

done that, sir." "What were your sensations in the middle of the ocean, alone?" was the next inquiry.—"Why, sir, I suppose you mean to ask me how I felt on my voyage: I was sometimes dry, and I drank; I was sometimes hungry, and I ate; I was sleepy, and I dosed a little; that was easy, for I had a nice cubby, and I fixed a tiller there, and slept with the helm in my hand—and there was no great difficulty in that." "What mathematical instruments had you?" was the next inquiry. "Why, a compass and an axe, a pair of pistols, and the sword General Pulawski gave me." "How were you sure you were right in your course?" "I was not sure, but I guessed that I was right, as I steered east when I had got pretty well up to the north, and that I knew would take me to England, or somewhere thereabouts; and that was right enough for one whose time was his own, and who owned the craft he was in, and had plenty of provision on board." "You have, sir," said Shackford, "a fine omnium gatherum here; what are you going to do with the crocodile you got there?" "I am almost about preparing a paper to read before the society upon his habits and nature, which I shall read to-morrow. Do you know any thing about the animal, Mr. Shackford?" "I lived three years in the West Indies, where they were as thick as grasshoppers." "Have you ever heard their moans to entice and allure travellers to come to them, in order, as many writers in natural history have mentioned, that they may secure them as their prey?" inquired the philosopher. "No, they never did any such thing, for a good reason, they have no tongues to make a clear sound with; and they cannot make any noise, except one of bringing their jaws together. They move the upper jaw, and somehow bring it down with great force, and a single sound proceeds from this; but how can a thing moan without a tongue? Look into his mouth, and you will find that he has no more tongue than the great elephant I saw the other day in this city."

"Why," said Sir Joseph, "you do not mean that an elephant has no tongue?" "Yes, I do," replied Shackford, "mean to say that he has no tongue; and what does he want one for, as he has such a thing at the end of his nose, by which he can feel a thing as nicely as a lady's finger could, and then use it as a sledge hammer, to knock one's brains out with?" "How do you know that to be a fact," inquired Sir Joseph, "that he has no tongue?" "Why, in the best way in the world; I looked into his mouth until I was satisfied of the fact; and then it stood to reason in my mind, that he did not want one, with so fine a tool as he has, for the purpose of hands, tongue, and sword." "Well," said Sir Joseph, not a little mortified, "the crocodiles are very ferocious and dangerous," "Why," said Shackford, "they have a good large mouth of their own, and an ugly-looking set of teeth, but they very seldom attack a man, a very slight splash in the water generally frightens them off. Once in a while they will catch a young negro in the water, but the old ones don't mind them any more than mosquitoes." Sir Joseph's paper would not do; all his ornament of that wondrous moaning, and great fierceness, at last had opposers. To end the conversation, and lie off to the Tower, or to Exeter Change, to see the elephant, was now evidently Sir Joseph's wish, but Shackford seemed in no hurry to go. Sir Joseph, in trying to hide his impatience, made several hasty inquiries.