aggression is concerned. The stone or the stick in lieu of flying off from the monkey's hand, would drop perpendicularly to the ground, like Corporal Trim's hat, when the serious soldier was making reflections on death, before the servants in Captain Shandy's brother's kitchen. "Are we not (dropping his hat upon the ground) gone in a moment?"

Reader, inspect the Zoological Gardens, in Regent's Park, from morning until night, where there

is always a charming show of monkeys ; and I will stake my ears, that you never see one of them do that, which we commonly call the act of throwing a stone at any intervening object.

I will now cross the channel, and peep into the books of foreign naturalists who have written on monkeys.

I find in one of these authors, that, “ in relative qualities therefore, the ape is farther removed from the human race, than most other animals.” Granted. He then continues, that “ his temperament is also very different. Man can inhabit every climate. He lives and multiplies in the northern, as well as in the southern regions of the earth. But, the ape exists with difficulty in temperate countries, and can multiply only in those that are warm.”

I must make an observation or two, upon this last quotation in which our great continental naturalist does not appear to have paid sufficient attention to his subject.

Methinks he ought to have reflected, that man and monkey are both made of flesh and blood ; but, that man has been endowed with reason by his Maker, whilst the monkey has not been so fortunate. This makes all the difference with regard to “ temperament.” Reason teaches man to protect

himself against the rigours of a northern climate by fire and blanket. Did the monkey possess the blessing of reason, so that he could buy, or manufacture for himself a comfortable roquelaure in case of cold; and roast a leg of mutton for his dinner; and mix a glass of hot toddy before he went to bed,—he, too, as well as rational man, would be safe, and would enjoy himself in the deepest recesses of the frozen zone.

Now, deprive man of his roquelaure, his mutton and his toddy, and then, place him alongside of the monkey, to pass a week in Nova Zembla, whilst the sun is at Capricorn; be assured, that both man and ape would perish side by side. Proof sufficient, that the natural “temperament” is much the same in both animals;—but that, reason nourishes it in the one, whilst the want of reason, destroys it in the other. Instinct alone is not sufficient to procure a sufficient supply of artificial food for the monkey; wherefore this animal must depend upon the bounty of nature for its daily nutriment; and this nutriment can only be had, the year throughout, in the tropics, and in the forests bordering on them. This, I will shew in the sequel.

Proceeding onwards with our author’s history of the monkey family, I find his account of the

orang-outang, anything but true and satisfactory. It seems to have been made up, partly from what has been observed of the animal, when in a state of captivity, and partly from the reports of travellers. Such reports, nine times out of ten, contain a strong infusion of the marvellous; and they ought to be received with caution, and be sifted most diligently by those naturalists whose delicate state of health, or domestic arrangements, prevent them from visiting the countries where monkeys abound.

He quotes, but seems to condemn at the same time, a great northern master in zoology, who upon the reports of certain voyagers tells us, that the "orang-outang is not deprived of this faculty (speech), and that it expresses itself by a kind of hissing words."

But, our author himself doubts that there is such an animal of "hissing words;" nay, he even denies its existence; and he conjectures, that it might possibly have been a white negro, or what is usually styled a chacrelas.

This animal could not possibly have been a white negro, because a white negro is a human being to all intents and purposes, and he has no need to express himself by a kind of "hissing words." By the way, a white negro is a rare phenomenon:—still it differs from its sable fellow

Africans, in nothing but in color. Once, and only once, during my life, I have had an opportunity of examining minutely, an entirely white negro.

In the year 1812, there lived in the town of Stabroek, the capital of Demerara, a man of this complexion. He was a robust young fellow,—by no means what they called an Albino, as his eyes were just of the same color as those of his tribe. Having been shewn the house where he lived, I knocked at the door and begged admittance. On addressing him, I said, that having heard much of his fair skin, I had come that morning to make acquaintance with him. He went by the name of Bochra Jem, or White Jemmy,—was a tailor by trade, and was the property of the good woman who had opened me the door.

He answered without hesitation, every question which I put to him; and he willingly allowed me to examine him, for any length of time. His whole frame was delicately white wherever his clothing had defended it from the scorching rays of the sun. In fact, I found his skin in all respects, the same as my own, saving that, where the sun had given mine the appearance of mahogany—his was blotched with broad freckles of a lighter tint. In all other respects, he was in reality, a negro from head to foot;—for his hair was curly, and his

nose depressed; his lips protuberant,—and his ears as small as those of a genuine coal-black son of Africa. He stood apparently about five feet nine inches in height, with a finely expanded chest, and with a back as straight as an arrow. But, he was deficient in the calves of his legs, which latter were rather inclined to be, what we should term bandy; whilst you could not help remarking the protrusion of his heels, so noted in the negro. Both his father and his mother were healthy jet black negroes; so that Bochra Jem could not, by any chance be a mulatto, or of any of those casts which are removed from the breed of half black and half white, constituting a true mulatto. I should say, that he was twenty years old or thereabouts:—but I did not ask his age. Probably, he was the only white negro ever seen in Demerara.

On taking leave of him, I put a dollar into his hand, for the trouble I had caused him. His dark eye brightened up, whilst he smiled contentedly through a set of white teeth; and as I went out of the room, he said, “God bless you, massa.”

A few years after this, on my return from England, to the wilds of Guiana, I stopped for a couple of days in Stabroek, and went to the house where Jem resided. But, death had claimed him. He had died, they told me, “somewhat suddenly, about nine months ago.”

His owner remarked, that poor Jemmy's strange appearance, was much against his mixing with his brethren, who, at times, would turn him into ridicule. Had this good lady read the Latin classics, I would have observed to her,—that, whilst “*alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.*”

I have not yet quite done with my remarks on what travellers say of the orang-outang.

I marvel, that a naturalist so discerning and so clever as he, whose history of this ape I have quoted, should have selected his materials from the reports of some and the writings of others, which deserve neither credence nor attention. In fact, their accounts of the orang-outang are manifest absurdities.

Had I but lent a willing ear to tales of some whose minds were full of monsters in the wilderness, my readers of the “Wanderings” would indeed have had reason to condemn my credulity. I have heard even white men express their firm belief, that animals exist in the wilds of Guiana, surpassing those which are spoken of in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

But travellers in Africa seem to take the lead in zoological romance. One of these gentlemen of fabricating talent, or of most extraordinary gullet, positively asserts, that the apes called pongos,

“kill many negroes that travel in the woods.”
“Many times,” continues he, “they fall upon the elephants, which come to feed where they are, and so beat them with their clubbed fists, and pieces of wood, that they will run roaring away from them.”

Lamentable blotches on the page of African zoology! Our author further adds, on the testimony of the same recounter of pongos belabouring elephants, that “a pongo ape carried off a young negro, who lived a whole year in the society of these animals.” Disagreeable society no doubt, for the poor little human captive! But, pray let me ask, who cooked its victuals? apes in the woods, live upon raw vegetable substance, by no means suited to the taste of, or calculated to nourish one of, our own species. Did it get its daily food at the breast of a pongo wet nurse? Whilst this poor hapless infant sojourned amongst the apes, perhaps, it even had not once the luxury of regaling itself with a handful of unroasted coffee, or with a scanty slice of raw pork,—luxuries occasionally abundant in our late eastern expedition.

Again, our author quotes other travellers who assure us, that “the orang-outangs carry off girls of eight and ten years of age, to the tops of trees; and that it is extremely difficult to rescue them.” Most difficult no doubt;—can any person, for one

moment, doubt the difficulty of such a dangerous, and of such an arduous task? I don't know how I myself, with a young lady in my arms, would be able to set about it, although I am, just now, pretty nimble in getting up a tree. Poor hapless damsels! tedious and disgusting indeed, must have been your awful journey upwards, whilst in the arms of a villainous ape! Say, what kind of a resting place did ye find "on the tops of the trees?"

Did the knave of a pongo ape, leave you in that perilous position aloft, until some pitying, and daring brother or cousin of yours, should arrive to the rescue? Did your widely spreading petticoats suffer nothing in the scuffle?

Furthermore, another writer maintains, that, in his voyage to Angola in 1738, he knew a negress at Loango, who remained three years with these animals!!

Now, a sojourn of three years, argues that there must have been, somewhere or other, a permanent settlement of the pongos. Hoax of unparalleled impudence in him who fabricated this most improbable story!

The same traveller, in speaking of certain orang-outangs which he had purchased from a negro, does not content himself with informing us, that

these orang-outangs had been instructed by the negro; but, actually is barefaced enough to state, that they had performed *spontaneously* most of the feats recited. "These animals," he remarks, "have the instinct of sitting at table like men. They eat every kind of food without distinction. They use a knife, a fork, or a spoon, to cut or lay hold of what is put on the plate. They drink wine and other liquors. We carried them aboard. At table, when they wanted anything, they signified as much to the cabin boy; and when the boy refused to give them what they demanded, they sometimes became enraged, seized him by the arm, bit, and threw him down." Now, mind astonished reader, most of what has just been stated, was the effect of *instinct*, not of *instruction*.

A man, weak enough to put any faith in such phenomena, and in such palpable exaggerations of monkey achievements in foreign parts, may easily be persuaded, that our herons here at home, do actually thrust their legs through holes at the bottom of the nests, during the period of incubation; or, that the flamingo hatches her eggs on a truncated kind of pyramid nest, with her legs supporting the body on the outside, somewhat in imitation of a little boy astride a barrel. I have seen, somewhere in print, a representation of this

last-mentioned absurdity; and more than once have had to argue the point, with certain lovers of the marvellous in natural history. They maintained that the legs of these birds were too long to admit of their being brought up under the body during incubation; and my arguers only gave in, by my shewing them, that a corresponding length of thigh in the heron and flamingo, allowed these birds to sit upon their eggs, precisely as tomtits or house-sparrows would do in propagating their breed.

One traveller writes about apes feeding upon "crabs, oysters, and other shell fishes." Did these fishes frequent the trees in the forest?

"The apes along the banks of the river Gambia," says another, "are larger and more mischievous, than in any other part of Africa: the negroes dread them, and cannot travel alone in the country, without running the hazard of being attacked by these animals, who often present them with a stick to fight."

Brave and bountiful apes of Gambia!—your magnanimity in offering a foe your own tough club to fight you, puts me in mind of what really did happen in the island of St. Domingo, during the French revolutionary war. The English having made an assault, a Spanish officer, starting from his bed in wild distraction, ran

unarmed to the walls. There, he met one of our jack tars, who happened to have a cutlass in either hand. Jack, seeing by the light of the full moon that the officer had nothing wherewith to defend himself, immediately offered him a cutlass. The Spaniard, subdued by such a noble, and by such an unexpected act of generosity on the part of the British tar, dropped on his knees, and refused to take it. I question whether any ape in all Gambia could have produced a scene like this. To be serious,—an act like this argues reason and reflection, both of which have been denied to the brute creation, and only given by our Maker to man,—“His own image and likeness.”

But let me proceed. “We might dispense,” another traveller remarks, “with seeing a number of apes at Macacar, because a rencounter with them is often fatal. It is always necessary to be well armed to defend ourselves against their attacks. . . . They have no tails, and walk always erect, on their two hind feet like men.”

Our author styles these voyagers, who have given us such questionable narratives, “the least credulous;”—and he adds, that “they deserve most credit.”

Although I am not prone to take offence, (“non ego paucis offender maculis,”) at occasional inter-

vening stains on the pages of natural history; still, I cannot refrain here, from entering a protest against such palpable impossibilities as those which I have just quoted. Had they been current in Don Quixote's time, they would certainly have been burnt in the court yard of that adventurer's house, by the curate and the barber, when these sagacious inspectors committed to the devouring flames, sundry romances which deserved no better fate.

So much for the supposed reasoning qualities,—the bravery,—the knavery,—the trickery, and generosity of apes, which are found in the old world. Should these narratives of former voyages be true,—and should modern travellers add a few more facts to those already recorded, I do not see why we should not at once acknowledge these talented wild men of the woods, as members of our own family, and pronounce them to be human beings. It would be an interesting sight to see them going hand in hand with us, through the meandering walks of civilized life. How delighted I should be, to observe our Prime Minister walking soberly along the streets of London, towards the House of Commons, on important business, in company with an old strapping ape from the far distant wilds of Sumatra! “*nil mortalibus arduum est.*”

If we cross the Atlantic Ocean to the new world, we shall find no apes there, as I have already stated. But, we shall fall in with a monkey or two, if we can believe the tales of travellers, still more highly gifted by nature; and even surpassing in useful acquirements, every ape as yet discovered in the extensive tropical regions of the old continent.

A traveller in Southern America relates, that every morning and evening, the monkeys named ouarines, assemble in the woods; that one of them takes an elevated station, and gives a signal with his hand, for the others to sit around and listen to him. That, when he perceives them to be all seated, he begins a discourse in a tone so loud and rapid, as to be heard at a great distance. And a person would be led to think, that the whole were crying together;—that all the rest, however, keep the most profound silence;—that, when he stops, he gives a signal which they obey in a moment;—that, the first resumes his discourse or song;—and that, after hearing him attentively for a considerable time, the assembly breaks up.

This precious morsel of monkey-preaching seems to have been too bulky for our author to swallow; so he remarks, “that, perhaps these facts may be exaggerated, and seasoned a little with the

marvellous." Still, the explorer himself assures us, that he has often witnessed these facts.

Now, it has so happened, that, I have studied attentively, the habits of the monkeys called ouarines. The story of their preaching in concert, is an idle fabrication; and it has probably given rise to these monkeys being termed howlers or preachers. They commonly go by the name of red monkeys in Demerara.

The preaching part of their history is as follows. I take it from my "Wanderings."

"Nothing can sound more dreadful than the nocturnal howlings of this red monkey. Whilst lying in your hammock amid these gloomy and immeasurable wilds, you hear him howling at intervals, from eleven o'clock at night till day-break. You would suppose, that half the wild beasts of the forest, were collecting for the work of carnage. Now, it is the tremendous roar of the jaguar, as he springs upon his prey:—now, it changes to his terrible and deep-toned growlings, as he is pressed on all sides by superior force; and now you hear his last dying groan beneath a mortal wound."

Some naturalists have supposed that these awful sounds, which you would fancy are those of enraged and dying wild beasts, proceed from a number of red monkeys howling in concert.

One of them alone is capable of producing all these sounds ; and the anatomists, on an inspection of his trachea, will be fully satisfied that this is the case. When you look at him, as he is sitting on the branch of a tree, you will see a lump in his throat, the size of a hen's egg. In dark and cloudy weather, and just before a shower of rain, this monkey will often howl in the day-time ; and if you advance cautiously, and get under the high and tufted trees where he is sitting, you may have a capital opportunity of witnessing his wonderful powers of producing these dreadful and discordant sounds.

Thus, one single solitary monkey, in lieu of having "others to sit down and listen to him," according to the report of travellers, has not even one attendant. Once I was fortunate enough to smuggle myself under the very tree, on the higher branches of which was perched a full-grown red monkey. I saw his huge mouth wide open :—I saw the protuberance on his inflated throat ; and I listened with extreme astonishment to sounds which might have had their origin in the infernal regions.

Another traveller who also is quoted by our author, says, that these ouarine monkeys, threw dried branches of the trees at him ; and so far forgot themselves, that they "voided their excre-

ments in their hands, and then threw them at his head."

It is difficult to comprehend how this expert traveller managed to approach so near to these wary animals, with no intervening object betwixt himself and them, so that they could have a distinct view of him, and take their aim accordingly.

Still, by far, the most extraordinary feat of western monkeys, remains yet to be told. But, I can fancy, courteous reader, that thy patience is nearly exhausted. One dose more; though it be much stronger than any I have as yet offered to thy gullet. "*Majus parabo, majus infundam tibi fastidienti poculum.*"

We are gravely told, that certain transatlantic monkeys are adepts in the healing art. "What is singular, as soon as one is wounded, the rest collect about him, and put their fingers into the wound, as if they meant to sound it; and when much blood is discharged, some of them keep the wound shut, whilst others make a mash of leaves, and dexterously stop up the aperture." "This operation," continues the traveller, "I have often observed with admiration."

By the shade of Hippocrates, these monkey-surgeons puzzle me outright. Nevertheless, our

narrator *saw* the monkeys perform the operation ; and it were discourteous in me to doubt his word. Wherefore, I will content myself by simply remarking, that I believe, that he believed, that, which in reality cannot be believed.

I have now done with quotations, the contents of which, neither increase my estimation of monkey-ingenuity, nor tend to give me a favorable opinion of the discernment of those authors from whose works I have extracted them.

They may possibly serve to put the over credulous lover of natural history on his guard. 'Tis said that the schoolmaster is now abroad. I am glad of it. He is much wanted in the province of natural history, both in the old and in the new world.

Ere I proceed in my investigation of the monkey family as it roves through its own native wilds, I will stop a moment or two here, and cast my eye on certain individuals, whose destiny has placed them under the imperative power of civilized man.

But let it not be imagined that my description of them, is to be considered as any way trenching on their original habits ; or conceding to them certain faculties which nature herself never intended that they should possess. What they have learned in captivity, has been adventitious altogether, and seems only to be of real use to us,

on one particular point, namely, it gives us an opportunity of examining the disposition of the captive.

Thus, by having removed the tiger from his jungle, we perceive, that, his temper, although flexible under the hand of tuition, cannot entirely be depended upon; for sooner or later, when least suspected, he will spring upon his keeper, and punish him with death.

On the contrary, amongst the numerous tribes of monkeys, we find one which is docile in the extreme, and will never be outrageous, if only treated with kindness and generosity:—but, like ourselves, it is capable of recollecting injuries or insults; and it will sometimes resent them, should a favorable opportunity occur. This species of monkey is the ape of the old world. Whether it be the smaller one named chimpanzee, or the larger, commonly called orang-outang, alias, the wild man of the woods, it repays us in some degree, for the instructions which we impart to it. Gentle in the extreme, kind to the hand that feeds it, and imitative of its instructor, it would perform feats that would almost seem to place it, in occasional instances, with man himself:—although, at the same time, it cannot help letting out the secret, that, in intellect, it is as far from the noble

Lord of created beings, as can possibly be imagined ; and that, in fact, it can have no claim to any rank above that of the raven, the dog, and the elephant.

With this then in view, that apes are mimics of no ordinary character, but nothing more, I will proceed with my original attempt to investigate the real habits of the monkey family at large.

It has been my good fortune, here in England, to have made acquaintance with three different species of apes from their own warm regions in the tropics ; two of which are now in high preservation at Walton Hall.

The first is a female of the smaller kind with a black fur, and called the chimpanzee. It was exhibited at Scarbro', in the well-known collection of Mr. George Wombwell, nephew to the late Mr. Wombwell, who was so celebrated for his management of wild beasts from all parts of the world. I soon perceived that its lungs were injured, and that its life was coming fast to a close.

When Mr. G. Wombwell had exhibited his splendid menagerie for a sufficient length of time at Scarbro', he conducted it to Wakefield, whither I had written the day before, to my friends who are fond of natural history, and urged them to lose no time in paying a visit to the little chimpanzee, as its health was visibly on the decline.

I left Scarbro' soon after, and on the very day on which I went to Wakefield, the poor little African stranger was lying dead in the apartment which it had occupied.

Mr. Wombwell begged that I would accept it. I did so :—but, as he had already sent word to Huddersfield, that his chimpanzee would be shewn there, so soon as he had made a sufficient sojourn in Wakefield ; I suggested the idea, that, although his poor ape was dead, he would do well to take it with him, in order that the public of Huddersfield, might be gratified in having an opportunity to inspect so singular an animal, so rarely seen in this country. I added, that it might be forwarded to me when he had no more use for it, as the frosty state of the weather was all in its favor.

The man whom he commissioned to bring it to me, had a cousin in Leeds, a fiddler and a soldier by profession. So in lieu of coming straight to Walton Hall, the fellow took off to Leeds, quite out of the direct line, in order to enjoy the company of his cousin the musician, and to hear him talk of battles lost, and others won.

They both got drunk the first evening, as the man who had taken charge of the dead ape, afterwards confessed to me, when I questioned him concerning his non-appearance at the time appointed. But

my disappointment did not end there;—for, instead of pursuing his journey on the morrow, this unthinking porter, passed another day of mirth and mental excitement with his loving relative; and then, another day after that. So, alas, the chimpanzee only reached me, late on Saturday evening, notwithstanding that I had expected it on the Wednesday. This provoking loss of time cost me full five hours of nocturnal labour with the dissecting knife.

After seven weeks of application, I succeeded in restoring its form and features. Hollow to the very nails, it now sits upon a cocoa-nut, (not by the way, its correct position) which I brought with me from Guiana, in the year 1817. Unless accident destroy this ape, (as it has been totally immersed in a solution of corrosive sublimate and alcohol, see the “Wanderings”) it will remain for ages yet to come, free from mould, and from the depredations of the moth; and without any wires, or any internal support whatever, it will retain the form which I have given to it, and the exact position in which it has been placed at Walton Hall, where it has many attractions for scientific visitors.

Of all apes as yet discovered, this little chimpanzee appears to approach the nearest to man

in form and feature. In fact, it might compete with some of the negro family, for the prize of beauty. But, still it cannot speak!—No—not one single solitary word can it utter, in accordance with those produced by the human voice. In this particular, several of the birds may take precedence of it. The raven, starling, jackdaw, jay and magpie can learn to say, “how do you do?”—“I can’t get out, no I can’t get out,” said the poor captive starling. Quadrupeds seem not to have this privilege. Balaam’s ass to be sure, once spoke a few words, but those were miraculous. And again, Leibnitz mentions a dog that could articulate thirty words: still, as the Spanish proverb informs us,—one swallow does not make summer:—“una golondrina no hace verano.”

In sight, scent, and agility amongst the trees, we may allow the ape to claim superiority over man. In other qualities, it is inferior to him. After man, it may possibly hold the first place in the graduated scale of animated nature; and this, methinks, is all that ought to be granted to any individual of the monkey family.

The second living ape which has come under my inspection, is the great red orang-outang from the island of Borneo. I went up to London, expressly to see it at the Zoological Gardens which are under

the superintendence of Mr. Mitchell, a gentleman so well known for his talents in office, and for his courtesy to visitors. Most amply indeed, was I repaid for the trouble I had taken.

The orang-outang was of wrinkled, and of melancholy aspect, entirely devoid of any feature bordering on ferocity. As I gazed through the bars of his clean and spacious apartment, I instantly called to my recollection, Sterne's affecting description of his captive, who was confined for life, and was sitting on the ground, "upon a little straw, and was lifting up a hopeless eye to the door!"

The more I inspected this shaggy prisoner from Borneo, the more I felt convinced, that, in its own nature, it could lay no manner of claim to the most remote alliance with the human race, saving in a faint appearance of form, and in nothing more. The winding up of the interview which I had with it, confirmed me firmly in the opinion which I had long entertained of his entire family.

Having observed his mild demeanour, and his placid countenance, I felt satisfied, that if ever the animal had been subject to paroxysms of anger when free in its native woods, those paroxysms had been effectually subdued, since it had become a captive under the dominion of civilized man.

Acting under this impression, I asked permission to enter the apartment in which it was confined; and permission was immediately granted by a keeper in attendance.

As I approached the orang-outang, he met me about half way, and we soon entered into an examination of each other's persons. Nothing struck me more forcibly than the uncommon softness of the inside of his hands. Those of a delicate lady, could not have shewn a finer texture. He took hold of my wrist and fingered the blue veins therein contained; whilst I myself was lost in admiration at the protuberance of his enormous mouth. He most obligingly let me open it, and thus, I had the best opportunity of examining his two fine rows of teeth.

We then placed our hands around each other's necks; and we kept them there awhile, as though we had really been excited by an impulse of fraternal affection. It were loss of time in me, were I to pen down an account of the many gambols which took place betwixt us, and I might draw too much upon the reader's patience. Suffice it then to say, that the surrounding spectators seemed wonderfully amused at the solemn farce, before them.

Whilst it was going on, I could not help

remarking that the sunken eye of the orang-outang, every now and then, was fixed on something outside of the apartment. I remarked this to the keeper, who was standing in the crowd at a short distance. He pointed to a young stripling of a coxcomb. "That dandy," said he, "has been teasing the orang-outang a little while ago; and I would not answer for the consequence could the animal have an opportunity of springing at him."

This great ape from Borneo, exhibited a kind and gentle demeanour, and he appeared pleased with my familiarity.

Having fully satisfied myself, how completely the natural propensities of a wild animal from the forest, may be mollified, and ultimately subdued by art, and by gentleness on the part of rational man, I took my leave of this interesting prisoner, scraping and bowing, with affected gravity as I retired from his apartment.

Up to this time, our ape had shewn a suavity of manners, and a continued decorum truly astonishing in any individual of his family: I say of his family: because in days now long gone by, when our intercourse with Africa was much more frequent than it is at present, I have known apes, baboons and monkeys brought over from Guinea to Guiana, notorious for their forbidding and outrageous

habits. This orang-outang however, by his affability and correctness, appeared to make amends for the sins of his brethren. "Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him;" and I bade him farewell, impressed with the notion, that he was a model of perfection, which might be imitated with advantage even by some of our own species.

But, alas, I was most egregiously deceived in the good opinion which I had entertained of him; for scarcely had I retired half a dozen paces from the late scene of action, when an affair occurred which beggars all description. In truth, I cannot describe it: I don't know how to describe it: my pen refuses to describe it. I can only give an outline, and leave the rest to be imagined.

This interesting son of Borneo, advanced with slow and solemn gravity to the bars of his prison, and took a position exactly in front of the assembled spectators. The ground upon which he stood was dry; but, immediately it became a pool of water, by no means from a pure source. Ladies blushed and hid their faces;—whilst gentlemen laughed outright.

I was scandalized beyond measure, at this manifest want of good breeding on the part of this shaggy gentleman from the forests of Borneo. He confirmed for ever, my early opinion, that,

although apes naturally possess uncommon powers of mimicry;—and that, these powers can be improved to a surprising degree, under the tutelary hand of man;—nevertheless, neither time, nor teaching, nor treatment, can ever raise apes even to the shadow of an equality with the intellect of rational man. All monkeys are infinitely below us: aye infinitely indeed. Rude, shameless, and uncalculating beasts they are, and beasts they will remain to the very end of time; unless some unforeseen catastrophe, ordered by an all-wise Providence, should root out their whole race from the face of the earth; as we imagine has already been done with those ante-diluvian animals, the fossil remains of which, have been so scientifically lectured upon, and so cleverly portrayed by the master-hand of Mr. Waterhouse Hawkins.

Would that he had continued his representations of them, in the beautiful gardens of the Crystal Palace. But, 'tis said, that we are to have no more. Possibly, some random blow in the dark, from the hand of modern Vandalism, may have smitten the rising plant, and scathed its opening bud.

To me, an inspection of these ante-diluvian inhabitants of earth and sea, is always a treat of the first order; and it is more agreeable to my

intellectual palate, than any other scientific food, contained in that vast enclosure of art and science. My last visit to the far-famed temple at Sydenham, was wholly spent amongst them.

But, let me return to my monkey family. I trust, that my readers are, by this time, pretty well convinced, that, the wild elephants of the forest, have never had any particular reason to fear a bastinado from the clubs of apes; nor young black ladies, to be under the apprehension of abduction by them, up to the tops of the trees.

A third ape which has come under my immediate inspection is a young brown chimpanzee, in the Royal Menagerie of Mrs. Wombwell. It was captured on the bank of the river Congo, in Africa.

Whilst I was at Scarbro' during the autumn of 1855, this ape made its appearance there; and before I left this celebrated watering place, I wrote the following notice of it, in the Scarbro' Gazette.

“Africa sends us, from time to time, many of her choice productions,—some of which are astonishing in their propensities,—others of unequalled beauty,—and others again of a structure which may give ample scope to the most speculative mind of man.

“Amongst these, is the chimpanzee, upon which I am about to make a few remarks.

“Apes, hitherto introduced into England, have walked on the ground, apparently with comparative ease to themselves, so far, as the bearings or irregularities of the ground would permit. But, this chimpanzee is a decided exception. He who contemplates it when in motion on the ground, will at once perceive, that the knuckle of the fingers alone comes in contact with the floor. This position must obviously give it pain. Let me here remark, that it is not the natural position of the animal; but, that, captivity has forced it into an attitude so unsuited to it.

“If we wish to contemplate this gentle ape, roving in uncontrolled freedom, we must go in imagination to the far-spreading forests of Africa.

“There, mounted aloft on the trees, and making use of what are usually called its fore feet, by way of hands, (and which, in fact, are hands,) it will pass from branch to branch with wonderful agility: and when its hour of frolic has gone by, the chimpanzee will rest on a branch, bolt upright; no part of its body coming in contact with the tree, except the soles of its hind feet, usually so called,—they being most admirably constructed to support it in this attitude.

“Thus placed, its abdomen of enormous dimensions, considering the diminutive stature of the

animal, will be at rest, whilst the arms are folded on the breast, or moved in playful gambols, or occupied in scratching the body, or in conveying food to the mouth.

“ Although the room in which this ape was shewn, seemed small and very unaccommodating to a climbing animal, still our young chimpanzee managed to thread its way up and down the surrounding furniture ; and on its reaching me it climbed up to my neck, where it found a comfortable resting place.

“ When I had approached sufficiently near to the window, so that, the chimpanzee could profit by the movement, it would lay hold of the projecting parts, and then pass onwards : looking for a ledge or shelf to help it in its transit. But when we placed it on the floor again, it seemed distressed,—the countenance underwent a change, and we could not doubt of its discontentment. Miss Blight, who is governess to this wild little woman of the woods, has given her the name of Jenny, and has observed, that her pet is very fond of celery ; a piece of which, Miss Blight, in our presence, held out to her, from the opposite side of the room : first, having cleared the floor, for Jenny to pass over.

“ Bending forwards, in the attitude of an old

woman, who uses two sticks, in order to support her tottering frame, Jenny moved slowly, and to all appearance, painfully across the floor, with her hands clenched. On seizing the sprig of celery, she took a sitting position with remarkable composure: and her hands being now, no longer in restraint, nor in an artificial posture on the floor, she made use of them, just as we ourselves would use our hands and arms.

“Through the kindness of Mrs. Wombwell, and the courtesy of Miss Blight, I was enabled to pay four long visits to this harmless and amusing young creature, lately kidnapped in the sunny regions of Africa.

“When I looked at it, whilst it stayed on the floor,—I was perfectly satisfied in my own mind, that it had never been formed by nature, to walk on the soles of its feet, or *hands*, properly so called. In its own native regions, if we may judge, by the peculiar formation of its limbs, the whole of its life must be passed amid the ever verdant trees of the forest.

“Jenny has no appearance whatever of a tail, for she is a veritable ape. Her skin is as black as a sloe in the edge, whilst her fur appears curly and brown. Her eyes are beautiful; but there is no white in them; and her ears are as small in proportion, as those of a negress.

“Whilst apes in general, saving one, have little more than two apertures by way of nose—Jenny has a large protuberance there. It is flattened; and one might suppose, that some officious mid-wife had pressed it down with her finger and thumb, at the hour of Jenny’s birth.

“When kindly treated, Jenny is all gentleness. Still, I fancied that I could perceive at intervals, a slight tinge of mischief in her temper;—for there was a pretty little dog in the same room with her; and whenever she could get hold of it, she would fix her teeth in it, until it yelped aloud.

“I happened to be amongst the crowd of spectators outside of Jenny’s little apartment (for she was not exhibited with the other wild beasts) when she made her final appearance before the liberal inhabitants of Scarbro’.

“Having mounted the steps which led up to the room, in order that I might take my leave of her, Jenny put her arms round my neck; she ‘looked wistfully at me,’ and then we both exchanged soft kisses, to the evident surprise and amusement of all the lookers on.

“‘Farewell,—poor little prisoner,’ said I, ‘I fear that this cold and gloomy atmosphere of ours, will tend to shorten thy days.’ Jenny shook her head, seemingly to say, there is nothing here to suit

me. The little room is far too hot; the clothes which they force me to wear, are quite insupportable; whilst the food which they give me, is not like that upon which I used to feed, when I was healthy and free in my own native woods. With this we parted:—probably for ever.

“Should little Jenny cease to live, and should her remains reach Walton Hall, I assured Miss Blight, that I would spare no pains to make her cherished favorite appear, for ages yet to come, as though the cruel hand of death had never laid it low.”

The reader will perhaps be grieved to learn, that, poor Jenny’s death was nearer than I had anticipated. She journeyed on, from place to place, in Mrs. Wombwell’s fine menagerie of wild animals, till they reached the town of Warrington, in Lancashire. There, without any previous symptoms of decay, Jenny fell sick and breathed her last.

Miss Blight wrapped her up in linen by way of winding sheet; put her in a little trunk, and kindly forwarded her to Walton Hall, at the close of February, in the year 1856.

Here, I will make a pause in my comments on the monkey tribe, whether the individuals of it, be captives on the circumscribed domain of man, or whether they be roving aloft in the never ending forests of the torrid zone.

In the interval, I will take a transient glance at other sections of animated nature. And this will be a preparatory step, as it were, to my fixing every member of the monkey family, in that well defined locality, which their form, their habits, and their appetites, plainly indicate that they should occupy.

Food, security, and propagation of the species, form the three predominant propensities in the brute creation. There is not a known animal which does not occupy a situation exactly suited to its natural habits. But, in the revolution, or the unfavorableness of seasons, should that situation deny to the individual which frequents it, a proper supply of support, and a sufficient command of safety, then it goes away, in quest of another, more favorable to its wants.

For example, millions of wild fowl migrate from the northern to the more southern regions of our hemisphere, when "winter comes to rule the varied year, sullen and sad." Their food has failed. Again, our magpies, rooks, jays, ringdoves, and pheasants, never fail in autumn, to frequent the oak trees in quest of acorns. But, when these have disappeared, then, instinct directs the same birds to labour elsewhere on the ground for their daily food;—and they are seen no more on the

oak trees in quest of acorns, until returning autumn furnishes a fresh supply.

The feet of these birds, enable them to perch on the branches; and their wings to transport themselves to and fro, as occasion may require.

Although our own squirrel lives ever in the trees, all its four feet are perfectly formed, and quite adapted to support it on the ground; so that, when the wintry winds have deprived the trees of their wonted foliage, and also of the fruit which they bear, this active little fellow, enjoying no longer, either shelter or support from them, betakes himself to the ground, over which, he can bound to any distance, until he finds wherewith to satisfy his wants, amongst trees which retain their verdure the year throughout.

Thus we see, that, Eternal wisdom has placed its creatures in situations adapted to their nature; and if anything should prove deficient, we may be quite sure, that the deficiency has been caused by the arrangements of man, or by the change of seasons, or by some accidental occurrences which occasionally take place.

I may add, that notwithstanding what some naturalists have written to the contrary, every portion of an animal's body is adapted to its journey through life, be that life of very short

duration, as in some insects, or be it prolonged to a great extent,—witness our raven, whose life is said to exceed a hundred years.

What could the ant-bear do without its tremendous claws, and cylinder-shaped snout, so tough as to enable it to perforate huge nests of ants, which, in certain districts of Southern America, appear more like the roofs of Chinese temples, than the work and habitations of insignificant little insects?

Still, I have heard the remark, that, the long visage of this most singular quadruped is out of proportion, and unsightly:—whereas, I consider it to be quite in unison with the rest of the body, and admirably adapted to the support of life.

Look again at the vampire!—place it on the ground, and immediately its extraordinary formation appears to be nearly useless to it. A hook, in lieu of hands and nails, enables it to attach itself to the tree in perfect ease and safety; and by other hooks which emanate from where the feet obtain in other animals, it hangs body downwards whilst it takes its rest;—though, singular to say, the head itself is always turned upwards on its reversed chest. A truly astonishing position indeed!—never noticed, I suspect, in any tribe of the larger animals, saving that of the bat.

The air is the only region of exercise for this singular family ;—and when it is at rest, it is found in the hollow of a tree, or in the hole of a wall, or in the thatch of a hut, or cottage.

It must, by no means, come in contact with the ground. It would perish there. A bat on the ground would be quite as badly off, as a fish out of the water, or as some unfortunate man in chancery.

The swift too, amongst the birds, has nothing whatever to do with the ground, on account of the formation of its feet and legs. As all its fore toes point forwards, it would be very difficult, nay, almost impossible for this bird to maintain a firm hold on the branch of a tree. Pray, who has ever seen a swift sitting or standing upon a tree? Such a sight, indeed, would be a phenomenon of no ordinary kind, even in this our own age of stupendous marvels.

On wing, it spends the live-long day ;—on wing, it captures food ;—and on wing it seizes feathers floating in the air, and takes them to its nest, for the purpose of incubation ; and when night sets in, it retires to rest in the holes of towers, and under the eaves of houses, but never on the branches of the trees.

In addition to the remarks which I formerly made in the “Wanderings” on the habits of the

sloth, I could wish to introduce a few more here, concerning this solitary inhabitant of the tropical forests; because the sloth never comes to the ground, except by pure accident; and its habits will serve to corroborate the remarks which I am about to make, on the nature and the formation of monkeys.

These remarks will not be long.

We often complain of libels by man against man in civilized life; but, if ever a poor creature's character was torn in pieces by inconsiderate and ignorant assailants, certainly the sloth has great cause to vent its complaints of ill-treatment.

Anatomists in Europe, and travellers abroad, when writing on the formation and on the habits of the sloth, seem only to have added blunder to blunder; as though they had been wandering in the dark, without a ray of light to shew them the path which they ought to have pursued.

A bare inspection of the limbs of the sloth, ought to have enabled inspectors to assert positively, that this animal was never modelled by the hand of our all-wise Creator, to walk upon the ground.

Notwithstanding this, one author remarks, that "from a defect in the structure of the sloths, the misery of these animals, is not more conspicuous than their slowness."

Again, “to regard these bungled sketches as beings equally perfect with others; to call in the aid of final causes to account for such disproportioned productions; and to make nature as brilliant in these, as in her most beautiful animals, is to view her through a narrow tube, and to substitute our own fancies for her intentions.”

And again, “in fine, when the pressure of hunger becomes superior to the dread of danger, or death, being unable to descend,” (why so?) “they allow themselves to tumble down, like an inanimate mass:—for their stiff and inactive limbs have not time to extend themselves in order to break the fall.”

Had the author of the passages just quoted, been with me in the forests of Guiana, his opinion of the sloth, would have been diametrically opposed to that which he has so erroneously entertained, and so rashly committed to paper.

Believe me, gentle reader, good dame nature has never doomed a child of hers to such a sorry task as this, of falling wilfully from a tree through the pressure of hunger. No such thing.

Long ago, I shewed in the “Wanderings,” that the sloth is amply provided by its formation, with everything requisite for the preservation of health and life, in the arboreal regions where Providence has ordered it to roam.

Far from stripping an entire tree of its leaves, in order to satisfy the calls of hunger, I know by actual observation, that the sloth merely takes a mouthful or two of the foliage at a time, and then moves onwards. Its falling from the tree, "like an inanimate mass" is an imaginary speculation, fit for the nursery fireside on a winter's evening.

Fancy to yourself, a sloth falling souse to the ground, from some lofty tree in the forest. If not killed on the spot, most assuredly, it would be in no trim to pursue its journey in quest of food. A surgeon, or a nurse with a poultice, would be required immediately:—but, alas, as I know too well, these articles are not to be met with in the far distant and immeasurable wilds where the sloth takes up its abode.

Let us hope that future writers, on the form and economy of animals, will pause, and pause again before they send their labours to the press.

"Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ."

Whenever we inspect an animal, the formation of which, puts us at defiance, we must not rely solely upon conjecture. We may rest quite assured, that every animal is perfect as far as regards the situation in which it has been placed by nature, and the economy which it is destined to practice.

The outlines of its supposed “bungled conformation,” may always be attributed to the fallacy of our own misconceptions, and not to the ever faithful hand of the Creator.

A trifle more, on the habits of certain animals, which, when left to their own resources, know exactly where to find their necessary food.

Many animals have a very confined range; the human louse to wit. Others have an unbounded one:—for example—a travelling tom cat. Some animals may inhabit only certain parts of a country, as a Bengal tiger. Others again, are positive cosmopolites, as is the case with the Hanoverian rat. Other animals are known to thrive in one locality, and to perish in another, although both localities appear pretty near the same to us short-sighted mortals.

Thus, about eight years ago, I had occasion to dissect an old turkey cock, of the wild American breed. It swarmed with lice to an inconceivable extent. Whilst I was engaged in the dissection, lots of these gallinaceous lice found their way on to my own body. I knew full well, that they had got into a wrong box, and that they would not keep company with me for any length of time. So I let them have their own way, and I gave myself little or no trouble about them. In less than four and

twenty hours, every louse of them had either died or dropped off;—proof sufficient, that their change of locality had been fatal to them; and that a turkey's louse is not intended by nature to thrive, or to exist on the person of human beings.

Now, on the other hand, we hear of animals, so constructed, and of such a pliable temperament, that neither change of food, nor of climate appear to have any deteriorating effect upon them. I may here introduce the Hanoverian or Norway rat, as a genuine and undoubted specimen. It can thrive amazingly, either in the pig-stye or in the palace. I have known it to gnaw away the protruding angle of one of our old blue and red burnt bricks, (nearly as hard as iron itself,) which happened to be in the way of a proposed run;—and I have at times, observed it in localities apparently inaccessible to things of flesh and blood. Add to this, it can swim like a fish.

We have a phenomenon here just now, that really ought to be recorded, notwithstanding my repugnance to this greedy little beast.

Almost every part of the country teems with Hanoverian rats; and we read in the newspapers, that a similar plague has appeared in some parts of France. This rat as everybody well knows, maintains itself on plunder. No prog,—no Hano-

verian. "Point d'argent,—point de Suisse," as the old French saying has it. Luckily for me, these audacious thieves can no longer enter my house nor the out-buildings;—so effectually have I barred their entrance into these important places.

But, they have punished me awfully in other parts. They have rooted up and eaten all the crocus bulbs, stormed the potatoe-pies and fleeced the celery.

The gardener came to me in a white passion, and he informed me, that "them rattens" had totally demolished every early pea, which he had cherished with such care. I tried to pacify him, by observing, that sometimes such misfortunes will happen, in the best regulated families, take what pains we choose, to protect our goods. "Them rattens are a hungry race, George," said I, "and I don't know what we can do, because they are our masters. A winter in Nova Zembla, or a summer in the tropics is all one to them. Hanoverians will fatten on fish in Iceland, and luxuriate amid carrion, in the burning plains of tropical America. The cellar and the garret are all one to them, provided prog be within reach."

Once when I was studying poetry at college, I attempted to celebrate in verse, the arrival of "them rattens" in our country. The song began thus :

When want and misery ran over,
The worn-out soil of far Hanover,
Guelph took his stick, and put his hat on,
Came straight to England's shore to fatten,
And brought with him his half-starved ratten, &c.

I have introduced the foregoing little episodes, if I may call them so, and adduced the different localities of different species of animals, in order to prepare the reader for the well-defined, and the indubitable range, in which I am about to locate the entire monkey family, great and small on both continents. I say, locate, because I feel quite sure, that this numerous family, has one particular range allotted to it, and no other;—just as the land has been given to ourselves—and the sea to fishes.

Moreover, this family, has never yet strayed out of the range which it now enjoys;—and no occurrence will ever force it to abandon this range, until time shall be no more.

If the reader should expect to find in the sequel of this treatise, a minute description of each class of monkeys, together with their divisions and their sub-divisions: and also a lengthy catalogue of modern names, the very sound of which would startle a bat in its winter cave, I hasten to undeceive him.

Still, if I could be convinced, that such a detail would be necessary or instructive to the general reader, I fancy, that I could succeed in demonstrating to a nicety, the exact difference in length, breadth, and thickness of an orang-outang's great toe nail, compared with that of the Senegal baboon. But this refined section of descriptive natural history, has never been much to my liking; and I willingly make it over to those scientific gentlemen who fancy that there is as much real knowledge to be found in the closet as in the field.

But before I enter, once for all, into the subject as far as regards the true locality of monkeys, I must draw a little longer on the patient reader's time, and ask him to join me in taking an imaginary view of this our terrestrial globe; and to keep in remembrance, particularly that portion of it, where I have long been convinced, in my own mind, that the entire monkey family is to be found; and to be found nowhere else, throughout the whole world, saving on the rock of Gibraltar, already noticed at the commencement of this treatise.

Ovid, pleasing and instructive poet, has beautifully described the geographical sections of our planet. He tells us, that two of these are in everlasting snow. Two afford a temperate climate,

whilst a fifth lying betwixt these, and occupying a space of twenty-three degrees and a half, on each side of the equator, is wonderfully warm and fertile; and it goes by the name of the torrid zone.

He who ventures into the dreary regions of frost and snow, should he be a naturalist, will see, that no animal can remain there with impunity, when food becomes deficient. Away, the famished creature goes elsewhere, in search of fresh supplies. It is then, that, undeviating instinct acts her part, and unerringly shews the tract which must be followed; whether through the yielding air; or in the briny wave; or on the solid ground.

Thus, when "Boreas, blustering railer," announces the approach of winter, we find that shoals of fish glide regularly to the south, and flocks on flocks of migratory wild fowl forsake their cold abode; whilst the quadrupeds, with here and there, a solitary exception, all turn their faces to the south, and leave the roaring storms behind them.

But man, having been endowed with reason, can carry food, and make his shelter, whichever way he bends his steps; braving the howling blast.

Still, with every possible precaution, an awful death may sometimes be his lot. Thus, Sir John

Franklin and his brave companions, after enduring more than can well be conceived, sank to the ground, each a "stiffened corse, stretched out, and bleaching in the northern blast." Poor noble rovers, lost alas, for the ends of science!—after all, the benefit of a north-west passage, is but a thing of emptiness.

Leaving the frozen zones, we enter the two temperate ones, which have equally with the frozen zones, their millions of creatures both to shelter and to feed.

Still, even many of these, in certain localities, are obliged to take their departure in autumn, to reap the benefit of a warmer sun. Our birds of passage so called, although apparently quite at ease amongst us, suddenly leave Europe for six months in the year, wending their way to Asia and to Africa.

In a word, the man who spends his time in nature's field, will have innumerable facts to show, that, food and shelter, as I have already observed, are the two main inducements which instigate animated nature to make its periodical movements; or, to remain, altogether in one locality, should food and shelter be at their command.

We now come to the torrid zone, which may be aptly denominated the paradise of monkeys.

Although the regions in the temperate zones are open to this active tribe of animals, (I will no longer style them quadrupeds) still it seems that nothing has induced it to migrate from its own native and enchanting territory;—a magnificent range certainly, of no less than forty-seven degrees in extent; and superabundantly replete with everything necessary for life, for food, for safety, and for gratification, no matter at what time of the year it be inspected.

The torrid zone then, is the favored spot, on which to lay the foundation-stone of monkey-economy. It will be an entirely new fabric. The attempt may seem to border on rashness, or on self-sufficiency. When finished, and offered to the public, should it be found faulty in the eyes of our first-rate naturalists, and be condemned by them, I will bow submissive to their superior knowledge and experience; and I will commit this treatise to the flames; just as the curate and the barber of Cervantes served certain books of the knight-errant's unlucky library. "Al fuego," to the flames, exclaimed these keen inquisitors, when they had opened a volume of no apparent utility, perhaps even, with poison in its pages. I have read some books on natural history, which, if they had their due, deserve no better fate.

The torrid zone generally gives us a rising and a

setting sun of gorgeous splendour:—with only a trifling variation in the length of day, throughout the whole year:—and so warm are the lower regions of this zone, that the sensation of cold may be said to be unknown, saving when paroxysms of ague attack the human frame.

In this delightful section of our planet, the traveller's notice is arrested by forests of immeasurable magnitude, where trees of surprising height, are in never failing foliage. On numbers of these trees, may be observed at one and the same time, a profusion of buds and blossoms, and green fruit, and ripe fruit, to the utter astonishment of every European knight-errant who travels amongst them, in quest of zoological adventures.

Here hang huge nuts and giant pods in vast profusion; and when the latter have been eaten by the monkeys, or have fallen to the ground, in their over-ripened state, multitudes of other fruit-bearing trees, in other parts of the forest, produce a new supply in rotation, during the whole of the time that the sun is performing his annual course, through the well-known signs of the zodiac, so beautifully enumerated by a latin poet.

“Sunt Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo;
 Libraque, Scorpius, Arcitenens, Caper, Amphora,
 Pisces.”

In a word, the vegetable productions of the torrid zone, may truly be styled inexhaustible and everlasting. No autumn to arrest their growing vigor,—no winter to smite their beauties to the ground, they perform the task assigned to them, under the protecting influence of congenial spring and summer.

The year throughout, I could scarcely ever detect a tree, denuded of its foliage by nature's mandate. So imperceptible was the decay, and the renewal of the leaf in general, that I never should have observed it, had not my eye occasionally wandered over its changing tints, from birth to maturity.

Although most of these tropical productions are unpalatable to man, still they are both sweet and nourishing to the birds and quadrupeds of the woods. On one occasion, I found a tree covered with ripe figs, on the bank of Camouni creek, a tributary stream to the river Demerara. It was literally crowded with birds and monkeys. These last, scampered away along the trees, on my near approach, but, most of the birds, saving the toucans, remained on the boughs to finish their repast. If I had fired amongst them, some dozens must have fallen; so, to save a cruel and a useless slaughter, I contented myself with remaining a

harmless spectator of the ornithological banquet. I am sure that I acted rightly.

Once more, I wish to draw the attention of the reader, to those ever-fruitful forests of the torrid zone. I would sometimes say to myself, as I was roving through them, that if a man could climb like a monkey, and feel as safe, and as much at his ease, as monkeys are in them, he might amuse himself amongst them, from month to month, and from year to year, without any fear of a deficiency of trees, to arrest his journey onwards, and force him to the ground again ; so dense is the foliage, and so interwoven are the branches.

Indeed, the traveller who contemplates the altitude of these trees, cannot but form an indifferent opinion of those in his own woods at home. These are merely dwarfs ; whilst those in the wilds of Guiana, appear like mighty giants. One could fancy, that they had been trained originally, by the hand of Omnipotence itself to ornament the grounds of Paradise for Adam.

Never can I forget, to my dying day, the impression which the contemplation of them, made upon my mind :—a mind, I may say, serene amidst nature's pristine beauties, after having left behind it, the chequered joys and sorrows of a dull existence in its native land.

Many a time whilst roving onwards, I would strike a light, through mere wanton amusement, and apply a match to some hollow tree before me ; the enormous trunk of which, might have aptly been denominated, the chimney at the furnace of old Polyphemus the Cyclop. My young readers will learn in the course of their studies, that this notorious giant lost his only eye, which was like a huge shield in the middle of his forehead, by having had it scooped out, through the application of a red hot pine-sapling.

As there was no owner to this endless woodland empire ; nor any lawyer of course, studiously at work to point out the exact bearing of those well-known words “*meum and tuum,*” I considered it all my own by right of discovery.

The flame rapidly ascending, roared through the enormous arboreal tunnel ; and the dense columns of black smoke, as they got vent at the top of it, started dozens of bats which were slumbering there, in peace and quiet,—heedless of approaching danger.

But, neither in this, nor in any others, which I pried into from time to time, could I surprise or detect a monkey. Hence, I drew the conclusion, that hollow trees had no attraction for these animals. In fact, if I may judge by what I know

of the habits and the nature of monkeys, there is no more chance of finding a monkey in the hollow of a tree, than there is of surprising me myself, on a Sunday morning in a church of the creed by law established in these realms: a church, which notwithstanding its abundant supply of loaf and fish, I cannot pronounce to be, in my eyes, anything better than a “*statio malefida*:” an unsafe anchorage.”

Monkeys are by far the most expert climbers in the known world. By the extraordinary formation of all their four limbs, and by their peculiar propensities, they are formed by nature, to be heritors of the torrid regions, where summer, solitude, and sustenance are ever to be found.

I stop not here to notice extensive tracks, which are usually called Savannas in the new continent. Some of these are dry, and others wet: but, a description of them, is not called for just now, as they have not trees in contiguity, and thus, of course, they are not frequented by the monkeys. You may see many species of birds in these Savannas, and herds of wild swine, whilst occasionally a tapir will be observed passing from swamp to swamp:—but no monkeys, either great or small. Monkeys would be hard set to live here. We must go and seek them in the lofty trees,

where a descent to the ground would neither be advantageous nor necessary.

During the time which I passed in the apartment of the large red orang-outang, which attracted, so much interest, so much admiration, and ultimately so much disgust, I really considered him to be quite out of his sphere. As he moved to and fro, he did it with a sort of reeling motion, and his gait was remarkably awkward: and when he stood on two legs, his figure was out of all proportion. You might see at once, that, nature never intended him for a biped. To us mortals alone, has the Creator granted the sublime privilege of standing upright. “*Os homini sublime dedit,*” &c. In his movements on the floor, he had the appearance as though he were swung in the loins.

But, no sooner had he ascended the large artificial tree, which had been so aptly prepared for him, than his countenance underwent a visible change; and all seemed to go rightly with him, as though by magic.

He swang with amazing ease, and apparently in excellent humour, by one arm, from branch to branch, imitating the pendulum of a clock: then, he would spring to another branch, and alight on it, upon all fours, with astonishing agility and steadfastness; and often he came down a sloping

part of the tree, head foremost, as though he had been walking on the level ground. So long as he remained in the tree, his every turn and movement indicated that he was just where he ought to be: and he clearly showed by his actions, and by his manifest self-possession, that the tree to him, was exactly as the ground is to us, or the water to the finny tribes.

I had indeed, a most favorable opportunity of making a few observations on the deportment of this huge, but innocuous ape; both whilst I was inside and outside of his metropolitan prison.

I soon saw clearly that the tendons in his long and strangely proportioned arms did all his work for him, as he jumped from place to place, or whilst he remained suspended from the branch which he had seized. When all his four limbs were collected on the branch, his hinder ones seemed merely to act as steadying-props, or secondary adjuvants. It was only when he thus exhibited himself, that I could form a correct notion of the astounding strength with which nature had endowed the fore part of his body.—A movement, that would have been utterly impossible to the most active of us lords of the creation, appeared ease itself in this unsightly brute. Thus, having witnessed the obvious self-possession and activity of the orang-

outang in a tree, and having seen a full display of its awkwardness, and apparent want of confidence, after it had descended to the ground; I pronounced it, within my mind, to be an absolutely arboreal animal, in every sense of the word: nor shall the collected writings of all authors, modern as well as ancient, who have given us detailed and positive accounts of this great ape's achievements on the ground, ever convince me to the contrary. This interesting "wild man of the woods" died when least expected to have been in danger; and an unforeseen event, deprived me of an opportunity to examine its remains.

Here, with the courteous reader's leave, I will avail myself, once more, and for the last time, of a short dialogue betwixt myself and this departed ape; although I am fully aware, that such a mode of imparting zoological knowledge, is quite beneath the notice of our sages who are all for solemn science; still, I venture to hope, that a little deviation from the ordinary tract of writing, will be pardoned by them; and possibly may tend to avert an attack of drowsiness on the part of the reader, whilst the book is placed open on the table before him.

DIALOGUE.

"Tell me, interesting ape from Borneo, are you

quite at your ease, when you are seen suspended by your arms from the branch?"—"Perfectly so, my dear sir, all my limbs have been formed by the hand of our Creator, for exercise amongst the branches of the trees. Only examine me minutely, and you will perceive, that, my very body itself is wholly adapted to a life in the trees; for it is remarkably brawny in the fore parts, and slender in the hinder ones. This gives me a wonderful power of safe transition through the trees, be they ever so high. I am absolutely and entirely a native of the arboreal regions. Pray do examine my limbs. The fore ones are hands complete like your own, saving that the thumb is somewhat shorter. Although, in appearance slender, they are so tendinous and strong, that when I have once applied them to a branch, I am in the most perfect security. Now, my hinder limbs, as, no doubt, you will have observed already, are of a construction the most singular, and at the same time, the most useful that can possibly be imagined. They are half hand and half foot conjoined. Thus, their fingers assist those of the fore hands in climbing, whilst the heels tend to keep me perfectly steady on the branch, wherever I rove.

"With such a formation, say what have we to do on the ground? The tree is our undoubted

locality. It is equally our birth-prerogative, and the place of our death. Believe me, that all us of the monkey family, whether in the old world or in the new, are inhabitants of the trees, and of the trees only;—saving that little colony of ours in Gibraltar; and we have unfortunately no tradition to inform us how in the name of wonder, they ever got there.

“Be assured, if they could, by any chance, slip away from the garrison,—they would, to an ape rejoin our brethren in Barbary, and come within the tropic, when the sun is on his returning journey from the north. In fine, let me tell you, my dear sir, once for all, that every monkey in the known world, whether in infancy or in old age, whether in health or in sickness, whether in freedom or in captivity, (as alas, I myself now am,) is never at perfect ease, unless in the trees of the forest.”

In height, the orang-outang which is the largest ape hitherto discovered, does not exceed five feet. Our own unrivalled comparative anatomist is, I believe, of this opinion:—although I have formerly read of an ape killed and measured in Sumatra approaching nearly to seven feet. Most probably, there has been an error here.

Monkeys would be poorly off indeed, if they had to seek for their daily food on the ground.

Supposing, for an instant, which, by the way, is not the case, that their daily food does attach to the ground, pray tell me how are they to acquire it? They have not snouts like those of swine, formed particularly to root up the earth;—nor feet like badgers which will penetrate it to almost any depth. Their fingers and their nails are nearly similar to our own. Say then, how could we, by the bare use of our hands, get at a root of horse-radish, or of aconite?—Ah, that poisonous root aconite! Poor young Mackenzie perished by it. Well did I know him. Not a more virtuous, nor a more amiable, nor a more charitable young gentleman could be found throughout the extent of Scotland's wide domain. Better fate did he deserve than to have lost his valuable life, through the blundering mistake of a culinary menial—who having been sent to the garden for a root of horse-radish, most unfortunately brought back with him a handful of aconite, commonly known by the name of monk's-hood or wolf's-bane; and it served to garnish a dish of roast beef for dinner.

I trust, that my young readers will have formed by this time, a competent idea of the beauty and grandeur to be observed in the ever green forests of

the torrid zone ; where, as I have already remarked, in its lower regions, cold is utterly unknown, except in sickness ; where fruit is ever ripening ; and where man, with all his deadly weapons, is but a transient visitor in the wilds ; and when he does make his appearance there, can easily be avoided by the brute creation, which invariably retires on his approach.

“And every beast, before him ran,
To shun the hateful sight of man.”

These magnificent, and nearly impenetrable forests then, flourishing in the torrid zone, seem to invite the entire monkey family, to come and be happy in them. They say to these amusing animals as it were, “ours is really the only place on earth to suit you. Our noble trees will eternally supply you with food, so that, you will never find yourselves under the necessity of going in search of it, apart from these joyous abodes,”

In examining the four limbs of a monkey, everybody must see at once, that they have not been formed by nature to do much work upon the ground. I don't venture to say, that monkeys never come upon the ground. Occasionally, they may leave their usual haunts for a short time ; just as we ourselves exchange land for water, when we wish to have a dip in the ocean. So may a

monkey pop into a rice field,—but he would not stay there, even although his safety were not in jeopardy.

Were he to try his speed on the ground, the very thumb itself, would be an impediment in a course forward; whilst the long fingers would soon fail to assist him effectually as he advanced in his career.

Do but inspect, for a moment or so, the inside of a monkey's hand. You will find it as soft and delicate as that of a lady, as I have previously observed, who always wears gloves. It would not be so, were the monkey accustomed to run on the ground. Now, the branches of the trees being resilient, they give way, to a certain degree, when pressed upon; and this probably is the cause why all monkeys' hands are soft and tender. On the contrary, were those hands continually in the same position, as the feet of dogs, they would inevitably assume a texture hard and rough.

Take a young milliner of blooming nineteen and feel the softness of her hands, which have never done any hard work: for, she has not been in the habit of rubbing the dirty steps at the door with a sandstone: nor of scouring fish-kettles on her knees in the back-kitchen, as the poor scullion did in *Tristram Shandy*. No such thing. She has passed her time in exercise more mollient.

But, examine the hands of a weather-beaten mason. You will find them as hard as the Marpesian rock. He has been working all his life, with the pick and the crow-bar.

Pressure then, according to its intensity, will never fail to render both our feet and our hands, extremely hard and rigid; whilst on the contrary, absence of pressure, will allow them to retain their pristine delicacy of texture.

If the reader should ever chance to dip into my autobiography, which he will find in the "Essays on Natural History," he will there learn the vast difference there is, betwixt a tender toe and a tough one. He will see how severely I got punished, by rashly presuming, that my feet (after I had now worn shoes for twenty years,) were in the same hardened state, as they formerly had been; when, by going barefoot, they had become callous, and could support me with impunity, as I wandered through the asperities of a tropical forest. I have no doubt but that if a soft and tender-footed orang-outang from Borneo, had accompanied me that morning to Rome, he would have been equally disabled and footsore.

Custom, they say, is second nature, still custom, when I contemplate the singular formation of all the four limbs of a monkey will never adapt them,

in my opinion, to perform the task of a long journey on the ground.

But, it is almost time to close this little treatise, in which I have carefully abstained from looking on the monkey family with a scientific eye, merely confining myself to shew, that the outward formation of a monkey's limbs, disables it, in a great measure, from living on the ground; whilst the forests of the tropics hold out to it, an everlasting convenience for the gratification of its appetites; aye, for millions upon millions of individuals which can spend their whole lives upon these trees, in freedom and in safety.

I willingly resign to our grave masters in the school of zoology, the sublime task to shew cause, why a monkey, approaching so near to man externally, should be internally as far distant from him, as the mule itself is, or the mule's father, the ass.

When they shall have enlightened us on this point, I will courteously ask them to explain, why one cow has horns, and another none? Why does a dog lap water, and a sheep drink it? Why has the horse the large warts on the inside of his legs? Why does cock-robin sing for twelve months consecutively, whilst his companion, the chaffinch, warbles but half the time?

Leaving then these Gordian knots to be unravelled by more expert hands than mine : I must beg permission to repudiate the accounts which have reached us of apes armed with clubs and of their assaulting men in the forests ;—of apes taking young black ladies up to the tops of the trees, and persuading them to join company for three long years ;—of apes throwing fruit, at stated distances, from orchards into each other's hands ;—of apes building habitations for themselves ; of monkeys preaching in the wilderness ; and of others acting the part of skilful surgeons, by stopping hemorrhages, and by subduing inflammations. These amusing fables must have been invented by designing knaves to gull some credulous adventurer in want of matter for a book of travels. I never saw anything of the sort in the forests of Guiana.

There is difficulty in assigning to the monkey family, its true place in zoological nomenclature ; for monkeys cannot be considered four-footed animals, as they have really no feet : neither are they exactly four-handed animals, as their hind limbs are formed of half feet, and half hands. Neither can they be named bipeds, although some naturalists would fain make us believe, that orang-outangs and chimpanzees will walk upright like ourselves. But, this wants explanation. In cap-

tivity, I grant, that they may be trained to stand and hobble along on their hind limbs. But, in freedom, such an exhibition will not be seen; because, monkeys being inhabitants of trees, and of trees only, an upright position, similar to that of man, would never be required, and if attempted, could only be momentary, on account of the nature of the branch upon which the attempt would be made.

Certainly, as far as the fore limbs are concerned, they may safely be pronounced arms and hands. But then, how are we to dispose of the hind ones? Their termination is neither an entire hand, nor an entire foot; but, as I have more than once remarked, it is an evident compound of both. The combination of all these four limbs makes a monkey by far the most expert climber of a tree in the world: and as in form and in habits it differs widely from all known animals, I would suggest to our learned naturalists who are so very happy in bestowing names, the propriety of coining a new name for the family of the monkey, and assigning it a place apart in the zoological category.

Ere I close this little treatise, I will venture a recapitulation, as I think that it may be of service.

Let the young naturalist bear in mind, that I have divided the whole of the monkey family into

four sections, viz., apes, baboons, and monkeys with ordinary tails, and monkeys with prehensile ones.

I had rather recommend this simple plan to his notice, than terrify him with a list of hard names from modern books, and bewilder him with divisions and sub-divisions of this interesting family, until his head can no longer tolerate the scientific burden.

Let him also remember, that, all monkeys, saving a few isolated apes on the rock of Gibraltar, are inhabitants of the torrid zone. Some few, perhaps, may stray for a degree or so beyond the tropics; but then, their movements to and fro, will be regulated by the sun's apparently revolving movements within the tropics.

Again, let him reflect, that no monkey, either great or small in either hemisphere, has limbs formed like the limbs of quadrupeds; but, that, they have hands properly so called, with long fingers, and with thumbs (these last have been denied to one or two species) most singularly shaped to assist the animal in traversing the trees:—that, no monkey has yet been discovered, or probably ever will be discovered, with limbs essentially differing in form, from those already known to us. Moreover, that none of the monkey family make nests; nor do they prepare any kind of dens

nor recesses amongst the branches of trees, wherein to retire for the propagation of their race. That, their only true resting places are the branches and the clefts of trees, both of which they uniformly desert, when food becomes deficient.

That, the young ones cleave to their mothers' bodies wherever their mothers ramble, without any risk of falling, just as the young bats in this country, are known to cling to theirs.

That, the largest species of this wonderful family, far from shewing signs of pursuit, or of resistance, scampers away amongst the trees on the appearance of man; whilst individuals of the lesser tribes, will sometimes mount to the tops of the trees, and there look down upon the passing traveller below, apparently with astonishment, as though they recognised in his physiognomy, some faint traces of a newly-arrived cousin.

Whilst we admire the lion, walking on his path; or observe the jaguar crouching on the bole of some inclined tree, half-rooted up by the force of the hurricane;—whilst we contemplate the bull ruminating in the plain, and the roebuck bounding o'er the hills; we see them in situations exactly suited to their forms and to their appetites.

Then, let us have the monkey, just where it ought to be, and nowhere else. Its shoulders,—

its strong and tendinous arms,—the strength of its fore parts, and the slender structure of its hinder ones,—its appetites and astonishing agility, all conspire and force us to concede that patrimony to the whole family for which, never erring nature has most admirably, and most indubitably adapted it.

There aloft, amid the trees of the tropics, it will find a harmless neighbour in the sloth:—slow indeed and awkward in the extreme, as I have shewn heretofore, when forced from its native haunts;—but lively and active when allowed to remain in them. Whilst the monkey moves with speed, with firmness and security on the upper parts of the branches,—the sloth will be seen rapidly progressing underneath by clinging to them:—both fulfilling by constitutional movements, their Creator's imperious mandates.

When viewed at a distance these two inhabitants of the forest, appear genuine quadrupeds, but a near inspection shews their true characters, and proves that they ought not to be styled four-footed, nor even four-handed animals. The monkey exhibits nothing that can be correctly called a foot, saving the heel on its hinder limbs;—and the sloth can shew nothing that can even be considered part of a foot.

Here then, I bid farewell to the interesting

family of the monkey ;—having done my best to assign it a domain, where, aloft from the ground,—and with everything that can conduce to its health, to its safety, and to the gratification of its propensities, it can enjoy life, and unerringly fulfil the orders of an all-wise Providence, which has destined it,—not to be an inhabitant of the ground,—but to live, and to perpetuate its progeny amid the everlasting verdure of the forests in the torrid zone.



PIGEON-COTS
AND
PIGEON-STEALERS.

“ NE GLORIARI LIBEAT ALIENIS BONIS.”

It is not lawful you should boast,
Of triumph at another's cost.

SHOULD my little collection of facts in natural history, be pleasing to the general reader, I would beg leave to draw his attention to this paper in particular ; which although, properly speaking, not wholly confined to my favorite study, will still be useful to him ; and will let him into deeds of evil import, which if not prevented by the hand of power, will end, ere long, in the extermination of a breed of birds, acknowledged by remote generations, as well as by ourselves, to be most excellent food for man, and productive of singular fertility to the farmer's field.

A Roman poet, two thousand years ago, left us a

good hint how to ensure a plentiful supply of dove-cot pigeons.*

Time was in England, when badgers, bears, and bulls, were torn and slaughtered by ferocious dogs, trained purposely to do the bloody deed.

At last, the legislature interfered, and stopped these shows of cruelty and vice.

But, unfortunately, in their place, there has arisen another demoralising pastime. By the way, it is the very thing for assembled pick-pockets to work at their vocation, and for publicans to sell their adulterated beer.

And, although it is considered to be not so manifestly cruel in its aspect, as the above-mentioned exhibitions; still, in detail, it is worse if anything, and at the same time, most ruinous to the farmer's profits. We may be allowed to make use of the word *worse*,—because, when a badger, for example, is killed by the dogs, there is an end of it. Not so with wounded pigeons. They manage to get home, where they will linger for days, and then die; leaving too often behind them, their helpless young ones, to perish for want of food, and maternal warmth.

This brings me at once to the dove-cot.

Our pigeons may be advantageously divided into

* See Ovid's *Tristium*.

two classes:—viz., dove-cot pigeons, which are destined for the use of the table; and fancy birds, which are carefully kept apart, in order to ensure a continuation of the original breed.

Pigeon-fanciers apply themselves to the production of croppers, carriers, fantails, barbs, capuchins, and other remarkable sorts; whilst the farmer confines his attention to the more profitable class, of what is usually known by the name of dove-cot pigeons.

These last birds are not so positively defined in figure and plumage as the first; and as their color is perpetually varying, in each succeeding progeny, the farmer would scarcely be able to swear to them in a court of justice, should he have recourse to a prosecution.

In fact, dove-cot pigeons cannot well be considered the private property of any individual, as they do not always remain in one particular cot. Hence, if I were allowed a peculiar observation, I would say, that they may be styled columbine cosmopolites.

They feed in all parts of the country. If they determine to inhabit your dove-cot, they desert mine, and they breed with you;—whilst, not uncommonly, several pairs of your pigeons, will come and take up their quarters with me.

This promiscuous interchange of pigeons, is perfectly understood, and approved of by all the neighbourhood; and it never seems to be detrimental to any particular cot. In days gone by dove-cots were in high repute; and provided only, that you kept them clean, and managed to shut out effectually, the Hanoverian rat, (no easy achievement) you never failed to have a good supply of dove-cot pigeons.

There exists a law, now considered obsolete; and a most salutary law it was; namely, that if any body should kill old dove-cot pigeons, (no matter where) he was fined one guinea for every old bird wilfully destroyed.

The lord of the manor himself, could not transgress with impunity, this useful law. Nay, in order to encourage fair play, it was deemed fit, by common consent, to prohibit the placing of what was called a salt-cat, in any dove-cot. Now, a salt-cat was understood to be a composition of barley-meal, salt, and corn; forming a most tempting repast to the whole race of dove-cot pigeons.

When I was a boy, I remember well to have heard my father say, that the owner of a dove-cot was not allowed to white-wash the *outside* of it, lest too great a number of other people's pigeons, might forsake their own ordinary cot, and be

tempted, above their strength, to take up their abode in it, and hatch a succession of young ones there.

Nothing can be more attractive to the pigeon family, than the dove-cot well white-washed inside and out; nor is there anything more repulsive than one that is filled with filth. Ovid the Roman poet says:

“*Aspicis ut veniunt ad candida tecta columbæ!
Accipiet nullas, sordida turris, aves.*”

Under our old provincial regulations, the dove-cots throve surprisingly. Markets had a regular supply throughout the season, and the farmer's expectations were amply realized.

There were always pigeon-cots to be seen in every village, or near to it, in this part of Yorkshire.

I say, near the village, because our ancient encouragers of pigeons imagined, that if the dove-cot were built in the farm yard, probably the barking of the guard-dog,—the sound of the flail, and the passing to and fro of the labourers, would disturb the incubating pigeons, and thus lessen the profits of the dove-cot. Wherefore, dove-cots were generally built in a croft, at a proper distance from the farm establishment.

But my father, who was a keen observer of nature, knew better; and he, at once, erected his modern dove-cot, nearly in the centre of his

buildings. The very first season proved that he had acted wisely ; and I myself, in latter times, have known ninety-three dozens of young pigeons to have been taken out of this dove-cot in the course of one year.

But now the wind has veered against us : and scanty is the show of pigeons. The reader will see why, if he will read the remainder of this paper.

Whilst the owner could protect his pigeons, numerous square dove-cots of handsome architecture, embellished the sylvan scenery of the adjacent country ; and as old pigeons were not in repute for the table, these dove-cots were sure to have a plentiful supply of breeding-birds ; and the farmers vied with each other, in keeping their dove-cots in thorough repair.

These buildings contained separate recesses or holes for each pair of pigeons ; and, in front of these holes, there was a row of bricks from wall to wall, jutting out by way of a terrace, whereon the inmates might rest or walk. A window, and sometimes two, gave light to the interior of the building : and there was a large square glazed frame at the top of the roof, supported by four short legs ; just giving room enough betwixt the roof and the frame, to allow of the ingress and egress

of the pigeons. It was called a *glover*; supposed to be a corruption of the French word *ouvert*, that is, an opening. So says common report up and down the country.

Inside the cot, there was an upright shaft, working in a socket on the floor; and also at the top, by means of a pivot, which was let into a cross-beam. A frame, forming steps from the bottom to the top, and jointed into the upright shaft, afforded an easy ascent to the climber in quest of young pigeons. Up this, he used to mount, step by step; and with one foot on it, and the other on the jutting bricks already mentioned, he could go round the dove-cot; searching every hole in the place, with ease, and with perfect safety to himself.

A well-planned dove-cot ought to have solid walls for a couple of yards from the foundation, to prevent vermin from making their way upwards; and there ought to be light through a window, independent of that which enters at the *glover*.

My new dove-cot has two large windows, and six hundred and sixty-six holes or recesses for the purpose of incubation. It is cleaned out, and white-washed inside, once every year. The old one, in former days, before pigeon shooting became the fashionable and, properly speaking, the illegal pastime of the day, was always well stocked with birds.

Many farmers in this neighbourhood, by means of selling pigeon-manure at eighteen pence per bushel, and by supplying the markets with young birds, realized a sum of twenty-five pounds sterling in the course of the year.

As dove-cot pigeons are considered a kind of common stock throughout the country, no farmer ever takes umbrage when he sees a flight of stranger pigeons alight at his barn door: because he is quite aware, that the pigeons which incubate in his own dove-cot, have a similar privilege in other premises at any distance from him.

This state of things appertaining to dove-cot-economy, had existed for centuries in England; during which period, the farmer reaped abundant profit, and the epicure had daily gratification, by means of the encouragement and protection shewn all over the land, to the common dove-cot pigeon.

At last, some half century ago, perhaps not quite so much, this profitable and peaceful understanding amongst farmers, was doomed to go to wreck. Their long-continued sunshine, was succeeded by dark and cloudy weather: and a hitherto most abundant supply of young pigeons, was to dwindle down to nothing, before the face of a cruel phantom; to which our modern plunderers have given the fashionable name of a pigeon-shooting match.

This destructive diversion, utterly unknown to our ancestors, can only be kept up by a vast supply of old dove-cot pigeons. Now, farmers never part with these birds. They know better than to do that, which would be so ruinous to their real interests. They are wiser than to kill the goose which lays the golden egg.

What then is to be done? Young Mr. Draper wants to try a new gun: Squire Goodaim is eager to shew his skill in shooting, before an assembled multitude:—his sweetheart sits, no doubt, in the foremost ranks:—and Tunley (Smollett's name for an innkeeper) has his eye on an opening to dispose of his excellent beer by the hogshead. Urgent reasons these for destroying kidnapped pigeons! Under the pressure of such weighty circumstances, a letter is despatched to some country game-vendor, for a large supply of living pigeons, which birds, he is perfectly aware, cannot be supplied by honest means. The game-vendor immediately summons a poacher from the neighbourhood, where well-stocked dove-cots offer a supply. The parties soon understand each other. A bargain is now made;—and before daylight the next morning, hampers with living pigeons, arrive at the nearest railway station, on their route to the appointed shooting match; from which novel field of carnage

scarcely a solitary bird escapes. The history of their unexpected and untimely capture is briefly this.

Three or four daring villains, provided with a net, and some willow-crates, (the darker the night the better) proceed to the dove-cot which has been denounced for pilfer. A ladder of convenient length is stolen for the occasion. Slowly and silently these nocturnal thieves approach the farmer's dove-cot. Arrived at the spot, two of them ascend the ladder in order to reach the glover, over which they gently throw the net.

This done, their comrades below, tap gently at the door of the dove-cot; making a noise just sufficient to awake the inmates, without causing them to fly all at once to the four openings at the bottom of the glover. A few more gentle taps, cause the awakened birds to attempt an escape: and as fast as each bird passes out of the dove-cot, it is arrested in its course by the net, and there becomes the prey of the thieves.

Thus, the required number is obtained; whilst the robbery has been effected with little or no noise.

The booty is disposed of in baskets, and taken to the game-vendor who had hired the plunderers. They are well paid for their nocturnal exertions.

The game-vendor forwards the pigeons to the appointed destination ; and in due time, he receives his reward from the director of the shooting-match.

Here then, is exposed the root and mischief of a new diversion risen up in our own time:—a pastime patronised by those, who, should they read this paper, will clearly see, that their shooting-matches are supported by crime, and terminate manifestly to the cost of our industrious farmers, who never send old pigeons to the market. Wherefore, we may safely calculate, that, the old birds which have been procured for the shooting-matches, have all been stolen from the farmer's dove-cot.

If this nefarious pastime be persisted in much longer, the supply of young pigeons for the market will scarcely be worth noticing:—and to the shooting-matches alone, will be traced the lamentable diminution of a dish so well known to the public, under the appellation of pigeon-pie.

A tenant of mine, in Walton village, used formerly to pay great attention to his pigeon-cot ; but having had it robbed twice in one year, he has now abandoned it in utter despair of evermore being able to protect the birds from our nightly depredators, hired to procure supplies of living pigeons for the shooting-matches. Whilst I was in Italy, my own dove-cot was robbed twice of its old birds.

Determined to put a final stop to the plunder, I pulled it down, and have erected another in a safer place; which I have made so high, that no ladder can be found of sufficient length to reach the roof.

Our pigeon-cots are now much diminished in numbers. Those which formerly stood in the paddocks, have either been pulled down, or left to remain, without any hopes on the part of the owners, that they will ever again become productive; whilst those in the villages, exhibit an appearance of manifest neglect on the part of the farmers.

In fact, the modern amusement of pigeon-shooting, entails poverty on the pigeon-cot. The village of Walton bears ample testimony to this.

If the act of parliament, which they say, has never been repealed, were now put in force to save our few remaining dove-cots from dilapidation, the nocturnal pigeon-plunderers would soon cease to exercise their wicked calling. Anybody, on observing a willow-cage filled with common pigeons, and ready for the railway-train, would have a pretty certain clue to go by; as he might be quite sure, that all those birds have been recently stolen. Such a willow cage, has lately been left, full of old pigeons, at the Roystone-station, Yorkshire.

In addition to pigeon-stealers during the night,

our farmers have other enemies to deal with during the day.

These are the trading barges upon inland canals. The master of these boats never fails to have a gun on board. With this he commits great havoc, by killing and wounding our pigeons whilst they are feeding in the fields adjacent to the canal. Some fall dead, and others, wounded by the discharge, barely reach the cot, where they linger for a while, and then expire, often leaving young ones in the holes above them, to perish for want of their daily food.

Some years ago, near a farm at the Oakenshaw-station, near Wakefield, a case occurred of which I was an eye-witness.

The farmer had just finished his barley-sowing, in a field bordering on the Barnsley canal. A flock of pigeons was picking up the grains which had not got covered by the harrow. A boat was coming slowly up; and as I expected mischief, I quietly placed myself under a hedge, to see what might take place. A gun was discharged from the barge at the feeding pigeons. Some fell, and others returned to the dove-cot, which has since been abandoned. I called upon the farmer; and having told him what I had just seen, I said, that I was ready to appear against the owner of the

barge. He remarked, that, what with pigeon-shooting by boatmen, and pigeon-stealing by hired poachers, his dove-cot was not worth attending to. He declined a prosecution, fearing lest the barge-men should set fire to his corn-stacks. Thus ended the affair.

I have now placed in a clear point of view, the real causes of destruction to our dove-cots. The cure is both cheap and easy. It depends upon the public to determine what is to be done. If our markets are to be supplied as in days of yore, pigeon-shooting matches *must* certainly cease. If, on the contrary, these cruel exhibitions are to be continued, then indeed, our few remaining dove-cots, will ere long, become tenantless; and they will serve as beacons to shew the passing countryman, what crime and cruelty can effect, when under the cloak of pastime for the higher orders.



THE HUMMING-BIRD.

“MAXIMUS IN MINIMIS CERNITUR ESSE DEUS.”

I AM not satisfied with the accounts which naturalists have given us of this little animated ærial gem. Neither do the drawings of it please me; and as for the specimens themselves, in the museums, both at home and on the continent, they have, all of them, evidently been done by the hand of a man, who knew not what he was doing.

I wish to describe the figure and the habits of the humming-bird family, so distinctly that when young naturalists visit our museums, they may be able to decide, without any hesitation, which is a humming-bird, and which is not. For, this family is unique in the world, and its figure cannot be mistaken. All other known birds, saving the swifts, may be seen at one time or other on the ground. The humming-bird is never observed there.

The name “humming-bird” is aptly given; and for the sake of perspicuity, I shall retain it

throughout the whole of the family; because every individual of it, from the largest to the smallest, produces the humming noise whilst on the wing; and this sound proceeds from the quick vibration of the wings, which are scythe-like in form, and different in appearance, from the wings of all other known birds.

I reject the latin word "Trochilus" for the humming-bird. It may sound learned, and is much used by foreign naturalists. But, I am writing on humming-*birds*:—not humming-*tops*.

No humming-birds have ever been discovered in the old world. For although, both Africa and Asia contain minute birds of wonderful brilliancy in the metallic colors, still, the legs of all these, without any exception, are sufficiently long to enable them to walk on the ground. But, the legs of the humming-bird are useless on the ground. This I have already stated.

As a distinctive mark, we may say, that there is a proportional length of leg, in all the small birds of the old world, useful when on the ground, but that, for want of this proportional length of leg in the humming-birds of the new world, the legs become useless when accident has brought down the the bird from its ærial domain.

The legs then, of all humming-birds being noto-

riously short, I wish the young naturalist to keep this feature in mind. By so doing, when he enters a museum in any part of the world, he will perceive at one glance, whether the specimen before him, is a humming-bird from America, or whether it belongs to some other tribe of birds, no matter, from what part of the world; even though, it be decked in metallic colors, as these colors may be seen in other birds, just as well as in the humming-birds.

Let us now proceed to examine these resplendent gems of the new world, in their component parts and habits.

The entire tribe of humming-birds exhibits the same form of wings, (with a trifling variation in some of the primary feathers) legs, and feet. But the bills in certain species, vary to some extent. Some have the bill short and quite straight. In others, it has a downward curve, in shape somewhat like a cobbler's awl; whilst here and there we find other species with the end of the bill turned upwards, as in that of our own avoset. In the year 1806, I killed a humming-bird with its bill so formed, about forty miles up the river Demerara. It was sitting on a twig which was hanging over the water.

In one species of humming-bird, found in the

Carracas, the bill is quite straight, and of such an extraordinary length, that it appears disproportionate, and puts the observer in mind of a woodcock's bill. The bird itself is robed in a homely dress, somewhat deficient in metallic shades. When I was in Rome, a skin of this newly discovered species, was sent to Prince Canino, and offered to him, for the enormous sum if I recollect rightly, of eighteen pounds sterling, The Prince returned the skin, and I think he acted very wisely.

The humming-bird can never be seen upon the ground, unless it has had a fall.

Nature has peremptorily ordered it to retire to the tree for rest, or for incubation, or for sleep, after it has fulfilled its duties on rapid wing, through the azure vault of heaven.

I may be allowed to use the word rapid, because, I am quite sure, that nobody has ever yet detected a humming-bird loitering on the wing, as our crows and pigeons will often do. The flight of this bird is as that of an arrow from a bow, sent by some vigorous hunter. The bird is nearly invisible until it arrives at the food-bearing flower, where it remains on wing, apparently motionless to our eyes;—such is the astonishing vibration of the pinions.

Should it, by any chance, come to the ground, before your face, its awkward struggles would shew at once, that it was quite out of its element. Indeed, let authors affirm what they choose to the contrary, you would see with your own eyes, that it could neither hop nor walk; and that, both its abdominal and caudal plumage, had come in contact with the mire, for want of longer legs to sustain the bird in a proper attitude.

In forming its nest, the whole of the materials are collected from plants, trees, and spiders' webs. Some of these nests are beautifully formed of one uniform interwoven material, without any lining, and they put you in mind of brown tanned leather. Others have a delicate and an uncommonly soft lining, taken from the wild ipecacuanha. Many are placed upon the upper part of a horizontal branch, and are so studded with the lichen found on the tree, that it is no easy matter to distinguish the nest. Some are attached to the extremity of a pendant leaf, well secured by innumerable threads of the spiders' web; and forming a most curious sample of ornithological architecture. Nothing of the nature of glue, nor any other viscouſ substance, is made use of by the old bird in the fabrication of her nest. Spiders' web supplies the place of these; and we see, on inspection, that this

is made use of by our own chaffinch, in finishing the outside of its nest.

The form of the body in every individual of the humming-bird family, is precisely the same, differing only in size.

At the knees, in many species, (indeed, in all, in a greater or a less degree) is found a profusion of delicately white feathery down. When this is made to appear in preserved specimens, a solecism is committed, in the art of what our learned doctors now call "taxidermy." No part of this feathery down ought to appear, whether the bird be on the wing, or resting upon the twig of a tree. In nature, it is entirely concealed by the adjacent and surrounding feathers.

The toes, and a very small portion of the foot will sometimes appear in view; but rarely do you see the feet when the bird sits on the branch or twig; and never, by any chance, can you see the leg, no matter whether the bird be in motion or at rest.

When once the humming-bird has reached the branch, there it remains, quiet and motionless, like our domestic swallow; never moving to or fro, as other birds are wont to do. It adheres firmly to the spot where it first alighted, until its wants or its whims cause it to depart; when off it darts, bright as a refulgent meteor through the sky.

Let me here remark, that the humming-bird never perches when in the act of feeding; but, invariably takes its nutriment whilst fluttering on the wing before a flower.

With a trifling variation, which may be called a flattening of the shafts in the primary wing-feathers of a few species, the form of the wings in the entire family is precisely the same. Hence, every individual, great and small, will produce the same humming noise; with this difference, that it will sound stronger in the larger tribes, and weaker in the smaller ones.

Although the flight of these birds is rapid beyond conception, yet the individual which exercises it, is never seen in an altitude much higher than the tops of the trees, nor so low as to sweep along, close to the ground, or to the surface of the water, as our swallows are wont to do.

The course of humming-birds seems always directed to the locality where they can meet with food, either in the cups of flowers, or at a column of gnats, clustering in the void, at a moderate distance from the ground.

When the parasite plants of Guiana have come into full bloom, then is the proper time to find certain humming-birds, which you never fall in with, when these parasites are only in leaf. I have

sought for them, whole months without success, until the blooming of the parasite plant informed me, that I need labour in vain no longer.

Once I had an odd adventure near a parasite bunch of flowers in the forest. I had been sitting about four hours on the ground, not much at my ease, for the sun was blazing in full splendour, when I heard a gentle rustling amongst the fallen leaves; and presently, I saw a fine martin of the fougart family, making slowly up to the place which I was occupying.

On getting sight of me, it gave a kind of scream as though it would have said, "halloo, sir, I did not expect to meet you here!" and then it instantly turned about, and took to the trees; I following it, and shouting at the top of my voice. This terrified it and increased its speed; and whilst it was in the act of vaulting from a branch, I fired at it, without raising the gun to my shoulder. Wonderful to relate, down dropped the flying marten: dead as Julius Cæsar. This is the first and last quadruped I ever shot in mid-air.

Very great doubts may be entertained as to the song or supposed song of humming-birds. Although I was in the midst of humming-birds, I never heard the least attempt at it. Still, the great French naturalist talks of singing humming-

birds; but, I imagine that he must have been wrongly informed, as the humming-birds, of which he writes, (and he had his information from an eye-witness) were only young birds, a few weeks out of the nest. Now, we all know, that this age, both in man and in birds, is too immature for the production of song.

I am not a believer in humming-bird-melody. If it do exist, it must come from a species hitherto unknown; and with a guttural formation quite different from that which obtains in the species already examined. These guttural parts are alike in the whole known family:—and thus, if one bird can sing, they all ought to sing.

I can state positively, from long experience, that humming-birds are not gregarious in the usual acceptation of the word. Their incubation is always solitary; and although many dozens of them, may be seen feeding, at the scarlet flowers, for example, on the tree which the French call “Bois Immortel,” those birds will have been seen to arrive, one by one at the flowers, and to have retired from them, one by one, when the repast was over.

Neither the monkey nor the humming-bird, on account of the formation of the feet in this, and of the hands in that, can labour on the ground for

their food. Yet, when they are in the right region to acquire it, there is a visible difference in their mode of proceeding. Thus, the monkey sits on the branch, and, in that position, supplies its wants, with what the tree produces. But the humming-bird, must be on wing whilst it extracts food from the flowers; and never can it possibly be seen to take nourishment, whilst perching on a twig.

This rule is absolute for the humming-bird.

The vault of heaven offers a large supply of food to these birds. It is interesting to see how they satisfy the call of hunger, by invading the columns of insects which frequent the circumambient atmosphere. Darting from the shade, with the rapidity of a meteor, the humming-bird stops short at the column, and there, apparently motionless, it regales itself, and then departs, as swiftly as it had approached.

Authors are divided as to the exact kind of food which humming-birds require.

In all the species which I have inspected (and I have inspected not a few), I have found insects, or fragments of insects in the œsophagus; and occasionally, by applying my tongue to the contents of the stomach, I have experienced a sweet taste, as though of sugar and water. Still, were I

asked, if I considered, that the nectar in flowers, constituted the principal food of humming-birds, I should answer in the negative. Insects form their principal food.

The robust frames of these birds, seem to require something more solid to support life, than the nectareous dew abstracted from flowers; and I don't exactly see, if these birds, do principally exist on this kind of nutriment, how it is, that they continue to keep it pure in their own hot stomachs; and then, by a process, unknown to us, convey it to the stomachs of their gaping little ones. But, the schoolmaster has left his closet and gone abroad. Perhaps he will clear away a good part of the mist, which still envelopes this ornithological section of natural history. Let us hope for the best.

Within the tropics, we find nearly the whole of the numerous family of humming-birds.

The supreme ruler of the universe, who has peremptorily ordered the sun never to transgress the boundary marked out for its annual course, in the everlasting highway of the flaming zodiac, has equally insisted, that these lovely little birds, with here and there an exception, should keep in the same track with the glorious luminary himself.

Those exceptions which wander farther on into

the temperate, and possibly arctic regions, will not stay there, after the sun has reached the equator in his returning journey. They belong to the torrid zone, and there alone can they find their nutriment in the winter months.

It is in the torrid zone then, of the new world, that we are to look for the family of the humming-bird in all its species. A family, adorned with plumage of such amazing brilliancy, as to compete with, if not surpass, the united splendor of our most precious stones themselves.

Let the young naturalist imagine, blue, white, red, yellow, green, crimson, lake and purple, with all the intermediate shades, blended into each other, producing a most fascinating effect; and then he will form a faint idea of the transcendent beauty which adorns the plumage of these living gems.

I once possessed a humming-bird, which wonderfully attracted the attention of the late worthy Mr. Loddiges. He stood riveted to the spot as he examined it.

Knowing that he had formed his own collection of humming-birds, chiefly for the good of science; and aware that mine had no ulterior pretensions, than to attract the passing notice of accidental visitors, I begged him to accept it.

On returning to London, Mr. Loddiges sent me a few fine specimens of the thorn which bears a black berry, intimating that he had been assured, that this species of thorn, had attractions for the nightingale. These plants are now in fine vigor at Walton Hall.

No doubt, there are yet, numerous species of humming-birds, brilliant as the morning star, to be discovered in those far distant and immeasurable wilds, where at the present time, perhaps, there is not one solitary rational being to admire the profusion of their metallic splendor, glowing like diamonds in their rich and loricated plumage.

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.”



AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

“O FONS BANDUSIÆ SPLENDIDIOR VITRO.”

THE traveller may reach this renowned city in an easy day's journey from Calais, or from Ostend. It is charmingly situated in the bosom of surrounding hills, where corn fields, wood and pasture seem to vie with each other in tempting the health-seeking stranger, to take up his abode amongst them during the ever welcome sunshine of a summer season.

I own, that I am not easily captivated by European scenery, be it ever so magnificent, after having wandered through the boundless beauties of tropical America; still, when I have arrived at Aix-la-Chapelle, I feel lost in admiration; and there succeeds to my mind, a calm and a composure, not easily to be described; and I find out new objects of wonder, both in town and country on each succeeding visit.

Aix-la-Chapelle presents an instructive memento in undoubted features, to all who find their way

to it, as they journey on through all our well known "vale of tears." Its now mouldering walls, with here and there a fortress, dismantled by the imperious hand of man, or ruined by the storms of time, tell him too clearly, that they have been strong and mighty in their prime; but, that now, their hour of warlike glory has passed away; and that even their hard materials must ere long dissolve and crumble into pieces, at their own foundations, never to rise again.

Here, boiling fountains, heated by the hand of nature, have flowed, time out of mind, for the benefit of distressed humanity; and they will apparently continue in the present course, uninterrupted to the consummation of all things; unless some vast commotion in the bowels of mother earth, shall change their stream, or dry it up for ever.

I stop not here to attempt an analysis of these health-restoring waters. That can be obtained satisfactorily from ancient and modern books, which contain very correct details of their component parts. In fact, to tell the truth, I have no real science in me. I merely look at art and nature as I pass along; and I pen down that which gives me most delight. So puny are my pretensions to anything in the shape of science, that I frankly

confess I have never yet been able to find out, why a dung-hill cock claps his wings before he crows; and why a cock-pheasant does the same thing, after he has ceased to crow.

But, this means nothing: let me now proceed.

The medicinal virtues of these salubrious waters, are almost beyond belief; and had I not the testimony of those who have experienced their efficacy, and whom I know, by personal acquaintance, to repudiate anything in the form of exaggeration, I should scarcely venture to adduce my own opinion. I admire the city, and enjoy its atmosphere, which is impregnated with the subterranean vapours. Add to this, the mild and courteous manners of the people;—a behaviour which seems universal; and which never fails to put me in a good humour with myself. So what with the inhabitants, and what with the city, and what with its beautiful environs, I may say, that I feel most contented; and probably, I shall continue to pay an annual visit to Aix-la-Chapelle, “*dum res, et ætas, et Sororum, fila trium patiuntur atra:*”—in other words, whilst I have it in my power to do so.

I question, whether all Europe united, can produce a profusion of medicinal waters, so potent, so agreeable, and so effective as those which this fine

city, and its picturesque neighbourhood, offer to our acceptance. 'Tis here, with reason, that numbers after numbers flock from every part to seek relief, and to stay departing health.

I have seen disabled saints and sinners, handed out of their carriages, as though they themselves had been inanimate, or bales of merchandise ; and in the course of a fortnight, I have observed those very same members of ailing mortality, first, on crutches,—then with two sticks ; and then in another week, without any borrowed support ; hobbling pretty gingerly towards the Eliza fountain ; near which, amid strains of instrumental music, La Belle Julie, in her well-known establishment, would regale them with a delicious cup of coffee, quite free from chicory.

Thus, with copious draughts of water, and pure baths at moderate charges, the visitors have a very fair chance of regaining their health ; provided they will assist these potent adjuvants, by due attention to the state of their stomachs ; and not derange them with delicacies which tempt them on every side. But, hereby hangs a tale ;—a tale which at once lets us into a secret, why expected cures too often end in utter disappointment.

Aix-la-Chapelle is famed for its sumptuous cheer. Her hôtels may be said to have been planned by

the genius of Epicurus himself. Their culinary dainties are so attractive and irresistible, that it requires the fortitude of a Cornaro, to retire from table, without having sinned grievously against the welfare of your stomach.

Often, on sitting me down to table, I reflect on Circé's entertainments by way of warning. We are told her fascinations were so powerful, that there was no resisting them, except by the guests being tied down in their places. She lived in the Mediterranean, and turned all the sailors of Ulysses into swine.

In these hôtels you may see enfeebled warriors, once all powerful on the field of Mars, now armed with knife and fork in lieu of battle-axe; and dispatching dish after dish, with never tiring jaws; whilst some hungry dame across the table, quite forgetful of her injured health, sets seriously to work, and like Penelope of old, unravels the web of health towards nightfall, after having assiduously worked at it during the morning-tide.

Thus are all professed attempts to renovate a frame, which has been broken in upon by disease, or enfeebled by unhealthy climates, rendered utterly abortive. The disappointed sufferer leaves the city in surly disappointment;—never perhaps reflecting, that his own carnivorous propensities, have been

the insurmountable barrier on his road to the recovery of his health. But the hôtel-masters of Aix-la-Chapelle are not responsible for this unlucky breaking down. They are expected by the public to offer first-rate cheer; and this they do, with an unsparing hand.

They are an attentive, and remarkably well-conducted set of men; and they appear to vie with each other, who can make their guests feel most at home.

Those visitors who do not go into lodgings, have generally their own favorite hôtel; and few there are, I believe, who repent of the choice which they have made. As I am always sauntering up and down, when in watering places, to study men and manners, I can observe contentment on their faces, and hear their thanks to the host for his good cheer, and for his obliging attention to them, during their stay at the hôtel.

Formerly, for several years, my usual resort was at the Dragon d'or, kept by the widow Van Gulpen:—the sign corresponding with my turn for natural history; and the good lady's name, an assurance, that her cheer was not administered by driblets.

Madame Van Gulpen was a kind and generous landlady;—she had always a smile on her counten-

ance; with a good word for everybody who came in search of accommodation. She furnished me with the fresh-water cray-fish which are now in my museum. One day, her house-maid was somewhat too attentive to my labors. I had finished the dissection (which cost me three hours of labor), of a very fine cray-fish, and had carefully placed the shell on my table, with the useless carcass apart from it;—and I left him there—having to go into the town for a short half-hour. On my return, I missed the shell of the cray-fish. Upon enquiry, I learned that the house-maid had thrown the shell into the kitchen fire, and left the carcass for my own eating! “*Tantum ne noceas, dum vis prodesse videto.*”

Had Madame Van Gulpen been still at the Dragon d'or, I should not have changed my quarters. But, time stole on her apace, just as it does on me. Preferring ease to turmoil, she has retired into private life, with ample means to soothe her evening hour.

Latterly, I have sojourned at the spacious Bellevue hôtel, kept by Mr. Frank:—and I certainly intend to do so, in every succeeding visit. His accommodations are of the first order—his table excellent, his attendance punctual, and his charges moderate. I take leave of him, with the full con-

viction, that, all has gone on delightfully with me, during my stay under his attractive roof; and my two sisters-in-law who always accompany me, are fully of the same opinion.

I repair, every morning, a little before five o'clock to Mr. Groyen's hot baths at St. Corneille, in the Comphausbad. They are perfection itself, for cleanliness, good arrangement, and a profusion of linen for the use of the bather. I have frequented these baths for many years, and I hold them in great estimation.

A couple of minutes' walk, from the Belle-Vue hôtel, brings you to the stately fountain, named Eliza.

The architect, who ever he was, must have had his profession at his fingers' ends.

On viewing its columns, its pavement, its steps, its site and its contour, the observer will pronounce it a work of no ordinary excellence in beauty, and in convenience for the public at large. All are admitted gratis without fear of collision, without any distinction of persons;—so wide are the descending and ascending staircases, and so admirable are the arrangements.

Out of the mouths of two colossal and well-executed lions' heads, flow, night and day, two streams of these celebrated waters. In front of

them is a crescent-formed table to hold the mugs and glasses ;—whilst betwixt it and the lions stand two neatly dressed and well behaved young females from the city. These serve all postulants, be they rich or poor, or healthy or indisposed. No fee is ever asked ; but a little box stands on the table ready to receive a mite from him whose heart can feel for those who want it.

I know not who Eliza was, from whom this fountain takes its name. But, certainly, the name “Eliza” is a very pretty one, for a temple so salubrious, and so resorted to as this is. A poet whilst sauntering through it, after his beneficial glass of water, may fancy her to be a descendant of Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt ;—she who conquered Julius Cæsar, and caused Mark Antony to slay himself. Or perhaps some Scottish stranger full of the beauties in “Thomson’s Seasons,” may imagine, that this unknown Eliza has come down in a straight line from poor Lavinia, gleaning in Palemon’s fields.

Romantic speculation apart, as to who Eliza was, all must agree, that this fountain is the pride and ornament of Aix-la-Chapelle ; and that its waters bring health to thousands who annually resort to drink them almost boiling from the lions’ mouths.

On digging the foundation for Eliza's fountain, the workmen came to a massive and irregular stone, which is said to weigh seven or eight thousand pounds. It is pronounced to be an aerolite. But, when it fell to the earth, no historian has as yet informed us; nor has any philosopher undertaken to decide the place of its former residence. Some think that it was in the moon. If so, possibly the old man who was sent thither from Scotland, for having been wicked enough on the Lord's day, to gather a few sticks to heat his oven, may know something about it. Neglected, and nearly covered with summer weeds, it may be seen in a court yard at the regency. A few marks by the chisel, shew, that either visitors from afar, or philosophers at home, have been at work to get a sight of its component parts. But its amazing hardness seems to have put their efforts at utter defiance.

Opposite to the regency, and nearly at the bottom of a wide and comparatively new street, is a spacious theatre, with the nine muses well ornamented in front.

To make room for this costly edifice wherein to exercise nocturnal orgies, a venerable and useful convent was levelled to the ground. Whilst it was in existence, midnight prayers were offered

up to Heaven for the welfare of the city. Now, on its sacred ruins, scenes of midnight mockery are got up for the entertainment of modern worldlings; who forego the soothing slumbers of Morpheus, in order to perform unhealthy vigils at the shrine of Melpomené. Thus does the body triumph over the soul: leaving the soul lamenting. Nightly supplications to our divine Maker, are deemed superfluous;—but nightly revels are of vast import. “*Sic mundo stultus, qui tibi Christe sapit.*”

About a quarter of an hour's walk from Aix-la-Chapelle is the once retired and pretty village of Borçette; but, the railway, ever grasping giant of modern speculation, has severed it in twain, and scathed its former beauties; whilst long chimneys, inveterate destroyers of vegetation, rear their unhallowed heads on every side. A sad change indeed;—and much for the worse. I speak feelingly, having myself had to encounter by law, the pestilential effluvium from the black chimneys of a soap and vitriol establishment.

In the main street of Borçette, you come to a bubbling up of waters, clear and pellucid as the dew-drop on the thorn: and surrounded by a brick wall about four feet in height to prevent accidents. This enclosure may be truly styled

Dame Nature's kettle of medicinal water, which rises from earth's unfathomable depth, so hot, that you cannot keep your hand in it, for the lapse of one minute without being scalded. A little apart from this, is a reservoir of similar temperature; and here the women come to wash their linen: whilst another stream, issuing from a pipe, beyond the already mentioned bubbling up of waters, answers the same end; and seems to be in universal request. It would be difficult to determine whether the washerwoman or the doctor are most interested in this everlasting flow of heated waters in the village of Borçette.

But, unfortunate Borçette has already lost a portion of her finest features. I allude to the trees, the noble appearance of which, captivated me so much on my first visit to this rural spot. They now appear in a sickly state, by being perpetually exposed to the noxious vapours issuing from the blackened chimneys; and many of them have been laid low to make way for supposed improvements in brick and mortar; witness the new factories, and houses for the operatives.

Some mile, or perhaps two, from Aix-la-Chapelle is Frankenstein, once the hunting fortress of Charlemagne, the illustrious king and warrior. Its ancient walls, its moat and huge massive tower

rising far above the other buildings, bespeak its former consequence and pride. But, if it were mine, it soon should disappear; for, there is nothing left around it, to tell the best part of its early story.

The moat, to be sure, is still there; but the waters are filthy and stagnant; and in lieu of giant oaks which once must have added grandeur to the place, there now arises a miserable group of puny and apparently neglected pine saplings; whilst almost up to the very moat itself, long chimneys crowd on chimneys; sure harbingers of splendour, misery, and rags. 'Tis said, that the wealthy owner seldom allows the stranger a peep within the tower; so, I did not solicit one, fearing a refusal. The garden appeared neglected, and replete with rank weeds. Probably it is not worth attending to: for, if we may judge by the advances which commerce has already made in the immediate neighbourhood, the day cannot be far off, when Flora and Pomona, hard pressed by Vulcan's forges, will bid farewell for ever to the hunting fortress of Charles the warrior king. Indeed, no person of real taste, would regret to see this grim hunting-tower laid low in the dust. 'Tis an anomaly on the ground which it now occupies. Trade and steam already, and bustling projectors hover

around, eager to pounce upon its site. Let them have it. No longer the slain stag and wolf, as in former days, are now borne within its portals. The whole scene is a compound of incongruity and misappropriation. The raven and the eagle have taken flight for ever; and to their wild notes has succeeded the tiresome hum of modern machinery. Would you not grieve to see the hunter-king surrounded, not by fiery steeds and pointed javelins, but by speculators, brokers, and attorneys? putting you in mind of old Orpheus the sweet musician, who was seen one day, with his lyre amid a group of monkeys and of dancing dogs; so that, a spectator could not help ejaculating,

“How ill the dancing to the music suits!

Thus fiddles Orpheus, and thus dance the brutes.”

In the outskirts of Aix-la-Chapelle, are the ornamented pleasure grounds of the Lousberg hill. They do ample credit to the original hand that traced them; and to the regency which keeps them in such excellent repair. Here, stands a monument to departed valour; and here is a spacious hôtel, replete with everything to comfort a weary traveller; or to regale the pampered citizen.

'Tis here, on Sunday evenings, when gentle zephyrs blow, and nature blooms around, that

multitudes assemble, to enjoy their innocent recreation.

The large open space in front of the hôtel, is covered with little tables for tea and coffee; whilst music resounds through the wood; and seems to produce in all present, a calmness, and a gentleness, and a possession of soul, truly captivating to the accidental traveller, even be he from that rigid region where a single gambol in the street on the Lord's-day, is gravely considered a most unjustifiable scandal.

The protestant government in Prussia, wiser than our own, and possibly with just as much of religion in it, very properly sanctions this harmless termination of the sabbath day. The people themselves cannot possibly imagine that they offend the Deity by a caper or a whistle. They have all attended morning service in their spacious churches;—they have heard a sermon;—they have been at vespers or afternoon prayer; and they see no harm in terminating the sacred day, as I have described above. They prefer a little harmless merriment in the open air, to an assemblage of friends indoors; amongst whom it sometimes happens, that the peccadillos of neighbours are occasionally the theme of conversation; and the holy book laid aside, for a few words on projects

for the following days, or for arrangements touching aristocratic pastimes. Such people had better be dancing on the green to the sound of the shepherd's rural pipe.

All animals are on the stir at the approach of evening. Go, for example, through a town or village, and you will see every child in motion. The dogs are romping with each other; and the old women gadding to and fro, with pipes in their mouths; whilst birds of all descriptions, become lively and vociferous. With this before my eyes, provided I have performed to the best of my power, all the sabbatical duties ordered by the Church, I must confess, that I do not like to be within doors on a fine Sunday evening; but prefer a little glee and pastime in the open air. So, I often sally forth, humming to a merry tune, “viva la joia,—fidon la tristessa.”

As you stand on the Lousberg, at a little opening amongst the ornamental trees, you have a fine view of the cathedral:—an enormous pile of ancient piety! Formerly, it must have contained treasures of incalculable value in its inmost recesses; whilst on its outside, you cannot contemplate the mouldering remains of its sculpture and its statues, without astonishment at the grandeur of the design, and the liberality of donors, who effected

its completion. But time, and theft, and treason united, have cruelly done almost irreparable injuries to this mighty pile of human skill and pious generosity. The first time I beheld it, about thirty years ago, it appeared in woful dilapidation and distress. But now it rises nobly from its sorrows.

The chief enemy after time, who brought so much grief and unsightliness upon it, was a neighbouring power. The general approached it, with the enticing words — Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity emblazoned on his banners. This trick succeeded to admiration, and he found no difficulty in getting possession of the town.

Let our modern Piedmontese people take warning, lest royal rapacity at home, in imitation of our own Saint Harry the Eighth, and diplomacy from abroad, turn all upside down, and make them believe, that the moon is made of cream cheese.

The funds of this fine old temple, were plundered under the plea, that the audacious invaders were in want of money. Its finest and most costly ornaments were pronounced to be too good for it. They were taken down and sent off, to decorate a foreign capital; whilst, *pro pudor!* the invaders and invaded, were observed to embrace each other with fraternal hug.

This brings to mind, the fable of the fox and geese. Geese, unlike ducks, feed by day, and sleep at night. Now, Reynard observing a flock of these simpletons just ready to take rest for the night, invited them to spend the morrow with him. They accepted his invitation. During the course of the following day, Reynard remembered that his grandmother's bed-pillow required new stuffing. So, as her means were but moderate, and feathers uncommonly dear, he made bold to pluck all his dupes ; and then apologising to them, for the urgency of his case, he assured them that their valuable lives would be spared.

On the floor, just under the dome of this aged cathedral, is a colossal tomb-stone, with simply these two latin words cut upon it, "Carolo Magno," serving as Sterne says of poor Yorick's grave, "both for his epitaph and elegy." But, the remains of Charles the Great, do not lie underneath it. The bones of this renowned warrior, statesman, and Christian, have long been removed, and placed near the holy relics, which render this venerable pile, perhaps the most interesting church of all Germany.

The space of a whole folio volume, would scarcely be enough to contain an exact account, of the wonders attached to the antiquated cathedral.

of Aix-la-Chapelle. My reader must consult the page of history. He will find there, what I am unable to recount:—for my time is mortgaged, and time flies on apace.

The Town-hall of this city stands on the top of a hill, shewing weather-beaten turrets of very ancient architecture; the civic authorities being busily engaged in restoring that, which time and neglect have so visibly caused to go to ruin.

In front of the building, but not quite in the centre, is a most magnificent marble fountain, surmounted by a bronze statue of Charles the Great. Here the warrior stands,—armed for battle,—and has triumphantly weathered for centuries, the heats of summer, and the blasts of winter.

One day, the fraternising strangers already mentioned, bethought themselves, like Reynard with his geese, that their own capital was sadly in want of a remarkable statue, and some other trifles. So, they made bold to lower king Charles from his high situation, where he had stood for many centuries; and having packed him up, they thought that they might just as well lay hold of a fine bear which, for ages, had stood guard at the postern door of the cathedral: and these two exquisite specimens of olden workmanship, were actually bundled off, on their travels to the south.

By a wonderful turn of good luck, which seldom happens to kidnapped objects, the fraternising strangers, at last, got the worst of it in a tremendous battle. This terrified them; and during a fearful commotion in their own disordered capital, both the king and the bear managed to escape from their thralldom, and found means to occupy once more, the very positions from which they had been so imprudently dislodged by fraternising cupidity. Here, they are again, on their proper pedestals:—Charles at his fountain, and Bruin at his cathedral door;—the pride of the town, and the admiration of every passing visitor. So runs the story:—it may be true or false.

Although the hardy warrior stands too high upon his fountain, to admit of a close inspection, still he appears to me at a distance, to have borne the fatigue of his travels tolerably well. But it is not so with the bear. He has brought back with him two most abominably ill-executed fore-legs: so, I conclude by these, that he must have had a break down, somewhere upon the road, and suffered amputation.

On each side of Charlemagne's statue, upon pedestals which in themselves, constitute real fountains, you see eagles with extended wings. At some very remote date, these royal birds must

have been splendid specimens of ornithological casting. The plumage now is tattered and sorely weather-beaten. Unless some restoring hand come shortly to their aid, in the course of a few years more, they will be totally disabled from keeping company with their renowned chief.

One would hope, upon a retrospection of the past, that the good people of Aix-la-Chapelle, have had quite enough of fraternising with rapacious foreigners; whose proffered liberty ended in positive slavery; and whose boasted equality, turned out to be nothing but a shadow, when brought in contact with the economy of civilised life.

Times are now mending at Aix-la-Chapelle. Enormous operations are carrying on at the cathedral; and equally so at the town hall. Let us hope, that King Charles and both his eagles will soon experience a first-rate repairer's scientific touch; to which they are so justly entitled, on account of their beauty, their utility, and their evident antiquity. In passing through the market-place, where fruit and legumes were exposed every day in superabundance, I would spend an hour at this truly royal fountain. It is beautiful even in its ruins.

The regency having abolished all public gambling, I find, that the grand saloon, where late the

card and ball attracted hosts of strangers, has now become a place of fashionable resort, to read the daily papers, and to soothe their cares with strains of choicest music. There is a beautiful and commodious garden attached to it.

Aix-la-Chapelle seems utterly bereft of fine timber. How comes it, that a city so ancient and so rich as this, cannot produce one single solitary large son of the forest within its walls?

There seems, at the present time, a strong public feeling to repair dilapidations, and to ornament the streets with brilliant shops. Most necessary improvements have already been effected,—much for the public good.

Here I close my cursory remarks on the venerable city of King Charles the Great; having carefully avoided the penning down of matter, which I consider to be the property of analyzers, physicians, and economists. I have consulted no books; but have contented myself with committing to paper, that which attracted my notice in my daily rambles through the streets. My chief object has been to shew, that those who travel far away into the continent, in quest of restorative waters, might save themselves both trouble and expense, by a sojourn at Aix-la-Chapelle, where everything is found, that can

conduce to health, to comfort, and to rational enjoyment.

Traveller! whoever thou art, fear not, the vile garotter, or the midnight thief. Such characters are unknown in Aix-la-Chapelle. Neither will you see chalked on the walls, any words of obscenity and disgust. Nor, will you encounter drunkards in the streets, nor need you have any fear of pick-pockets, nor of those who may make a predatory attack upon you, even in open day.

Every morning, before five o'clock, I was invariably in the streets, where, at that early hour, I saw numbers of people passing on to the cathedral to hear Mass, and say their morning prayers, before they commenced their usual and their daily labours. My favorite church, dedicated to St. Nicholas, was generally crowded with devout people for the celebration of the first Mass at six o'clock; after which, other Masses succeeded at every half-hour until noon. This sacred temple is remarkable for the beauty and correctness of its sanctuary, which is adorned with the masterpieces of several distinguished and well-known artists. St. Nicholas is served by the learned and indefatigable fathers of the Society of Jesus.

Adieu, Aix-la-Chapelle. I own, I do like to pay an annual visit to thy honest people. Although

in excellent health, I drink freely of thy refreshing waters, and plunge daily into thy hot baths. They, no doubt, add strength and flexibility to my muscles and my tendons, which, he who shall read the continuation of my autobiography, will learn, have suffered somewhat, from the effects of temerity and misadventure, but are now restored to an elasticity, as though I had only just passed the prime of life.



NOTES ON THE DOG TRIBE.

“CANIBUSQUE SAGACIOR ANSER.”

THE above quotation informs us, that the Roman poet Ovid, evidently considered the goose to be superior in sagacity to the dog. We, wiser in our generation, have been taught otherwise;—for when a man cannot exactly comprehend our meaning, we lose temper, and call him a goose. But when a man shews brain in ferreting out a dubious case, we declare that he has the sagacity of a hound. It appears then, in our times, that as far as sagacity is concerned, the dog is superior to the goose.

I propose not to give a detailed account of the dog family, even were it in my power, and I had the time to spare; because this family is most numerous, whilst its varieties may be considered as nearly endless.

My object is to treat the subject incidentally; avoiding the introduction of hard names, and

repudiating refined classification; which last I willingly leave to those learned naturalists, whose unwearied researches, and consummate knowledge will enable them to decide, why a sparrow hops, and why a wagtail walks.

I merely intend to touch lightly upon the virtues and vices of dogs in general; and to look at them, in their state of nature on one hand, whilst, on the other, I consider them as obedient slaves under the iron rule of man;—but, in both positions, I absolutely deny to all dogs, the faculty of reasoning, Reason is due to man alone. Yes, man alone exerts it, and he alone is entitled to it. It is indeed, his just prerogative, instilled into him by the hand of Omnipotence at the time of his creation in Paradise; and the exercise of it, constitutes him by pre-eminence, the Lord of this our magnificent planet. It is the exercise of reason which elevates him above all created beings; and it is the want of it, that places every other animal infinitely below him. I prove it as follows.

Take a dog for example. Teach him everything that you wish him to learn, and gain his affection by the most unbounded kindness on your part; so that, the animal will make every attempt to be your constant companion—and in case of attack, will defend you to the utmost of his power. Now,

supposing that this favorite dog receives a bad wound, and that he comes up to you, with his wound bleeding apace. You attend to it; you rectify it; you put a plaster on it, and then you turn him loose. If the dog were endowed with reason, he would value the plaster; and knowing that it was for his good, he would do all in his power to keep it in its right place, just as you and I would do.

But, no.—Reason is not within him. The wound gives him pain; the plaster presses it too much; and immediately, the dog, with his teeth and feet, tears all asunder: making bad worse. The more the wound torments him, the more he will strive to get quit of the plaster. He has no conception whatever, that the plaster has been put upon his wound by a kind master, in order to effect a cure. He cannot contemplate a cure. He will bite the injured part so soon as it begins to itch; and if the itching should continue, he will tear all up, unless the master should prevent him. There is no denying this. It is the case with all irrational animals, from the mouse to the mastodon; and it proves incontestibly, that the dog, although more susceptible of education, in certain matters, from the hand of man, than all other animals put together, the elephant not excepted, still, is far, far removed from the rank of a rational being.

The dog, although particularly gifted by nature with a disposition, which enables him to receive impressions to a certain amount, even in some instances, bordering as it were, on reason, will exhibit nothing in his wild state, to exalt him above the surrounding animals. No, not above the ass itself. He must submit to the rule and dominion of rational man, in order to excel the surrounding brutes.

To man alone, he is indebted for an education.

Under man, he becomes docile, affectionate, obedient, and surprisingly useful. The Spanish shepherd, who always precedes his flocks in their route across the mountains of Andalusia, places his huge white guardian-dogs in the rear, never doubting of their fidelity.

In fact, the dog has received from the hand of Omnipotence, a disposition that can be modelled into almost anything short of reason. But, at reason, his instructor must stop. It is beyond the power of man, to impart it to the dog. Man may strive his utmost to effect it, but he will always fail in the attempt.

Why some of the brute animals are more susceptible of educational impressions than others, is a secret to us mortals; and it will for ever be one. But, this much we know, that, if we wish to

have an animal, which will be the constant companion of man,—his safeguard in danger, his assistant in necessity, and his slave in obedience, we must apply to the family of the dog in its reclaimed state. In no other class of quadrupeds can such a treasure be found.

Take the mule, that is, half horse, half ass, and try your best to mould him to your will. In nine times out of ten, you will fail. Neither harshness nor gentleness will enable you to break his stubborn disposition; and although you may now and then succeed in overcoming his temper for a while, he will set you at defiance in the long run.

When I was on the west coast of Demerara, I rode a mule in preference to a horse; and I took a kind of pride in my choice, because no other person seemed inclined to engage him. He was a cream-colored and a beautiful animal; and had been imported from the Orinoco, to work in the cattle-mills of the sugar plantations. I gave him the name of Philip. At times, he went quietly enough;—but every now and then, he would shew who had been his father; and you would fancy that the devil of stubbornness had got entire possession of him. He was never able to dislodge me from the saddle except once; and then, being off my guard, he pitched me “neck and crop,” as the

saying is, over his head. A large brown wasp of the country, had issued from its nest under a wooden bridge, over which we were going, and stung him in the face. Hence the true cause of the fracas. I don't think it would have happened, but for the wasp; as Philip was, by no means frisky that morning; and we were going gingerly along.

I remember well the circumstance on this account, my head came in contact with the ground; and when I arose, I staggered and fell, three times, feeling much confused. So, I sat me down on the side of the wide trench which flanked the highway; and when composure was restored, took out my lancet, and drew some twenty ounces of blood from my arm. This prevented bad consequences;—and put all to rights.

Another time, Philip seemed particularly prone to mischief. I prepared for a storm—and the mule made a dead stop. It brought to my mind the affair which Sterne had with his own mule, in the "Sentimental Journey." "Philip," said I, "I can't afford to stop just now, as I have an appointment; so pray thee, my lad, go on." "I won't," said he. "Now do, my dear fellow," said I patting him on the shoulder, as I spoke the words; "we must not remain here, a laughing-stock to every passing

nigger." Philip declared that he would not move a peg. "Then, master obstinacy," said I, "take that for your pains;" and I instantly assailed his ears with a stick which I carried in lieu of a whip. "It won't do,"—said Philip, "I'm determined not to go on;"—and then he laid him down;—I keeping my seat on the saddle, only moving in it, sufficiently to maintain an upright position; so that, whilst he lay on the ground, I appeared like a man astride of a barrel.

Nothing would induce the mule to rise. Niggers in passing by, laughed at us; some offering assistance.

Here a bright thought came into my head. The swamps of Demerara, being below the level of the sea at high water, each plantation has a sluice to effect a drainage when the tide goes out. An old nigger lives in a little hut, close by the road side, and he has the sluice under his charge. He was standing at the door grinning at us, with his mouth wide open from ear to ear. "Daddy," said I, "bring me a fire stick." "Yes, massa," said he;—and then he drew one, hotly blazing from his fire. "Put it, red hot as it is, under Philip's tail." He did so; and this was more than Philip's iron nerves could stand. Up he started;—the hair of his tail smoking and crackling like a mutton chop

on a grid-iron. I kept my seat; and away went Philip, scouring along the road with surprising swiftness.

From that day forward, although he had a disagreeable knack of depressing his long ears and elevating his rump, he never attempted to lie down with me on the public road.

Now, if I had had a dog instead of a mule to deal with, the dog being of a pliant disposition, might have required a little coercion on my part; and that would have been all. Whereas the mule was equally callous, both to anodyne and harshness;—and in order to reduce him to anything in the shape of obedience, I was obliged to apply the actual cautery; which means, in unsophisticated English, nothing more nor less, than a red hot poker.

Were I asked an opinion, concerning the pedigree of dogs, I should say, that the entire family of the dog, may safely be reduced to one species only; that species consisting of innumerable varieties; so, that, barring size, individuals of all these varieties would intermix, and produce productive issue.

No matter whether we place a cur at the head of the list, or a hound at the foot of it, there will be offspring in abundance; and the size of that offspring, will depend upon the size of

its parents, “fortes creantur fortibus;” whilst its appetites, and the texture of its hair, will mostly depend upon climate, time, and education. Thus let us take a fox-hound. There is no puppy whelped a genuine fox-hound. But, size and speed having been imparted to him by his parents, his profession through life, will entirely depend upon the manner in which he has been brought up by man. When first introduced on the field of Nimrod, his natural propensities will urge him to pursue the stag, the hare, the rabbit, and the fox. But, as he has to be an accomplished fox-hound, and nothing else, the huntsman, with an awfully long whip in his hand; and with the emphatically pronounced words of “ware rabbit,—ware hare,” in his mouth, will, in due time, make the uneducated brute comprehend, that he is destined to become a thorough-bred fox-hound; the pride and delight of his country lord; and that he must for ever give up all yearning to hunt and worry, any quadruped that may start up in his path; the fox alone excepted;—and this wily animal must be pursued by him in a pack, over hill and dale, through brooks and across quagmires, so long as he has a leg to support him in the chase. Anything short of this, would expose his instructor to the opprobrium and reprimands of that society of

gentlemen, who in top boots, and scarlet coats, are now known, as far as Rome itself, to be genuine English fox-hunters; although, the dull rustics of Italy, cannot yet clearly comprehend, why dogs should come so far, and foreigners be so eager to kill a few insignificant foxes. But, these Italian peasants are a remarkably dull race. Thus, if you tell them that archbishops and bishops in England, of the Church by law established, receive a retiring pension of £5000 per annum, until their death, positively these boors will not believe you.

Now, this fox-hound here in Great Britain, would probably be a sledge dragger in the country round Hudson's bay; or it might possibly serve as a lap-dog for the knee of some Patagonian giantess. Or, suppose this British fox-hound to have married an Italian greyhoundess, their whelps might be prime lurchers, which are a race of dogs somewhat injurious to us country squires, but, in high reputation amongst that very harmless and respectable class of men, usually denominated poachers.

These lurchers, in their turn, might have puppies innumerable; all differing in size and shape, and disposition. Were these animals not under the control of man, they would still all be dogs, but in nowise a benefit to him, neither in the capacity of sheep drivers, watch dogs, turnspits, mastiffs, or hounds.

In a word, all untrained dogs may be considered as worthless outcasts, possessing no good qualities whatever. Whereas, on the other hand, dogs which have been trained by man for certain purposes, are of vast utility to him; and with a few drawbacks, may be considered in the light, both of friends and companions.

I cannot be persuaded, that, dogs existed in South America, ere that country was discovered by the Europeans. See the "Wanderings."

Dogs and cattle must have been imported. Still, how has it happened, that the breed of cattle, originally from Europe, should now positively swarm in America; whilst the dog, from the same country, is but a solitary animal; increasing certainly, as individuals, in the civilized parts, but nowhere to be found in those where man is not located?

The question is easily answered. Cattle are gregarious by their own nature;—but, dogs are not. What!—dogs not gregarious, when we see packs of them in the hunting grounds; and when we read of congregated dogs, and their cousins the wolves, tearing unfortunate travellers to pieces; and eating them up; are these dogs not gregarious?

No:—not in the true sense of the word.

I hold it as a maxim, (whatever naturalists may

think to the contrary,) that all herbaceous animals are gregarious; but that carnivorous ones, do not come under that denomination.

Packs of hounds are artificial; being entirely the work of civilized man; and as man is endowed with reason, he has it in his power to supply these assembled dogs with food. But, supposing these dogs had neither food nor commander?—In their hunger, they would worry the flocks, and fight for the plunder; and when the flocks were all destroyed, each dog would take off in a separate direction, for something more to eat.

But, this is not the case with herbaceous animals. Their food is always before them. Each individual can have as much to eat as his companion; and we never see them quarrelling for a choice morsel, as they wend their way, through boundless tracks of pasturage. Hence, the cattle tribe can assemble in flocks, and graze the plain, unmolested by each other; whilst the dog would not be safe from the fangs of his own father, over the first shoulder of mutton which lay on the ground under their noses.

I have heard and read much of dogs and wolves hunting in packs,—but believe it not. The very appetite of a dog constitutes it a solitary animal in its wild state. Let me ask the question: how

could a wild dog hunt for food in company, with any chance of sufficient profit to itself? Fancy a pack of them, in full cry, after a zebra in Africa. The zebra is overpowered by them, and down it falls. First come, first served. The strongest and the fleetest get all;—all is consumed before the slow and the weak members of the pack can get up. There is nothing for them that day;—pretty encouragement, forsooth, in a new hunting expedition on the morrow.

But, where is the sojourn of ever barking, growling, and carnivorous dogs in the forest? Will antelopes and kine, and wild asses, remain in a neighbourhood infested by such an assemblage of quarrelling quadrupeds? No doubt, they would retire far away, for self-preservation; and the farther they retired, the longer would the dogs be in finding something for their own craving stomachs. When at a great distance from their supposed retreat, what master-dog will take upon himself to organize the pack?—and when the hard day's hunting is over, how will he dispose of his confederates? Are the females, which remained behind on the hunting morning, in order to take care of their newly-whelped pups, supposed to wait in anxious expectation, that some generous hound will return with a neck of goat in his mouth,

for their support? Certainly, if dogs be gregarious, and hunt for food in packs, the system appears very imperfect, and is somewhat against the order of nature, by which the dog can always find sufficient food in the wilds, when he is a solitary individual; but must be sorely pinched at best, and often deprived of the means of obtaining it, when congregated, and scouring the country in large, and quarrelsome, and famished packs.

Civilized man can easily find food and shelter for his packs of hounds; but there is no such provision in the regions where dogs run wild. Accidental food is all that these last can find. Were wild dogs to hunt in packs, the daily supply of food, would not be sufficient to satisfy the cravings of every individual; and to prevent starvation, the pack would soon be obliged to separate, and each dog to hunt for itself.

The lion, a carnivorous animal, springs upon his prey from a lonely ambush; and has no competitor. So it is with the tiger; and so, I have no doubt, it must be with the wild dog:—because, by stealthy approaches, and in silence, the neighbourhood is not alarmed;—and herds which constitute the food of carnivorous animals, would not be driven from their native haunts. But, let a pack of hungry dogs make one or two attacks upon the

congregated multitudes of herbaceous animals, and then we may rest assured that these last would take the alarm, and would fly for ever from their once peaceful abodes.

So that, we may consider it a most wise provision in the economy of nature, that, on account of food alone, herbaceous animals should be gregarious, and carnivorous ones, the solitary inhabitants of countries where Omnipotence has ordered them to range.

I do not deny, but that half-a-dozen individuals of a canine family, occasionally may be observed in the act of scouring along a plain, or traversing a wood in company:—for I myself have counted two old stoats, with their five half-grown young ones, crossing the road before me, as in quest of something. Another time, some thirty years ago, before the park wall was finished, I had a brood of foxes in a stony thicket. One evening, towards the middle of autumn, as I was sitting on a bank, with my loaded air-gun waiting for rabbits, the two parent foxes and five young ones, all in a line, passed before me, not more than fifty yards distant. I remained fixed as a statue. They were cantering away, when one of the young foxes 'spied me. He stopped and gave mouth. This was more than I could bear; so, as

he was sitting on his hind quarters, I took aim at his head, and sent the ball quite through the wind-pipe. Away went the rest, and left him to his fate. Now had these been wolves instead of foxes; and had some timorous person been in my place, I feel convinced, that his fears would have increased the number of wolves; and he would have considered it a most narrow escape from being worried alive by a large pack of these ferocious animals.

Foxes are invaluable in England; and they are never to be disturbed, except by a pack of full-bred hounds. When I reflect on the wanton and wilful murder I then committed upon so cherished a quadruped, my heart misgives me; and I fancy, somehow or other, that the sin is still upon my conscience.

Again, a wild dog hunting for his daily food, may, perchance fall in with one or two others on the same errand, as is the case with the aura vulture, whose habits I have described at large, when I was attacked by Audubon and his friends, for daring to assert, that this bird had been gifted with a most sensitive nose.

Although nothing can be said in favor of the dog whilst in a state of nature, still, after he has received an education from man, the whole world will bear testimony to his immense value. Volumes

would not suffice to contain instances of his services to the human race. A man and his dog, may almost be considered as component parts, each working for the other, whether in heat, or in cold, in tempests or in calms. The blind confide in him,—the lame have his support,—the rich are proud of him; and, too often, the poor man has nothing but his dog to give him consolation.

From the stately hound of Cuba, (by the way, Cuba is not its original country) down to the little insignificant lap-dog snoring on a lady's knee, the tribe of dog is serviceable to man.

But, how, one would ask, can the lap-dog be serviceable?—a little snappish, snarling, ricketty thing, not bold enough to attack even a Hanoverian rat.

In truth, I feel shy in alluding to the occasional services of this pampered favorite. One really wonders, how our elegant ladies with robes of Tyrean dye, and gloves as white as drifted snow, should ever fancy such apparently unuseful little brutes as these, and take them in their arms with fond caresses. Still, let me do them justice. They really have their uses.

In some years we have a heavier crop of household fleas, than in others; and when this occurs,

these puny tormentors are said to prefer the skin of the lap-dog to that of the lady. Strange taste! not easily to be accounted for.

Lap-dogs are well known to be vigilant watchers, both in the night and during the day; and really their services are valuable in these times of diurnal robbery, when members of what is called the swell-mob, will walk coolly into a house, and carry off all the silver used at breakfast. A lap-dog seems to be ever on the watch, although its eyes be closed, apparently by sleep. It starts, and gives mouth at the slightest noise, and is thus the means of frustrating many an attempt at robbery.

Lap-dogs are better in the house than out of it; for, when they are allowed to run loose, they sometimes become very nasty by having rubbed themselves in the first piece of carrion in their way.

Again, all dogs have a natural and disagreeable scent coming from them, quite different from that of all known animals. Soap and brushes may subdue it for the moment, but it will return when these are discontinued. If you were blindfolded, and one hundred different animals were presented to your olfactory regions, with ten dogs amongst them, you would not fail to recognise the ten dogs, as soon as they were placed under your nose.

Not long ago, our dogs were used to draw the poor man's vehicle;—but this privilege seems lately to have been withdrawn by an order from the magistrates, on the score of cruelty; although, in every surrounding country, we observe dogs dragging little carts; and I myself can testify, that I have never seen a lame dog in harness. France and Belgium are famous for the breed of dogs to be used as horses.

If the modern Solons, who have deprived the poor man of this ancient privilege of using his dog in carts, had studied well the nature of a dog's foot, they would have seen, that each toe is moveable; and that the whole foot, as well as every toe, is admirably defended by a very thick and tough skin, quite adapted to walk on pavements or macadamized roads. Moreover, the dog in harness, has no superincumbent weight, pressing on his withers, as is the case with the horse, when a man is astride of it. The act, forbidding to the poor man, the use of his dog to draw a little cart, is a bad one, and ought to be repealed.

I once witnessed in the streets of Ghent, a most laughable fray, betwixt two kitchen-garden women, and two dogs. By bad driving, these worthy dames had let their dogs get too near each other. A desperate fight ensued. The carts were upset,—

the legumes trodden under foot; and the dogs worrying each other; whilst the drivers, stick in hand, mixed obstinately in the raging battle, each trying to rescue and preserve her own property; to the infinite amusement of the surrounding spectators.

Having contemplated the family of the dog, when wild in the woods, and also, when under the tutelary hand of man; and shewn how serviceable it is to him, if fully trained, and in proper hands; I will finally consider it, in another point of view, which is anything but favorable to it. There is a stain on its character, fixed and unalterable; which like the blood-spot on the hand of Lady Macbeth, can never be removed; even though Galen, with all his knowledge, and Hippocrates, with all his drugs, could return from the grave, and direct their energies to this one individual point.

I allude to canine madness, commonly called hydrophobia.

As nobody seems to know anything concerning the real nature of this terrible malady, saving that it has its origin in the dog; and that, by the bite of the dog, it is communicated to other animals; any speculation on my part, would be quite superfluous. The wolf too, and the fox, both

cousins-german to the dog, are strongly suspected to produce hydrophobia, and to inoculate others through the medium of the tooth.

When a man has received a mortal wound, and it has been pronounced mortal by his attending surgeon, he knows the worst. His solicitor arranges his temporal affairs; and his father-confessor prepares him for that awful change which death must soon produce. But, a man bitten by a mad dog, although in fact, the wound is a mortal one at the moment of the bite, still, this poor unfortunate victim, may be doomed to live in suspense for weeks, and months and even years. And when death at last comes to his relief, the surgeon who opens the body for inspection, will find nothing there, to indicate disease. Nay, the most singular part is, that the defunct was enabled to exist in perfect health, and to perform all the ordinary duties of life, as though all were right within him:—whereas, in truth, death was within him, and ready to strike the fatal blow, at the period, perhaps, when the man himself had forgotten that he had ever been bitten. Although some people who have been bitten by a mad dog, live under great apprehensions of their fate; others have been known to labour under hydrophobia, without being the least aware of its origin.

Who then can define the nature of this woful disease?—so invisible, and for a length of time, so harmless and so quiet in the body of its victim; but so outrageous and so incurable when it does at last break out. This ought to warn incautious people, how they become too familiar with any of the dog-family.

As regards myself, having been once in jeopardy, I own that I have no great desire to see dogs in my house. Firstly: the disease alarms me. Secondly: I don't like to have my furniture bedewed every time that a dog passes to and fro. Thirdly: the yelping of a dog, on a stranger's arrival, is very disagreeable to my ears; and fourthly: dogs, by prying into every bush and corner, are sure to drive the wild birds far away. Under these considerations, I appropriate to dogs their proper domicilium, which is the kennel. Mine is particularly clean and commodious.

Many years have now elapsed, since the dog and the Hanoverian rat, were forbidden to pass the threshold of my house.

I have heard of a professional gentleman in the north, who doubts the existence of hydrophobia. Facts, they say, are stubborn things. I have seen too much myself to doubt that such a malady does prevail: although I know not how it is engendered;

what are its component parts ; or by what process it brings death into the system.

Dozens of letters are lying on my shelf to give me information of the commencement, the action, and the final termination of hydrophobia.

When I was a boy, I remember well to have heard the case of the unfortunate Mrs. Duff. She was so lovely in her appearance, and so perfect in her form, that she was pronounced to be the perfection of beauty and symmetry. She had a favorite little lap-dog ; and one day, it bit her slightly. The wound was trifling, it soon got well : and nothing more was thought about it. But, at last, the fatal day of sorrow dawned upon the family, and bade them prepare for the worst. Symptoms of hydrophobia made their appearance : paroxysm succeeded paroxysm ; the art of medicine failed to bring relief, and this lovely lady sank in death. She still is seen in well-executed prints, which represent her standing on a globe, with one foot barely touching it : she, herself, in the act of ascending to “ another, and a better world.”

More than half a century ago, my family had a most narrow escape from a rabid dog. The story is as follows.

A connection of ours was on a visit at Walton

Hall. He was a dog-fancier, and had purchased a young terrier from a person who assured him, that it had come from the Isle of Skye, in Scotland. This of course made the dog more interesting, than if it had been a mere Yorkshire whelp; so that it was much caressed by every individual, and it had the run of the house.

One morning, as his master and myself, were going along the highway on horseback; suddenly, the pet terrier took off at full speed, in a straight line before us, and never swerved in the least, either to the right, or to the left, so long as he kept in sight.

“I’m sure that dog is mad,” said I. “Impossible,” replied his master; “we were all playing with him, not two hours ago at breakfast.” “No matter,” said I, “he is stark mad, and we shall see no more of him to-day.” I was right; and we returned without him.

However, he made his appearance on the following morning, strong and healthy, to the infinite joy of his master. But, I held to my first impression; and it was some time before I could persuade his master to let him be tied up. Seeing that I was determined, he at last consented; and forthwith the dog was secured in the stable, by a new collar and chain. In the evening of that

very day, the terrier shewed symptoms of hydrophobia. He flew at me, every time that I opened the stable door. Then, he would become exhausted, and lie down on the straw,—and then up again, and so on, till he lay unable to rise;—and soon after this, death closed the scene.

So far for the Skye-terrier tragedy. The farce had soon to follow.

My poor mother was dreadfully alarmed at what had just occurred. As every inmate of the house had been in the constant custom of playing with the dog, she imagined that mischief might be lurking somewhere. Its saliva, might have fallen on a scar which would receive the poison; or perhaps some trifling abrasion might have been made by the tooth, before the dog had shewn symptoms of disease. No time was to be lost.

Everybody must have heard of the wonderful Ormskirk medicine, for the cure of hydrophobia. Our family-farrier was in possession of the secret; and he always kept the medicine by him. We were all to be dosed:—servants and everybody in the house. So, he came, and gave us the instructions which were,—that we must take the medicine fasting on the following morning, and only eat a light collation for supper. Nothing else.

A more nauseous antidote, I had never tasted. Don Quixote's balsam of Fierabras, which made Sancho Panza so dreadfully sick at his stomach, was nothing to it. Some of the patients had no sooner taken it, then the stomach rejected it immediately. My interior being tough and vigorous, I managed to keep it down. The medicine was bulky, and had to be taken in warm beer;—it was the color of brick-dust. The result was most satisfactory; and for this very good reason: because nobody had been bitten by the newly-arrived terrier from the island of Skye in North Britain. I had a beautiful little springing spaniel, the play-fellow of the terrier, and it was ordered to be hanged that same evening, for having been in bad company.

A Duke of Richmond, Governor of Canada, died raving mad in consequence of a bite in the cheek from his tame fox. When I was in that country, I went to a little rivulet, where the duke was first attacked by hydrophobia. The officer who accompanied me, said, that when his Grace attempted to pass the stream, he could not do so. After successive, but unavailing trials, he gave up the attempt; and he requested his brother officers, not to consider him deficient in fortitude: but really, the sight of the water gave him sensations which he could not account for; and posi-

tively, he could not pass the rivulet. On the morning after, ere death had terminated his life, it was told me, that he mistook for spectres, a group of poplar trees agitated by the breeze, near to the windows of his bed-room.

Both in the "Wanderings" and in the "Essays," I have spoken of the Indian wourali poison, as a supposed cure, (I say supposed, because it has never yet had a trial,) for hydrophobia. But as the subject is one of vast importance: perhaps I shall not do amiss, if I add here, a few plain instructions.

Supposing a person has been bitten by a mad dog. That person, may, or may not go mad. But, should symptoms of disease break out, and a competent practitioner in medicine pronounce it to be undeniable hydrophobia, and the family wish to have the wourali tried, I beg attention to the following remarks.

Do not, I pray you, let any medicines be administered. The paroxysms will generally occur at intervals, during two or even three days, before the fatal catastrophe takes place. Lose no time in telegraphing for Doctor Sibson, No. 40, Lower Brook Street, London; and for Charles Waterton, Walton Hall, near Wakefield, Yorkshire. We will promptly attend.

Let the patient be kept extremely quiet, and every gentle effort used to soothe him, and to keep him in good humour with himself;—but, again I remark,—*give no medicines.*

Once, Doctor Sibson and myself, were on the point of applying the wourali. A fine young collier had been bitten by a mad dog, at the village of Ardsley, near Wakefield.

We had reached the Oakenshaw station, when information arrived that he had breathed his last. We went to see him in his winding sheet. His mother was inconsolable;—and she wept bitterly as we entered the house. She seemed to find relief in talking of the disaster from its commencement to the termination:—and when she had done, she began to cry again,—and sobbed most piteously. “His sufferings were long and terrible, and they went to the bottom of her heart. She had never left his bed side. He was the best of lads that ever mother had. She would never see his like again. His loss would carry her to the grave.” And then she sobbed piteously and looked at him as he lay, close by, in his winding sheet;—and again she looked at him, and then sank into a chair crying bitterly, and lamenting her loss, in accents that told her utter despair.

I have now done with dogs. The reader will

perceive, that I consider them to form one great family, which is capable of having produce, of all sizes, shapes, and propensities ; but entirely without pretension to reasoning faculties. That, a dog uneducated in his own native wilds, is nothing superior to the surrounding quadrupeds ; but that, when he has been educated, is well taken care of, and is kindly treated, he becomes the servant, the defender, and the associate of man himself, the universally acknowledged lord of all created things.



SCARBRO'.

“BALNEA NUNC COLE; MENS HILARIS, MODERATA DIETA.”

SCARBRO'—gay town of Yorkshire's eastern confines, I do admire thy site, thy walks, thy sands, and thy environs:—for I never come to pass a month amongst them, without enjoying all the blessings of health and peace, and balmy ocean breezes,—thine own inheritance.

Happily indeed for thee, no beds of coal lurk underneath thy quiet surface; for wherever there is coal in great abundance, it is sure to invite long chimneys, from whose sable mouths volumes of murky smoke rush out to poison Flora's choicest produce. At its fell touch, her plants turn pale and wither. Her trees themselves, diseased and blackened by unwholesome vapours, perish at last: and when we cast our eyes around us, we see too clearly, that these unsightly works of brick and stone, are tolling vegetation's parting knell, and giving to the neighbouring fields, that melancholy

look, so well depicted by the Roman poet, "Triste solum, sterilis sine fruge, sine arbore tellus."

It would ill become me as a Yorkshireman, to have already told the public, what I lately saw and felt at Aix-la-Chapelle, a foreign town; and then to take no notice of thee, bright gem of my own native county, as though thou wert of trivial regard, and thy pure ocean breezes, mere transitory gales, unworthy of remark.

Well then, here I sit down to write a word or two, on pretty, healthy, sweet, and enchanting Scarbro'; the boast of Yorkshire, and old Neptune's pride.

On the bold shore of this extensive county, and opposite the distant realm of Denmark, stands the rapidly increasing town called Scarbro'.

Its ancient streets, so narrow and so winding, bespeak its early origin. But, when we raise our eyes, and view its modern edifices, we are lost in wonder; and wondering we ask, what is it that has caused so great a change?—what master-hand has been at work, and made the town so beautiful? An answer is not difficult to find.

Steam, potent steam, perhaps the curse, perhaps the anodyne of nations, has brought its "high engendered forces" into action, and shewn what can be done. Railways have conquered distance.

This is the secret which has acted like a charm on Scarbro'; and will ultimately give it a celebrity, (but not through commerce) equal to that, which Tyre of old acquired.

Some years ago, if the inhabitants had foreseen, that Scarbro' ere long, would occupy a rank of proud importance amongst our British watering places, it appears by no means improbable, that the modern bridge which now connects the cliff with the adjacent hill, would have been thrown open, as an unrestricted thoroughfare to all the world. But at present, it is private property, formed by a clever and enterprising company; fully secured to it by law and usage, and not to be disturbed, upon any plea whatever.

This then, cuts off, from an uninterrupted use, all those who do not subscribe to the regulation which procures them the privilege of ambulation.

Cervantes, the immortal Spanish novelist, remarks, that there is a remedy for everything but death. "Hay remedio para todo, sino es, para la muerte." I will endeavour to prove this in the sequel.

Again, whilst the southern range of land at Scarbro' is legally debarred from the use of the public at large, we find the northern promontory, commonly called the castle hill, equally out of their

enjoyment, except through courtesy;—it being, what is commonly called, government property.

Its ruined forts, its bastions, and its walls, are now no longer wanted for the town's protection; nor does any person entertain the notion, that in times to come, they will ever be in requisition, in a warlike point of view, either for advance, or for retreat, or for protection.

Foreseeing how many thousands in the smoke-producing districts, would be benefitted by an annual scrubbing in Neptune's briny washing tub; and knowing what profit the town itself would reap from hordes of impure manufacturing pilgrims; provided that the capabilities of this romantic promontory were turned to the best advantage; let us indulge the hope, that, the liberality of government, upon a due and respectful application, would place it at once, under the judicious direction of the town authorities for general benefit, and free from municipal contribution in any shape whatever.

This indeed would be an imperial donation; and it would afford to a grateful community, the liberty of laying out the place, in beautifully winding walks, and enchanting pleasure grounds.

Where mouldering walls are now "nodding to their fall," and weeds in unproductive masses grow, we should soon see thriving evergreens, and flowers

in abundance raising their lovely heads ; all proving what the skill of man can do, when aided in its progress by discretion, and when properly supported.

The spacious land on the summit, would then become a range of level ground, worthy of universal approbation. The extreme verge of the promontory itself, might easily be fenced at every dangerous point, with tasteful skill and at little cost, lest accidents might occur ; whilst on the most commodious part of the level, there might be raised two simple rustic fanes of ordinary architecture ; each with a different aspect :—that is, one of them open to a northern view ; and the other so constructed, as to catch the sun's warm rays ; so that, blow high, or blow low ;—fall rain or fall snow, as the old saying has it, there would always be a sheltered and a safe retreat to visitors, where they would be protected from the blasts of winter, and the heats of summer ; which last, I imagine, are never very oppressive in this sea-girt island, so palpably notorious for its mists, and for its clouds. Still, some people are of a very warm temperament, like those Esquimaux dogs, which, when imported into this country, by Captain Ross, on his return from the north pole, are said to have panted and put out their tongues, when snow was

on the ground at Christmas. Now, I myself am a quaker, (but not in religion) the year throughout; shaking for want of sunshine. No atmospheric heat is too oppressive for me. Whilst in the West Indies, on the two days in the year, when the sun was completely vertical at twelve o'clock, I would stand bareheaded, in order to receive the heliocentric rays as they darted down on the earth, without entertaining any fears of coup de soleil, or even of headache. It is well, that we mortals are not all cast in the same mould.

Where, let me ask, is there another town in all Europe, that can boast so fine, so rich, and so sublime a view, as that from this promontory, now nearly useless for warlike purposes?

On one side of it, the distant hills in slow gradation rising, teem with the various labours of Ceres and Pomona; whilst Neptune on the other, lashes its perpendicular base, with never-ceasing surges. And on its summit stands the once lordly castle, still awful in its ruins:—a warning lesson to the looker on,—whoever he may be.

His hour of triumph, and his day of strength must shortly have an end; and death will place his perishing remains, lower than those before him.

Aye, and how successfully these huge fragments of ancient fortification might be altered and embel-

lished by a tasteful hand, at very little cost. A grotto here,—and a winding terrace there,—a shrubbery below,—a columned fane above, fit for the muses; whilst seats, by choicest flowers surrounded, and rocks with every kind of fern,—and rustic arches, might all appear with marvellous effect. Here, would the moralist employ his time,—the son of Phœbus sound his lyre,—whilst the military man, would read in the remaining ruins of this fortress, what means were used for martial ends, before the terrible discovery of gunpowder.

Here too, our softly sighing damsels, with sprigs of rue and wormwood in their locks, might tell their sorrows and their disappointments to the pitying moon. The swain in melting accents, might exclaim with the rejected Alcansor,

“Canst thou, wilt thou, yield thus to them?
 Canst thou hold my love so small?
 No;—ten thousand times I’ll perish,
 My curst rival too shall fall.”

“Canst thou, wilt thou yield thus to them?
 O break forth and fly to me;
 This fond heart shall bleed to save thee;
 These fond arms shall shelter thee.”

Supposing then, that government in conjunction with the elders of the town, should decide upon throwing open the entire extent of this noble

promontory; it is scarcely in the power of man to estimate the advantages that would accrue both to the town itself, and to its visitors from this magnificent donation.

Our national rulers seem now to be aware, that it would be a truly patriotic deed, to appropriate certain lands for public pleasure grounds. The sooner the better. Health and contentment are invaluable blessings.

Every person who has crossed the channel, will have observed, no doubt, that places of this description abound much more on the continent, than here with us in Great Britain.

Taking leave of this time-stricken fortress of the north, I will wend my way to the southern point, at which an elegant bridge unites the cliff to the opposite hill. This bridge, as I have already observed, being strictly private, or confederate property, cannot be available for use, without the payment of an indemnifying tribute, by those who wish to pass along it.

When the Saracens of old, (mind I do not wish to compare these infidels with the worthy proprietors of the bridge in question,) had deprived the Christians of their usual route to India, down the river Euphrates, the enterprising King of Portugal, turned his royal energies to the discovery

of another way, by the then undiscovered Cape of Good Hope; and he was eminently successful.

Now, might not the town of Scarbro' imitate this good example, although upon a little scale. She has fully the means to do so. Neither would she anyways lessen the profits of the bridge; for I feel quite assured, that, were a dozen roads laid open to the present esplanade, this bridge would always be attractive and triumphant:—such are the charms to which it leads. The winding walks, the beds of flowers, the castellated concert-room, the spa, and the sea-commanding seats, would never fail to gain frequenters, not from the town alone, but, from all parts of the United Kingdom.

A highway, free from toll in any shape if possible, ought to connect the railway with the esplanade; and it must be sufficiently level to counteract the precipitous descent of the road in actual use. This would set everything to rights; whilst the immense value of such a desirable road, would be more and more apparent, each forthcoming season.

This once effected, where is the man who could prescribe a boundary to future plans and speculation? Scarbro' would increase in bulk, like unto a growing giant; and, who knows, but that Oliver's mount itself, under the directions of some modern

capability-Brown,* might unfold rural and horticultural beauties equalling, or even surpassing those of the Elysian fields at Paris.

But, it may be asked here, why advocate so strongly, the advantage of alterations at the northern and southern boundaries of the town, when, land to any extent, can be purchased for building, or for decorating projects, in quarters remote from the sea? The answer is a plain one.

The very essence of a trip to Scarbro', consists in a view of the sea, and in the full enjoyment of its bracing breezes. These two objects can only be fully secured to lodgers, by building apartments with their front to the ocean, whence, pure and salubrious breezes would not fail to reach them. Whereas, on the other hand, were these apartments erected on sites not affording a direct view of the sea, then, the wholesome breezes would have to pass, sometimes through localities of an impure nature;—pig-styes and dog-kennels to wit; and thus, the principal object of a visit to the sea-side, might run the risk of proving nugatory.

Few there are, who sufficiently appreciate the value of breezes arising from the ocean. Like the hound in chase, they are slow, but sure. Often

* A well-known former layer-out of grounds.

indeed the shattered frame of man receives more benefit from them, than he does from the daily use of Galen's patent medicines.

When we keep company with gentlemen who have passed their lives at sea, and who have resisted temptations to licentiousness, we are astonished at their hale appearance. I have been acquainted with some of our British admirals, and have read of many more, who were in health and vigor, after having passed the good old age of eighty-two years. I am confident, notwithstanding what some people may say to the contrary, that these noble British tars, owe their health to Neptune, and not to Galen.

So, I should say, that all those who have it in their power, ought once a year, at least, to spend a week or two at the sea side. And were I asked to recommend a proper, and an entertaining station, my answer would be,—go and visit Scarbro'.

If custom were not second nature, say, I pray you, what would become of those who are doomed to spend their lives, in districts of almost Cimmerian darkness, which the smoke from long chimneys has brought upon our manufacturing towns?—towns, in my own remembrance, enjoying all the blessings of a once clear and pure atmosphere, which at present is polluted by clouds of black smoke,—now driven along by the boisterous

wind,—now, falling to the ground under the pressure of the rain and the mist, until life's every comfort is destroyed.

Look into the towns themselves. Not a projection there, is free from soot; not a particle of clean paint is to be seen:—all, all is smoke,—yellow, black and suffocating smoke, which stupifies man's soul the week throughout; aye, often on our Maker's sacred day of rest.

Then view the neighbouring fields. There is not one healthy tree, to meet the wandering eye. Those which remain, are sickly, wan and perishing. In a very few years more, not a tree will be alive. Blackened by the rolling smoke,—diseased in bark and branch, they certainly continue to vegetate for a while; but their death-warrant is signed. Their tops become what is called stag-horned, and they fairly die at last; and when cut into, they shew no appearance of internal decay. Wherefore, their misfortunes must have come upon them from without. There, victims to pernicious vapours, they stand to prove my words. They are beacons of desolation, to warn us advocates for sylvan scenery, that we are in horribly bad company. This is not imagination or mere hear-say. No such thing. I myself have watched the progress of the pest, and suffered through its ravages.

Even now, at this moment, many of my once vigorous trees are sick and languishing. A botanist of European reputation has assured me, that twelve years must pass over, before they can recover their pristine health.

A brisk trade being of vital importance, and the power of steam assisting it at every step, these towering polluters of the atmosphere must compel whole bodies of men, every now and then, to seek a temporary change of atmosphere. The sea-side will always be a desirable spot for these health-injured people. Now, as Scarbro' can be reached in a few hours, at a trifling expense, from the farthest boundary of the Yorkshire and the Lancashire smoke-pest, I predict that there will be an increasing annual influx of all ranks, from the thriving operative to the brilliant cotton-lord. In fact, Scarbro' will become their northern star for pleasure and for health.

If this interesting town shall continue to make preparations for the reception of visitors, on a more extensive scale even than she has done hitherto, it is probable that not a single house will remain untenanted during the summer season.

Thus we see, that steam applied to locomotion, has already worked wonders for Scarbro', by making her easy of access; so that, distant people, who

only a few years ago, never thought of paying her a visit, will now come freely to enjoy the stores which nature has so bountifully poured into her lap. Scarbro' is indeed a fascinating place. My spirits always rise, on viewing its ancient castle from the railway-station, on my annual visit to it.

Let the stranger, newly arrived at the esplanade, on a fine summer's morning, turn his eyes to the sea on the south, and then, to the land on the north, and say, if such a charming scene can be surpassed.

After having crossed the bridge, he is at once in the town, and can reach the sands by many ways, and in a very short space of time: for Scarbro' possesses this wonderful advantage over many other bathing-places, that you can be on the strand and in the town, after a few minutes' walk. The town offers to its visitors in the way of comfort, what would not be unacceptable to royalty itself. Thus, the accommodations in the hotels are equal to those in London. I should do an injustice to Miss Reid, of the Royal Hotel, near the cliff, were I to omit the observation, that I have always found her attention and arrangements of the very first order;—surpassed indeed, by none in any hotel, where I have ever taken up my quarters.

The museum under the ardent zeal of Mr. Roberts has great attractions. All the warm salt-water baths are remarkably clean and well attended. I invariably frequent those of my old friend Mr. Champley: and I seldom pass a day without paying a visit to Mr. Theakston's most excellent establishment for books and newspapers. Let me also mention my civil landlady Mrs. Peacock of the cliff. We pass our time in her lodgings, as comfortably as though we were at our own fire-side.

These attractions cannot fail to draw many visitors to Scarbro'. I myself, in company with my two dear sisters-in-law, generally contrive to be at this favorite watering-place, in about a week or ten days after the arrival of the woodcock: and for this particular reason, viz., that, when I see this autumnal bird of passage hanging in the market-place, I know that fires have become general in the town. Without fires, I find myself nearly as torpid as the little land-newt under its winter stone.

And now, a word or two on transitory exhibitions. When Mrs. Wombwell, with her splendid collection of living wild animals takes Scarbro' in her way to the north, I have a great treat. She always brings some new attraction with her. It was here that I first saw poor Jenny the chimpanzee.

A season or two ago, there came a mesmeriser to exercise his craft, and to astonish all his audience, myself perhaps excepted: for I do not believe in mesmerism, as an art to make me act contrary to my own free will. On the morning after, whilst making certain enquiries, I was credibly informed, that this cunning dogmatizer, had a preconcerted arrangement with a young person of the softer sex, to be ready in the crowd, when he should require assistance: and she actually came forth, apparently a volunteer to act the part he wanted. A clever way to draw him out of the mud!

Another mysterious operator, partly in the same line, but of a still more complicated nature, seems to have worked stiffly both on the faith, and on the patience of the multitude. He talked of phantoms, and of communicating with spectres in the far distance. Unfortunately, I had not then arrived at Scarbro', otherwise I should have craved parlance with this singular man of business, to and from the land of spirits.

Somehow or other, when I apply to be mesmerised, the mesmeriser starts objections. Probably, my nerves are too strong to be enfeebled, and my tendons too springy to be stiffened, by the passing hand of the performer.

Not very long ago, Scarbro' was greatly amused by the appearance of a young American lady, who had come to England in the hope of persuading the female part of our community to lay aside for ever its own absurd costume, and to put on one similar to that in which she then appeared.

But, oh!—ye powers of bad taste and deformity! This transatlantic new attire, will never suit the wives, nor please the daughters, nor bend the temper of stubborn Mr. Bull.

Upright and confident in her pet cause, the stranger actress stood before us, with a smirking countenance, and fully bent on victory.

It would require transcendent powers of pen, (and I have them not), to give the reader an adequate idea of the nymph in her new dress.

Old Hogarth's pencil might have hit her off.

The costume which this young lady had adopted, might have suited an ambiguous character in a fancy ball room; neither masculine enough for a man, nor sufficiently feminine for a woman. "Ælia, Lælia Crispis, nec puella, nec juvenis;" and I may add, "nec anus."

Had she presented herself, in the attire of elegant simplicity, such as so well becomes some ancient statues, whose flowing robes, show off the female form in all its just proportions, she might

possibly have been successful:—for, say what you please, I denounce the turgid, angular, and inflated dresses of these our modern times, as folly's worst inventions.

This young lady's newly assumed costume, might have suited Harlequin in its upper parts; and Mahomet in its lower ones. She told us that she was a Bloomer, but omitted to inform us, how, or whence the fashion rose to notice.

So far as I can recollect, I am not aware that she stated it to have come originally, either from Asia, or from Africa; or whether, the wise women from the west, had sent it for trial, to those of the east.

However, this peregrine visitor was well received at the Mechanics' Institute in Scarbro'. During the course of her evening lecture, she made some observations on the now fashionable mode of feminine attire, which coincided with my own. She pointed out, with excellent humour, the extreme folly of ladies wearing long attire, when taking exercise in the open air; and she said that it was a pity for ladies to conceal their feet and ankles at any time. In this, she would have the united support of every lady in Spain. They consider a well-formed foot and ankle, of great value;—and take much pains in exposing them, whether out of doors, or within the house.

Probably, in times gone by, when flowing gowns were seldom worn in England, some fashionable dame of high degree, having splay feet, or gummy ankles, might have put them under cover. If so, she would become the admirer and the advocate of a new fashion; and her weighty example would be imitated by the multitude. Thus we see, that when one sheep takes it into its head to drink, every sheep in the entire flock, will do the same: and, when a pig (whose head and shoulders are formed by nature to brush through a thicket,) gets its snout into a hole at the bottom of a hedge, every individual pig in company, will perform the same feat, and pass through it.

But, after taking leave of our American Bloomer, let us ourselves just look at home for a moment, and at once condemn the act of English ladies, so noted for their cleanliness,—sweeping the filthy streets with their trailing gowns. I, myself, in walking up and down the causeways, have witnessed what my pen positively refuses to describe. Well, indeed, may ladies who are fond of exercise, complain, that there are far too many dogs allowed in Scarbro'. In fact, these brutes are the soilers,—and our females, the scavengers of the street.

The cure is short and simple. Apply the whip to the hide of the dog,—and the scissors to the skirts of the female.

Tailors and mantua makers, in these inventive times, seem to vie with each other, who can produce the greatest mis-shapes in dress. Actually, men's coats are now recommended for their supposed elegance, and use, which if they had been worn in the days of my early youth, would have subjected the wearer of them, to the appellation of an incorrigible clown.

And as for our ladies' dresses, from the waist downwards, should their rotundity increase, our doors must be made wider. If air in the bones of birds assists their ascent into the vault of heaven, (strange doctrine) then let us hope, that, inflated tubes may have the happy effect, of keeping ladies' garments clear of mire.

Well then, kind reader, pardon the length,—perhaps the insufficiency of these uninteresting remarks; and let us wish health and prosperity to the population of Scarbro'.

But, you will undoubtedly ask me, are there no drawbacks to the many advantages which, you tell us, this charming town possesses?—Is all an earthly paradise?—Have its ocean breezes, its baths, its walks, and its sands, no permanent or occasional obstacles to dull the edge of expectation? They tell us, that, metheglin may sometimes chance to have a few drops of acid in it; and that, where

the lily of the valley thrives, there may be fatal wolf's bane near it.

Yes, even so:—and Scarbro' has its stains and blots like many other places. The chimneys, for example, are known to smoke in very windy weather. The bridge arrangements are certainly a bar to expedition in case of hurry from the esplanade, when sixpence is a serious consideration. Again,—the circulating fence, at the entrance to the bridge, and at the exit from it, is an insufferable contrivance. For proof of this; fancy a smart young female, in best kid gloves, just bought for promenade, in walks beyond the bridge. At the gate, she is actually doomed to push her hand against the opposing bars, which have been in contact with that of some unwashed oilman, or greasy tallow chandler. Methinks, I see her blushes and vexation,

The eastern winds present another draw-back. At the vernal equinox, when these sweep fiercely through the streets, for weeks together, with unabated fury, a walk is anything but pleasant. Still, these eastern blasts are but fulfilling the law imposed upon them; and the only consolation to be found, is in the old proverb,—“what can't be cured, must be endured.”

Scarbro', in my humble opinion, now holding

the first place amongst the most renowned of our many British watering-resorts, will naturally bear in mind, that visitors are the source from which her present prosperity has flowed; and from which her future greatness must be drawn. In fact, there is no other source. An abundance of visitors constitutes her sheet anchor. Visitors in fine, to use a commercial phrase, are her staple commodity. Deprive her of them, and then, even all the power of steam itself, applied to any expected point of profit, will be of small avail. The ship will break from her safe and sheltered moorings; and the tide of her departing greatness, will "ebb much faster, than it flowed before."

Wherefore, it behoves you, intellectual gentlemen of Scarbro', to unfold your balmy stores of health and sea-side recreations, to all who come in quest of them. Decry not this man's faith, nor that man's calling; and let your motto be, Health and Content to all our Visitors.

There still remains another drawback,—but let me touch it gently. It is a partial, not a common wrong. Our wounded flock of Albion's ancient fold, begs at your liberal hands a drop or two of anodyne, to soothe its irritated feelings. No sooner has the fifth of cold November's dawn, announced the approach of day, than noisy and

unnecessary peals of Anglican-church bells, astound the slumbering ear:—sure harbingers of pulpit-virulence. By Heavens, gentlemen, we Catholics of Great Britain are not to blame for Guy's misdeeds. We are proud to merit your good-will, and we ask a mutual feeling. But, say, I pray you, what have we to do with crime of by-gone centuries?

Say, what are Guy's black schemes to us? If the ancient creed is accountable for this man's dark intentions, then indeed, is your new one, equally to blame for those of Thistlewood; who even in our own times, plotted the entire destruction of all his Majesty's ministers in Cato-street assembled.

Say, which of us, is so malignant and unjust, as to attack and vilify your creed, and hold its unoffending members liable for an attempt, so atrocious and abhorrent, as that of old Guy Fawkes resuscitated?

But, "*verbum sapientibus.*" Let us hope, that Scarbro' will no longer toll the peal of prejudice; and thus, bury for ever, in the grave of forgetfulness, recollections which can only tend to inflame the ignorant mind, and engender uncharitable feelings.

I have made these observations on the town of

Scarbro, solely to unfold its world of treasures. I myself, as free as ocean's rolling billows;—free as the passing clouds of air;—have viewed, without the help of any book, its every street and cranny: not having had one single, solitary thought of self-advancement as I wandered on.

Inhabitants of Scarbro'!—I love to pass my leisure hours amongst you. May you ever smile and ever prosper. But, observe! although old Ocean rolls his favors on you, your Mother Earth has not been quite so bountiful: for you cannot boast a river.

Then, be doubly watchful how you encourage a poisonous smoke, and still more poisonous fumes from alkali works to contaminate your hitherto pure and wholesome atmosphere. Such works as these, if once they gain admittance, will so begrime you, and destroy your health; that Galen's art will not restore it; nor will all the waters of the river Ouse suffice to wash you clean. Fear, and beware of monster-chimneys. “*Fortunæ cœtera mando.*”

CANNIBALISM.

“*Heu quantum scelus est, in viscera viscera condi ;
Congestoque avidum, pinguescere corpore corpus.*”

IF, in the strict sense of the word, by cannibalism is meant, the ordinary feeding of man upon man, incited solely by the call of hunger ; then, in my humble opinion, there is no such phenomenon to be found. Did such a thing really exist, the very act would indeed reduce the exalted rank of man to a very inferior state. Tigers, known to be so sanguinary, never feed on tigers. If animals were to eat animals of their own species, there would soon be an end to the breed altogether.

The Roman poet in his amusing account of the creation, has given most justly to man, a character which raises him far above the level of all animals. He tells us, that after these had received their existence, there still was wanting an animal of superior intellect, to hold dominion over all the rest ; and man was then created.

“*Sanctius his animal, mentisque capacius altæ,*

Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera posset, natus homo est."

If man had originally been formed by his Maker, to be a cannibal, that is, as I have just observed, to feed upon his fellow-man, in order to satisfy the craving of his hunger, there does not seem to have been any particular objection, why Cain, after his murder of Abel, should not have had a joint out of him, for his own dinner.

Still, there is no mention made, that Cain, on this occasion, did treat himself to a feast on any part of his brother's body. Wherefore, we may safely infer, that, man was not created to feed upon his own species: and, that when he is absolutely reduced to the sad necessity of doing so, he is either instigated by ungovernable passion, or else, he is reduced to the terrible necessity of prolonging his existence, by casting lots to determine which man shall die to save the lives of the rest:—as in cases of shipwreck, or in other dreadful disasters, where nothing remains, and where nothing can be found, that will support life, short of the terrible sacrifice.

I would not call people, in this shocking dilemma, by the name of cannibals. Neither would I fear to be sacrificed by them, were I unexpectedly to come up with them; fully confiding,

that they would put me upon the same footing with themselves, when they cast lots to decide who was to be the devoted victim.

As to the flesh itself of man, there can be nothing in it of an objectionable nature as food more than in that of animals in general. I can easily conceive, that an expert cook, can make it into a dish, quite as savoury as that of beef or mutton; but then, he must keep his revolting doings a profound secret; otherwise, nature would startle at the very appearance of the dish, when served at table; and man would turn sick at the sight;—because he has that within him, which says, thou shalt not feed upon thy fellow-man:—this, in fact, being a general prohibition, from the Maker of all things, that one animal, shall not prey upon another animal of the same species.

Unfortunately, we cannot come at the true nature of an animal, when anything has intervened to change its original habits.

For example, captivity in a cage, will cause a parrot to feed on flesh-meat;—a thing which it is never known to do, when wild in its native woods; where instinct teaches it to live on vegetable food alone; and where it is sure to fulfil the law, imposed upon it by the Creator.

Again, when the habits of a brute animal have

been changed by domestication ; it is known by experience, occasionally to feed upon its own species ; so that, when a sow has been pent up in an incommodious sty, on the eve of farrowing, or as we unmannerly boors of Yorkshire say, a day or two before pigging, she has been known to devour some of the litter. But, whether the victims were dead or alive, at the time of this unnatural act, I have never been able to learn ;—for, on questioning farmers, if they have actually seen sows feeding upon their living little ones, the answer has been anything but satisfactory. From this, I have formed the conclusion, that, the sow, being in too small an apartment, must have overlaid part of the litter, and eaten those which she had killed ; her appetite having become depraved by confinement : probably more so by this imprisonment, than by artificial food ; as I cannot learn, that such unnatural deeds are ever perpetrated in the fields, or when the sow has the run of a capacious yard.

I must here pay a compliment to the herds of wild swine, which range through the forests of Guiana. I have killed them, and I have dissected them, and am acquainted with their habits. But, neither my own observations, nor information on the part of the Indians, have induced me to

entertain the slightest suspicion, that these wild animals or any others, do, under any circumstances, feed upon each other. They seem all to obey the original law of nature already mentioned. I am of firm belief, that, when left in their own freedom, pigs will never feed on pigs.

If this paramount law is not broken by the brute creation; we may well imagine, that it is paramount with man, a rational animal. In this light then, man cannot be considered a cannibal, in the strict sense of the word; although, some instances may occur, which will occasionally cause him to eat his own species.

Were man a real cannibal, he would make use of his superior powers of mind, to plot against the lives of his fellow-creatures, in order to gratify his appetite. He would be for ever bent on their destruction, and they on his; until the race of uninstructed men generally known by the name of savages, became entirely extinct.

Moderation would be out of the case. A cannibal could not think of confining himself, once in a way, to a festive dinner on his tender sister; or to a single dish of soup, made out of his old grandmother. He would want more of the delicious nutriment; and he would continue to long after human flesh, wherever there was an opportunity of obtaining it.

Contemplating cannibalism in this point of view, I come to the conclusion, that, the nature, the habits, and the superior powers of man, forbid him to be a cannibal.

Let us enquire what it is, that instigates a brute animal to prey upon one of its own species; after which, we can extend the investigation to man himself: and then see what it is that causes this rational being to forfeit his high position in the creation; and in fact, to place himself below that of wild beasts themselves. I say below, because man, in his most uncultivated state, possesses reasoning qualities, of sufficient force to keep him at the head of all animals; whilst these latter, have nothing more than instinct for their guide.

If a number of irrational animals, consisting only of one species, were to be deprived of their liberty, and to be shut up in a place, from which they could not escape; they would prey upon each other, as soon as absolute hunger forced them to do so. Of this, there are many well authenticated instances, by which, we clearly perceive, that, hunger alone, has been the real incentive. For example, confine a dozen of Hanoverian rats, (animals so notorious for living on other people's means) in a large cage replete with provisions,

when the last morsel of these provisions has been consumed, then, the stronger will eat up the weaker. Even, in this case, it would be absolute necessity, and not depravity which compelled them to feed upon each other:—for, as the saying has it,—“necessity knows no law.”

On the contrary, whilst rats are in the full enjoyment of their liberty, they are not known to prey upon each other. Their superlative knack of fending for themselves, would always prevent the necessity for mutual destruction.

Whilst I am on the subject of rats, although I freely concede to these able friends of mine a vast supply of brain, to manage their own affairs, still, I cannot believe the following instance of their sagacity.

A farmer, in this neighbourhood, once declared to me, that he had seen an old *ratten*, in the act of conducting a blind one, along the king's highway. A straw, held in their mouths, was the conducting medium betwixt the blind rat, and the rat which had the use of its eyes. This happened during the night, when the full moon shone brightly. But, on my asking the farmer how he had contrived to approach these two intelligent travellers, sufficiently near, to distinguish that one of them was blind; his answer did not satisfy

me; so I dropped the subject, after he had informed me, that the scene took place, on the night of the market-day. He liked his glass of rum and water. No doubt, but that the contents of it had caused this jovial son of Ceres, to see double.

The fox and the dog, are so nearly allied to each other, that their union is known to produce issue. But, although the dog will worry the fox, and even eat him occasionally, this is no proof that dogs will naturally feed on foxes. I adduce the chase. A pack of hounds, urged on by men in scarlet liveries, and closely followed by a group of horsemen, soon start old Reynard from his lone retreat. In an instant, all rush forward. The hounds give mouth, and follow up the scent. Poor Reynard's arts avail him nothing. "His feet betray his flight." The hounds rush in upon him,—followed by the joyful huntsman. In an instant, Reynard dies, and his mangled remains are swallowed by the infuriated pack; whilst the interfering huntsman, with his long whip, lashing the hounds on all sides, is barely enabled to save the drabbled brush.

This carcass of the worried fox, is unnatural food for them. It has been procured by un-governable excitement, which has so blinded them,

that they have not discriminated the loathful remains of a disgusting fox, from the ordinary food, which they daily receive from the hands of the huntsman, whilst they are in the kennel. Now, nature has had nothing to do with the repast. If the captured fox could have been rescued from the mouths of its devourers, and offered to them when it had become cold, and their own fury had subsided, not a dog in all the pack would have touched it. Congenial instinct, no longer vitiated by the recent excitement of the chase, would cause the dogs to reject the unusual and disgusting food. But, had the carcass of a sheep, been thrown into the kennel, it would have been consumed immediately; because, the dog and the sheep form two distinct species of animals no-way connected with each other.

The excitement caused in the chase, will be fatal to an affection which is sometimes known to exist betwixt the dog and the fox. We had an instance of this, in the days of my father, who had been a noted fox-hunter in early life.

In the kennel of a neighbouring baronet, there was a tame fox; and my father used to be much amused in observing the uncommon familiarity which existed betwixt it and the hounds. These would play with it,—and it with them, in all

manner of postures. When a good run was wanted, a whipper-in would take the social fox, and place it on a pad, so contrived at the horse's crupper, that, there was no danger of his slipping from it. The man would then leave the kennel, and after having ridden to a certain distance from it; he would get off horseback, and place the tame fox on the ground. Then, remounting his horse, he would canter away, through localities best suited to produce an excellent day's sport: the fox keeping up with him, as though it were a favorite terrier.

When the hounds in full cry, had advanced sufficiently near, to put the man upon his guard, he would dismount, and having placed the fox in its former situation, he would get on horseback again, and gallop away. This caused the scent to cease, and the chase was no longer pursued.

Cervantes truly remarks, that the pitcher is carried to the well so many times, and then gets broken. Such was the untimely fate of our poor little Reynard. One day, whilst the hounds were hard on the scent, somehow or other, the man allowed them to approach too near, and before he could secure his charge, they came up, and having torn the fox in pieces, they ate every morsel of it:—their rage not allowing them to

distinguish the pet from an ordinary fox. Here artificial excitement, and not natural feeling induced them to destroy and consume, the very animal of which they had been so fond, when it was in the kennel with them.

Hence, I infer, by the common law of nature, that foxes will never eat foxes, nor dogs prey upon dogs, unless artificial excitement, or famine intervene, to render nugatory, amongst brute animals, the universal mandate, which is equally imposed upon man himself, who is a rational being.

Thus, in the true meaning of the word, man will never be a cannibal:—that is, man will never feed on man, in the ordinary way of food. Something must indeed occur of most extraordinary import, to abrogate the supreme injunction placed upon the sons of Adam, by order of their Maker.

I am well aware, that shocking accounts are on record, of man devouring the flesh of man. But, these accounts require looking into. The fact of man eating up his fellow-creature, demands an investigation of the utmost care and discrimination.

There is no doubt in my own mind, but that accidental occurrences, and not a natural appetite, may be the cause of an inhuman repast upon human flesh. Wars amongst savages, whose

feelings have not been tempered by the soothing influence of civilization, are sometimes the cause of an odious meal, which could never be obtained at the shambles. Indeed, by accounts which I have perused from time to time, I should unhesitatingly believe, that war is the chief, perhaps the only cause amongst savages, of man regaling himself upon the flesh of man :—always excepting, that dreadful moment in human existence, when unendurable pangs of hunger have forced, even civilized man, to preserve his own life, on food from the body of his fellow-creature.

Before I left the cultivated plantations of Guiana, to wander through its wild interior, I had been forewarned by many respectable planters, that cannibals were known to be in the forests : and that, if I went without sufficient force to protect me, I should be killed and devoured by these monsters. Several Indians also corroborated the absurd notion ; and they were quite sure that I should become a prey to the men-eaters.

But, I was not to be frightened at shadows ; nor forced to change my own ideas, by old grandmother's stories. Determining in my own mind, never to give cause of offence to anybody, I journeyed amongst the natives without any fear of having my flesh cooked to suit their present appetites, or of its being salted for future use.

During the whole of the time, which I spent in the regions, extending from that part which Captain Stedman terms the wild coast of Surinam, near the Atlantic Ocean, to the Portuguese frontier fort on the Rio Branco, (see the "Wanderings,") I never fell in with a cannibal.

Still, I could wish to mention a circumstance, which a stranger would consider tantamount to proof positive, that certain Indians of Guiana, have really a liking for human flesh, in its dried state; as hands of this description, have occasionally been discovered in pegalls, which are a kind of band-box, composed of a species of reed; and used for the purpose of conveying their hammocks, with other little matters, from place to place.

This ominous discovery is thus explained.

Whenever the fugitive, or maroon negroes had mustered sufficient force in the forests, to place the colonies in jeopardy, then it was, that armed troops were dispatched into the interior, to attack their settlements.

In these warlike expeditions, the Indians acted the part of auxiliaries to the colonists, who rewarded their services, for every maroon taken or slain, under the following condition: viz., that the Indian, when he came to claim the reward, should produce the right hand of the maroon.

Now, as flesh will not keep sweet more than a day in those hot climates, the Indian cut off the dead maroon's hand;—dried it over a slow fire, and then packed it in the pegall, as described above; to be produced at head quarters, when the promised reward was claimed.

This is the true history of dried hands having been found in the pegalls of the Indians:—a discovery, certainly at first sight, suspicious enough to fasten on these natives of Guiana, the unenviable reputation of being genuine cannibals.

When St. Francis Xavier, the glorious apostle of the East Indies, had set his heart upon christianizing the barbarians who inhabited the Island of Moro, and its dependencies; he was entreated by the Portuguese people not to think of such a perilous enterprise. In order that they might possibly deter him, from undertaking the expedition, they assured him, that the inhabitants were cannibals; that, they poisoned each other; that their nourishment consisted of human flesh;—that, when one of the family died, they cut off the hands and feet, out of which they made a savoury dish;—nay, their depravity went so far, that, when they intended to give a grand dinner to their neighbours, they requested one of their friends to give them up an aged father to be made into a dainty stew, for

the invited guests ; and that, they would do their friend a similar good turn, whenever he should determine to have a party for dinner.

If this alarming piece of information had been founded in truth, then would the existence of genuine cannibalism have been established beyond all manner of doubt ;—for here, we have a statement that the savages butchered their aged parents in cold blood, and then cooked them ; so that, their friends might partake of the savoury cheer ;—no mention being made of a battle. In fact, St. Francis was put upon his guard, that the Island of Moro, was peopled by human beings with appetites so depraved, so keen, and so gluttonous, that, the master of the house, considered, he could not consult the refined taste of his company, better than by preparing human soup, human fry, and human steaks, for them at his own dining table.

Whilst I am on gastronomy, if the indulgent reader will pardon a short digression, I will shew him, what we civilized people can do in the way of ultra-gormandising. It is concerning a dinner, which brings to one's mind those days of ancient epicurism, when Caligula raised the Roman kitchen to a pitch of most lamentable notoriety. Here are the component parts of one single dish, costing one hundred guineas to the consumers of it. The

reader may well suppose, that the whole affair was merely a hoax. But, I can assure him, that it was no hoax at all. It was truly and really a thing of flesh, spice, and paste, manufactured expressly for the palates of those alone, who could duly appreciate its transcendent merits.

5	Turtles' heads, part of green fat and fins	£	s.	d.
		34	8	0
24	Capons, the noix or nut, from the middle of the back only used	8	8	0
18	Turkeys the same	8	12	0
18	Poulardes the same	5	17	0
16	Fowls the same	2	18	0
40	Woodcocks the same	8	0	0
100	Snipes the same	3	6	0
3	dozens of Pigeons the same	0	14	0
43	Partridges the same	3	7	6
10	dozens of Larks, whole	0	15	0
30	Pheasants	5	5	0
6	Plovers	0	9	0
3	dozens of Quails	3	0	0
	Ortolans	5	0	0
	The garniture ; consisting of cocks' combs, truffles, mushrooms, crawfish, olives, American asparagus, cronstades, sweet-breads, quenelles de volaille and sauce	14	10	0
	Total.	£104	9	6

N.B.—“The way the cook accounts for the extrava-

gance of this heterogeneous mass and mixture of food for man, is as follows : viz., that if an epicure were to order this dish only, he (the cook) would be obliged to provide the whole of the above-mentioned articles."

Even so :—but the cook has not told us, how much of the expended money, he recovered by selling (probably at prime cost) those parts of the turtles and fowls, &c., which were not necessary for his stupendous dish. But, all comment here is absolutely useless. I will merely remark, that, with the "*garniture*" alone, it would be quite unimportant, whether the cook concocted his dish with the ingredients noticed above ; or with the "*noix*" and flesh of hawks, carrion crows, vultures, fougarts, snakes, and waternewts.

Were I to spend time in comments upon this display of modern extravagance and vitiated appetite, I would say zoologically speaking, that if our well-known bird the owl, sacred to Minerva, had been called upon for an opinion, it would have gravely pronounced, that, a fox must have presided at the committee ; an hyæna have been cook, and a stud of asses, the consumers of the dish in question.

But, let me return to the Island of Moro.

St. Francis Xavier, notwithstanding the dismal forebodings of his warmest friends, went boldly to

the island of cannibals. The inhabitants in lieu of seizing him for the frying pan, fled precipitately to their woods, whither the charitable father followed them. The meek and courteous behaviour on his part soon allayed their imaginary fears; and the whole island, was converted by St. Francis Xavier to the catholic faith. During the three months that he tarried with these barbarians, no mention is made,—no hint is thrown out, no solitary instance is adduced of these people being prone to cannibalism. Had his conduct tended to enrage them, he certainly might have run the risk of being knocked on the head, and then devoured, whilst their ungovernable paroxysm of frenzy lasted; for let it be remembered, that these islanders were savages of the first description. They had not been civilized: neither did they know, what it was, to control their gusts of passion. So that, in their rage, they ran the risk of being led to commit an unnatural act, which, in their cooler moments, they never would have perpetrated.

I have remarked, at the commencement of these notes, that there is a law written in the heart of man, forbidding him to kill his fellow-man. But, this same law does not prohibit him from eating the flesh of man. In doing so, a man must be governed entirely by his own imagination. Thus,

in a civilized state, when the party has not actually been reduced to the last extremity of saving life, by casting lots who should die, there would be great difficulty in persuading them to make a meal of any part of a dead human body. Imagination alone, is the actor in this case. A chop of man, would be just as palatable as a chop of mutton, under the hand of a good cook, and fried in London gravy. A person, perfectly ignorant of the real nature of the dishes placed before him, would undoubtedly approve of them, and find them very good and nutritive.

In the wilds of Guiana, we boil the large red, or howler monkey for dinner. It resembles, at first sight the body of a child. In fact, you would take its head to be that of a veritable infant. Still, I had too much nerve to be deprived of a wholesome repast, by the intervention of my own imagination.

I can easily conceive, that a savage, whose finer feelings had never been called into action by education, would find no repugnance, in making soup of his slain enemy; and that he would enjoy it, just as we ourselves should enjoy soup made of ox-tail, or of any other carnal ingredient.

Probably had a savage been present at one of our late Crimean battles, whilst he would have

condemned the human slaughter, (or rather let us call it, the inhuman slaughter) as wrong and unnecessary in his eyes, he would have yearned for a dish, made from the leg of a healthy sergeant newly slain: and if salted swine in its raw state, with green coffee-berry garniture, had been on the same table, he would have rejected this, and would have made his meal on that.

We can only come at the true flavour of flesh meat, by eating it raw;—seeing that, rich sauces, fire and cookery, so change the nature and appearance of it;—that after it has undergone the culinary process, an expert connoisseur, in things appertaining to gastronomy, would find it a difficult task to know, whether he were about to partake of monkey pie, or human pasty.

I myself (but not at Walton Hall) have witnessed individuals in genteel life, make a hearty meal of pie made of carrion crow, having mistaken it for one of pigeon. In this instance, it was appetite and not prejudice that “ruled the roast:” for had the parties been aware of the real nature of the pie, we may take it for granted, that it would have been ordered out of the dining room; abhorred and untouched.

In my opinion, the veriest savage in existence is conscious that he commits a crime, when he kills .

his fellow-man, in what we term, cold blood. But, in the simple act of eating the flesh of man, he does not feel himself culpable ; because, civilization has not worked upon his imagination, so as to place the act in a repugnant, and in a disgusting point of view.

By the way, this imagination of ours in civilized life, is a stern commander. We all know, that stewed horse, is just as good, nay, sometimes much better, than stewed cow : yet, such is the general prejudice, that in nine cases out of ten, the latter would be eaten with an appetite ; whilst the former would be rejected with abhorrence.

Before I can bring my mind to believe in the existence of cannibalism, such as I have defined it, at the commencement of these fugitive notes, I must be convinced, that there really does exist a human being, no matter in what part of the world, who will slay his fellow-man, without any provocation having been offered, or any excitement produced ; but that he is known to deprive him of his life, merely for a supply of daily food ; just exactly with the same feelings, and with no others, than we would shoot a hare or a pheasant to entertain a dinner party.

Sometimes, even in civilized life, we witness strange things, very nearly approaching to cannibalism, in the common acceptation of the word.

In the United States of North America, two individuals of the higher ranks, had a desperate row, hand to hand. The affair terminated in the disgusting act of one having bitten off the greater portion of the other's ear. "Sir," said a person who was looking on, "I presume you know that you have unfortunately lost an ear in this terrible scuffle." "No matter," rejoined the enraged combatant, "the fellow has got the worst of it; for, look," said he, opening his hand as he spoke the word, "I have bitten off the scoundrel's nose."

If these Christian warriors had been savages in the woods, and not members of civilized life, there can be no doubt, but that both the ear and the nose, would have gone down into the stomachs of the doughty champions. Still, in my idea, they would not have been cannibals; even if they had torn off, and swallowed each other's cheeks and gloried in the hideous act

In a word, if any traveller will step forward, and positively declare, that he has undoubted intelligence of wild men, who, without having received any provocation, will kill one of their own tribe, or of any other nation, and then eat him, as he would eat ordinary food,—then, and in that case, as our lawyers say, I will readily believe, that real and genuine cannibals do exist:—and moreover,

I will no longer object to receive for truths, all the strange accounts which I have read in books, and have hitherto considered, as mere inventions to deter travellers from exploring the uncivilized parts of the world ; or to astound listening children on a winter's night, when howling winds and drifting snow announce, that there is murky mischief going on ; and gipsies encamped close by, to kidnap them, should they be rash enough to venture out, beyond the threshold of their comfortable habitation.

I have entered into this enquiry, and have determined to place my observations before the eye of the public, in order that man, the noblest animal in the Creation, even when he runs wild in the woods, may be put upon an equal footing with his civilized brother, so far as their daily food in flesh meat is concerned ; and thus be cleansed from a stain so foul and black as that of real cannibalism.

When I travel into countries inhabited by savages, I would thus address the assembled natives :

“ Ladies and Gentlemen,—I am come to see you, and to admire your beautiful country ; but, not to eat you, nor to be eaten by you. I assure you, that it is not my intention to enter into

your private quarrels; nor, so long as I have the pleasure of staying amongst you, shall I feel any longing for a repast on the dead bodies of your sworn enemies, slain in battle. People, in the country from which I have come, and in which I was born, cannot bring their minds to feed on human flesh:—neither can I. When we kill our adversaries, which we sometimes do, to the tune of ten thousand a day, we are not in the habit of roasting their bodies, and then eating them, or any part of their remains. But this, ladies and gentlemen, is merely a matter of taste: or perhaps, in your keen eyes, it may be termed a want of taste. If you will kindly furnish me with a few sweet potatoes, or any other thing in the way of vegetables, I will, by no means, take offence at your making a meal on the slaughtered remains of your foes; and upon which sort of food, we people from Europe are informed, that you dine occasionally with a considerable degree of relish.”

Negroes from Africa are fond of dog for dinner; but, I question whether or not, they ever regale themselves on the flesh of man. At least, I have never as yet been able to discover that negroes are prone to this last kind of nutriment.

I was often in Guiana, when the slave trade was

in full vigor there. Considering that negroes were imported into the colonies of the new world by tens of thousands, brought prisoners from the remotest recesses of Africa, we might suppose that some of these, if not many of them, were now and then, in the habit of feeding upon their fellow-creatures. But, I could not learn from captains of Guineamen, that they had ever detected a man amongst the slaves, in the passage from Africa to America, feeding on his dead comrade. Such a repast, the captains assured me, was utterly unknown.

I had proof positive, that negroes have a yearning for dogs' flesh.

On a plantation about twenty miles up the river Demerara, there lived an Irish gentleman, of a merry turn, and of noted hospitality. Having just received from Scotland an uncommonly fine terrier, he was wishful to try its metal. A lieutenant of artillery, being himself a great dog-fancier, was duly informed of this dog's arrival: and he was invited to pass a day in the Irish gentleman's house; and to bring his own terrier with him, in order that the two dogs might join in mortal combat. Myself and three others were asked to join the party; and we all embarked at Strabroek, in the Irish gentleman's tent-boat.

On our arrival at the plantation; unfortunately, the Scotch terrier was missing; nor could anybody conjecture what was become of him. A batch of newly-imported slaves, having been located on the property, a hint was given, that possibly the dog might have found its way, against its will, into one of their huts. This was actually the case. With a long stick thrust through it from stern to stem, the dog was found half roasted at the fire. It had not been skinned;—neither had the intestines been taken out. So there it was, woodcock like, and would soon have been ready for the negroes' dinner.

One could hardly have conceived a scene more ludicrous. The Irish gentleman raved with vexation. The lieutenant of artillery shrugged up his shoulders as he viewed the smoking dog; and we ourselves, confiding in the Irishman's known good humour, laughed most immoderately. Thus ended the expected diversion at the Irish gentleman's plantation; verifying the old Spanish proverb in 'Don Quixote,' "there is nothing certain in this life:—sometimes a man goes in quest of one thing, and finds another."

THE FOX.

VIVITUR RAPTO.

THIS animal is well known in England, where it is more prized, and more persecuted, than perhaps in any other country of the known world. Every child in the nursery, is taught that the "grapes are sour;" and the nurse assures him, that they are the fox's own words; whilst every hen-wife throughout the land, is eternally plotting its destruction.

Were it not, that in these populous districts we turn the bodily services of this, our last beast of chase, to good account, its bones would long ago, have mouldered into dust, with those of its formidable predecessors, the bear and the wolf; for, in fact, our farmers cannot tolerate the sight of Reynard, and the gamekeepers, those privileged scourges of animated nature, would, at any time, massacre his entire family.

The fox may be styled first cousin to the dog, (for these two animals will breed together) and

second cousin to the wolf; seeing that all three will generate hydrophobia, and communicate it far and wide:—even to man himself, as I myself can testify, by several personal investigations.

Common opinion seems to concur in attributing to the fox, an extraordinary amount of cunning, “as cunning as a fox;” still, I am not prepared to concede this prerogative to the fox alone, *par excellence*, as I am acquainted with many other animals capable of disputing the prize with it. Perhaps, people are inclined to give it more credit for cunning, than they do to other animals, on account of the singular formation of its head and face, which, according to our own notions of physiognomy, indicate the powers of cunning.

Be this as it may, so long as England lasts, the general opinion will be, that the fox is a sly, cautious, prying and calculating animal. However, endow it with whatever superior faculties you choose, it has no claim to rationality. Some of its actions are certainly so clever, that you feel quite inclined to raise it to a rank, above that of its fellow brutes; whilst others again, are so absurd, and so devoid of anything like design, that you must absolutely change the favorable opinion which you have entertained of its abilities, and lower its intellect to that of the surrounding quadrupeds.

When the good Jesuit Fathers at Stonyhurst, saw (as I have stated in a former part of the autobiography) that, nothing short of severe prohibition, could coerce me, when I was bent upon a ramble amongst the birds and beasts of the neighbourhood; and fearing, at the same time, that I should set a bad example to the scholars, by transgressing the boundary prescribed to them by the rules of the college, they wisely determined to make me a privileged boy, by constituting me both rat, and fox-catcher; there being no hounds kept in the neighbourhood.

Armed with this authority, I was always on the alert, when scholastic duties allowed me a little relaxation; and I became the scourge of noted thieves, such as fowmarts, stoats, weasels, and Hanoverian rats.

Once, it so happened, that Reynard, (and possibly other members of his family) had made an excellent supper, on an unprotected flock of fine young turkeys, about half grown;—the property of the establishment. Eight of these were missing the next morning. It seems, that, after the four-footed thief had satisfied his call of hunger, he naturally bethought himself, that his wife and children would like a bit of turkey for supper on the following night; so he buried five of the remaining victims, in an open garden which was

close by. Now, if the simpleton had covered them all over with the soil on the garden-bed, I would have given him credit for superior sagacity. But, he actually left one wing of each bird exposed to view ; and it was this exposure which led to their discovery.

I could not possibly mistake, as to who had been the sexton, for, when I had disinterred them, each bird emitted that odour which a fox alone produces. Thus, whilst I admired the pains which Reynard had taken in covering up the turkeys, I condemned his folly and want of judgment, in leaving the wings of his murdered prey, exposed to the eyes of the whole world. An ass, in this case, would have shewn just as much talent and cunning as Reynard himself had exhibited.

The fox is as shy by his nature as by necessity ; choosing the stillness of the night to work in his nefarious calling. But, on certain estates, where things are kept pretty quiet, he will venture to leave his hiding place, even at noon-day ; and then play the mischief with whatever poultry comes within his reach.

I once imagined, that I could be able to put bantam fowls upon a footing with the wild pheasants in the woods. So, when Spring had set in, I turned two pairs of bantams to take their chance

in the surrounding plantations. One of the hens made her nest in an adjoining meadow, and apparently she would have hatched a plentiful brood, if Reynard had not interfered to mar my interesting plan.

One day, about the hour of noon, I myself, with my own eyes, saw the savage kill my bantam on its nest, and take her off in triumph. This happened before the park wall was finished:—the completion of which, for ever shuts out Reynard, and all his pilfering family, from the good things which his late larder contains in such abundance.

Foxes bark like dogs, but, in a somewhat subdued tone of voice, and in shorter accents. They will inhabit any part of a country, from the sea shore to the woods and coppices in the interior. At Flambro' head, the rocks are so precipitous, that you would wonder how even a fox could journey over them, in safety to its hiding place. I have found their young ones in the hollow of an inclined old oak; and sometimes, in a dry spring, on the surface of the ground, where underwood and brambles invited the mother to form her nursery. But, the usual haunts of foxes, either for parturition or protection, are far away underground, in deep and winding holes;—commonly known by the name of fox-earths. Sometimes

the badger will frequent the subterraneous retreats, not only for temporary concealment, but also, for a permanent abode:—and this, without disturbing Reynard's family.

In a like manner, we see amongst our own species, people of very opposite characters, inhabiting the same floor of a lodging house.

From time immemorial, our fox-earths, here at Walton Hall, have been famous in the annals of vulpine venary. They had been made under the roots of some fine old oak trees, on the side of a verdant hill, rising gently from the lake. In early youth, I would often mount into one of these ancient sons of the forest on a moonlight night, to watch the foxes at their vesper pastime. Thus seated aloft, I could see the cubs as playful as kittens, catching each other by their brushes,—now standing on three legs, as if in the act of listening,—then, performing somersets, sometimes snarling,—sometimes barking; and often playing at a kind of hide and seek, as we used to do, when I was a lad at school.

On one occasion, whilst I was thus perched aloft, old Reynard, brought a fine pike, weighing I should say, full three pounds, to the mouth of the hole, and instantly is was worried by the brood.

At the final breaking up of these ancient fox-

earths, just a few months before the park wall was finished, I had directed the gamekeeper to stop the mouths at his usual hour of midnight; knowing, that Reynard and all his family would be from home in quest of plunder.

At sunrise, we commenced the work of digging; and in the course of the day, we came upon two full-grown badgers, which I kept for a few hours, and then turned loose again upon the world at large; there to seek another place of residence.

Foxes generally bring forth in early spring:—but, I have known exceptions to this rule:—and they produce, from four to five at one annual litter. 'Tis well for us, they are not so prolific as the Hanoverian rat. Did they breed as fast as this thief, and as many at a time, whole flocks of sheep would not suffice to meet their wants. Young foxes are well advanced in size by the end of June. The appearance every now and then, of a lean and scabby fox, may often be attributed to the dangerous practice of gamekeepers placing poisoned eggs, and pieces of poisoned meat, to destroy, what they usually denominate running and flying “varment.”

All lords of manors, and occupiers of land, ought to prohibit peremptorily, this never-to-be-sufficiently condemned practice of putting poisoned

food in hedge bottoms, and in rabbit runs. When rats are to be destroyed, the bait may be thrust deeply into their holes, and very few pieces of it at one time. I am of opinion, that, there are not three distinct species of foxes in Great Britain. Naturalists who have written on the nature and habits of the fox, can produce nothing but a difference in size, to support their argument, that we have more species than one. I consider the difference in size of foxes, to be attributed, either to climate, or to their food;—or most probably to both. These animals all emit the same offensive odour;—their colour varies occasionally but a trifle;—whilst they have a common tone of voice; shew the same propensities; and exercise the same economy. Depend upon it, there is only one species of fox in our country.

Thus far, have I introduced to the reader's notice, this shy little quadruped, in order to shew his predatory inclinations; which, although destructive of the farmer's property to a certain extent, may easily be forgiven on account of other qualities, shortly to be exhibited.

I had almost forgot to remark, that the cubs of foxes are blind for a while after their birth, like the whelps of dogs.

The fox has survived the bear, the boar and the

wolf in these realms. In fact, he may now be styled the last remaining beast of prey amongst us. Although possessing no amiability of disposition, nor of a nature to mix in company with other animals,—such, for example, as the hare and the deer, during the time that the sun is above the horizon; still, the fox runs no risk of being exterminated, so long as our rising generation is fond of rural sports. We may say of it, what the Prince in days of old, said of Jack Falstaff, we can “better spare a better man.” We can better tolerate the annual loss of game and poultry, than send the perpetrator into everlasting exile.

With occasional reprimands from shepherds, farmers, and pheasant-fanciers, I trust that Reynard will always be a cherished, valuable and interesting little fellow, with English country gentlemen; and that he will ever command their patronage; and be the theme of convivial conversation at the festive board, for generations yet to come, when the hand which is writing this, shall hold the pen no longer.

Yes:—although it will inevitably be Reynard’s fate to find protection to-day,—persecution to-morrow;—now, hated by henwives;—now, cursed by gamekeepers, his family will always manage to keep its ground; unless more railways, tram-roads, long chimneys, soaperies and vitriol works,

shall swarm through this Province, as lice formerly swarmed through the land of Egypt. Then will our woods, which in many parts, already feel the dire effects of smoke, perish outright; and every fox, with every fox's wife and cubs, will quit their earths for good and all, and start in quest of other quarters.

Here I take my leave of Reynard, so far as regards his life and manners:—but, I have not done with him. The pleasing part of his adventures has yet to come.

I now wish my reader to consider him in the shape of a Janus-bifrons;—that is, an animal with two faces,—one of which, will be in perpetual menace, to put farmers and henwives on their guard;—whilst the other will exhibit smiles and animation, to assure our lovers of the chase, that he will always be ready, during the proper season, to afford them facilities for horsemanship; and many a long run of manly and healthy exercise,—not to be found with so much splendour, and so many advantages, in any other portion of the globe.

Thus may Great Britain boast, that for many good and weighty reasons, she cherishes an apparently insignificant little quadruped, which, at the same time, that it will worry all her unprotected

poultry, from the majestic swan to the little bantam, can afford exercise and amusement to all ranks of people;—aye, even to ladies of high degree and eminent endowments.

I well remember the day, when half a dozen ladies, all dressed in scarlet habits, and mounted on prancing steeds, would join the hunt, and show what female courage could effect. More than once, in the day's run, have I myself dismounted, and torn away the opposing hedge-stake from before them, to save mishap.

In this last character of affording amusement, Reynard is absolutely invaluable to those who duly estimate a warlike breed of horses, and resolute riders, who, in the field of Nimrod, commence a career which forms them for after deeds of intrepidity and patriotism in the warlike ranks of Mars.

Moreover, the chase of Reynard, restores health to convalescents,—gives pastime to the gentry, and exercise to the multitude in every direction.

It is generally allowed, that two armies drawn up in battle array, present a splendid and a grand appearance. But, when we reflect, that, they are assembled on the plains of death,—ready at a moment's warning, to commence the work of mutual slaughter;—O then it is, that sorrow fills the pitying breast; and there is no charm left

in gorgeous uniforms, and floating banners, as the hostile forces move along to battle.

But, in a British fox-hunt, sorrow never shews its face. When the hour for pastime has arrived, we behold, assembled at the cover, gentlemen, with here and there a lovely lady clad in scarlet, and mounted on steeds, which for breed and beauty are unparalelled in the annals of hunting. The hounds too, may rival those of Actæon himself, who, poor fellow, made the most unfortunate mistake of riding up to the fountain, whilst Diana was in the bath. For this unintentional act on his part, the angry goddess changed him into a stag, and he was worried unknowingly by his own hounds. The names of these dogs, were much more sonorous, than those which we Englishmen give to our own dogs now-a-days. There was in Actæon's pack, "Pamphagus, et Dorceus, et Oribasus, Arcades omnes, Nebrophonosque valens, et trux cum Lœlape Theron."

But, to our subject. The whin-cover is drawn in scientific style. Up starts Reynard, with brush as clean as ladies' gloves,—and fur in supreme perfection. "Tally ho,—gone away, gone away," resounds from hill to hill. Following on his track, swiftly sweeps the pack, with horse and foot, in one tremendous rush; as though poor Charley

Stuart had risen again, and they were glad to see him. By the way, he could not have been worse than any of the four Georges, if we may believe the eloquent Mr. Thackeray.

But this means nothing;—let us attend to the hunt. See there! Sir Anthony is down in the mire, and his horse has rolled over him. Never mind. The horse has merely broken its neck;—and the baronet, has lost his right ear, by a kick from the dying steed. Sir Anthony will soon be sound again, if his surgeon only bleeds him well:—and as for the horse,—there are more in the stable, ready to take the field.

Dash on, my boys,—grand and lovely is the sylvan scenery!

“ Before us, trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine,—the poplar blue,
The yellow beech,—the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak, with broad spread boughs.”

Behold to the left,—a whipper-in is bogged, up to the middle in a quagmire!—whilst the young squire, by one desperate leap, has barely escaped a similar predicament. And farther onwards, on yon rising slope, his reverence the Vicar, has left behind him, a portion of his coat in the hawthorn

hedge,—and has just this moment, come to the ground, head over heels, from the neck of his plunging horse. But, luckily, he is up again, on his unorthodox legs,—none the worse for his tumble. The horse has galloped away! No matter,—some of the company will stop it, and restore it to the undaunted rider. O what noble sport!

“Nimrod’s courage is a treasure,
Hunting is the Briton’s pleasure:
Rich the treasure,—sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.”

The chase grows hotter:—nothing can exceed the excitement. Farmers leave their ploughs and horses;—shooters quit their stubble fields;—and every son of Ceres is on the move. All run helter skelter to enjoy a treat of fox-hunting. Push on my boys, but, at the same time, remember what the horse formerly said to its rider,—“up the hill push me not,—down the hill, spur me not,—on level ground,—spare me not.” The hounds are in full cry:—what delicious music in the ears of Nimrod!

But, suddenly, the cries are heard no more. The sportsmen, as is often the case, have pressed too keenly on the pack, and lo!—the dogs are at fault. No longer can the scent be touched upon. Reynard, whose fate seemed sealed beyond all

doubt, is saved at last, from death. Sly little fellow!—taking advantage of the momentary pause, he has just had time to squeeze himself into one of his friendly fastnesses hard by,—too strait for even terriers to enter;—and too rocky to admit of the operations of the spade and axe. There he sets both hounds and huntsmen at defiance.

Other covers are drawn, but no fox can be found.

It is now time to give up the chase and disperse; for see the wintry sun is nearly at its setting,—and the pack is far from its kennel. The sportsmen retire from the field:—each individual having had a day of rational amusement, with a bountiful stock of fresh air, and an increase of spirits for their different callings;—so that, in fact, the fox has been to them, the best of all physicians.

But this manly and exhilarating sport is only suited to Great Britain. Foreign nations have their pastimes of another sort, which we perhaps may undervalue. I think that Englishmen shewed bad taste, when they introduced fox-hunting into the Roman States. Nothing could exceed the astonishment of the Italians, when they witnessed the arrival of our hounds and horses. They could not by any chance be made to comprehend the

meaning of so much expense, parade, and ostentation; and the rustics of the campagna could not believe the testimony of their own eyes, when they beheld men in scarlet dresses, first searching for a paltry fox, and then pursuing it over their rough and swampy country, at the risk of limb and life.

A few of these simple rustics imagining, that there must be something very agreeable to Englishmen, in the flesh of a fox,—or valuable to them, in its fur; bethought themselves, that the present opportunity was a good one, to put a little money into their own pockets, and to benefit the neighbourhood, by thinning the noxious vermin.

Wherefore, without the aid of hounds and horses, these poor men soon captured a brace of foxes, which they carried to the new hunting establishment, and claimed a small reward, for their well-timed services. Let us fancy for a moment, the dismal faces of the master and his huntsman, when the two foxes were taken dead out of the bag, and placed at their feet. They raved and swore in such a manner, that the poor countrymen, without waiting for the expected reward,—took to their heels, as fast as they could go, and deemed themselves fortunate, in being able to escape with a sound skin.

Ever since this scene occurred, I can well con-

ceive the horror and contempt in which the Italian boors, hold our scarlet-coated gentlemen, whom they believe to have come from the far north, to teach them a new mode of thinning foxes, at the risk of life, by rashness and by falls from horseback. Whilst we ourselves were in Rome, the master of the hunt, took a random leap, and broke his neck on the spot.

Some five and fifty years ago, I was at a fox-hunt which I shall never forget. We threw off with customary pomp and zeal, but ended with a farce, ludicrous in the extreme. It so affected the noble owner of the hounds, that, he lost all temper, and made grimaces, as though he had been stung by pismires.

In the afternoon, after a good run, we found ourselves on the extensive line of covers, which stretch from Newmillerdam, up to Woolley Edge, through King's-wood and Bush-cliff. The fox was obstinate, and would not break cover, but stuck closely to the woods at Newmillerdam, nor could the united discord, (if I may be allowed the expression) of hounds and horns, and merry men on foot, cause him to quit his chosen quarters. More than an hour was spent in chasing him to and fro, but without success. Now he was on the edge of the wood:—then back again to its deepest recesses, and so on:—puzzling both dog and man.

I happened to be resting quietly on my horse, in one of the rides, when old Reynard, panting and bewildered, with his once handsome brush now wet and dirty, and his tongue lolling out of his mouth, wished to cross the path ; but, on seeing me, he stopped short, and stared me full in the face. “ Poor little fellow,” said I to him, “ thy fate is sealed !—thy strength has left thee ; in a few minutes more, thou wilt be torn in peices.” He then shrunk back again into the wood, as if to try another chance for life.

The noble lord now rode up to the spot where I was waiting, and said, that, as they could not force the fox into the open fields, he had made up his mind to have it killed in cover ; and that, he had given the necessary orders ; which however were not fulfilled, according to my lord’s intention, as you shall shortly learn.

We were about two hundred yards from the king’s highway, when a butcher, who was going on it, thought that he might tarry for a while, and enjoy the sport. So he and his dog got over the hedge, and came softly up to where we had stationed ourselves. At that unlucky moment, Reynard made his appearance, so completely exhausted, that, I was convinced his “ last day’s run was over.” In a moment, the butcher’s dog,

a guant and over-fattened cur without a tail, flew at poor Reynard, and killed him outright:—the hounds coming up just in time to snarl and quarrel for his bleeding carcass, which they devoured, before the huntsman had made his appearance.

Thus ended this day's sport:—most certainly, its termination was humiliating. A greasy butcher's dog, the lowest of its race, came up, just in the nick of time to give the death blow:—aye, to accomplish which, the best bred hounds in Christendom, had spent the long-live day.

“Ea turba, cupidine prædæ,

Per rupes, scopulosque, adituque carentia saxa,

Quà via difficilis, quaque est via nulla, feruntur.”

But, so it sometimes happens. In our own ranks, we have occurrences most sad and mortifying. Thus, Charles XII.,—the courageous king of Sweden, fell by an unknown hand.

“His fall was destined to a foreign strand,

A petty fortress, and a dubious hand.

And Nelson too, the bravest of the brave, was slain by an ignoble musket-ball. And latterly, no one will ever know what fatal hand deprived us of our valiant General Cathcart, in the Crimean desolating conflict.—“Sic transit gloria mundi.”

If our Nimrod-earl had carried in his hand a

battle-axe, and not a hunting-whip, I saw by his ungovernable rage at what had happened, that nothing could have saved the butcher's dog, (which, with its master, had regained in haste the king's highway) from utter extermination.

I am, and always have been, a staunch advocate for protecting the breed of foxes; and, I trust that our sportsmen will allow, that when they draw my covers, they very seldom meet with disappointment.

I consider that the diversion of fox-hunting does signal service to the nation at large. The very nature of it, precludes the commission of those disorders, which too often prevail in other amusements. Who is there, in these days, that can point to any recreation of a public nature, free from crime?—aye, from systematic crime. Horse-racing to wit, where we observe knavery and cheating in superlative refinement. How many of the craft are virtually robbed, before the race-horse leaves the stable?—how many of these noble animals have actually been poisoned by designing betters? What bolts, and locks, and vigils are required, to guard against, and shut out mischief of the blackest dye? And, when the day of starting comes, say what hordes of pick-pockets swarm in every quarter? These are watched by

policemen, whose main hope of preferment depends upon the number of rascals they detect, and upon the valour which they shew in capturing their prey. No thieves,—no good doings for policemen. A sorry state of things forsooth!—and lately rendered worse, by what is called a rural police, useless and expensive. Our thieves here in Yorkshire are quite knowing enough, to dog the policeman into one village, and then to plunder us in another.

Not so with fox-hunting:—the very nature of which sets gambling, and all its pernicious tricks at absolute defiance. It is not confined to one particular spot of ground: but, like the dancers of our poet Gray, is “now pursuing, now retreating:”—now to the north, now to the east, or south, or west; just as the quarry takes it into its head to fly: and these desultory movements will never suit the tactics of a gambler, or of a pickpocket. There is nothing stationary in the boundless realms of Nimrod. No sooner is the word of command given by the huntsman, for the pack to enter cover, than the whole multitude of sportsmen is on the alert: not one of them having the least conception where the chase will end, so that, no public-house as in a horse-race, will have prepared expressly, its adulterated ale for

thirsty callers,—as these may be many miles off during the whole course of the day.

Nobody, be he ever so calculating a knave, will have the opportunity of betting seriously upon any particular horse, as it cannot possibly be watched with due attention. It may suddenly get its neck broken, and be heard of no more, as I myself once witnessed. Its rider may be thrown, or may not be disposed to continue longer in the chase.

These and many other incidents, are perpetually occurring, and militate decidedly against gambling in any of its odious phases. In fine, they are an everlasting bar to the entrance of prowling knaves and calculating thieves, into our delightful, healthful, peaceful, and national exercise, well known under the usual denomination of fox-hunting.

Long may Great Britain boast of her useful pastime, (which is unique of its kind) free from knaves, free from pick-pockets, free from the necessity of a police attendance, free from black-legs,—in a word, free from everything that may cause a man to say, he repents of having joined in the chase, or to confess, that he has not found himself better in health and spirits, after the day's sport was over, than before it began. It is my wish, as I have already declared, my wish, my

ardent wish, to cherish and protect the breed of foxes:— not that I deny, however, a man, once or twice in his life, may be reduced to the repugnant necessity of committing vulpicide or fox-murder. This has been my case: although the act was so imperative in its circumstances, that it did not bring with it the remorse of conscience, which it would have done under different feelings. For, be it known, that, in the eyes of those who love the chase, there can hardly be a more heinous crime, than that of wilfully and maliciously assassinating a fox. The base, unpatriotic deed, would doom the remorseless perpetrator of it to everlasting exile in that region, known to all honorable Englishmen, under the name of “Coventry.”

The reader shall now have a brief unvarnished account of what took place here some four or five years ago. Justice to myself, and to the pets which have the range of my park, forced me to become the executioner of the largest and sleekest fox, that, perhaps was ever seen in these Vandal-regions of Yorkshire's West Riding district.

We have a park wall so high, that neither fox nor hound, can surmount it without assistance. There had been a snow-storm in the morning; and as the keeper was going his rounds, he observed a sheep-bar commonly so called, reared against

the wall. Fearing mischief from without, he requested the farmer to remove it during the day, lest poachers or "varment" might take advantage of its position;—and thus find a commodious way over the wall into the preserve,—not of game only, but of many other animals. The farmer said he would attend to the bar, but, somehow or other, he forgot to do so; and thus, the sheep or stack-bar remained just where it had been placed.

Although the night was cold and rainy, Reynard found himself obliged to turn out of his den, and to cater for his numerous family. Coming up to the bar in question, he mounted on it, and thence sprang on to the wall itself. Seeing Paradise below him, he must, no doubt have longed vehemently to partake of the dainties which he was sure it contained. In fact, having lost his usual caution when out a prowling, he gave way to the temptation, and took a desperate leap into the park, which consists of two hundred and sixty acres. All his movements were clearly visible the next morning, by the prints of his feet in the snow, which had fallen in the early part of the night.

Here then, Reynard by his own rashness, became a prisoner for the remainder of his days: a voluntary exile into a little St. Helena, where he lived and died.

A few years before this transgression on the part of incautious Reynard ; my friend, Mr. Carr, of Bunston Hill, near Gateshead, had made me a present of two very fine Egyptian geese.

They were great beauties, and wonderfully admired by everybody who saw them. During the season of frost and snow, they were admitted into the saddle room at night, for the sake of warmth. Sometimes, however, they failed to make their appearance at the door : but this did not cause us any apprehension, as we knew that they were safe from harm.

On the morning after Reynard had made his desperate descent into our elysium, one of the geese was missing : the keeper having just sounded the alarm, that there was a fox in the park. On search being made, the remains of the Egyptian goose were found at the foot of an aged sycamore tree ; whilst all around, the prints of a fox's feet, were visible in the snow. By their irregularity, we conjectured that Reynard had had tough work, ere he mastered the goose. There could be no doubt whatever, but that he had been exercising his vicious calling, and had made a dainty meal upon the luckless bird. We were in a dilemma of no ordinary kind. The state of the weather was too frosty to suit our sportsmen. Neither dared we

to open the park doors, least proscribed enemies, such as rabbits, &c., should gain admittance; and thus cause a second evil, as bad as the first. Nor could Reynard be allowed to enjoy any longer his present position; as the remaining Egyptian goose, fowls, ducks and game, must inevitably have fallen a sacrifice to his unbounded voracity. Wherefore, running the risk of our fox-hunters' high displeasure, and quite prepared to be considered by that part of the Nimrod-community, (which sometimes does not see things in their true light) as a modern Vandal, I signed old Reynard's death-warrant, to be put in execution without loss of time. Whereupon, a spring-gun, by way of scaffold,—with a heavy charge of buck-shot, (to answer the purpose of a rope,) was put down with studied science in order that a stop might be put to the intruder's career for ever.

As we read in the famous ballad of Chevy-Chase,—

“ Against Sir Hugh Montgomerie,
 So right the shaft was set,
 The grey-goose wing, that was thereon,
 In his heart's-blood was wet.”

So was our implement of death, pointed at Sir Reynard. A little before two o'clock, on the following morning, a tremendous explosion announced that

the gun had gone off. Reynard, in his rounds, having come in contact with the wire in ambush, fell, dead as Mark Antony:—the contents of the gun having passed quite through his heart. Thus, the unfortunate brute paid the final penalty for his unnecessary intrusion into the realm of prohibition.

Although the longing of the fox after poultry cannot be disputed, still, when the hunt is taken into consideration, his peccadillos are forgotten, and he becomes a valuable animal to us.

Farmers and hen-wives have always an opportunity of protecting their roosts, and of securing their poultry from Reynard's grasp, at a trifling expense.

But, now-a-days, they have to guard against certain bipeds, far more destructive than the fox and all its family put together. Not a fowl-roost nor a goose-house, in all the West Riding of Yorkshire, can escape the plundering attacks of these midnight villains. Too idle to work, they resort to the ale-house, whence they emerge, and shape their course to the different farm-yards. If they find the door of the hen-house too strong, they mount aloft, and obtain an entrance through the roof. Whole roosts are cleared in this manner, whilst the thieves themselves, are rarely brought to justice.

Were it known, ten miles from our own village, that it possessed a fowl-department of easy and of safe access, that fowl-department would certainly be robbed before the dawn of day.

The Hunt, has it always in its power to make staunch friends of the farmers, by remunerating them for losses in poultry, *really* sustained, and where the fox alone has been the plunderer. Our gamekeepers too, partaking of an annual good dinner provided by the members of the hunt, in case the pack consists of what we denominate “confederate hounds;” and receiving on the same day, their perquisite for stopping the earths on the midnight previous to the hunting morning; and also a bonus for a find, as it is usually called; everything would then go on, well and satisfactorily to all parties.

If I shall succeed in shewing that the fox is a valuable quadruped to us in a national point of view, I shall be amply repaid for my trouble, and perfectly satisfied. Indeed, it has been for this end alone, that I have taken up the pen on this subject.

Nobody can be more convinced than I am, of the fox’s worthlessness, when contemplated as a little skulking, pilfering, and rapacious animal,—the farmer’s detestation, and the hen-wife’s bane. But when, on the other hand, I behold in him full powers to afford amusement and exercise to all

ranks of people, 'tis then, that the little fellow becomes dear to me, and shall always command my protection and my good word.

The fox requires no particular attention at our hands, by way of keeping up the breed. Only let us prevent poisoned food, and traps from being placed in its runs; and nothing more will be asked from us. Its own peculiar habits, its nocturnal industry, and its uncommon knack of avoiding danger, will always enable it to support itself in food, and to provide handsomely for a numerous family, wherever it may be. To be sure, young and ill-natured farmers will possibly exclaim, that the trampling of the horses in the rising corn-fields, must always occasion a certain amount of damage. But, experience shews, that this is not the case: and the making of gaps in the hedges, is unworthy of notice, as they consist of dead wood; and can easily be repaired, soon as the arrival of spring shall announce the cessation of rural amusements in the field.

But, my pen, or my tongue, are ever on the move, when hunting is the topic. I fancy that I already tire the too indulgent reader. Wherefore, I will bid him farewell: and should he chance to be one of old Nimrod's genuine breed, may he enjoy good health, good hounds, good horses, and good temper.

ON SNAKES.

“NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSET.”

WERE I to offer a treatise in defence of Nero, or of Herod, or of our own Harry the Eighth, perhaps, I should not astonish my reader more than I am about to do, in an attempt to advocate the cause of Snakes.

Possibly, the sad affair in Paradise, where the wily serpent acted so conspicuous a part, may have entailed upon its family, the execration of mankind. Certainly, notorious is the fact, that the whole tribe of serpents, great and small,—noxious or innoxious, in all parts of the known world, can find no mercy at the hand of man. A Bengal tiger, crouching in the jungle, is not more dreaded by an eastern traveller, than our little English adder, basking on a sunny bank, is feared by those who go to gather primroses.

In fact, all nations, civilized or rude, are unanimous in asserting the malignity of snakes;

whilst dictionaries are ransacked by writers, for words of sufficient potency, to place these pretty reptiles in an evil point of view.

When I was in the forests of Guiana, I could never coax an Indian to approach a snake with composure, although I shewed him, that no danger was to be apprehended, if he only went the right way to work.

History teems with the evil doings of snakes.

Poor Orpheus lost his beautiful Eurydicè on their wedding day, by the bite of a snake which stung her in the heel, as she was dancing on the lawn with her bridesmaids. Laocoon and his sons were squeezed to a mummy, by two enormous sea-serpents. Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, having lost her sweetheart and her diadem; procured a snake to end her insupportable misfortunes. All Denmark, as we read in Shakspeare, was persuaded that her king had died from the venomous sting of a snake.

A Roman legion fought and slew a tremendous serpent in the wilds of Africa. We are told, that, formerly, there lived a family by the name of Gorgon, several young ladies of which, had snakes on their heads in lieu of hair; and that these damsels were looked upon with very great horror, wherever they went.

Snakes in these latter times, are by no means in favor with man. I was once on board a Yankee brig, from Cayenne to Paramaribo. The captain had some great grudge or other, against the English;—for, whenever he saw a vessel in the distance, he would take it for a British cruiser, and remark, “there goes the old serpent, from whose sting, thank heaven, we are now for ever free.”

I have adduced these instances out of many, to shew, that snakes have never been brought forward for admiration; but, on the contrary, to impress mankind with the idea, that they are devilish and dangerous things, always to be shunned, or killed, as occasion may offer.

With this little introductory preface, I now propose to offer a few remarks on the serpent family. Possibly, they may be of use to those young naturalists who go in quest of zoological adventures, either at home or abroad.

Putting aside hard names, and never ending classification, let us divide all snakes whatever, into two separate families, and no more: viz., those which have poisonous fangs, and those which have none.

The poisonous fangs are invariably on the upper jaw, but they are not fixed on the bone. They are

always curved downwards like the blade of a scythe. There is a little opening on the convex part near the point. From this opening to the point, which is as sharp as a needle, the fang is quite solid; but, hollow from it to the root. This point may aptly be styled the pioneer of death, as it makes the wound, into which the poison of the irritated serpent flows through the hollow part of the fang. It is the fatal weapon which causes a snake to be so much dreaded, and condemns the whole race to universal detestation; although, in fact, not one snake in ten, has been armed by nature with the deadly fang. Still, as all snakes are more or less of the same form, especially when viewed at a distance, every individual is held in horror:—the guiltless suffering equally with the guilty.

Armed with a poison-fang, the snake, at one single stroke, (never repeated, as far as I could see,) avenges itself on the unfortunate animal which has trodden upon it, or has put it in bodily fear, by disturbing its repose.

When not in readiness to inflict a wound, these two poison-fangs assume a recumbent position, so as not to interfere with the action of the ordinary teeth which are firmly fixed,—are very small, and most admirably formed to seize their prey, and to send it down into the stomach.

All snakes have these teeth, used only for snatch and swallow; as mastication, or grinding of food in the mouth cannot be performed by snakes. The prey is laid hold of, by these crooked little teeth, in the first instance, after which, it is slowly swallowed, without having undergone any change since it entered the mouth of the serpent.

At the root of the two poison-fangs, are smaller ones, but much too pliable and tender to inflict a wound. They appear to be a provision by nature, in case that accident or disease should render the mature fangs unserviceable.

Take away these mature fangs, and immediately the snake is rendered harmless.

Those amusing knaves who profess to be serpent charmers, always take care to have these fangs extracted, before they exhibit their wonderful powers in the presence of an assembled multitude. My life upon it,—none but a devil incarnate would dare to put his hand into the mouth of a snake possessing these fangs uninjured. A bite would be the certain consequence, and either death or excruciating pain, the result.

Snake charmers, taking advantage of the universal horror in which all serpents are held; contrive to manage the thing to a nicety, either by extracting the poisonous fangs, or by making

free with those snakes, which they have ascertained have no fangs at all. In both cases, those impudent rogues, known as snake charmers, are perfectly free from danger; and, as they find by experience that snakes are very docile animals, they easily train them to their own liking,—until they become as playful and familiar as kittens.

It would be difficult to demonstrate, why poisonous fangs have been given by nature to some snakes, and denied to others. If, for the purpose of defence,—then, we might look for them in all snakes. So far as I have been able to observe, they are seldom brought into action by the snake which possesses them.

Snakes are not revengeful;—neither are they prone to be the aggressors. I would hazard a conjecture, that, snakes in capturing their food, very seldom, if ever, make use of the poison-fangs: because, a snake, without these fangs, can just as easily secure its prey, as a snake with them. I leave this knotty question to be unravelled by the clever [zoologists of our own times;—hoping that they will be more successful, than they have been in their labours to convince us, that birds do really anoint their plumage, with the matter contained in the oil-gland on the rump. Firstly, the word *oil-gland* is a misnomer. Secondly, none of them, as

yet, (save the American who is not to be trusted) have ever been able to detect the smallest particle of the said matter, on the plumage of birds. Thirdly, all oily substances whatever, are prejudicial to the texture of feathers. And fourthly, some tribes of birds, have no gland given them by nature.

Well ;—but, be this as it may, the supposed oil-gland of birds, or say, the use of it, is still on the anvil. “Grammatici certant,” &c. Let me proceed with the snakes.

In the damp and gloomy forests of Guiana, are to be found, some of the largest snakes as yet discovered. There, basking in the noonday sun, wherever a discontinuance of the dense foliage, will admit its rays to enter, these magnificent monsters enjoy an undisturbed repose during the day. When night sets in, they leave their favorite haunts, and silently glide forth in quest of food.

The nauseous smell or fœtor, which is said by some authors, to come from the bodies of these monster snakes, and to infect the atmosphere, is fabulous. The whimsical account of it, deserves a place on the shelves of a nursery library. I have never perceived anything of the sort, although it has been my good fortune to come in contact with giant serpents. Did such a fœtor really exist,

to the extent which authors have described, other animals could not live with any comfort, under its suffocating influence; and it would be a salutary warning to them, that an enemy was in the neighbourhood. Their precipitous retiring from it, would be the means of starving the serpent to death, for want of ordinary nourishment. Once I passed a whole night (see the "Wanderings") in the same abandoned house with a living Coulacanara snake of extraordinary size. No bad nor nauseous smell infected the apartment during any portion of the night.

Most lovely are the colors of some snakes, when exposed to the rays of a tropical sun; but they fade in death, and cannot possibly be restored by any application known at present,—saving that of paint;—which, when compared with nature's inimitable tints, and applied by the most scientific hand, is but a mean and sorry substitute.

I can restore the exact form and features of dissected animals. But, there I stop. Scales of snakes, and those of fishes, after death, must infallibly lose their metallic splendour; do what you choose, a skin will assume the hue of parchment.

Could these sad changes by the hand of death, be obviated with success, then indeed, our specimens for museums, would be as though in life;—

saving the loss of motion. But, on viewing them, after all has been done that can be done, we are forced to exclaim with poor Margaret, in Mallet's inimitable ballad,

“ That face, alas, no more is fair,
That lip no longer red ;
Dark are my eyes, now closed in death,
And every charm is fled.”

All snakes in gliding onwards, take a motion from right to left, or vice versà,—but never up and down,—the whole extent of the body being in contact with the ground, saving the head which is somewhat elevated. This is equally observable both on land, and in water. Thus, when we see a snake represented in an up and down attitude, we know at once that the artist is to blame.

The common and accepted notion, that snakes can fascinate animals to their destruction, by a dead set of the eye at them, is erroneous, and ought to be exploded. Snakes, in fact, have no such power. Choose what position you please, either exactly in front of a serpent, or on either side of it, and its eye will appear as though it were looking directly at you. Take a clear view of it, and you will see that it does not move. It has been placed by nature under a scale, similar in composition to the scales of the body; and

when the snake casts its slough, this scale comes away with it, and is replaced by a new one on the new skin. The cast-off slough always appears inside out. I am not a believer in the evil eye of snakes. Their eyes are very beautiful; and no doubt, they would be much admired, did the beholder lay aside his prejudices, and consider that the snake before him, has no intention to create alarm, nor to meditate a work of mischief.

In no instance have I seen a snake act on the offensive. But, when roused into action by the fear of sudden danger, 'tis then that in self-defence, a snake will punish the intruder by a prick (not a laceration) from the poison-fang, fatal, or not fatal, according to its size and virulence. "Noli me tangere." Do not touch me, with intent to harm me, is a most suitable motto for a snake. This has been my opinion of snakes ever since I have had anything to do with them. The concluding adventure in this essay, will shew the reader, that I have not been labouring under a delusion.

Our own snakes, here in England, are scarcely worth notice, so far as their venom is concerned. One species, which I designate under the name of adder, is a harmless little fellow, and very useful during the summer months, in clearing the fields

of mice. I say summer; for when the heats have passed away, it retires under-ground, there to slumber in profound repose until the invigorating sun of April, warms it into action. Our other snake is the well-known viper, armed with two small poison-fangs, which, by the way, are very seldom used.

The blind worm, wrongly so called, is harmlessness itself.

The young naturalist, in his rambles through the country, has but little to apprehend from the viper. He may pass close to one, a thousand times, and if he does not actually put his foot upon it, he may be quite sure, that the viper will never use its fangs against him, nor even shew them by way of menace.

When we consider the immense extent of tropical America, and view its endless woods, we are forced to admit that snakes are comparatively few. I have seen more monkeys in one day, than I have found snakes during my entire sojourn in the forests. When I did fall in with them, (and they were not wanted for dissection,) whether they were poisonous or harmless, I would contemplate them for a few minutes, ere I proceeded, and would say, "Gentlemen, of rainbow-colors, be not alarmed at my intrusion. I am not come hither to attempt your

lives, nor to offer wanton molestation. This boundless territory affords an ample range to both yourselves and me. Our interests can never clash as though we were in commerce: so pray enjoy yourselves, and let me do the same."

I find it somewhat difficult, to give instructions by the pen, how to distinguish a snake with fangs, from one without them, as you are travelling through the woods. Many of the former present an appearance, which clearly shews their nature:—the *Cerastes* of Egypt to wit. Its flat head,—its scales, somewhat in color like to the fallen leaves, its thick and short form, at once give warning, that, if the traveller should wish to take it, he must go very cautiously to work.

The *labarri* too, of Guiana, is easily known by its color and appearance, and warns us how we act.

Some again, are of so dubious a composition, that you are at a loss whether to consider them innocent or dangerous serpents. The whip-snakes, that is, long and slender snakes not unlike the thong of a whip, (hence their name) throughout the whole of Guiana, may be handled with perfect safety; and I have no doubt in my own mind that all snakes of this make, no matter what region they inhabit, are harmless in every sense of the word.

I was once put to my wit's end, as to whether the snake before me was armed with poison-fangs or not. It lay reposing on the branch of a bush about four feet or so from the ground, and was of marvellous beauty. It shewed a vivid green throughout the whole of its body which was chequered with markings of ivory white. This puzzled me much ; and for the life of me, I could not pronounce, whether it were of good or of evil parentage. So I laid hold of it with all possible caution. It proved to be eight feet long, and venomous.

Confiding in the notion that snakes never use their poison-fangs, except when driven to extremities, I would rove in the forests, day after day, without shoes or stockings, and never consider myself in danger from them.

Perhaps no part of the known world, not even the wooded swamps of Senegal in Africa, produces such a show of magnificent serpents, as the region of South America, extending from the river Amazons to the Orinoco. This region I have explored with uncommon pleasure, care, and satisfaction ; and did inclination incite me, I could produce many volumes of amusement and instruction on its zoological treasures. O ! the beauty, the grandeur, the innocence and supposed-

malignity of serpents with which I have come in contact during my stay in the regions beyond Demerara and Essequibo !

I think I have mentioned in a former little work, that when I was in Angustura, the capital of the Orinoco, a Spaniard shewed me part of a serpent's skin, which, judging from its amazing thickness, could not have been less than seventy feet in length. The colonists have appropriately given to this serpent, the name of matatoro, or bull-killer.

Let me here remark, that, properly speaking, all snakes are boa-constrictors. Constrictor, sounds learnedly to an ordinary ear. It is a latin word, derived from *constringere*, to bind ; and when joined with *boa* it signifies a snake which entwines the folds of its body round the captured prey. I have seen a very small snake in the act of compressing a little bird to death. Let one anecdote suffice.

Some five-and-thirty years ago, my friend the late Mr. Edmonstone and myself, were in the forest, about a mile from his house in Mibiri-creek, a tributary stream to Camouni-creek, which flows into the river Demerara. Finding himself more inclined for rest, than for ranging, (which is often the case in hot countries,) he said he would go home :—and so we parted company.

Hearing the report of his gun, a short time after he had left me, I conjectured that he had met with something worthy of his notice.

As I was returning to breakfast, by the same path along which he had retired, I saw a common yellow-breasted shrike hanging from the stump of a tree. Under the impression that he had fixed it there to attract my notice, I went up to the stump, and quietly took hold of the bird. A hiss immediately announced the nature of the case. A young coulacanara snake, not more than three feet long, (and so like in color to the stump on which it lay, that I had not distinguished one from the other,) had caught the bird, and twisted itself around it, and was holding it prisoner. The skin of this snake is now in one of my drawers.

This interference with snakes may be deemed rash and condemnatory by a reader safe and snug at his own fireside. But, custom, they say is second nature; and I can assure him, that generally speaking, there is very little to be apprehended in the way of danger, during a sojourn amongst the wild beasts of the forest. Snakes especially, are of so retiring a nature, that they may be considered as presenting no obstruction during your journey onwards. Formerly, by constant habit, I would just care as little about

a snake, as our brave warriors cared for the bomb-shell, whizzing through the air, at the siege of doomed Sebastopol. In fact, the thought that I was to lose my life, through the venom emitted from the poison-fang of a snake, never once entered my head.

We have no vipers in this neighbourhood, but adders are plentiful within the park wall, where I encourage and protect them. I love to see them basking on a dunghill, or catching the meridian rays of our short summer's sun, on the southern bank of a hawthorn hedge. Sometimes they will ascend into the trees to the height of twenty feet.

I despair of persuading my neighbours to enter into these feelings. They seem to have a constitutional antipathy against all crows and magpies, jays and hawks, and snakes. A keeper, who can massacre the greatest number of these interesting denizens of earth and air, is sure to rise the highest in his employer's estimation.

As most travellers in quest of natural history, probably have not been sufficiently versed in the habits of serpents, to distinguish those which ought to be avoided, from those which may be approached with perfect safety; they take the alarm at every snake which they see; thus holding the whole family in utter abhorrence. And this,

by-the-way, is natural enough, when we reflect, that, serpents in general, have a great affinity to each other, so far as appearance and habits are concerned.

Whilst passing through our own fields, we can easily distinguish the lordly bull from the rest of the herd; and we prudently keep at a proper distance. Again, in traversing a village, we at once know the surly mastiff from the watchful sheep-dog. But, this is not the case with regard to snakes. When viewed at even a short distance they may all be poisonous, or all harmless to the eye of an inexperienced rover.

I have penned down these few notes on the snake family, not to intimidate the ardent young naturalist, nor to make him fancy, that his life is in perpetual danger, whilst he is traversing the wilds in far distant countries. On the contrary, I wish to encourage him in his praiseworthy career.

Our histories of snakes are as fabulous and incorrect as those of monkeys. Take the following quotation for example. "All along the swampy banks of the river Niger or Oroonoko, where the sun is hot, the forests thick, and the men but few, the serpents cling amongst the branches of the trees in infinite numbers, and carry on an unceasing war against all other animals in their vicinity."

Romantic and absurd assertion ! I myself have been for weeks together, in those swamps of the river Oroonoko ;—not merely in an Indian canoe, nor under the protecting canopy of a planter's tent-boat, but absolutely barefooted, and up to the knees in water, ranging in anxious expectation, with little fear of danger. The leeches, larger than those of Europe, were troublesome at times ; for they took a fancy to my legs, and caused me to keep a sharp look out. But, as for snakes, I seldom saw them : so, I concluded, that their carrying on “ an unceasing war against all other animals, and their clinging amongst the branches of the trees, in infinite numbers,” was an imaginary thing which had no existence, saving in the productive brain of him who had given us the strange account.

Again, we have stories as old as the hills over which we roam, of snakes sucking cows, and passing the night in ladies' bedrooms, so that they might conveniently obtain a supper on human milk.

Believe me, such absurdities as these, deserve no credit,—and they only tend, to mar our history of the serpent family. No serpent has ever yet been discovered, or ever will be discovered with a mouth so formed as to enable it, to suck the teats of cows, or breasts of women.

In days gone by, they tell us, that a king of Elis, kept three thousand oxen in one stable, which had not been cleaned out for the space of thirty years. The stench becoming insupportable, a well-known man, by the name of Hercules, contracted with the king to clear away the filth. Finding the job more than he could manage, he turned the river Alpheus through it, and succeeded admirably.

Would, that some modern contractor could be found, to scour our own departments in zoology. But, if he be engaged, and clean water be required, he must not come into our manufacturing districts to look for it. The rivers there, (that of once merry Wakefield to wit,) have now become so filthy and polluted, that, on looking at the stream, you might fancy, it had its source from under graves, and charnel houses.

In taking a retrospective view of what I have written on the nature and habits of snakes, as it differs widely from the accounts which we have already received, I really hesitate to lay these notes before the public. May the following little adventure assist me in obtaining the reader's confidence.

It took place some three or four years ago, in the rich and smoky town of Leeds.

There lived in the interior of the United States, a country blacksmith by name Vangordon. One

day; having been seized, not by a ferocious rattlesnake, but by a vehement desire to see the land of his old grandfather Bull, of whom he had heard so many strange accounts, as how that, the old whimsical gentleman, fancies himself rolling in riches, although actually in debt, to the incredible amount of eight hundred millions of pounds sterling, &c., &c., he resolved to cross the great pond which intervenes betwixt the pastures of Mr. Bull, and the interminable regions of his grandson Jonathan. But, the cents were wanting. However after much cogitation he bethought himself of a project, which probably had never entered into the head of mortal man, since the day of Noah's flood.

He calculated, that as his grandfather Bull, had no rattlesnakes in his pastures at home, the old gentleman perhaps would like to see, what kind of animals they really are, when alive, and in vigour.

So by hook and by crook, this enterprising son of Vulcan, actually managed to capture from thirty to forty rattlesnakes; and having placed them carefully in a box, which he had got made for the purpose, he set sail with them from New York, on one fine summer's morning, for the land of his ancestors; where he exhibited them, with profit

to himself, and with astonishment to all who went to see them.

One of these serpents having died in Liverpool, he most obligingly sent it to me for dissection. As things turned out, nothing could have been more acceptable, as you shall see anon.

There had been a story current, above one hundred years old, (invented no doubt, by some anxious old grandmother, to deter little children from straying into the back woods,) of a boot and rattlesnake.

It seems, that the poison-fang of the snake, having pierced through the boot, came in contact with the leg of the wearer, who died in a few minutes. The snake then, glided away, leaving the point of its fang in the boot. Sometime after this melancholy event, another man, in trying on the boot, got a prick from the fang; and after having experienced most excruciating pain, gave up the ghost. A few weeks after this, a third man having bought the boots, he put them on, and perished in like manner.

These sudden and extraordinary deaths, caused an examination of the boots;—when, lo and behold! the broken fang of a rattlesnake was discovered sticking in the leather.

This most absurd and impossible fabrication was

revived a few years ago;—was brought to this country;—was declared to be true;—was printed, and was believed by many of our learned fathers in zoology. I protested vehemently against it, and I pronounced it to be a barefaced Yankee hoax. But, my voice, was too feeble to be heard, or not sufficiently important to engage attention.

And now to the rattlesnake which I had received from Mr. Vangordon.

Whilst I was engaged on the head, my knife slipped sideways, and instantaneously brought my thumb in contact with one of the poison-fangs, which entered deeply into the flesh, and caused the blood to flow. It is almost needless to add, that the wound healed, just as an ordinary wound would have healed, without producing one single unfavorable symptom.

Some time after this, a few professional gentlemen in Leeds, wishing to test the effects of the wourali poison, with the venom of a rattlesnake, arranged with Mr. Vangordon to exhibit his imported serpents; and an invitation was sent to me, requesting that I would attend, and bring with me some poisoned arrows.

We all met at the house of our excellent physician Doctor Hobson, who had procured a few Guinea pigs and rabbits for the occasion.

Aware that Mr. Vangordon's box was not well adapted for a scientific examination of the snakes, I had sent on before me, the large glass case which had been made to contain my great ant-bear.

Whilst the assembled company seemed at a loss to know how the rattlesnakes were to be transferred from one cage to another, I stepped forward, and volunteered my services, having long been of opinion, that a snake in a box, is not so dangerous as a "snake in the grass."

"Gentlemen," said I, "whenever we have to deal with wild beasts, or with serpents, all depends upon nerve and tact. Now, on this occasion, if you will only be spectators mute and motionless, the project which I have determined upon in my own mind, will be carried out with ease and with safety."

Having first opened the door of the ant-bear's cage, in order to receive its new tenants, I cautiously approached Vangordon's box.

Scarcely had I lifted up the lid, when one of the serpents, wearied no doubt with long imprisonment, glided, about half its length, through the opening before it. The company instantly rushed out of the room, as though the apparition of Death were present amongst them. They brought to my mind, those lines of Scotland's immortal poet,

“when out the hellish legion sallied,” away went Tam O’Shanter. In the meantime, Dr. Hobson, with his wonted presence of mind, had gently pressed down the lid of the box, upon the back of the snake, which, with a little help on my part, was easily coaxed into the prison whence it had wished to escape.

The remainder of the story is soon told.

Our professional gentlemen, who had fled from the scene of apparent danger, returned into the room, after having been assured that all was right.

I now approached the box, and quietly opened the door. On this, the snakes began to move their rattles, but kept their mouths quite shut. Fearing no harm, I softly placed my hand behind the head of the snake which was nearest to me, and silently transferred it to the other cage. The remaining seven-and-twenty were soon disposed of in a similar manner.

All that I have to add, is, that the rabbits and the guinea-pigs expired in a few minutes, under the influence of the wourali poison: but, that those which were bitten by the rattlesnakes, struggled with death for a longer time. They sank at last, with a few convulsive struggles.

In writing these zoological notes, my chief object has been to cast a ray of light on sundry

dark spots which have appeared on the pages of Natural History, and to amuse the reader.

Should he take it amiss that I have placed the old virgin-queen, not among "those happy souls who dwell in yellow meads of asphodel," but in the sulphurous walks beyond the river Styx, I would entreat him to reflect how much we unoffending Catholics have been annoyed by incessant insults to our ancient creed. •

Formerly, when I was a lad, it was nothing but the "Devil, the Pope, and the Pretender." In these times, if any weathercock doctor in unsound theology wishes to acquire notoriety, or any Italian renegado comes amongst us, to attack the Pope with the fury of a demoniac, they are attentively listened to, and the room is filled to overflowing.

Seeing the Church by law established in these realms, torn to pieces by its own ecclesiastical supporters, its liturgy denounced, and its sacraments set at nought, I judged it a favorable opportunity, to warn the reverend combatants of the mischief which hangs on their horizon; and thus, I introduced the royal spectre to speak the truth, and nothing but the truth.

FAREWELL ADVICE TO THIS LITTLE VOLUME OF
ESSAYS ON NATURAL HISTORY.

Haste away, my little darling. Shouldst thou accidentally fall in with the "Wanderings," and the two other volumes of "Essays," — thy elder brothers, say, that I send my paternal thanks to them, for the credit which they do me; because, I learn from the instructive pages of Chambers, Sharpe, and other literary gentlemen, that they are still in favor with the public.

But, do not let this puff thee up. Thou must bear in mind, that thou art but a puny, and an ailing brat. "*Parvæ sunt vires, invalidæque tibi.*"

In passing through the dreary vale of criticism, if thou art fortunate enough to catch the sun's beams, as thy brothers did, my soul will then rejoice. But, on the other hand, if a blast overtake thee,—be not disheartened. Violent squalls are never long in action. The damage they may do, will not affect thee much, nor cause me to regret the time and labour I have spent upon thy education.

Remember, my little fellow, the old saying, that there are many men of many minds. “*Facies non omnibus una.*” What is pleasing to one critic, is not always approved of by another. We are informed by Ovid, that, even the Immortal Gods themselves, in ancient times, took up the warlike club, and, that, whilst one party of them advanced to the attack of a town, another party stood up in its defence.

“*Mulciber in Trojam, pro Trojâ stabat Apollo ;
Æqua Venus Teucris, Pallas iniqua fuit.*”

Some writers march steadily along:—others stumble in the road:—whilst others fall down flat on their faces, never to rise again.

Thy path, my boy, is rough and thorny:—be careful of thy steps. “*Cave ne titubes.*”

Farewell, once more, and may I hear that thou art prosperous.

CHARLES WATERTON.

WALTON HALL,
JULY, 1857.

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CLASSIFIED INDEX

Agriculture and Rural Affairs.

Bayldon on Valuing Rents, &c.	6
“ on Road Legislation	6
Caird's Prairie Farming	8
Cecil's Stud Farm	8
Hoskyns's Talpa	11
Loudon's Agriculture	14
Low's Elements of Agriculture	14
Morton on Landed Estates	17

Arts, Manufactures, and Architecture.

Brande's Dictionary of Science, &c.	6
“ Organic Chemistry	6
Cresy's Civil Engineering	8
Fairbairn's Information for Engineers	9
Gwilt's Encyclopædia of Architecture	10
Harford's Plates from M. Angelo	10
Humphreys's <i>Parables</i> Illuminated	12
Jameson's Sacred and Legendary Art	13
“ Commonplace-Book	13
König's Pictorial Life of Luther	10
Loudon's Rural Architecture	14
Mac Dougall's Campaigns of Hannibal	15
“ Theory of War	15
Moseley's Engineering	17
Piesse's Art of Perfumery	18
Richardson's Art of Horsemanship	19
Scoffern on Projectiles, &c.	20
Steam Engine, by the Artisan Club	6
Ure's Dictionary of Arts, &c.	23

Biography.

Arago's Lives of Scientific Men	5
Baillie's Memoir of Bate	6
Brialmont's Wellington	6
Bunsen's Hippolytus	7
Bunting's (Dr.) Life	7
Crosse's (Andrew) Memorials	8
Gleig's Essays	10
Green's Princesses of England	10
Harford's Life of Michael Angelo	10
Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia	13
Marshman's Life of Carey, Marshman, and Ward	15
Maunder's Biographical Treasury	16

Morris's Life of Becket	17
Mountain's (Col.) Memoirs	17
Parry's (Admiral) Memoirs	18
Russell's Memoirs of Moore	17
“ (Dr.) Life of Mezzofanti	20
SchimmelPenninck's (Mrs.) Life	20
Southey's Life of Wesley	21
Stephen's Ecclesiastical Biography	22
Strickland's Queens of England	22
Sydney Smith's Memoirs	21
Symonds's (Admiral) Memoirs	22
Taylor's Loyola	22
“ Wesley	22
Uwins's Memoirs and Correspondence	23
Waterton's Autobiography and Essays	24

Books of General Utility.

Acton's Bread-Book	5
“ Cookery-Book	5
Black's Treatise on Brewing	6
Cabinet Gazetteer	8
“ Lawyer	7
Cust's Invalid's Own Book	9
Hints on Etiquette	11
Hudson's Executor's Guide	12
“ on Making Wills	12
Kesteven's Domestic Medicine	13
Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia	13
Loudon's Lady's Country Companion	14
Maunder's Treasury of Knowledge	16
“ Biographical Treasury	16
“ Geographical Treasury	16
“ Scientific Treasury	15
“ Treasury of History	16
“ Natural History	16
Piesse's Art of Perfumery	18
Pitt's How to Brew Good Beer	18
Pocket and the Stud	11
Pycroft's English Reading	19
Rich's Companion to Latin Dictionary	19
Richardson's Art of Horsemanship	19
Riddle's Latin Dictionaries	19
Roget's English Thesaurus	20
Rowton's Debater	20
Short Whist	21
Simpson's Handbook of Dining	21
Thomson's Interest Tables	22
Webster's Domestic Economy	24
Willich's Popular Tables	24
Wilmot's Blackstone	24

Botany and Gardening.

Hassall's British Freshwater Algæ	11
Hooker's British Flora	11
" Guide to Kew Gardens	11
Lindley's Introduction to Botany	14
" Synopsis of the British Flora	14
" Theory of Horticulture	14
Loudon's Hortus Britannicus	14
" Amateur Gardener	14
" Trees and Shrubs	14
" Gardening	14
" Plants	14
Pereira's Materia Medica	18
Rivers's Rose Amateur's Guide	19
Watson's Cybele Britannica	24
Wilson's British Mosses	24

Chronology.

Brewer's Historical Atlas	6
Bunsen's Ancient Egypt	7
Haydn's Beatson's Index	11
Jaquemet's Two Chronologies	13

Commerce and Mercantile Affairs.

Gilbart's Logic of Banking	10
" Treatise on Banking	10
Lorimer's Young Master Mariner	14
M'Culloch's Commerce and Navigation	15
Thomson's Interest Tables	22
Tooke's History of Prices	22

Criticism, History, and Memoirs.

Brewer's Historical Atlas	6
Bunsen's Ancient Egypt	7
" Hippolytus	7
Chapman's Gustavus Adolphus	8
Connolly's Sappers and Miners	8
Conybeare and Howson's St. Paul	8
Crowe's History of France	9
Fischer's Francis Bacon	9
Frazer's Letters during the Peninsular and Waterloo Campaigns	10
Gleig's Essays	10
Gurney's Historical Sketches	10
Hayward's Essays	11
Herschel's Essays and Addresses	11
Jeffrey's (Lord) Contributions	13
Kemble's Anglo-Saxons	13
Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia	13
Macaulay's Critical and Hist. Essays	14
" History of England	14
" Speeches	14
Mackintosh's Miscellaneous Works	15
" History of England	15
M'Culloch's Geographical Dictionary	15
Maunder's Treasury of History	16
Merivale's History of Rome	16
" Roman Republic	16
Milner's Church History	16
Moore's (Thomas) Memoirs, &c.	17
Mure's Greek Literature	17
Normanby's Year of Revolution	18
Perry's Franks	18
Porter's Knights of Malta	19
Raikes's Journal	19
Riddle's Latin Dictionaries	19
Rogers's Essays from Edinb. Review	19
" (San.) Recollections	19
Roget's English Thesaurus	20
SchimmelPenninck's Memoirs of Port Royal	20

SchimmelPenninck's Principles of Beauty	20
Schmitz's History of Greece	20
Southey's Doctor	21
Stephen's Ecclesiastical Biography	22
" Lectures on French History	21
Sydney Smith's Works	21
" Lectures	21
" Memoirs	21
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
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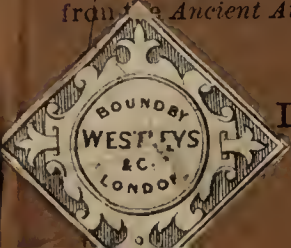
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