not fail to re-echo the alarm recently raised on our own shores as to the possibility of a French invasion. I was assured that some families had actually fled from Jersey in a panic, and more than once I found myself engaged in reassuring others, by the very obvious reflection that, however near in point of distance, France could never hope to seize, and still less to retain, islands which do not feed their own population, until she has first made herself mistress of the seas. A descent upon the Channel Islands would simply insult the honour of England, without in the least weakening her resources. The expedition would run into a trap, where it could be inclosed and captured without a possibility of escaping or standing a siege. No; when the British fleet has been all taken or destroyed at sea, when our dockyards can no longer send out ships for the encounter, and the Gallic eagle swoops through the Channel without check, Guernsey and Jersey may expect to be reunited to their parent Normandy. But *then*, Guernsey and Jersey will be little thought of. Portsmouth and London will be equally accessible, and the ports of Normandy may at last prepare to repeat the conquest of the eleventh century.

This idea, however preposterous, has never been quite laid aside in Normandy. Towards the end of the thirteenth century, a league was projected between the Normans and Bretons, to effect a new conquest of England, and the spoil was actually portioned out between the king, the barons, and the clergy, in anticipation of an easy victory. In 1338, Philippe of Valois granted the request of the adventurers to place his son at their head, and a treaty of conditions was drawn up and deposited at Caen. The expedition did not sail; but ten years after, the English king, effecting a descent upon Normandy, captured Caen, and, discovering this treaty, delivered the town up to pillage. In our own century again, Napoleon I caused the tapestry at Bayeux to be carried about the towns of Normandy, in order to stimulate the French to the expedition he meditated against our shores; but the British general entered Paris, and sent Napoleon to St. Helena; while Dieppe, and even Cherbourg itself, continue as yet to send us no visitors but such as are heartily welcome. So, calm your fears, sweet islands: your fruits and flowers are in little danger of the Frenchman's gripe—so long at least as (and we hope that prospect will content you)

> "Britannia's march is on the wave,
> Her home is on the deep."

The union with England is cemented by the unanimous and deep-seated attachment of the islanders to the principles of the Protestant Reformation. Their first evangelization, indeed, seems to have been the work of the British, not the Romish Church. Samson, whose name is still borne by the oldest parish church in Guernsey, was a British bishop, some say of St. David's, but more probably of York, where his name has been also left to one of the city churches. Flying from the persecutions of the Saxons, he passed over into Brittany (A.D. 520), and found refuge at Dol, where he erected an abbey, and thence issued forth on missionary expeditions to the adjacent islands, which were finally incorporated with the continental Church. Rollo, on obtaining his fief, annexed them to the diocese of Coutances, whose cathedral towers, though rising at some distance from the sea, are clearly visible in Jersey. King John is said to have transferred them to the see of Exeter, and Henry VII to that of Salisbury, but they had returned to Coutances at the time of the Reformation, whence they were transferred by Queen Elizabeth to the jurisdiction of Winchester. At that troubled period, however, some eminent pastors of the German Confession had pitched their tent in these remote refuges, and the episcopal polity was but coldly received; in fact, the queen was induced to sanction the presbyterian discipline at the chief towns of both islands. The liturgy was subsequently imposed by the Act of Uniformity, but the surplice did not come into general use till within the last twenty years, and is still not used at funerals. The first protestant episcopal visit was made as late as 1818, when Bishop Fisher of Salisbury, acting for the Bishop of Winchester, either for want of a more suitable conveyance, or perhaps to exhibit his idea of the union between church and state, arrived on board a man of war, and landed under the thunder of her guns. The present state of religious feeling throughout the islands is deeply and unmistakeably protestant; and in whatever degree the French emperor may rest his popularity on his support of the Papacy, in the same degree would the idea of submission to his government be insupportable to the Channel islanders.

[To be continued.]

SIXPENNYWORTH OF ZOOLOGY.

IT is two o'clock in the afternoon of a sunshiny Monday, which, as all the world knows, is a sixpenny day in the Zoological Gardens. As we are traversing Regent's Park towards that "animal kingdom" of the Londoner, we form one of a numerous and miscellanous company, all proceeding in the same direction—the decently-dressed artisan with his wife and family of little ones—the red-coated soldier—the rubicund countryman with his wondering dame—the liberated apprentice—the servant maid on afternoon furlough—all these and many more are in the procession that strolls leisurely and laughingly on among the shadows under the foliage, which, even now, is turning red and rusty, and shedding the sere leaves whisperingly along the path.

There is quite a crush at the pay-place, and a pause during the ceremony of depositing the sixpences, as the crowd pass in in single file. Then we are following a section of the multitude along a flowered pathway, which lands us ere long at the door of the aqua-vivarium. The building is so crammed with beholders that we have almost to take for granted the contents of the glass tanks—where the hermit-crabs sit at the doors of their stolen houses, on the look-out for customers to be taken in—where the silly shrimps paddle them-

selves into the open jaws of the bewitching anemones, and get swallowed a hair's-breadth at a time for their pains—where the sticklebacks build their nests and guard their young—where the periwinkles take their walks abroad, footing it delicately on the smooth glass walls—where Master Pike lurks under the floating weed in hopeless non-expectancy of a live gudgeon to gorge—where Tom Trout tickles his belly on the shining pebbles—and perch, roach, dace, barbel, minnow, and silver eel disport themselves, no less to the gratification of the lookers-on than their own.

"Jem, what's them things?"

"Halligators, to be sure, and them t'others is tortoises."

"That there halligator ain't alive!"

"Tellee he is—I seen him wink—he was a winkin' at you, Bob."

A wink is not enough to assure Bob of the vitality of the creature, and he takes the liberty to stir him up with his switch, which elicits a demonstration on the part of the reptile that settles the question, and the party sheer off fully satisfied.

The sound of many voices, mingled with deep bellowing tones, attract us to the terrace raised for the accommodation of the carnivora. They are at this moment the centre of a curious crowd, to whose comments, however, they seem majestically indifferent. The lion alone seems uneasy and fretful, traversing his den with impatient strides and restless contortions of body, and now and then emitting a snort resembling the distant explosion of a mine. The tigers are quiet and complacent in their terribleness, and show a more contented aspect than the lion; still, as feeding time is not far off, we see them rise up occasionally and stalk stealthily from side to side, sniffing the air with a kind of underground growl. Those jaguars pace their cells like sentinels on guard, treading in each other's steps with a weary monotony that tires one to witness. So do the beautiful pumas, but with a quicker motion; while the brown bear, with his nose to the ground, wags like a pendulum, ever from right to left and left to right in ceaseless vibration. The hyena skulks like the coward and traitor he is; and the bounding leopard, gorgeous in spotted vesture, gambols gracefully. All these the *Monday* visitors are pelting with bread and buns, which the hungry animals, already scenting the raw flesh, decline to touch. Not so the bears in the open-roofed inclosure at one end, who will climb a pole for a mouthful, and scramble down again to pick up what they fail to catch: and not so either the white polar bears at the other end, who, receiving bread at the hands of the beholders, return water, by sprinkling it in showers from their shaggy sides as they come out of the pool amidst shouts of applause.

The vulture cages come in for a good measure of popular scrutiny, where the birds sit as still as so many images on the travelling-board of an Italian, scarcely giving a sign of animation by the hour together. Very different from them is the playful seal in his pond: the fellow is evidently proud of the admiration he excites, and does his best to show off to advantage. Now he stands on end and looks round with his bright eyes, almost smilingly, as if waiting to hear some remark; then he dives and turns on his back, and away he rolls under the water, revolving on his axis as he goes; now he is swimming with his nose out, and now, to satisfy your curiosity the better, he comes out on the bank, and lays himself down to be looked at, or to be handled by those who are near enough.

The popular current carries us next to the monkey-house, which is far fuller of men, women, and children, than it is of monkeys just now. The place resounds with heartiest laughter and the joy-shrieks of children on beholding the farcical fun of the long-tailed inmates. Looks, gestures, actions are so ridiculously human, that we cannot but laugh at the monkeys: they were certainly intended to be laughed at, and not to form theories upon. There sits one minnikin of a fellow not much heavier than his own tail, who holds a nut in his hand too big for him to crack. A bigger fellow, full whiskered, with jaws and to spare, wants it, but the youngster will no more give it up than he would fly; he screams as Jackoo attempts to filch it, just as a wayward child screams when deprived of his toy. Here a buff-coloured gentleman, very like the portraits of a foreign potentate who shall be nameless, has struck up a *friendship with* a grave judge-looking personage on the other side of the dividing rails, who wears a natural wig that flows on to his shoulders. In another compartment, a whole family with prehensile tails are chasing each other alow and aloft, grinning, whistling, howling and screaming, and flying and darting in every direction with the rapidity almost of light; every motion is a frolic, every posture is full of fun; yet the faces are all imperturbably grave, which, perhaps, is the funniest feature of the whole affair.

Passing through a tunnel and under a road, we meet our old friend the elephant perambulating the gardens with a numerous party of visitors seated on a stage on his back; he is gentle and docile, obeying the voice of his keeper, whom he follows at the word of command. He has a rival in the carrying trade in the Bactrian camel, born in the Crimea in 1855, and who is certainly a tremendous fellow for a four-year-old. In the reptile-house, business to-day seems rather dull; rattlesnakes, cobras, puff-adders, even the huge pythons themselves, have shrunk away from the comparative coolness of the day, and taken refuge beneath their blankets, or else have curled up out of sight. If the snakes, however, are quiet and retiring, the inmates of the parrot-house make up for it; they are all in a flutter of vanity, and are squalling incessantly with such a discordant din that, spite of their gorgeous plumage and elegance of form, we are fain to bid them good-day and hurry on.

A heavy plunge into the water, a deep booming utterance, half growl half snort, followed by an outcry from a multitude of excited voices, tell us of the proximity of the hippopotami. There they are—the baby wallowing in the water, and the unwieldy mamma promenading the flags and exhibiting herself to at least five hundred people crowded on the stages around. Mamma seems anxious to

give satisfaction to the beholders; glancing round with those red bullets of socketless eyes, she drags her huge body from end to end, stopping every now and then to open her monstrous mouth, and exhibit the deep perspective of her cavernous jaws for the general delectation. There is shuddering, and then cries of alarm from the little ones, at that portentous display. As the lips part yard-wide, and the upper jaw is raised to the perpendicular, one is reminded of the back of an easy chair, so ample is the palate. The jagged tusks clash together with a clattering sound like the swinging-to of a five-barred gate, as the mouth closes upon the iron bars of the fence-work, which, stout as they are, bend beneath the grip. The animal, however, is gentle and even tractable, and means no harm; she is only weary of the good company, and yawns a little in their faces.

The giraffe, next door, whose head towers fourteen feet high, is the most remarkable contrast that could be offered to the unwieldy river horse; he is graceful as a lady, and as gentle, but he has an objection to your passing under the arch formed by his neck as it bends over the lofty fence, and will push you away if you attempt it. We are admiring the mute appealing face of this colossus, when we are reminded that feeding time is now close at hand, and we hurry back to the carnivora, whom we have a fancy to see at their meals. Master Lion is now lashing his tail about in right earnest, and thumping with his paws at the little door at the back of his den, roaring every now and then with a voice like nothing else in the world, and which might well strike terror into the boldest traveller in the wilderness. He has not to wait long; the raw flesh is thrust in to him, and is clutched and caught with a growl that speaks volumes, and ravenously rent asunder and swallowed. Either the tigers are not so hungry, or they are accustomed to be more mannerly at their meals; they growl, to be sure, but they taste before they devour, and you see them sucking the juice from the raw morsels with their rough tongues, and mincing daintily, somewhat in the manner of pussy herself when she is regularly fed. The leopard seizes his joint in his mouth, and, instead of eating it, carries it backwards and forwards in his den a hundred times at least before he proceeds to dine—a proceeding which seems to say that in his wild state it is not his habit to devour his prey on the same spot where he kills it. This feeding exhibition is a grand treat to the beholders, and the crowd at the base of the terrace testify their interest by reiterated exclamations of surprise and astonishment.

Perhaps the feeding of the carrion birds is a more instructive spectacle, and still more suggestive of their natural habits. Thus the eagle, monarch of the air, grasping his modicum of flesh, carries it to his perch and consumes it with deliberate ceremony. The same may be said of the larger vultures, the condor, etc.: but the smaller ones act differently; they plunge their talons into the raw flesh with a grip like a grappling-iron, but at every stroke of their gory beaks they raise their heads and look around, evidently in fear of losing it, shifting their ground almost every minute, as if never satisfied that their prize is safe. This is in very strange contrast to the marble stillness of their general attitude—as they will remain for hours unmoved on their perch, more like birds carved in stone than living creatures; and we may infer from it, that in the exigencies of their wild life they often have to fight for a share of the carrion on which they subsist. The oddest creatures at a meal that one sees are certainly the pelicans. With throats apparently not two inches in diameter, they make no scruple of gobbling up masses of twice or thrice those dimensions, and the consequence is that they appear to be often on the very point of choking, with huge lumps in their necks, stuck midway, and which seem to bid defiance to all attempts to get them down. But they do get down at last; and the gluttonous bird, instead of taking warning from such an escape, and learning moderation, instantly attacks a still bigger lump, and has to go through the same struggles and alarming contortions again.

The carnivora must always at meal times be the most hungry subjects in this vast collection. The other animals, availing themselves of their privilege as prisoners, are nearly all beggars, and they practise their vocation so incessantly, and are so well responded to by the visitors, that they can rarely be craving through hunger, at least while the weather is fine and visitors are plentiful. The mode of begging is pretty much the same with all—an appealing look and a stretched-out hand, paw, snout, tongue, or beak. The monkeys beg like children, extending a hollow palm; the antelopes and the deer tribe trust to their mild beseeching eyes and plaintive faces; the elephant angles in all directions with his pliable pendulous trunk; the rhinoceros turns up his prehensile nose, and reveals a collecting box in which "the smallest donations are thankfully received;" the bear begs by system, mingling gymnastics with his solicitations; the giraffe, if he cannot reach the offering by protruding his long neck, long face, and elastic lips, will dart forth his tongue yet another twelve inches and receive it in a spoon-like hollow on the tip; and the ostrich, who is the most active, pertinacious, and omnivorous beggar in the collection, and to whom nothing eatable comes amiss, will tap you on the shoulder with his bill if you are so neglectful as to pass without offering tribute. The amount of alms in kind daily bestowed on these caged troops of beggars in fair weather is something enormous; and it is the demand for food to be given away, rather than the need for refreshments, which constitutes the commerce of the several refreshment rooms in the gardens. To feed the animals, and to see them enjoy themselves, is the special delight of the Monday visitors; and one cannot but feel gratified on seeing the little children of the humbler classes foregoing their own holiday dainties, and clapping their tiny hands with pleasure on beholding them engulfed by the shaggy bear or the scaly-hided rhinoceros.

But we must pull up here, and have done with our visit for to-day—hoping to invest another sixpence in zoology on some future Monday.