

ous adventure passed the good curé's lips. On his deathbed, however, he confided the recital to a bishop, one of his particular friends; and from a relation of the latter, I myself heard it.

This is the exact truth.

ZOOLOGICAL STORIES.

TRAVELERS' tales have a peculiar reputation for the marvelous, and many travelers have been accused of fiction. Whether zoologists' tales are in all cases to be trusted, we have, now and then, a doubt. They are true in the main; but sometimes, possibly, the first narrator of an unusually good story has judiciously abstained from sifting it; and once in the Zoological Story-book, the pleasant tale has stood on its own merits, and been handled tenderly, as is the way with ornaments; no man too roughly scratching at them to find out of what materials they are composed.

Of course we accept legends *as legends*. It was once believed of crocodiles, that, after they had eaten a man comfortably, and left only his skull, at the sweet kernel of which—the brain—they could not get, their tears were shed over the bone until they softened it, and so the skull was opened, and the brain devoured. When that is told us as a legend, we say, certainly, it was a very quaint thing to believe of the tears of crocodiles. Then, travelers' tales of the proverbial kind are next of kin to legends. Here is a very marvelous one, and yet, let us be bold and say that we believe it. It is this. An Indian, having tamed a rattlesnake, carried it about in a box with him, and called it his great father. M. Pinnissance met with him as he was starting for his winter hunt, and saw him open the box-door and give the snake his liberty, telling it to be sure and come back to meet him, when he returned to the same spot next May. It was then October. M. Pinnissance laughed at the man, who immediately saw his way clearly to a speculation in rum, and betted two gallons that his snake would keep the appointment. The wager was made; the second week in May arrived; the Indian and the Frenchman were on the appointed spot. The great father was absent, and the Indian, having lost his wager, offered to repeat it, doubled, if the snake did not return within the next two days. That wager the Frenchman took and lost. The snake, who (had he speech) might have apologized for being rather behind his time, appeared, and crawled into his box. We believe this. Rattlesnakes are teachable; and, in this instance, the keeping of the appointment seems to us only an apparent wonder. Snakes are not given to travel in the winter, and the Indian's father, turned out of the box, made himself snug at no great distance from the place of his ejection. Winter over, the Indian came back. His great father may have been dining heartily, and indisposed to stir; but, as he grew more brisk, the accustomed invocation of his little son became effectual, and brought the tame snake to the box as usual.

Disjonval knew a spider (such a spider was a

person to know) who regularly placed himself upon the ceiling over a young lady's head whenever she played the harp, and followed her if she changed her position. The celebrated violinist, Berthome (it is our shame never to have heard of him), when a boy, saw a spider habitually come out to hear when he was practicing: this creature at last became familiar, and took a seat upon the desk. Lenz tells of a goose who followed a harp-player wherever he performed, probably to hiss him out of self-respect. Bingley tells of a pigeon in the neighborhood of a young lady who played brilliantly on the harpsichord; the pigeon did not greatly care about her playing, except when she played the song of "Speri si," from Handel's opera, Admetus: then it would come and sit by the window, testifying pleasure; when the song was over, it would fly back to its dovecote, for it had not learnt the art of clapping wings for an encore.

In the matter of experience, we can believe the story of a dog who either was *not* blessed with a love of music, or had a master given to the perpetration of atrocities against his canine ear; the dog whose peace was broken by his master's practice on the violin, took every opportunity to hide the stick. Plutarch's story of the mule we are at liberty, we hope, to set down in the list of pleasant fables. The mule laden with salt blundered, by chance, into a stream; on coming out it found its load to be so agreeably lightened, that it afterward made a point of taking a bath upon its travels. To cure it of this trick, the panniers were filled with sponge, and then when the mule came out of the water with the sponges saturated, it felt a load that it had reason to remember.

Dr. Pelican saw a party of rats around the bung-hole of a cask of wine dipping their tails in and then licking them. Mr. Jesse tells of rats who performed a similar feat with an oil-bottle. But this is nothing in comparison with the acuteness of Degrandpre's monkey. Left with an open bottle of aniseed brandy, he sucked what he could from it with tongue and fingers, and then poured sand into the bottle till the rest ran over. Le Vaillant, the African traveler, had with him dogs and a monkey. When the monkey was weary he leapt on a dog's back for a ride. One dog on such occasions quietly stood still. The monkey, fearing to be left behind, would presently jump off and hasten to the caravan: the dog, with studious politeness, took good care to give him precedence. An elephant—we must at once append one tale about the elephant, whose great sagacity makes him the hero of a thousand and one—an elephant belonging to an officer in the Bengal army, was left during the long absence of his master to a keeper; who, as even elephant-ostlers will do, cheated him of his rations. When the master came back, the poor half-starved elephant testified the greatest joy; the keeper, in his master's presence, put, of course, the full allowance of food before the elephant, who immediately divided it into two parts; one representing his short commons, which he

devoured greedily; the other representing the amount to which he had been defrauded in his dinners, he left. The officer of course understood the hint, and the man confessed his breach of trust.

We must get rid of another story of an elephant; like the last, perfectly credible. Elephants have more sagacity than dogs, and of dogs few tales that are current are doubtful. This is the tale of an elephant in the Jardin des Plantes. A painter used to study from the animals in the garden, and was minded once to paint the elephant. But of course he must paint him in an attitude; and even the sagacity of an elephant failed to understand that the artist wished him to keep his mouth open, and hold up his trunk. The artist therefore got a little boy, and intrusted to his care a bag of apples, which he was to throw into the elephant's mouth one by one, obliging him in this way to keep his trunk uplifted. "The apples," says Mr. Broderip, "were numerous, but the painter was not a Landseer, and as he had not the faculty of seizing and transferring character with Edwin's magical power and rapidity, the task was tedious. By the master's directions, the boy occasionally deceived the elephant by a simulated chuck, and thus eked out the supply. Notwithstanding the just indignation of the balked expectant, his *gourmandise* checked his irritable impatience; and, keeping his eye on the still well-filled bag, he bore the repeated disappointment, crunching an apple, when it chanced to come, with apparent glee. At length the last apple was thrown and crunched, the empty bag was laid aside, and the elephant applied himself to his water-tank as if for the purpose of washing down his repast. A few more touches would have completed the picture, when an overwhelming *douche* from his well-adjusted trunk obliterated the design, and drenched the discomfited painter. Having, by this practical application of retributive justice, executed judgment on the instigator, the elephant, disdaining the boy, whom he regarded as the mere instrument of wrong, marched proudly round his inclosure, loudly trumpeting forth his triumph."

We have left that story in the pleasant words of its accomplished narrator. Mr. Thomson now shall tell us one in his way, which illustrates the faculty of imitation: "An oran-otan, brought up by Père Carlasson, became so fond of him, that wherever he went, it always seemed desirous of accompanying him; whenever, therefore, he had to perform the service of his church, he was under the necessity of shutting him up in a room. Once, however, the animal escaped, and followed the father to the church, where, silently mounting the sounding-board above the pulpit, he lay perfectly still till the sermon commenced. He then crept to the edge, and overlooking the preacher, imitated all his gestures in so grotesque a manner, that the whole congregation were unavoidably urged to laugh. The father, surprised and confounded at this ill-timed levity, severely rebuked their inattention. The reproof

failed in its effect; the congregation still laughed, and the preacher, in the warmth of his zeal, redoubled his vociferations and actions; these the ape imitated so exactly, that the congregation could no longer restrain themselves, but burst out into a loud and continued laughter." Of course a friend stepped up to acquaint the preacher with the existence of a second person above the sounding-board, co-operating with him zealously. And of course the culprit was taken out by the servants of the church with a face expressive of insulted innocence.

There was a dog trained to run on errands for his master, who was trotting home one evening along a by-road, with a basket containing hot pies for his master's supper, when two highwaymen dogs burst out upon him, and while he dogfully fought one, the other burglariously broke into his basket. The dog who was waylaid saw instantly that fighting would not save the pies; the pies must go, and it resolved itself into a question who should eat them. He at once gave up his contest with the adversary; if the pies were to be eaten—among dogs, at least—his right was the best, so he immediately darted on the basket and devoured all that remained.

A story of an elephant again comes to the surface. At Macassar, an elephant-driver had a cocoa-nut given him, which he wantonly struck twice against the elephant's forehead to break it. The next day they were passing by some cocoanuts in the street exposed for sale. The elephant took up one, and began to knock it on the driver's head; the result, unhappily, was fatal. Elephants commonly discriminate so well, as to apportion punishment to the offense against them: they are considerate, merciful, and magnanimous. Another story of an elephant, we think, occurs in one of Mr. Broderip's books. A visitor to an elephant at a fair, having given to him one by one a number of good ginger-bread nuts, thought it a good joke to end by giving him at once a bag full of the hottest kind. The elephant, distressed with pain, took bucket-full after bucket-full of water, and the joker, warned of his danger, had barely escaped over the threshold before the bucket was flung violently after his departing figure. A year afterward, the foolish fellow came again, with gingerbread in one pocket and hot spice in the other. He began with his donations of gingerbread, and then modestly substituted one hot nut. The moment it was tasted by the elephant, the offender was remembered, and caught up into the air by his clothes; his weight tore them, and he fell, leaving the elephant his tails and some part of his trousers. The animal putting them on the floor set his foot upon them, and having deliberately picked out of the pockets and eaten all the gingerbread that he considered orthodox, he trod upon the rest, and threw the tails away.

The Cape baboons appear to have a tact for battle, like the Caffres. Lieutenant Shipp headed twenty men, to recapture sundry coats and trowers stolen by a Cape baboon. He made a circuit, to cut off the marauders from their caverns; they

observed him, and detaching a small troop, to guard the entrance, kept their posts. They could be seen collecting large stones, under the active superintendence of an old gray-headed baboon, who appeared to be issuing his orders as a general. The soldiers rushed to the attack, when down came an avalanche of enormous stones, and Britons left baboons the masters of the situation.

Of monkey-tricks, the Indians have an amusing fable. A man went on a journey with a monkey and a goat, and he took with him, for his refreshment, rice and curds. Arrived at a tank, the man resolved to bathe and dine. While he was in his bath, the monkey ate his dinner, and, having wiped his mouth and paws on the goat's beard, he left the goat to settle his account. When the man came out of the bath, and found his dinner gone, it was quite easy to see, by the goat's beard, who had stolen it.

The monkey was no ass. The sense of asses is not rated very high; but that is a mistake about them. They are shrewder people than we take them for, and kind-hearted as well. A poor higgler, living near Hawick, had an ass for his only companion and partner in the business. The higgler being palsied, was accustomed to assist himself often upon the road, by holding to the ass's tail. Once, on their travels, during a severe winter, man and ass were plunged into a snow-wreath, near Rule Water. After a hard struggle, the ass got out; but, knowing that his helpless master was still buried, he made his way to him, and placed himself so that his tail lay ready to his partner's hand. The higgler grasped it, and was dragged out to a place of safety. Zoologically speaking, it ought not to be thought disrespectful in a man to call his friend "an ass."

Elephants, again. They show their good taste, and are very fond of children. Dr. Darwin says: The keeper of an elephant, in his journey in India, sometimes leaves him fixed to the ground by a length of chain, while he goes into the woods to collect food for him; and, by way of reciprocal attention, asks the elephant to mind his child—a child unable to walk—while he is gone. The animal defends it; lets it creep about his legs; and, when it creeps to the extremity of the chain, he gently wraps his trunk about the infant's body, and brings it again into the middle of the circle.

And now we can not clear our minds of elephants without unburthening a story which we have from a tale-teller with Indian experience, and which we imagine to be now first told in print. It causes us to feel that in a Parliament of animals, elephants would have divided in favor of a ten-hours' bill. There was a large ship's rudder to be floated; men were busy about it one evening, when a file of elephants were passing, on the way home from work, and it was proposed and carried that an elephant might as well save them their pains, and push the thing into the water for them. So an elephant was brought, and put his head down, and appeared to push with might, but not a beam stirred. Another was brought to help him, with the same result; and finally, as many elephants as the

rudder would allow, seemed to be busy and did nothing. So the elephants went home. They had struck, and declined working out of business hours. Next morning, on the way to work, one elephant was again brought, and pushed the rudder down into the water, almost as a man might push a walking-stick.

Stories illustrative of the kindness, gratitude, and kindred feelings of which animals are capable, have no end; one follows on another; for in fact, the animals, bird, beast, and fish, are all good fellows, if you come to know them properly. A rat tamed by a prisoner at Genf slept in his bosom. Punished for some fault, it ran away, but its anger or its fear died and its love lived on: in a month it returned. The prisoner was released, and in the joy of liberty it did not come into his mind to take his old companion with him. The rat coiled itself up in some old clothes left by his friend, all that was left of him, abstained from food, and died in three days.

A surgeon at Dover saw in the streets a wounded terrier, and like a true man took it home with him, cured it in two days, and let it go. The terrier ran home, resolved to pay the doctor by installments. For many succeeding weeks he paid a daily visit to the surgery, wagged his tail violently for some minutes and departed. Tail-wagging is dog's money, and when this dog thought that he had paid in his own coin a proper doctor's bill, the daily visit to the surgery was discontinued.

AN EPISODE OF THE ITALIAN REVOLUTION.

DURING my residence at London in the early part of 1848, I became acquainted with Count — and his friend Del Uomo, both Italians. They had settled at London about two years previously, and were remarkable for the strength of attachment subsisting between them. I believe it was four years since they had left Lombardy, and they had clung together in exile closer than brothers. Del Uomo was several years the senior. His age might be about thirty; and a nobler looking Italian I never met with. There was a majesty in his fine manly form, and a dignity in his bearing, that impressed every body at first sight. His countenance was peculiarly handsome, yet shaded with an expression of habitual melancholy. His piercing black eyes, and long black hair, and flowing beard, added to the interest of his aspect. His influence over his young companion was most extraordinary. Count — regarded him as friend, brother, father. Whatever Del Uomo did or said was right in his eyes; and yet on the vital subject of religion the two were diametrically opposed.

At the time in question, Italy was in a flame of war, and refugee Italians were hurrying from all parts of the world to fight in what they deemed a righteous cause. For reasons not necessary to be named, Count — could not himself join his fellow-patriots; but his pen and his purse were devoted to the cause. Del Uomo, however, at once prepared to leave for the seat of war. "I