

brought its author into hot water and disputation with his old critic, Mr. Gray, of the British Museum, about *inter alia*, for some elegant animal which, for its sins, or for some other peculiarity, has been entitled *Hotamogale Velox*.

To attempt, in the space at our command, an orderly epitome of M. Du Chaila's five hundred pages, would scarcely be for edification. We purpose to cull here and there an extract, throwing light now on one thing, now on another, for the benefit of the delighted reader.

"On the 1st of November a negro from a neighbouring village brought me a young male chimpanzee about three years old, which had been caught in the woods on the banks of the Npoulounay about three months previously. Thomas, for so I christened my little *protégé*, was a tricky little rascal, and afforded me no end of amusement; he was, however, very tame, like all young chimpanzees. Unfortunately Thomas was lame in one hand, several of the fingers having been broken and healed up in a distorted position. This was caused by his having been maltreated by the village dogs, who were sent in chase of him one day, when he escaped from his captors and ran into the neighbouring woods. I had Tom tied by a cord to a pole in the verandah of my hut, and fed him with cooked plantains and other food from my own table. He soon got to prefer cooked to raw food, and rejected raw plantains whenever they were offered to him. The difference in tamability between the young chimpanzee and the young gorilla is a fact which I have confirmed by numerous observations, and I must repeat it here, as it was one of those points which were disputed in my former work. A young chimpanzee becomes tame and apparently reconciled to captivity in two or three days after he is brought from the woods. The young gorilla I have never yet seen tame in confinement, although I have had four of them in custody, while still of a very early age.

"One day I witnessed an act of Master Thomas which seemed to me to illustrate the habits of his species in the wild state. A few days after he came into my possession I bought a domestic cat for my house; as soon as the young chimpanzee saw it he flew in alarm to his pole, and clambered up it, the hair of his body becoming erect and his eyes bright with excitement. In a moment recovering himself he came down, and rushing on the cat, with one of his feet seized the nape of the animal, and with the other pressed on its back, as if trying to break its neck. Not wishing to lose my cat, I interfered and saved its life. The negroes say that the chimpanzee attacks the leopard in this way, and I have no doubt, from what I saw, that their statement is correct.

"My pet preserved his good health and increased in intelligence and gentleness until the departure of Captain Vardon for England. I then sent him home, and on his arrival he was deposited by my friend in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, where, I dare say, very many of my readers have seen him, and have laughed at his amusing tricks. I am credibly informed that his education at the Palace has become so far advanced that he understands what is going on when his own "cartes de visite" are sold. A feint is sometimes made of carrying off one without paying for it, but Thomas rushes forward, screaming, to the length of his tether, to prevent the irregular transaction, and does not cease his noisy expressions of dissatisfaction until the money is paid down.

(At the recent fire in the Crystal Palace poor Thomas fell a victim to the devouring flames.)

From the chimpanzee to the gorilla ought not to be a very unnatural transition:—

"I had been at the village long before news came that gorillas had been recently seen in the neighborhood of a plantation only half a mile distant. Early in the morning of the 25th of June I wended my way thither, accompanied by one of my boys, named Odanga. The plantation was a large one, and situated on very broken ground, surrounded by the virgin forest. It was a lovely morning; the sky was almost cloudless, and all around was still as death, except the slight rustling of the tree tops moved

by the gentle land breeze. When I reached the place, I had first to pick my way through the maze of tree-stumps and half-burnt logs by the side of a field of cassava. I was going quietly along the borders of this, when I heard, in the grove of plantain-trees towards which I was walking, a great crashing noise, like the breaking of trees. I immediately hid myself behind a bush, and was soon gratified with the sight of a female gorilla; but before I had time to notice its movements, a second and third emerged from the masses of colossal foliage; at length no less than four came into view.

"They were all busily engaged in tearing down the larger trees. One of the females had a young one following her. I had an excellent opportunity of watching the movements of the impish-looking band. The shaggy hides, the protuberant abdomens, the hideous features of these strange creatures, whose forms so nearly resemble man, made up a picture like a vision in some morbid dream. In destroying a tree, they first grasped the base of the stem with one of their feet, and then with their powerful arms pulled it down, a matter of not much difficulty with so loosely-formed a stem as that of the plantain. They then set upon the juicy heart of the tree at the bases of the leaves, and devoured it with great voracity. While eating they made a kind of clucking noise, expressive of contentment. Many trees they destroyed apparently out of pure mischief. Now and then they stood still and looked around. Once or twice they seemed on the point of starting off in alarm, but recovered themselves and continued their work. Gradually they got nearer to the edge of the dark forest, and finally disappeared. I was so intent on watching them, that I let go the last chance of shooting one almost before I became aware of it.

"When I returned to Nkongon Mbouda I found there my old friend Akondogo, chief of one of the Commi villages, who had just returned from the Ngobi country a little farther south. To my great surprise and pleasure, he had brought for me a living gorilla, a young one, but the largest I had ever seen captured alive. Like Joe, the young male whose habits in confinement I described in "Equatorial Africa," this one showed the most violent and ungovernable disposition. He tried to bite every one who came near him, and was obliged to be secured by a forked stick closely applied to the back of his neck. This mode of imprisoning these animals is a very improper one if the object be to keep them alive and to tame them, but, unfortunately, in this barbarous country, we had not the materials requisite to build a strong cage. The injury caused to this one by the forked stick eventually caused his death. As I had some more hunting to do, I left the animal in charge of Akondogo until he should have an opportunity of sending it to me on the Fernand Vaz."

"The natives of all the neighboring country were now so well aware that I wanted live gorillas, and was willing to give a high price for them, that many were stimulated to search with great perseverance; the good effects of this were soon made evident.

"One day, as I was quietly dining with Captain Holder, of the *Cambria* (a vessel just arrived from England), one of my men came in with the startling news that three live gorillas had been brought, one of them full grown. I had not long to wait; in they came. First, a very large adult female, bound hand and foot; then her female child, screaming terribly; and lastly, a vigorous young male, also tightly bound. The female had been ingeniously secured by the negroes to a strong stick, the wrists bound to the upper part and the ankles to the lower, so that she could not reach to tear the cords with her teeth. It was dark, and the scene was one so wild and strange that I shall never forget it. The fiendish countenances of the Calibanish trio—one of them distorted by pain, for the mother gorilla was severely wounded—were lit up by the ruddy glare of native torches. The thought struck me, what would I not give to have the group in London for a few days!

"The young male I secured by a chain which I had in readiness, and gave him henceforth the

name of Tom. We untied his hands and feet; to show his gratitude for this act of kindness he immediately made a rush at me, screaming with all his might; happily the chain was made fast, and I took care afterwards to keep out of his way. The old mother gorilla was in an unfortunate plight. She had an arm broken and a wound in the chest, besides being dreadfully beaten on the head. She groaned and roared many times during the night, probably from pain.

"The wounded female died in the course of the next day; her moanings were more frequent in the morning, and they gradually grew weaker as her life ebbed out. Her death was like that of a human being, and afflicted me more than I could have thought possible. Her child clung to her to the last, and tried to obtain milk from her breast after she was dead. I photographed them both when the young one was resting in its dead mother's lap. I kept the young one alive for three days after its mother's death. It moaned at night most piteously. I fed it on goat's milk, for it was too young to eat berries. It died the fourth day, having taken an unaccountable dislike to the milk. It had, I think, begun to know me a little. As to the male, I made at least a dozen attempts to photograph the irascible little demon, but all in vain. The pointing of the camera towards him threw him into a perfect rage, and I was almost provoked to give him a sound thrashing. The day after, however, I succeeded with him, taking two views, not very perfect, but sufficient for my object.

"I must now relate how these three animals were caught, premising that the capture of the female was the first instance that had come to my knowledge of an adult gorilla being taken alive. The place where they were found was on the left bank of the Fernand Vaz, about thirty miles above my village. At this part a narrow promontory projects into the river. It was the place where I had intended to take the distinguished traveller, Captain Burton, to show him a live gorilla, if he had paid me a visit, as I had expected; for I had written to invite him whilst he was on a tour from his consulate at Fernando Po to several points on the West African coast. A woman, belonging to a neighbouring village, had told her people that she had seen two squads of female gorillas, some of them accompanied by their young ones, in her plantain field. The men resolved to go in chase of them, so they armed themselves with guns, axes, and spears, and sallied forth. The situation was very favourable for the hunters; they formed a line across the narrow strip of land and pressed forward, driving the animals to the edge of the water. When they came in sight of them, they made all the noise in their power, and thus bewildered the gorillas, who were shot or beaten down in their endeavours to escape. There were eight adult females altogether, but not a single male. The negroes thought the males were in concealment in the adjoining woods, having probably been frightened away by the noise.

(To be continued.)

A COSTLY BIBLE.—Twelve copies of a volume entitled the "Hundred Guinea Bible" have been printed by Mr. Mackenzie, of Glasgow. The "Bookseller" says: "It is the most sumptuous and best printed Bible ever produced in this country. The size is atlas folio, the type used is a beautiful, sharp-cut great primer, set up in two columns, with two narrow central columns of references; a thick red border line is printed outside the text; the paper made use of is very thick, made specially by Dickenson, costing, we believe, as much as fourteen pence [British] a pound."

J. FENIMORE COOPER.—An edition of Cooper's Works, at sixpence per novel, is now being published in London.

THE AMERICAN IN PARIS.—It is said that Mr. Musgrave Clay, an American, is about establishing in Paris a new weekly journal in English. It is strange that, as yet, there has not been any successful antagonist to "Galvani's Messenger."