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VIGNETTES FROM NATURE.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

AUTHOR OF "THE EVOLUTIONIST AT LARGE,"

PREFATORY NOTE.

These little essays have no pretension to be any more than popular expositions of current evolutionary thought, occasionally their author's, oftener still other people's; but they may perhaps do a little good in spreading more widely a knowledge of those great biological and cosmical doctrines which are now revolutionizing the European mind, and which owe their origin to the epoch-making works of Charles Darwin and Herbert Spencer. G. A.

T FALLOW DEER.

UNDER the great horse-chestnut trees in Woolney Park the broad circle of shade is now pleasant enough to attract the does and fawns of the fallow deer, who lie in pretty groups upon the grass, or stray about, browsing, beneath the heavy boughs thick with scented blossom. To-day I have brought out a few scraps of bread in my pocket, and the fawns are tame Celtic and Euskarian aborigines. For enough to come and eat it from my though some good authorities will hand on the open; for they have less have it that the fallow deer date back fear of man here than in any other no earlier in this country than the place I know of, except perhaps in the days of the Romans, who are said to Magdalen grounds at Oxford. They have introduced them for their pleawill even allow a favorite acquaintance sure grounds, I myself can hardly to stroke and fondle their pretty heads. doubt that they are a part of our old No doubt the long domestication of indigenous fanna, which now survives their ancestors has made them natu- only in a few enclosed preserves. The rally prone to strike up a friend- wild white cattle at Chillingham, the ship with human companions, just as red deer on the Scotch moors, and

| very near the great house itself, where children and visitors have long been wont to pet and caress them. There are, indeed, few more interesting relics of the past in England than these stray herds of dumb creatures, remnants of the native woodland tribes which once spread over the whole well-timbered country, and which now carry us back in mind past the days of Robin Hood and of William the Red to the old forestine life of the is the case with kittens and puppies; these pretty does and fawns in Wool-and at Woolney they have always lived ney Park, all trace back their ancestry,

