thing rather than rouse themselves to the painful effort of resisting the march of what they call fate. They will float with the stream or tide, but come what may, they will not row a stroke against either. They conceal this resolve from their friends, and sometimes even from themselves, but nevertheless it exists. Another frequent cause of failure is the inability to be helped which certain people display. We have all encountered persons whom it is almost impossible to help over an obstacle or up a steep place. Do what you will, it seems impossible to lift or get them over or through. They always either fail to hold on, or give the wrong hand, or move the wrong foot, or jump short when they ought to jump long, or over-jump when a short jump is all that is asked of them. In the same way there are people who seem utterly incapable of making use of a helping hand in the greater affairs of life. You cannot help them because they "muff" every attempt. You find them a piece of work quite within their capacity, and there needs only the simplest and easiest little effort to secure an excellent position. Yet this little effort is just what they will not or cannot make. They may be prudent, painstaking, industrious, and yet almost while you turn your head they have slipped off the rock of safety and fallen back into the slough from which you so lately raised them. Of such stuff are the worst form of failures made. Their minds seem utterly unprehensile, and no more capable of grasping and holding on than is a paralytic. No doubt it is often not in the least the fault of the poor failure, but that does not alter the fact that it is a personal defect, and not mere ill-luck, which produces the failure.

While touching on the question of failures, it must not be forgotten that a great many of the so-called failures, especially in art and literature, are not failures at all, but merely persons who do not possess, or perhaps have not tried to cultivate, the quality of popularity. A failure is not a synonym for a pauper, but a person who has tried to do a particular thing and not succeeded in doing it. But most people try to make a good deal of money, and hence poverty is roughly taken as a sign of failure. If in a particular calling the average man makes £800 a year, he who makes only £200 is apt to be dubbed a failure. Yet in truth he may be nothing of the kind. If he did not set out to make money, he may not feel the slightest sense of failure. Again, an artist or a man of letters who fails to please the public taste may not be a failure, for the very sufficient reason that he never attempted to please the public taste. The artist who says, 'I will paint what I think beautiful pictures, and not what any one else thinks beautiful,' may be annoyed that the public taste is so different from his own; but he will not feel that he has failed because the public taste is not satisfied by his work. He will not have expected any but an adverse verdict. It is the same in literature. Wordsworth did not feel and was not a failure because the public of his day cared nothing about, and would not read, his poems. To confuse unappreciated people and failures is to make a gross error in the art of human classification. Even bitter and disappointed men are not necessarily failures, for their bitterness and disappointment do not show that they have failed in what they set out to do, but merely that the world has failed to understand them. The true failure is the man who keeps sinking, sinking, who seems to have no buoyancy in him, and who at heart knows that success is for him impossible. No one ever quite thinks of Mr. Micawber as a failure, because Mr. Micawber had always in him the belief that something, and something very good, would be sure to turn up. The true, the hopeless, failure is always a pessimist at heart. He looks on the past with regret and on the future with misgiving. However miserable their outward circumstances, and however hard and unfortunate their worldly lot, we must never call failures those brave souls who, in spite of every mischance, bate no jot of heart and hope, but press right onward, believing that somewhere and somehow they will find a haven of rest, and who hold with Browning that if the earth is full of broken arcs, at any rate in heaven there is the perfect round. How can they be failures who thus teach by example the best of lessons?

THE LATE MR. A. D. BARTLETT.

THE death of Mr. A. D. Bartlett, the Superintendent of the Zoological Society's menagerie, removes a very popular figure from the "permanent staff" of London public servants, and revives memories going back to the beginning of popular interest in natural history, which preceded in this country the popular revival of art. Mr. Bartlett entered the service of the Zoological Society in 1859. This date coincided with a certain "parting of the ways" between the theory with which the Society had started its career and the practice which the experience of years had shown to be possible. The Society had almost given up the hope of improving our native cattle by wild crosses or of introducing a new meat. It had sold its breeding-farm at Kingston Hill, not because the experiments in hybridising or in crossing foreign domestic animals with our own had failed, but because the results showed that our animals did not gain by the change of blood. Such entries as that "a female armadillo has produced three young, and hopes are entertained that this animal, so valuable as an article of diet, may be naturalised in this country," had begun to disappear from the Society's Annual Reports. Had the Society desired to continue their experiments on cattle-breeding they could have found no better agent than Mr. Bartlett. In the series of tests which he was permitted to carry out he made the discovery that many of the wild and domestic *bovidæ* will interbreed, and that their descendants are fertile. But the energies of the Society were then directed mainly to the increase of the collection of living animals, and to their better maintenance in Regent's Park. The enterprise of the Zoological Society during the ten years after Mr. Bartlett's appointment has never been surpassed in the history of the institution. There were some half-hundred rare and specially interesting creatures which had never been seen in London, or, if seen, had never been properly exhibited either to scientific persons or to the public. These the Society determined to acquire; and, with good agents working abroad, and Mr. Bartlett, ever ready with expedients, to take charge of the creatures when they arrived, the Society met with a great measure of success. In 1862 they acquired the first two birds of paradise, which Mr. Wallace had brought home. These lived under Mr. Bartlett's care, and moulted safely next spring. The Indian Mutiny had stopped a great cargo of Indian pheasants about to be sent over by Lord Canning. But from a previous shipment half a hundred young birds were reared at the Zoo. The Society then set their hearts on acquiring a *whale*, an African elephant, some sea-lions, specimens of the great anthropoid apes, and on building a new monkey-house. How far this varied programme was suggested by their Superintendent we cannot say, though Frank Buckland always stated that Mr. Bartlett "found" Lecompte, the seal-tamer, left in a field by the roadside, after he and his pet had been evicted from a travelling menagerie. In any case, the Society acquired the seal and its owner for £130, *plus* a fixed salary, and made a very good bargain by the transaction. A white whale from the St. Lawrence River had been kept for two years in the gardens at Boston, U.S.A., and the Society were hopeful that one could be procured for Regent's Park. A porpoise was the nearest approach to the larger cetaceans procurable, but this died after a life of twenty-seven days at the Zoo. In their other ambitions the Society were more successful. They spent £808 on an expedition to India, conducted by Mr. Thompson, the then head-keeper. They had a good native friend in Calcutta, Rajendra Mullick, who had a collection of his own. With his aid a "job lot" of animals, including two rhinoceroses, was brought over, and one of the latter was exchanged for an African elephant. In the next few years the Society built the new monkey-house, the new elephant-house, and later, the summer cages for the lions. They sent Lecompte to the Falkland Islands to catch more sea-lions, and Mr. Jesse to Abyssinia, whence, however, no living animals were obtained. Mr. Clarence Bartlett was despatched to Surinam to bring home a manatee (which unfortunately died on reaching Southampton), and in 1867 a young walrus was bought for the Gardens. As an instance of the success of the Society as collectors and exhibitors of wild animals at this time, we may mention that it possessed a complete collection of the wild asses of the world, and four different species of rhinoceros. One of these was purchased of Mr. Jamrach for £1,250. It was believed to be a Sumatran rhinoceros, though it came from Chittagong. A few months later a specimen of the real Sumatran species arrived, when it was found that the first was a great prize, not only a new species, but the only one of its kind then known to naturalists. In the early seventies the care of the menagerie was in very com-

petent hands. Mr. Bartlett was superintendent; Mr. J. Wolf, the celebrated animal-painter, was employed as "portrait-painter" to the Society; and a new office, that of "prosector," established "to make anatomical observations of animals which died, and to study animal diseases and animal anatomy," was held by the ingenious and energetic Mr. Alfred Garrod. Frank Buckland was for many years the *vates sacer* of the Zoo, and more especially of Mr. Bartlett, to whose cleverness and resource in animal management there are constant references in Buckland's popular essays. With the improved houses and greater facilities for keeping the animals the sphere of work for the Superintendent was enlarged. Animals which could not previously have bred in the Gardens were introduced, and others which had not bred began to produce young ones in their more congenial surroundings. The larger apes of Asia were brought to the new monkey-house, and the curiosity of the public was roused by rumours of a coming gorilla.

The greatest triumph won by Mr. Bartlett during the early days of his stewardship was the successful rearing of the young hippopotamus in 1872. This was not the first of those born in the menagerie, but the calves born in 1870 and 1871 both died. In the Society's Report for 1872 it was stated that "arrangements had been made that in the event of a third interesting occurrence of the kind taking place the young one may be removed and brought up by hand." The interesting event did take place, and Mr. Bartlett received the Society's silver medal "as an acknowledgment of the great skill and care shown on this occasion, and of the services he has rendered generally to the Society." The mamma hippopotamus brought up the young one herself, though Mr. Bartlett was fully prepared to bring it up by hand. But this was a credit to our Zoo, for the Dutch hippopotamus, which had a young one, had to hand it over to a nurse.

The series of "historical monkeys" kept at the Zoo began with 'Joe,' a chimpanzee, which the erection of the new monkey-house enabled to be kept alive for some time. Frank Buckland's description of his management by Mr. Bartlett gives an insight into his readiness and resource in dealing with different animals. The big ape needed exercise. This he obtained by being allowed the run of the large monkey-house — instead of remaining in a side room — before the visitors came. As he knew he would be caught and put back into his own room at this hour, the ape used to climb up on to the top of the other monkeys' cages and refuse to come down. As he could not be tempted by food, Mr. Bartlett appealed to his mind by working on what he had noted to be his weak points, *curiosity* and *cowardice*. This is Mr. Frank Buckland's account of the daily proceedings at this hour:—"Mr. Bartlett went to the keeper, and touching him gently on the shoulder, directed his attention in a mysterious manner to the dark passage underneath the gas-pipe which traverses the house, pretending to point out to Sutton some horrible unknown creature; using an energetic manner, but saying nothing except words to this effect: 'Look out—there he is—there he is.' At the same time the two men would peer into the dark place under the gas-pipe." The monkey used presently to come down to see what the subject of fear and interest was, when Mr. Bartlett and Sutton used to shout: "He's coming out! he's coming out!" and rush away in the direction of 'Joe's' cage. The monkey would rush for the same place of safety, which happened to be the door of his own house, and sometimes enter it before them. Buckland notes it as curious that the monkey never learnt the deception, but would be taken in by it whenever the time came to finish his morning's airing. These "indirect methods" of animal management, something akin to the "wonderful way" some people have with little children, never failed Mr. Bartlett. To the last he would walk round and see all the creatures as to whose health or temper the keepers had any misgivings, and his suggestions or directions were scarcely ever at fault. Take for example the difficult case of a rhinoceros with a bad "place" on its face, which occurred some two years ago. The question was, Does the abscess come from a bad tooth, or does it only need lancing? You cannot ask a rhinocerous if he has the toothache, and though this one was in considerable pain, the *causa causans* was not obvious. All Mr. Bartlett said was, "Give him a new birch broom." The broom was presented, with the bands at the top cut, and the rhinoceros at once ate it up, grinding up the bits with great gusto. "Ah; you see his teeth are all right," said Mr. Bartlett; and next day he "lanced" the abscess with a well-sharpened bill-hook. The diagnosis was ingenious, and worthy of the head of the profession, which Mr. Bartlett undoubtedly was.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NATIVE POPULATIONS OF AFRICA.

[To the Editor of the "Spectator."]

Sir,—A series of articles have appeared during the last few months in the *Spectator* on Africa, and they have been of great interest to all of us who are personally interested in that continent, mainly because they show that there is in England an authority really interested in Africa apart from either her value as a mission-field or a cockpit for the ambitions of European Powers, or for those of the Stock Exchange. I am saying nothing against these interests, for they all tend to the development of Africa, and would under good guidance, "if well managed," as Mr. Morley says, all of them do good. But, Sir, the great charm of the *Spectator* articles, to me at any rate, is their spirit of dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs in Africa as regards the native population, and although the *Spectator* is, from my point of view, too liable to get vexed with the African and call him all sorts of hard names, of course in restrained and perfect English, and now and then to descend on me with an equally fierce disapproval, yet it is a great comfort to find an English authority who is not self-satisfied and smug, and that evidently sees things are not going well there, and is trying to find out why.

May I suggest, that you have stated the true reasons in your article in the *Spectator* of April 10th, on "Mr. Morley on British Africa" when you say anent the Russian, "he has a sympathy with his dark subjects and a comprehension of their instincts which make his rule more acceptable to them than our own, and in certain directions equally beneficial"? Now, I know it will seem ridiculous to say we English have not had sympathy with the Africans, and I know I shall not make myself understood. You will say, 'Have we not given thousands of our noblest lives, hundreds of thousands of our hard-earned money, to benefit the African?' I can only say it does not seem to me that we have done so. We have laid down these things, but we have laid them down in the cause of goodness, not for the benefit of the African. We have built a temple to virtue, *not* to ourselves or our own aggrandisement; but that temple is to the African a prison. I do not say it is right or wrong for us to have done this. I am only a brick-maker to science, and must stick to my business; and as part of my business is the study of the social institutions of Africa, I beg you will allow me to say a few words regarding slavery, as my former observations on it have been misunderstood, thanks to the bad way I expressed them, coupled with the want of detail knowledge on the subject in my critics, and the looseness with which important terms are used in these hurried days. There are in Africa at least three distinct things called in Europe by the one term,—slavery. There is the vile slave trade of East and East Central Africa which feeds the domestic slave institution of Egypt, and there is the enforced labour system feeding the mining industry of South Africa. These, so far as I can judge from printed reports, are abominable institutions, utterly destructive and leading to no good thing, and far and away worse than the export of Africans to the Americas which we suppressed. Then there is that form of feudalism existent among the true negroes. The form, I say, "is essential to the well-being of Africa." This institution I hope some day to explain, with all its restrictions and rights and laws, fully to you authorities. I need not say there is not space to do so here, but I assure you it does not fall under your statement in the article of April 10th, "that greed is the source of all oppression in Africa," because it is not oppression, but a system whereby the poor man and the weak are protected from physical want, and from the attacks of the predatory. This system, wrongly called slavery, should be divided into three sections. Firstly, under it there are the people who place themselves under the protection of a big and powerful house, rendering