

must, therefore, say something of their good qualities. They are both very amiable and affectionate, and there is not the least humbug about them. If they steal, it is only because it is their instinct to do so, and for the pure innate love of mischief, and nobody can blame them. They understand every word I say, but at the same time are occasionally most disobedient; nay, more, they understand my thoughts; one glance at me with their little diamond-bright eyes tells them how far they may go with their teasing me, and when they see I am getting out of temper they will jump into my arms, and chatter and look "Don't be angry with us, it's only our fun!" They even know when I am *thinking* of catching them, and this before I have made the least sign of being about to do so; they then get out of the way in the most cunning manner, sneaking round the furniture like a fox leaving the covert into which the hounds have just been cheered by the huntsman. At other times, they always scamper about the rooms at a "racing pace." I use the words advisedly, as in their gallop they have the exact action of a racehorse just finishing a race, only that they can pull up short in a moment, and take the most wonderful flying leaps without changing their pace. Frequently, when they have been hunted into the passage to be caught, and must pass me to get by, they have galloped to within a few inches of my hands, and then, taking a tremendous spring, jumped exactly on to my head, thence slid down my back, and escaped capture.

When I come home in the evening from a long day's work tired to death, I always let out the monkeys, and give them some sweet-stuff I bring home for them. By their affectionate greeting and amusing tricks they make me forget for a while the anxieties and bothers of a very active, busy life. They know perfectly well when I am busy, and they remain quiet and do not tease me. "The Hag" sits on the top of my head, while Sussey tears up with her teeth a thick ball of crumpled paper, the nucleus of which she knows is a sugar-plum, one of a parcel sent as a Christmas-box by Mrs. Mostyn Owen, the kind-hearted wife of a friend of mine, and received through the post in due form, directed, "Miss Sussey and Miss Jenny Buckland."

I must now finish the "Memoir," though, if I had time, I could go on writing for a month longer, describing my little pets.

The reader may wonder that I like to keep them at all in the house; but I *do* like

to keep them, and nothing whatever would induce me to part with them. The monkeys love me, and I love the monkeys.

### A CALL ON AGASSIZ.

Prof. Agassiz' summer home is a quaint little brown house on the wild northern shore of Nahant, standing in the middle of an entirely uncultivated acre, without even the semblance of a path to the door. A rough fence of stone wall encloses the lot on three sides, with a tangle of wild roses, brambles, and golden-rod, growing on the lee of it. On the fourth side, the uneven grass ends abruptly at the edge of a sudden declivity, at whose base are the great rocks against which the sea dashes. The house faces the water, and is two stories high just in the middle of the front, whence the roof slopes off to cover the wings, and the low piazza at the back. There is a little gallery, also, on the side next the ocean, where the good Professor sits sometimes in the cool of the day, to enjoy book, newspaper, or cigar, and on this same northern front stand two low, square buildings, only a few yards from the wings of the house, but entirely separated from and in front of them, and one of these is the laboratory in which he studies into those secrets of nature which he afterwards tells to us all.

One day last summer, I met Charley, the fisher-boy, who was brought up on Egg Rock, and knows much of sea-fowl and fishes, and how to take them, but little else. He was going down the lane towards the Professor's, with a hideous fish, called a skate, upon his wheelbarrow. It lay upon its back, exposing the ugliness of its white under-surface and its wide mouth. Its flat sides hung down almost to the ground, and its ugly tail dragged in the dust. Charley set down the wheelbarrow that we might see and admire. "I am taking it down to Mr. Agassiz," he said. "I take him one every day. He cuts them up to see what's inside of them."

My seaside rambles often led me through the Professor's grounds, for the public are not shut out from that wild, beautiful shore; and when I thought of him, studying, with a child's delight and a sage's wisdom into the wonders of nature, or caught a glimpse of his pleasant face bent over his books, or considered how many unanswered questions of my own he could solve with a word, I was seized with a desire to penetrate into that square, low sanctum (even disguised as a skate, if necessary). I will take with