

[From All the Year Round.]

The Highest Type of the Brute Creation.

The gorilla is of the average height of man, five feet six inches; his brain case is low and narrow, and, as the fore part of the skull is high, and there is a very prominent ridge above the eyes, the top of the head is perfectly flat, and the brow, with its thick integument, forms a "scowling pent-house over the eyes." Couple with this a deep lead-colored skin, much wrinkled, a prominent jaw, with the canine teeth (in the males) of huge size, a receding chin; and we have an exaggeration of the lowest and most forbidding type of human physiognomy.

The neck is short; the head pokes forward. The relative proportions of the body and limbs are nearer those of man, yet they are of more ungainly aspect than in any other of the brute kind. Long, shapeless arms, thick and muscular, with scarce any diminution in size deserving the name of wrist (for at the smallest they are fourteen inches round, while a strong man's wrist is not above eight); a wide, thick hand; the palm long and the fingers short, swollen and gouty-looking; capacious chest; broad shoulders; legs also thick and shapeless, destitute of calf, and very muscular, yet short; a hand-like foot with a thumb to it, "of huge dimensions and portentous power of grasp." No wonder the lion skulks before this monster, and even the elephant is baffled by his malicious cunning, activity, and strength. The teeth indicate a vegetable diet, but the repast is sometimes varied with eggs, or a brood of young birds.

The chief reason of his enmity to the elephant appears to be, not that it ever intentionally injures him, but merely, that it shares his taste for certain favorite fruits. And when, from his watchtower in the upper branches of a tree, he perceives the elephant helping himself to these delicacies, he steals along the bough, and, striking its sensitive proboscis a violent blow with the club with which he is almost always armed, drives off the startled giant, trumpeting shrilly with rage and pain.

Towards the negroes, the gorilla seems to cherish an implacable hatred; he attacks them quite unprovoked. If a party of blacks approach unconsciously within range of a tree haunted by one of these wood-demons—swinging rapidly down to the lower branches, he clutches, with his thumbled foot, at the nearest of them; his green eyes flash with rage, his hair stands on an end, and the skin above the eyes, drawn rapidly up and down, gives him a fiendish scowl.

Sometimes, during their excursions in quest of ivory, in those gloomy forests, the natives will first discover the proximity of a gorilla by the sudden mysterious disappearance of one of their companions. The brute, angling for him with his horrible foot dropped from a tree, while his strong arms grasp it firmly, stretches down his huge hind hand, seizes the hapless wretch by the throat, draws him up into the boughs, and, as soon as his struggles have ceased, drops him down, a strangled corpse.

A tree is the gorilla's sleeping place by night, his pleasant abode by day, and his castle of defence. If surprised as he waddles along, leaning on his club, instantly he betakes him to all-fours, applying the back part of the bent knuckles of his fore-hands to the ground, and makes his way rapidly, with an oblique, swinging kind of gallop to the nearest tree. From that coigne of vantage he awaits his foe, should the latter be hardy, or foolhardy, enough to pursue.

No full-grown gorilla has ever been taken alive. A bold negro, the leader of an elephant-hunting expedition, was offered a hundred dollars for a live gorilla. "If you gave me the weight of yonder hill in gold, I could not do it," he said. Nevertheless, he has his good qualities—in a domestic point of view; he is an amiable and exemplary husband and father, watching over young family with affectionate solicitude, and exerting in their defence his utmost strength and ferocity.

At the close of the rich harvest, the period when the gorillas approach nearest the abodes of man, a family group may sometimes be observed, the parents sitting on a branch, leaning against the trunk, as they munch their fruit, while the young innocents sport around, leaping and swinging from branch to branch, with hoots or harsh cries of boisterous mirth.

The mothers show that devotion to their young in times of danger, which is the most universal of instincts.

"A French natural history collector," (we are quoting, as before, from Professor Owen's memoir on the gorilla, read to the Royal Institution in February, 1859) "accompanying a party of the Gaboon negroes into the gorilla woods, surprised a female with two young ones on a large boabdad (the monkey bread-fruit-tree), which stood some distance from the nearest clump. She descended the tree with her youngest clinging to her neck, and made off rapidly on all-fours to the forest, and escaped.

The deserted young one, on seeing the approach of the men, began to utter piercing cries; the mother having disposed of one infant, returned to the rescue of the other, but before she could descend with it her retreat was cut off. Seeing one of the negroes level his musket at her, she, clasping her young with one arm, waved the other, as if deprecating the shot. The ball passed through her heart, and she fell with her young one clinging to her. It was a male, and survived the voyage to Havre, where it died on arriving."

The gorilla constructs himself a snug hammock out of the long, tough, slender stems of parasitic plants, and lines it with the broad

dried fronds of palms, or with long grass—a sort of bed surely not to be despised, swung in the leafy branches of a tree.

By day, he sits on a bough, leaning his back against the trunk, owing to which habit elderly gorillas become rather bald in those regions. Sometimes, when walking without a stick, he clasps his hands across the back of his head, thus instinctively counterbalancing its forward projection.

The natives of Gaboon always speak of the gorilla in terms which imply a belief in his close kinship to themselves. But they have a very low opinion of his intelligence. They say that, during the rainy season, he builds a house without a roof, and that he will come down and warm himself at the fires left by them in their hunting expeditions; but has not the wit to throw on more wood out of the surrounding abundance to keep it burning, "the stupid old man."

Mimic though he be, he cannot even catch the trick of human articulation so well as the parrot or the raven. The negroes aver that he buries his dead by heaping leaves and loose earth over the body.

Wherein does the gorilla differ from the previously known anthropoid, or man-like, tailless, apes? Of these there are three distinct genera: the gibbon, or long-armed ape, the orang-outang, and the chimpanzee. It is a peculiarity of the quadrumana (or monkey and ape tribe generally) that the brain is very precociously developed. Hence, when they are young, with small milk teeth, fully developed brain, and globular-shaped cranium, they look, comparatively speaking, quite promising characters.

But, in the large apes, the orang, and the chimpanzee, maturity brings a vast access of physical force, without any corresponding enlargement of the brain, which becomes masked and overlaid by the prominence of the brute attributes. The jaws expand to receive the great tusk-like teeth; and then, to work such massive jaws, comes a large addition of fleshy fibres to the muscles, and for these great muscles an increased surface of attachment in the corresponding bones. Hence the physiognomy becomes more brutish, and less human, in maturity. Hence, too, the small species of monkeys and apes, in whom this development of physical force does not take place, are far milder and more intelligent-looking than the more highly-organized orang and chimpanzee when full grown; though these latter have absolutely a larger amount of brain, and several other modifications of the bony structure which bring them in reality, as we have said, nearest to man. Hence, too, it was that Cuvier, who had seen none but young specimens, much exaggerated the nearness of this approach in his *Regne Animal*.

The gorilla surpasses the orang and chimpanzee in this peculiarity; and it is the lowering ferocity of his countenance produced by immense jaws and teeth, the bony prominence over the eyes, and the relative insignificance of the brain, which have induced some naturalists to rank him below the previously-known species of chimpanzee. He has other claims to precedence, besides this cogent one of more brain and a more convoluted brain.

The distinctive characteristic of the order, that which supplies it the name, *qua-drumana*, is, as we all know, the having hands instead of feet—four hands. And in the comparative anatomist's eyes, the most characteristic peculiarity of man's structure is the great toe; it is mainly this which enables him to walk erect, which constitutes the great difference between a foot and a hand, and entitles him, sole genus of his order, sole species of his genus, to his zoological appellation *bimana*, or two-handed.

In the gorilla, the thumb of the hind hand is more like a great toe than it is either in the orang-outang or chimpanzee: it is thicker and stronger. The heel also, makes a more decided backward projection, and in the forehead, that important member, the thumb, is better developed. A disproportionate length of arm gives, as we notice in the deformed, a singularly awkward and ungainly aspect to the figure. This is a familiar attribute of all monkey-kind, and one which, in its gradual diminution, marks the gradual rise in the scale of organization.

In the gibbons, or long-armed apes, these members hang down to the feet, so that the whole palm can be applied to the ground without the trunk being bent. In the orang, they reach the ankle; in the chimpanzee, below the knee; in the gorilla, a little short of the knee; while in man, below the middle of the thigh. There are other advances of structure interesting to the anatomist, and all tending to support the gorilla's claims to the topmost place.

Now then we come across a human face in which the bony framework of the eye is almost circular, with a repulsive, cunning, monkey-like look. This, though universal, is one of the ugliest characteristics of the monkey. The gorilla, however, is exempt from this particular detail of ugliness; the bony setting of the eye is squarish, as in most men.

Again and again it strikes the fancy—strikes deeper than the fancy—that the honey-making, architectural bee, low down in the scale of life, with its insignificant head, its little boneless body, and gauzy wing, is our type of industry and skill; while this apex in the pyramid of the brute creation, this near approach to the human form, what can it do? The great hands have no skill but to clutch and strangle; the complex brain is kindled by no divine spark; there, amid the unwholesome luxuriance of a tropical forest, the creature can do nothing but pass its life in fierce sullen isolation—eat, drink, and die?

"Seven up" for a Wife; or "Good as Wheat."

In the State of Tennessee there is a certain village boasting of a tavern, three stores, and four groceries, where, from morning till night, and from night till dawn, a person entering the town may find in the tavern, stores, groceries aforesaid, one or more groups of persons playing cards. Gambling there is reduced to a science, the history of the four kings is thoroughly studied, and from the school boy to the gray-haired veteran, from the miss in her teens to the mother of a large family, they are initiated into the mysteries of high, low, jack, game, right and left bowers—the honors and the odd trick. One of the best players in the village was Major Smith, the tavern keeper; or, as he expressed it, the proprietor of the hotel; a widower, who, like

"Jephtha, Judge in Israel,
Had a daughter passing fair."

Fanny, the daughter, was one of the prettiest girls in Tennessee, and therefore one of the prettiest in the world; for we here digress in order to lay down an *ipse dixit*, that Tennessee women, in point of beauty, are matchless. The sweetheart of Fanny was a young farmer, residing in the neighborhood, whom we shall designate by the name of Bob.

It happened that one day before harvest, the young man was detained in the village, and found him as usual at the hotel, seated between the major and his daughter. After a desultory conversation between the two gentlemen, on the state of the weather, the prospects of the approaching harvest, and such important staples of conversation, the major asked Robert how his wheat crop promised to yield.

In reply he was told that the young farmer expected to make at least one hundred bushels. The major appeared to study for a moment, then abruptly proposed a game of old sledge, or "seven up;" the stakes to be his daughter Fanny against the crop of wheat.

This, of course, the young man indignantly refused, because he could not bear the idea that the hand of her he loved should be made the subject of a bet, or, that he should win a wife by gambling for her; and perhaps because he knew the old man was "hard to beat," and there was a strong probability of his losing both wheat and wife.

It was not until the major, with his usual obstinacy, had sworn that unless he won her he should never have her, that the young man was forced reluctantly to consent to play.

The table was placed, the candles lit, the cards produced, and the players took their seat with Miss Fanny between them, to watch the progress of the game. The cards were regularly shuffled and cut, and it fell to the major's lot to deal. The first hand was played, and Robert made gift to his opponent's high-low game. Robert then dealt, the major begged; it was given, and the major again made three to his opponent's one.

"Six to two," said Miss Fanny with a sigh. The major, as he dealt the cards, winked and said:

"I'm good for the wheat, Master Bob." The old man turned up a trump—it was a spade. Fanny glanced at her father's hand—her heart sank; he held the three, eight spot, and the king! She looked at Robert's hand and lo! he had the ace queen, deuce, and jack or knave. She whispered to Robert to beg—he did so.

"Take it," said the major.

Robert let loose his deuce, which the major took with his three spot, and followed by playing the king. Robert put his queen upon it. The major, supposing it was the young man's last trump, leaped over the table, and tapping his last trick with his finger, said:

"That's good as wheat."

"Is it?" asked Robert, as he displayed to the astonished major the ace and jack, yet in his hands.

"High, low, jack, gift and game," shouted Robert.

"Out!" ejaculated Fanny.

"Good as wheat," added Robert, as he flung his arms around her neck and kissed her.

In due time they were married, and ever that when anything occurred of a pleasing nature to the happy couple, they would express their emphatic approbation of it by the phrase, "Good as wheat."

BE PREPARED.—No man knows what mercies a day may bring forth, what miseries, what good or what evil, what afflictions, what temptations, what liberty, what bonds, what good success, a day may bring forth; and, therefore, a man need every day be in his closet with God, that he may be prepared and fitted to entertain and improve all the occurrences, successes and emergencies which may attend him in course of his life. — [Thomas Brooks.]

A REASON FOR BEING UNMANNERLY.—As George III was walking the quarter-deck of one his men-of-war with his hat on, a sailor asked his messmate "who that fellow was who did not douse his peak to the admiral?" "Why, it's the king." "Well, king or no king," retorted the other, "he's an unmannerly dog." "Lord, where should he learn manners?" replied Jack, "he was never outside of land in his life."

USED TO IT.—An Irishman and a Frenchman were to be hanged together. The latter was strongly affected by his situation, while Paddy took it very easy, and told his companion to keep up his spirits, for it was nothing at all to be hanged.

"Ah, begar!" says the Frenchman, "there be one grand differ between you and me, for you Irish are used to it."

A Horrible Affair.

A French journal relates the following:—"Three mornings ago a little girl, 10 years of age, was walking by the side of a road at Bonneval, she was suddenly attacked by an enormous mastiff, a stranger to the village, and before her father, who was near, could arrive, the dog, throwing the child down, bit off her nose and tore the flesh from her cheeks, arms and other parts of her person.

Driven away by the man, the dog, a little further on, attacked a boy and tore his face in a frightful manner. The animal next attacked in succession several dogs and bit them severely. It then entered a wood near Vieuvicq, in which a woman was at work and rushing on her threw her down and lacerated her dreadfully. The flesh was torn from different parts of her person, leaving the bones bare, her scalp was dragged off and her nose and cheek were eaten. A man having come up, the animal took to flight but afterward attached near Anthon a workman and bit him badly in the face and body.

Next the dog entered Anthon, and rushing in succession on four children, one—the son of a physician named Perrier, tore flesh from their faces and persons, and bit a woman and a servant girl. The whole population of the town was plunged into consternation; but, as night had set in, the dog disappeared. The next morning, a number of persons armed with guns, forks and scythes, went in search of the animal and, after a while finding it, succeeded in shooting it dead. On examination, it turned out that the animal was not mad, but had a long, sharp nail driven into its nose, and the belief is that the pain which the nail occasioned rendered it furious.

Of the ten persons attacked, three are already dead and some of the others are so fearfully injured that their recovery is not probable. Although the animal was not mad, the persons bitten have, by way of precaution, had their wounds cauterized, and the dogs bitten have been killed.

No Right to Indorse.

1. A man has no right to indorse, when the failure of the first party to meet his obligation will render the creditors of the indorser liable to loss in consequence of such indorsement.

2. He has no right to indorse for another man unless he make provision for meeting such obligation, independent of, and after providing for, all other obligations.

3. He has no right to indorse unless he fully intends to pay what he promises to, promptly, in case the first party fails to do so. Few indorsers prepare for this.

4. His relations to his family demand that he shall not obligate himself to oblige another simply at the risk of defrauding or depriving them of what belongs to them.

5. He should never indorse or become responsible for any amount without security is furnished by the first party. It should be made a business transaction—rarely a matter of friendship. It is equivalent to a loan of capital to the amount of the obligation, and the same precautions should be taken to secure it.

6. A man has no more right to expect another to indorse his note without recompense than to expect an insurance company to insure his home or his life gratuitously.

7. It is not good business policy for one to ask another to indorse his note, promising to accommodate him in the same manner. The exchange of signatures may have, and usually does have, a very unequal value. It is better to secure him the amount and exact a like security for the amount of responsibility incurred.

8. It is better to do a business that will involve no necessity for asking or granting such favors or making such exchanges. It is always safe and just to do so.

WHAT AND HOW MUCH PHILADELPHIA EATS.—Our Philadelphia butchers have sold to citizens the past year, the flesh of 87,555 bullocks, 272,168 sheep, 115,226 hogs, and 11,153 cows; making a grand total of 486,102 animals that have bled and died for their country's good. But beside these, the farmers have sold large quantities of meat, estimated at two hundred thousand head. Then when we consider the hams and dried meats that are eaten—the turkeys, geese, ducks, chickens and wild game that have been consumed for food—the terrapins, lobsters, shad, mackerel, catfish, rock-fish, weak-fish and halibut that have been hooked and netted for us—the oysters that have been raked up and roasted, fried, stewed, or supplied in the shell—we approach a grand total which defies any accurate estimate, and which must cause a vegetarian the utmost horror. It requires something pretty extensive to feed all the mouths that are ready for their food three times a day. Let us rejoice that a kind Providence furnishes us with the beasts of the field, the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea, (and the knowledge how to cook 'em) for our subsistence and gratification.

OUTSIDE AND INSIDE.—"Two things a master commits to his servant's care," saith one—"the child and the child's clothes." It will be a poor excuse for the servant to say at his master's return.

"Sir, here are all the child's clothes, neat and clean; but the child is lost!"

Much so with the account that many will give to God of their souls and bodies at the great day:

"Lord, here is my body; I was very grateful for it; I neglected nothing that belonged to its content and welfare; but as for my soul, that is lost and cast away forever—I took little care and thought about it!"—[Flavel.]