

folly and dissipation. And so, far away from his former associates, he died, after leading the life of a fashionable mendicant for more than twenty years; and only gave to religion his last hour, which a gleam of reason mercifully vouchsafed to his shattered mind and intellect.

But we will leave our readers to reflect on the instructive lesson to be drawn from the gay and selfish career and melancholy end of the once courted and admired BEAU BRUMMELL.

MY MONKEYS.

BY FRANK BUCKLAND.

I do not think that we take sufficient notice of what may be properly called the mind of animals. There is something which regulates their actions and thoughts, which is certainly a degree higher than instinct; and it is this peculiar faculty which I am so fond of studying. The monkeys at the Zoological Gardens are very interesting animals; but they are not, so to speak, civilized; they have only their own relatives as associates, and they have not learned the elegances and refinements of polite society.

I have two little monkeys that are really half-educated, and are almost fit to go up for a competitive examination. Their original home was the west coast of Africa; their scientific name is *Cercopithecus Petaurista*, or the Vaulting Monkey; but their familiar names are Susey and Jenny. They differ much in disposition. Jenny is the older of the two, and is much more sedate and grave in manner. She will sit in front of the fire, warming herself, like an old woman on a cold day, while Susey scampers about the room like a mad thing. From Jenny's peculiar, quiet and sometimes very disagreeable and cross manner, when in any way "put out," she is generally known as "the Hag." She was presented to me by a friend in the War-Office. Susey was sent by Mr. Jamrack, the well-known animal dealer in Radcliffe Highway, to be sold at the Zoological Gardens. I saw her here in the cage, lying on her side, breathing very hard, and very, very ill; in fact, in another hour or two she would have been dead. Knowing Jamrack, with Mr. Bartlett's permission, I volunteered to take Susey home, and see if she could be cured. Two or three days afterwards, Jamrack came to my house for his monkey, and, seeing she was so ill, said it "was no use taking her, she

would die." Accordingly, he said I could keep her "at the price of a dead monkey, for she was as good as dead."

Mrs. Buckland took invalid Susey in hand, and, by means of port-wine, beef-tea, and hot-flannels, Susey after a while recovered; but she is not over-strong even now. Her features were much pinched by her illness, and slight traces of this still remain, though she is very lively, and fearfully mischievous. Susey and "the Hag" are always dressed like two sisters going to a ball, and it is almost impossible for a person who does not know them well to tell them apart. They are very small—about the size of a big guinea-pig; they have green heads, very handsome white beards, with a snow-white spot on the nose, and brilliant, lustrous brown eyes; the cheeks are beautifully marked with silk-like black hairs; the ears are well-turned, and very small. On the hair on the top of the head there are markings reminding us of the "plate bonnets" worn by ladies; below, the monkeys "wear their own hair," and not chignons. They are always, summer and winter, dressed in seasonable garments, and their wardrobe consists of three sets of dresses. Their common winter dress is thick white flannel, trimmed with red braid, and peg-top sleeves, with large capes; in these they look like the old-fashioned "Charlies," or night-watchmen. Their "second-best" dresses are made of green baize, without capes, made to fit quite tight, like a friar's frock, tied on round the waist by means of a girdle of ornamental ribbon or patent-leather strap.

They never—like the casuals at the work-house—attempt to tear their dresses off; but it is a great treat for them to be undressed and put before the fire, and have a good scratch, after which their fur is brushed with a soft brush. They very soon come of their own accord to have their clothes put on again, for they are most sensitive to cold. Their best dress, for summer evenings, at tea or dessert, when "company is coming," is a green velvet dress, trimmed with gold lace, like the huntsman of the Queen's staghounds. "When at meals," as children say, they wear, 'if they are "dressed for a party," white cambric pinafores, with lace round the sleeves.

Under their dresses their chests are carefully wrapped round with warm flannel, sewed on. In very cold weather they have an extra thickness of flannel. I feel convinced that all valuable monkeys should be dressed in this way, and that this plan should *always* be adopted at the Zoological,