

the men did not know all others. I had seen, I feel, the golden sun the red rump.

#### THE NATURE OF ANOTHER BEAST

For some hours after we started we saw nothing but old tracks of different wild beasts, and I began to think that *Anguilla's aguna* had been too sanguine. Finally, toward twelve o'clock, when we were crossing a kind of high table land, we heard the cry of a young animal, which we all recognized to be *ushlego* in voice. Then all my troubles at once went away out of my mind, and I no longer felt either sick or hungry.

We crawled through the bush as silently as possible, still hearing the baby-like cry. At last, coming out into a little cleared space, we saw something running along the ground toward the spot where we stood concealed. When it came nearer we saw it was a female *ushlego* in voice, running on all fours, with a young one clinging to her breasts. She was eagerly eating some berries, and with one arm supported her little one.

Querlaouen, who had the fairest chance, fired, and brought her down. She dropped without a struggle. The poor little one cried, "Hew! hew! hew!" and clung to the dead body sucking the breasts, burying its head there in its alarm at the report of the gun.

We hurried up in great glee to secure our capture. I cannot tell my surprise when I saw that the *ushlego* baby's face was pure white—very white indeed—pallid, but as white as a white child.

I looked at the mother, but found her as black as soot in the face. The little one was about a foot in height. One of the men threw a cloth over its head and secured it till we could make it fast with a rope; for, though it was quite young, it could walk. The old one was of the bald-headed kind, of which I had secured the first known specimen some months before.

I immediately ordered a return to the camp, which I reached toward evening. The little *ushlego* had been all this time separated from its dead mother, and now, when it was put near her body, a most touching scene ensued. The little fellow ran instantly to her, but, touching her on the face and breast, saw evidently that some great change had happened. For a few minutes he carcassed her, as tho' trying to coax her back to life. Then he seemed to lose all hope. His little eyes became very sad, and he broke out in a long plaintive wail, "Ooee! ooee! ooee!" which made my heart ache for him. He looked quite forlorn, and as though he really felt his forsaken lot. The whole camp was touched at his sorrow, and the women were especially moved.

All this time I stood wonderingly staring at the white face of the creature. It was really marvelous and incomprehensible; and a more strange and weird-looking animal I never saw.

While I stood there, one came out of the bush and began to talk to me. He was "black" and they called me by the name "white." I was known by among them, "black" as your friend. Every time we kill gorilla you tell us, "Look at your black friend." Now, you see, look at your white friend. Then came a tremendous roar at what they thought a good joke.

"Look! he got straight hair, all same as you. See white face of your cousin from the bush! He is nearer to you than the gorilla is to us."

And another roar.

"Gorilla no got woolly hair like we. This one straight hair, like you."

"Yes," said I; "but when he gets old his face is black, and do not you see his nose how flat it is, like yours?"

Whereat there was a louder laugh than before. For, so long as he can laugh, the negro cares little against whom the joke goes.

This little fellow lived five months, and became quite tame and affectionate. His only bad propensities were love of drink and a tendency to thieve. He would steal into bed with the negroes, and sit with them at the fireside, and delighted to eat with them.

As the dry season advanced, and the nights grew cooler, he became exceedingly fond of sitting near the fire with the men in the evening; Master Tommy seemed then to enjoy himself wonderfully, and quite as much as any human being. From time to time he looked up into the faces of those round him, as if to say, "Do not drive me away!" and the very white color of his face contrasted singularly with the black heads around him. His eyes were intelligent, and when left to himself his whole countenance had a look of sadness, sometimes painful to behold. Many times I tried to penetrate and read the inward thoughts of this wonderful little creature, which not only excited my wonder, but that of the natives. Tommy had a reputation quite as great as mine throughout the country. But alas! poor Tommy! One morning he refused his food, and seemed downcast, and was very anxious to be petted and held in the arms. I got all kinds of forest berries for him, but he refused all. He did not seem to suffer, but ate nothing; and next day, without a struggle died. Poor fellow! I was very sorry, for he had grown to be quite a pet companion for me; and even the negroes, though he had given them great trouble, were sorry at his death.

The gorilla belongs to the class of quadrupeds or four-footed animals, the great toe being in fact a thumb, and so placed as to make a hand of his foot. He walks usually on all fours, though he can walk erect in an awkward manner. Though he has immense jaws, he lives exclusively on vegetables. The animals live in pairs, though occasionally a more or less old bachelor or widower is found living alone. The strength of the gorilla is enormous; with his arms he can break trees from four to six inches in diameter; and with one blow of his huge paw, aimed with its long nails, he easily breaks the breast-bone of a man, crushes his skull, or tears out his entrails.

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN. The University of Michigan, says the Louisville Journal, says: "The English language seems destined to gather to itself all the scattered readers. Slowly it is whispering its way into the heart of mankind—and is acknowledged to be the best adapted to the universal reader. In Lord Bacon's time he deemed the Latin language the safest to entrust his immortality in. 'I do conceive,' he said, 'that the Latin volumes, being the universal language, may last as long as books last.' Milton, more modest, 'content,' (to use his own expression with regard to Britain and his native tongue,) 'with these Islands as my world,' set his great work in the English. He did not care 'to be once named abroad,' though he deemed that he might have attained to that.—"Paradise Lost" was written in English, and where is it not read in English, and where is it not 'named abroad?' English readers have been sown like seed in whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms; the English language has been planted on all shores—and everywhere, like a native flower of thought, it grows. And everywhere are its readers."

In the debate which took place in the British House of Commons on the subject of Education, the Duke of Newcastle said that the Commissioners found that often those teachers who had a low class certificate or no certificate at all made the very best teachers, and that some who held high certificates were quite inefficient. Our Canadian School Trustees should bear this in mind, for certainly the natural aptitude and skill in teaching and government is of the first importance. Lord Brougham observed that forty years ago he had said the Schoolmaster was abroad, but that now another master was abroad who came into competition with the Schoolmaster, namely, the Workmaster. Lord Brougham also spoke in favour of half-time or three hours instead of six per day for young children.

SUCCESS IN LIFE.—A man's best help is in himself—his own heart, his own soul, his own resolute purpose. The little cannot be fought by proxy. A man's may be aroused by another—his duty to improve and advance himself is excited by another; but he must mould his own stuff, quarry his own material, make his own character. What if a man fail in one effort? Let him try again. Let him try again—try often, and he will ultimately succeed. No man can tell what he can do until he tries, and tries with resolution.