

ICI BAS.

Editor.—I send you another translation of the French stanzas which you published some three or four weeks ago.

Charlottetown, P.E.I.

T. A. L.

I.

Here all the flowers die,
The birds soon cease their lay;
For summer scenes I sigh
That never pass away.

II.

Here lips but meet to dry,—
The rapture will not stay;
For kisses deep I sigh
That never pass away.

III.

Here parting breaks love's tie,
And friends are of a day;
For friends and love I sigh
That never pass away.

L.

MIND IN ANIMALS.

DO OUR PUMB COUSINS THINK?

The distinction between instinct and intelligence is sufficiently obvious to prevent the two, as a rule, from being confounded with each other. Instinct may, it is true, arise either from conscious or unconscious action. Hunger leads an animal to search for food, and prompts it to take the food best suited for it, and in this there may be no more than automatism. But when a dog is hungry, and food is within reach, and the animal refrains from satisfying its appetite, knowing it must not do so until permission is granted, there is evidence in such a case that the dog is acting under direct mental power. It does not alter the conclusion to say that in such a case the dog may be under the influence of fear, for even if the animal have the knowledge that a violation of certain rules will bring punishment, the mind is at work just as surely as it would be under opposite conditions. A curious instance of canine intelligence, involving a stretch of memory, and that certainly was not influenced by penal consequences, is that of the collie described some time ago in the Spectator. The dog was a favorite. He was lying asleep, and his mistress, to see what would happen, shouted in his ear. The animal was greatly startled, but although he leaped up at once, he showed no particular annoyance. Next day mistress and dog were again together. This time the lady fell asleep, and the dog was seen to crawl quietly up to her and to put his fore paws on the arm of her chair. Then he put his muzzle to the lady's ear and gave a single sharp bark. His mistress started up and the dog seemed greatly to enjoy the success which had attended his repetition of the trick. In this we have a display of intelligence far beyond any instinctive proceeding.

An admirable collection of facts bearing on animal intelligence will be found in the latest volume of the "International Scientific Series" (D. Appleton & Co.), the author being Mr. George J. Romanes, the Zoological Secretary to the Linnean Society. The work, although complete in itself, is but the first of two parts, it having been the intention of Mr. Romanes to follow up his data with a supplementary discourse on the relation of the facts to the theory of descent. So extensive, however, was the material at the disposal of the author that he eventually resolved to make two volumes instead of one. That recently issued is entitled "Animal Intelligence," the sequel will be known as "Mental Evolution." Although intended for scientific readers, the mass of entertaining anecdote in "Animal Intelligence" will not fail to make it a popular book, and the volume will have the more general acceptance seeing that no important incident is introduced which has not the warranty of some name more or less known. Usually, in popular works in which the same subject has been treated, the field has been restricted to the animals occupying the higher grades of life, but Mr. Romanes takes the widest possible survey. He ascends instead of descends in the classification of his facts, and here again he differs from the ordinary but incorrect mode followed by the writers of popular works on natural history. His first illustration is drawn from animals so far down in the scale of creation as the protozoa. It is known that infusoria avoid collisions, and it is possible enough that they do so under warning from the currents produced by approaching bodies; but this does not account for the manner in which they seek out one another, nor for the contests and the other intelligent movements which the microscope reveals on the part of the most minute organisms. Mr. Darwin has shown as the result of his own patient and repeated observations, how intelligently the earthworm works, and he has told us something also of the intelligent action of snails. There is the case of the pair of snails—one apparently in vigorous health, the other in a sickly condition. The strong snail was seen to disappear, and the presumption on the part of the observer was that it was a case of desertion. But it was found that the wanderer had sought out more luxuriant quarters, and these having been found, he returned to his companion, and thereupon both were seen to wend their way to the new neighborhood. Here, according to Mr. Darwin, was "the sympathetic desire that another should share in the good things which one has found."

Then there are the Cephalopoda, which are described by Mr. Romanes as being among the most intelligent representatives of the sub-kingdom. Instances are given of museum octopuses that seemed to recognize their keepers; and an octopus is mentioned which quarrelled with a lobster, and was not satisfied until it had followed the crustacean to another tank, to which the latter had been removed for safety, and there killed it. Getting to the insects, Mr. Romanes finds, of course, ample material on the soundest testimony with regard to the intelligence of ants and bees. Some curious instances are given of the sagacity of wasps. An apple, picked up in an orchard, was shaken by the finder, when a wasp made its appearance, but not head-foremost. Its tail was presented, with the sting exposed in an angry fashion. As soon as this wasp had made its escape, many others came out of the hole, and all in the same manner. They had room enough in the apple to turn round, but they appreciated the fact that by coming out head-first they would be taken at a disadvantage, and so they made their exit in the way they could best show fight. The story is told also of a robber wasp that had captured a large fly, but was unable to escape with it, owing to the wind catching the wings of the fly. The wasp, after two or three unsuccessful attempts, bit off the fly's wings, and removed its prey without further hindrance. There is abundant proof of the intelligence of spiders, but Mr. Romanes does not attribute the liking this insect appears to have for music to any other than an instinctive cause—to the readiness, in fact, with which the web responds to vibration. As regards the experiments of applying a tuning-fork to the web, the view taken is that the spider is misled into the notion that the noise is caused by the attempts of a newly-captured victim to escape from the toils. But while this may be taken for granted, instances are known of almost human-like fore-thought on the part of the spider. Thus the insect has been seen on the approach of a storm to attach a portion of its thread to a small piece of wood, and leave it thus anchored to move to and fro until the storm was over, when operations were again proceeded with.

Under the head of fish, Mr. Romanes finds remarkable instances of intelligence in the methods adopted by the angler (Lophius) and the shooting fish (Chelmon rostratus) to secure their prey, and in the affection the stickleback has been known to manifest toward its offspring. The ascent to batrachians and reptiles shows a higher order of intelligence, and prominence is given to the toad known as the Bufo obstetricans, whose scientific name sufficiently explains the medical part he plays. There is a story of a tame alligator that was trained to go up and down stairs, and that actually made friends with a cat. Stranger still is the case of a large tame boa, that used to twine itself around the back and body of its mistress as harmlessly as though it had been the old-fashioned fur production known by the same name. This boa was taken to the Zoological Gardens; but there it seemed to pine, and was taken back to its old home. It appears to have been as fond of its master as of its mistress. The master was seized on one occasion when alone with an apoplectic fit, and the snake crawled to where he was lying, and was found there stretched beside him dead. From this order of intelligence Mr. Romanes passes to that which is manifested in bird life, and then takes up the intelligence of mammals. Here we have, of course, the most interesting field of inquiry, and it is almost inexhaustible. Most persons will be surprised to find that the horse, noble and useful as he is, has less brain-power than some of the larger undomesticated quadrupeds. It is well known that he is less sagacious than the elephant. But at the same time there is no large quadruped more emotional than the horse, or more liable to fright. There is, of course, no lack of instances of intelligence among horses of a very remarkable kind, and that not simply on the part of trained horses, but of others that, left to themselves, have rushed to save human beings from drowning, or have voluntarily left their stables to resume an unexpected duty. The pig has more intelligence than has generally been credited to it. The hare compares favorably with the rabbit, but rodents generally are advanced in intelligence, as all who have studied the habits of rats and mice can testify. Rats not only show great cleverness in their efforts to secure food, but are affectionate in their nature. Speaking of mice, Mr. Romanes tells a story of a number of these rodents that, finding themselves unable to reach the top of a preserve jar, made a platform by piling up small pieces of plaster, and then threw some pieces inside to raise the contents of the jar to the desired level. There is no rodent, however, that comes near the beaver in mind power, and in the ability to adapt means to an end. The beaver is the engineer among beasts, and in constructive skill shows an aptitude that has long been an object of wonder to mankind. Necessarily, from the life it is compelled to lead, the fox excels in cunning devices. A good illustration is this of the fox that, having captured a large duck, found his homeward progress obstructed by a wall too high for him to leap over with his burden. Reynard made two or three attempts, and on each occasion fell back baffled. Finally he sat down and looked at the wall for a few minutes. Having satisfied himself with the survey, he caught the duck by the head, raised himself up against the wall with his fore

paws as high as he could reach, and stuck the bill of the duck into a crevice. The fox was now free for action. He leaped on the wall with a bound, reached down, and catching the duck by the neck, went off on the other side with his well-deserved plunder. The Arctic fox is known to be particularly wary. One was killed by seizing on a bait tied to a string, which pulled the trigger of a gun; but another one, profiting by this experience, took care to go under the bait and pull it below the line of fire. Cases have been known also of the Arctic fox availing all risk, and completely circumventing its enemies by cutting the line attached to the trigger, and then safely removing the bait.

The intelligence and sagacity of the elephant are suggestive of mental powers of very high order. An instance is given of an elephant in captivity that protected itself from troublesome flies in hot weather by thatching its back with hay. It is common for elephants in their native state to break branches from trees with their trunks and then to use the branches for fans. The elephant is clever enough to be cunning. There is a story of one which, while chained by one leg, after the usual fashion, watched his keeper baking rice cakes in an oven. The keeper went away for a time, and finding no one near, the elephant managed to unfasten the chain and make his way to the oven. He took off the cover, removed the cakes and ate them. Having replaced the cover he returned to his post, put his leg into the chain and stood calmly—a great picture of simulated honesty and innocence.

An instructive comparison is instituted by Mr. Romanes between cats and dogs. The feline nature as revealed in the cat is much nearer its primitive conditions than the canine nature as shown in the dog, but that the cat has a large amount of intelligence is freely admitted. A case is cited of a cat that brought birds within reach by spreading crumbs for them; and this is not a solitary instance, for another cat is referred to which had the same habit, and which used to spread the crumbs in wintry weather, and was careful to keep them clear of snow. The cat has never wholly lost off its natural predatory habits. Left to itself, under favorable circumstances as to locality, it would manage to survive, while the dog would in all likelihood perish from neglect. The fact is, that the dog comes nearest to man himself in the complete change which civilization has made upon his nature. "The transformed physiology of the dog" is cited by Mr. Romanes as the culmination of a wonderful, although unconscious, experiment which man has been making for thousands of years upon the potency of individual experiment, accumulated by heredity.

QUEER EPITAPHS.

A carefully-prepared history of epitaphs, from their earliest introduction to the present time, would be to the progress of civilization what the science of geology is to the physical development of the earth. "He lies like an epitaph" did not become an aphorism "with more truth than poetry in it" until long after the period when our sires of ancient Britain, fearless of wrong, reposed their rugged limbs in whatever place resting-time found them. The epitaph was known to the classical nations of antiquity; and, indeed, by every people, a brief commemoration of the heroic actions or personal virtues of their illustrious dead has been regarded as one of the worthiest occupations of the faculties of the living. Pettigrew has translated several from Egyptian sarcophagi (Bohn's edition, page 5). Herodotus (vii., page 225) has preserved to us those which the Amphictyons caused to be inscribed on the columns which they raised in honor of the heroes of Thermopylae. Mr. George Burgess, in 1861, gave us an interesting collection of Greek epitaphs, and Dr. Maitland, in his "Church of the Catacombs," published in 1846, gives us some interesting early Christian ones. The brevity of the epitaph has made it necessarily epigrammatic, and some of the best epigrams in our language will be found in the form of epitaphs. Nearly every poet, from Chaucer to the present time, has perpetrated epitaphs to the memory of the living and the dead. There is one class of epitaphs which belong mostly to the countries in which the Anglo-Saxon language is spoken, and has only come to the public through the "wit-and-wisdom" columns of the cheap weekly newspapers. Pettigrew, Herodotus, Burgess, and Maitland, give us the heroic, historic, sentimental, and religious strata of this science, leaving unwritten an important and interesting development, the comic and the absurd, a few specimens of which we now give, without claiming for them either originality or novelty.

It seems as if the English-speaking nations found it impossible to confine their railery to the living, and accordingly we find the harmless peculiarities of the dead have often been hit off on a tombstone with a felicity which has rendered immortal what otherwise the next generation might have forgotten. The following well-known epitaph of Dr. Franklin, written by himself, will bear repetition here for its humor and quaintness:

THE BODY OF
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
PRINTER

(like the cover of an old book,
its contents torn out,
and strip of its lettering and gilding),
lies here, food for worms;

but the work shall not be lost,
for it will (as he believes) appear once more,
in a new and more elegant edition,
revised and corrected
by

THE AUTHOR.

The following inscription is in the church-yard of Chigwell, Essex, England:

This disease you ne'er heard tell on,
I died by eating too much melon;
Be careful, then, all you that feed—I
Suffered because I was too greedy.

In a church-yard in Cheltenham, England, may be seen the following, which has appeared in the newspapers with some variations:

Here lies I and my three daughters,
Killed by drinking of the Cheltenham waters,
If we had stuck to Epsom salts,
We'd not be lying in these here vaults.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "it is a shame to speak ill of a man behind his back, but I think the gentleman who has just left the room is—an attorney!" A similar sentiment, as to the prevailing rascality of lawyers of the lower grade, is found on a gravestone in Swaffham, Norfolk, England:

Here lieth one, believe it if you can,
Who, though an attorney, was an honest man.
The gates of heaven shall open wide,
But will shut against all the tribe beside."

The following couplet on a miser's tomb is epigrammatic:

Here lies old Father Gripe, who never cried "Jam satis,"
'T would make him mad did he know you read his tombstone gratis."

This couplet, too, from Prince Edward's Island is not without its merits, though the rhyme is far from satisfactory:

Here lies the body of poor Charles Lamb,
Killed by a tree that fell slap-bang

In an epitaph which we have not found in any of the collections, the composer met most ingeniously the impossibility of making the dead man's name rhyme with the cause of his death:

Here lies Richard Dunn,
Who was killed by a gun.
His name was Pryme,
But that wouldn't rhyme.

Several years ago an inhabitant of Woolwich died, leaving a testamentary order that his tombstone should be inscribed with the well-known lines—

Youthful reader passing by,
As you are now, so once was I.
As I am now, so you must be,
Therefore prepare to follow me."

The widow of the deceased, who did not honor her lord more than the ordinary run of wives, obeyed her late husband's injunctions, but added a postscript of her own composition:

To follow you I'm not content,
Until I know which way you went."

The gravestone, with this inscription, was for a considerable period to be seen in Woolwich church-yard, but, after much persuasion, the rector prevailed upon the widow to let him remove the flippant lines.

The following quaint inscription on a noted beer-drinker, may be found in a church yard in the city of Durham, England:

Beneath these stones repose the bones
Of Theodosius Grimm,
He took his beer from year to year,
And then his beer took him."

From an old English paper we cut the following four epitaphs:

Here lieth wrapped in clay,
The body of William Gray,
I have no more to say.

Here lies the body of Thomas Smith,
And who was somewhat lavish,
He was born, bred, and hanged,
In this very parish.

Here lies out John, like unripe fruit,
Jemima, wife of John Dekroot.
To the memory of John and Mary Meer,
A whale killed him, and she lies here.

An eccentric old man in Houghton-le-Spring, England, ordered the following inscription to be placed on his tombstone:

Here lies the body of W. W.,
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

In Belfast, Ireland, may be seen the following inscription on a tombstone:

Here lies the body of Thomas Round,
Who went to sea and never was found;
His people imagine he must have been drowned."

In Rockville, Eastern Massachusetts, the following inscription may be found:

In memory of Jane Brent,
Who kicked up her heels and away she went."

The following lines are in a village church-yard in Georgia:

Open your eyes,
For here lies
All that can rot,
Right where she sat,
When she was happy,
Our Eliza Jane,
Called home again,
To join her pappy.
Live so that you
And I may, too,
Join them, and forever pray
Against the chills and cholera."

We are indebted to *Once a Week* for the following, taken from a church-yard in Sutton, Shropshire, England:

Here lies the body of Charles Keatley, who departed this life, November 4, 1857, aged 63 years.