

each governor individually would prefer that his own little nominee or *protégé* should be enjoying the pure air of the Surrey Hills, or of Hendon, or Barnet, or Shooter's Hill at the least. The Charterhouse School, since its removal to the neighbourhood of Godalming, has more than doubled its numbers; and, unlike the Charterhouse, Christ's Hospital has

no day-scholars, or day-boys, to consult. There can be little doubt that, if the Hospital were to be removed to-morrow from Newgate Street to a site from five to fifty miles away from St. Martin's-le-Grand, the sale of its present site would enable the worthy court of governors to raise the total of the scholars from eight to twelve hundred. E. WALFORD, M.A.

## ACCLIMATISATION SOCIETIES.



THE Acclimatisation Societies of Australia have been a great success. No wonder, for they had almost virgin land to deal with as far as wild eatable quadrupeds were concerned, on land. In the water they had neither trout nor salmon.

In romantic Tasmania—"land of the mountain and the flood"—every wild animal of the temperate zones flourishes; and as it is a colony where few make any money, it promises to be in future time the "happy hunting grounds" of rich colonists from Victoria and New South Wales, who will leave their prosperous settlements and burning climate for the fresh air and capital fishing of Tasmania, shooting in wild woods where covert game, winged and ground, are certain to flourish. Brown trout already abound in the Tasmanian pools and torrents, and the salmon ova, so repeatedly forwarded by the indefatigable Mr. Youl, are reported to have at length produced a plentiful haul of grilse. It yet remains to be seen whether these grilse will find their way to the sea and back again in the enlarged form of fresh-river salmon.

In Victoria rabbits have already become a nuisance, and when shot are not thought worth picking up; while hares grow to ten and twelve pounds weight, and are so swift that in a straight run, without dodging to right or left, they not unfrequently leave the greyhounds from the "old country" hopelessly beaten—make them lie down, as coursers say.

In New Zealand, where tame pigs run wild, assuming the airs of wild boars, were once the only representatives of game, it is said that deer, red and fallow, are flourishing, and that pheasants are so multiplying in the bush that they will soon be as common in the poulterers' shops of Wellington and Canterbury as at home. These are pleasant prospects for old colonists and future emigrants of sporting blood from the mother country.

When the Australian colonies were first discovered, no eatable animal larger than a kangaroo existed on those great islands. The natives sometimes ate their dogs; but opossum and kangaroo, large lizards, and fish of a stolid character were their principal animal food, supplemented by caterpillars and other insects.

They took very kindly to beef and mutton—too kindly for the owners of these meat-making colonists. Many a shepherd, and many a tribe of blacks, fell victims to the preference the latter displayed for tame sheep over wild kangaroo!

In the New Zealand Islands, until Captain Cook introduced the pig, man killed in warfare or taken prisoner was the only warm-blooded animal that ever smoked upon the hospitable board of the warlike chieftains. "Long pig," baked with potatoes, has formed the feast of wild New Zealanders within recent times; and runaway sailors are reported to have looked on, and partaken of the potatoes!

A few years ago there was a British Acclimatisation Society founded by enthusiastic naturalists and fishermen, who were going to do wonderful things in the way of introducing new succulent food to this country; but their zeal seems to have exhaled after holding for two or three years a sort of zoological dinner, prepared by eminent French cooks. The British public, content with beef, mutton, and pork, with occasional variety in the way of venison and other game, did not take kindly to kangaroo, either roasted or in soup. Even the Civil Service Stores have struck kangaroo-tail in tins from the list of preserved meats. The Australian badger did not become a rival to the native animal; and the great African antelope, the eland, although propagated freely in the parks of Lord Hill and the Marquis of Breadalbane, could not be made to show a profit, even if it had been possible to keep it in an enclosure with palings less than twelve feet high.

A curious example of the way strange fictions get printed as facts, quoted, and repeated, is to be found in Mr. Macdonald's thick volume on "Cattle, Sheep, and Deer." He says: "Lord Hill exhibited a specimen of the eland at the Smithfield Club Show in 1867. It weighed 1,764 lbs. live weight. *He was slaughtered and eaten. A sirloin of the animal was placed on the table at the Farmers' Club; and those who partook of it, and were not in the secret of its being eland, pronounced it 'capital beef.' The flesh is fine in the grain, dark in colour, and carries a fair layer of fat; but it has not so fine a flavour as venison.*"

Mr. Macdonald probably copied this circumstantial story from the agricultural paper edited by the secretary of the Farmers' Club. The only part of it true is that Lord Hill's eland was exhibited at the Smithfield Club Show. The beast, having been refused by Mr. Grove and venison dealers, eventually found its way into the hands of a dealer in wild beasts, and was exported alive to the Hamburg Zoological Gardens. The sirloin put before the Farmers' Club was beef! The mistake arose from the Cockney pronunciation of a waiter who called Highland "Eeland"!