

worries is an age of stone or iron ; and he seems to have had a melancholy pleasure in the thought that in that golden age his race was better, happier, and handsomer than it is at present. Of all his fancies, this one has the best foundation. For, O my quadrumanous hearers, whether gorillas, chimpanzees, ouran-outangs, or simple undistinguished monkeys ! this feeble, helpless creature is akin to us, and is in fact our poor relation. The thought, indeed, is shocking. No respectable gorilla, of well-regulated mind, can contemplate it without horror. But the truth must be told sometimes ; and the time has come when we must confess that man, weak, born without clothes—cruel, cowardly and ungrateful man—is of our family ; very remotely, I am happy to say, a kind of ten thousandth cousin, but still a direct descendant of our progenitors. From the high state of gorilla-hood he has descended to that of manhood ; and we are in a measure disgraced by his humiliation. This is the fall of man—that he has descended from monkey-hood to humanity.

The story of his descent in the scale of creation is sad and touching, and cannot be heard without deep emotion. What lady gorilla about to become a mother, or hoping that at some future day she may be about to become a mother—about to become a mother for the first, or second, or I will say even the third time (for I cannot suppose that any well-regulated lady gorilla would ever be about to become a mother for the fourth time)—what lady gorilla, I say, in this interesting condition of mind, could contemplate without shuddering the probability that, instead of presenting the gentleman gorilla of her affections with a pledge of their love that promised to have a hide and a bellow that would rival those of a buffalo, teeth like pebble-stones, a fine retreating forehead, and, above all, that high distinguishing feature of our race, a hind-thumb, that is at once a terror to our foes and the most useful of all our members, she would produce a wrinkled, pink-bodied weakling, looking like a monkey—one of the smallest and feeblest of our race—that had been flayed alive, and which, even after reaching maturity, could live only by covering itself with an artificial skin, and by making machines with which to get its food and defend itself against its natural enemies ! The idea is shocking ; and I beg pardon of my lady friends for the