

I would venture to recommend as pets to Father Ignatius down at Llanthony. They had a veritable cowl, and looked, if he will pardon my saying so, quite as monastic as that very unfriar-like young clergyman. However, *encellus non facit monachum*, the habit or the cowl, does not make the monk out of the monkey, or out of the man.

Monkeys and apes, I think I could in process of time, get to claim some sort of kinship with, especially with the apes, who lack the caudal appendages which seem to fence off monkeys from mankind, or mankind from monkeys; but I must draw the line at baboons. There were a good many specimens of this class; and one of them delighted the eyes of Jamrach's man, chiefly, I believe, on account of its unusual size. To me it looked overgrown and spiteful. Its eyes were decidedly too close together, and too far up in the face. They seemed to me out of drawing altogether; but then I am not a connoisseur. I never could see the beauty of a thorough-bred bulldog; so it is scarcely to be expected that Jamrach's man and I should be at one on the subject of baboons. Another of these unsymmetrical animals amused itself idiotically by shaking its cage, until something equivalent to an earthquake seemed inevitable, and the requests of the attendants that he would desist were conveyed in language more expressive than elegant, according to the estimate of humanity; but I fancy baboons like their language strong.

There were, alas! no gorillas. I did think of writing to a lady of my acquaintance who could, I am sure, have walked over the course, and would have appreciated the £5 premium; but I feared she might not have recognised the compliment. There were plaster casts of the skull and head of one of these interesting creatures, and also a very young specimen dried; but these dried and stuffed articles look so very like "leather and prunella" that I confess, with all due deference to M. Du Chailu, I never have been able to get over a certain lurking unbelief as to the existence of gorillas. I know it is very unscientific to say so, and that the same reason for doubt (namely, that I have never seen a specimen) would apply to the Dodo; but honesty is the best policy—I am unscientific, and also perhaps, therefore, sceptical. I said just now there were only two performing monkeys. I am wrong. There were only two on the platform, which, alas! would have accommodated two dozen; but there was another in the cage adjoining the infant gorilla. It was a remarkable animal, the body being of bright scarlet and light blue, and the face pure flesh colour. At the word of command, and with a little assistance, it would climb up a yellow pole on which it lived continually, and turn a somersault at the top. The most noticeable feature of this animal is its cheapness. Several organ-grinders, I found, had given one or two pounds for monkeys in the collection for the purpose of illustrating the Old Hundredth Psalm, or some other equally lively melody; but this climbing monkey can be purchased, pole and all, for a penny at any toyshop. Some wag had sent one of these; and Mr. Holland, entering into the spirit of the joke, allotted it a cage.

After all, attractive as the monkey-show proper was, there was another exhibition of apes at these gardens, which I do not mean to call *improper* (nothing is improper at North Woolwich) but it was an exhibition of developed apes like myself. From the monkey show I passed to the dancing platform, and every lingering atom of doubt in Darwin vanished. Here I saw an inane young mandrill whose colour—that is, whose whisker—had not yet come, disporting himself like a veritable ape. Pretty little children frisked about like marmozets. Lots of old wizen-faced chimpanzees sat under the trees, and looked on idly at the diversions. Yonder goes a real Macoba baboon, done up in the uniform of an artilleryman from South Woolwich; and of the pretty bonnet monkeys, how they tripped it to the sound of the band! I forgot to add that the baboon in the cage chewed tobacco to perfection. So did the artilleryman; and thus far we have retrograded, the baboon did not expectorate—the artilleryman did.

Well, Mr. Holland has taught us a lesson which volumes on the development of species would never have done. His lesson is "write large," so that he who runs may read it. I hope we shall profit by it. I, for one, say, with the old comedian, "I am a man; I deem nought foreign to me that is human"—not even a monkey show at North Woolwich.

Hic et Unique.

A NEW RHINOCEROS AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

BY the kindness of Mr. Bartlett I have been enabled carefully to inspect a very remarkable animal which has just been added to the collection in the Zoological Gardens. It is a Hairy Rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros Sumatrensis*). This animal has never before been seen alive in Europe. It was purchased of Mr. William Jamrach, who got it from Singapore. It had been captured in Malacca six months before in a pitfall. There is reason to believe that it is quite adult, even though it is comparatively of small size, measuring only about three feet six at the shoulder. The whole body is covered with thick black hair, which stands erect like the hog mane of a horse. The skin is exceedingly rough, and not unlike the brawny shoulder of a wild boar. The tail is long and thin, and comes nearly to the hoofs; it carries two horns, which are very short and much worn. Altogether it is a very curious and remarkable-looking animal.

It will be remembered that I described another hairy rhinoceros some time since, but it appears that this last arrival is the true hairy rhinoceros. The other beast, which comes from Chittagong, therefore is a new species, hitherto unknown and undescribed. It has been named by Dr. Schlater *Rhinoceros lasiotis*, or the hairy-eared rhinoceros. It has a tuft of hair like a curtain fringe round the edge of each ear. The hair on the body of this animal is like the hair on a baby's head, whereas the hair on the last arrival is still like a hedgehog's bristles.

FRANK BUCKLAND.

WILD BIRDS' PROTECTION BILL.

SIR: I quite agree with "Game Preserver" as to every bird being protected during the breeding season, with a few exceptions, for as the bill is framed now there are many loopholes which it would be difficult to stop, as birds have so many different local names. But "Game Preserver" is decidedly in the wrong when he states that the birds-nesting boys are the pilferers and sellers of partridges and

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P.B.G.