

"Here it is. And to pay me, I will have the silver rings from out of your ears and the pin from your hair. If the potion fails, I will give them back to you—at least, if you live long enough to come and claim them," she added cruelly.

Lisette took off her ornaments, and flung them down with a hand that trembled. Then, grasping the phial, she rushed out of the house, slamming the door behind her.

She paused to rest on the steps of the Hôtel de Ville, unnoticed by the passers-by, for night had fallen, and the streets were shrouded in mysterious twilight.

As she lay there between swooning and consciousness, she heard voices coming up the street—voices that her quick ears recognised at once as those of Alec and a friend of his—a notary, whose strong religious opinions and gentle character had made him an object of popular hatred during the awful period of the outbreak of the French Revolution, when the people had gone mad with wickedness.

She listened, covering against the stones, the phial pressed close to her aching heart.

"But, my friend," Alec was saying gently; "your troubles have been quite enough to have distracted the mind of any man. How have you borne them? Loss of fortune would surely have been bad enough,

without the death of your wife and little child and the desertion of all your friends."

"God has been my upholder," said the little notary in his quiet voice. "There is no true love in this world without much pain, and my Amélie and I know that we shall meet in heaven. Whatever is the Lord's will is best for us; and if He pleases to afflict us, is it not a sign that He regards us with love? for is it not written, 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth'?"

They passed on, and Lisette rose to her feet.

"There is no true love in the world without pain," she said to herself mechanically. "I have done wrong. I am about to do wrong. The Englishman could never love me, for he is faithful to his own heart. 'Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth.' Lord, I accept Thy chastening; do Thou accept my sacrifice!" And not pausing an instant to allow herself to regret her action, she flung the love potion from her into the street, where it fell with a shivering crash.

"What is that noise, Denis?" said Alec, pausing at the sound to listen.

"Bah! nothing, my friend, but a naughty boy flinging a stone at a window."

But the window was Lisette's heart, and the stone had broken it.

END OF CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

## ANIMAL HUMOUR.

BY A. H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E., AUTHOR OF "EXPRESSION IN ANIMALS," ETC. ETC.

**T**HAT animals possess humour is undoubted. In some species of animals it is so strong and prevailing that we cannot conceive of them without it. It is part of their character. The presence of this trait has struck all animal lovers and students. The famous Waterton exulted in it. Thoreau was never tired of celebrating it. Their fun and "graceful insouciance," as he named it, were a never failing source of joy and relief to him, more especially among the dog tribe. Every day furnished him with some new trait or illustration of it. The late Sir Arthur Helps was much struck by it, and gave in his own quiet but racy style some very striking instances in his book, "Animals and their Masters." The late Frank Buckland, himself a humorist of no mean order, delighted in it; rats, monkeys, suricates, and "other small deer," were his daily companions, whom he treated with such familiarity and put on such terms of equality as sometimes was trying to his visitors and friends. His rooms were laid out as much with a view to the comfort of his "lower brethren" as to his own—more so, indeed; for if he could make them "feel at home," he didn't mind a bit some temporary inconvenience to himself. His fine china was broken, his ink-bottles had to be of the non-

emptying order, his paper was often torn or nibbled after he had written on it; but his "pets" were not to have their liberties curtailed on that account, and out of his loving observations and patient sympathetic companionship have grown some of the most fascinating volumes in the English language.

Among certain mammals humour is very strong. Elephants, bears, and monkeys exhibit it in very different ways; dogs, cats, and hedgehogs are full of it; and there is a whole group of birds which are nothing if not humorists, as crows, ravens, jack-daws, magpies, starlings, parrots, and many others. It forms one of the most powerful elements of interest. We ourselves have had humorists among our pets;



"TO THE END HE REMAINED IN SOME RESPECTS A MYSTERY TO THEM" (p. 285).

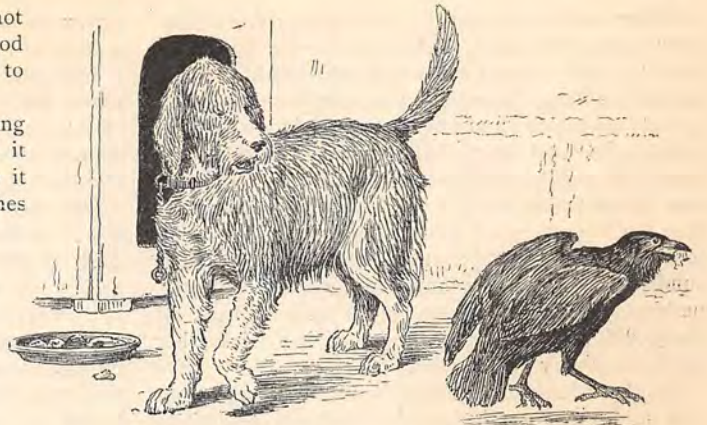
and in one case the humour, unexpected if not subtle, remained for a considerable period one of the things that give zest and relief to laborious days.

A hedgehog I had got when quite young developed the finest vein of humour as it grew up. It was kept in the kitchen, as it was meant to keep down the cockroaches which had got the upper hand there; and I used, just for the fun of the thing, to go down with the dogs—a little terrier and a retriever—at twilight, when Mr. Hedgehog began to stir and grow lively. The cat was pretty sure also to come in to see what was going on. The hedgehog invariably seemed to busy himself about his own affairs till either the cat or the little terrier turned their tails toward him, when, much quicker than you would have expected, he was after them, and bit the tail of one or the other, which never failed to make them cry out, more particularly the cat. The first few times this was done both cat and dog turned to retaliate, and pussy even struck with her paw the escaping hedgehog, only to repent of her effort, for the spines, straightened up, went into the pad of her paw and hurt her; while the dog too was defeated in reprisals and had his lips hurt. They both came to realise that discretion was the better part of valour; but the hedgehog never failed to watch his chance, and the little cry he would give as he turned round and ran away after biting could not be interpreted as anything but a little laugh. The bigger dog he did not tease in the same way, as the tail was too high, but sometimes, if he could get no fun otherwise,



SAMBO.

he would make a small dab at his heel as he turned round, greatly to the discomfort of Brin at first; for he would whine, and look at me and then at the hedgehog in the most questioning way, while the hedgehog scuttled into his corner, and gave out his little peculiar cry. As time went on the cat and dogs came to understand him better; and though the hedgehog would occasionally have his bit of fun, they came to tolerate it if they did not like him, and would sometimes follow and sniff about him as he scuttled along the floor. To the end he remained in some respects a mystery to them, but they came to see that he really meant no real injury to them, but liked to have a bit of fun and make the master laugh.



"RUNNING BEYOND THE REACH OF HIS CHAIN."

Canary birds are not credited with humour generally. You would not, from his looks, expect much of fun from a grave and stately-crested Norwich, nor of playfulness from a high-shouldered, almost high-backed, Scotch Fancy or Belgian Fancy, yet I once had a canary which showed a fine appreciation of fun. I got him when he was only about six weeks old. He was very soon allowed his fly about the room every day, and before long learned to take tit-bits out of the hand. He would come at call of any of the family—a right frank, bright, confiding little fellow; and it was the delight of the youngsters of those days to show him the speaking toys in the shape of animals, which were a great mystery and puzzle to him. How he would eye them from one side, then the other, and raising his crest, fly away with an expressive long-drawn "tweet," and then return again, more curious than ever. Two little china dogs stood as ornaments on the mantelpiece, and because we laughed at him it was his delight to get first on the back of one and then on the other, and bend over and peck at the eyes and mouth. But you say there was no proof of humour in those things. Well, we had not had him three months till he would fly on the head or shoulders of myself or wife; and if I were alone with him, intent on writing, or my wife sewing, and had in his idea neglected him too long for the sake of the work, he would come very gently on the shoulder, and with his little beak recall you to the fact of his existence by seizing a single hair and pulling it; and then he would fly off and sit on the outside of his cage, "tweet, tweeting," and flirting his little tail up and down in the oddest manner, as much as to say, "You see, I can startle you and make you look up and rub the back of your neck in that funny way, small though I am; tweet, tweet, tweet; cria, cria; krick, krick, krick; per twee-wee-wee, tweet, tweet, tweet!"

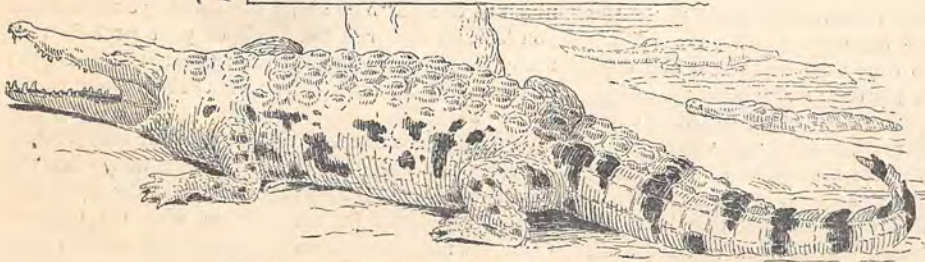
A friend of mine has often told with the greatest amusement how a grey parrot which he had, when the windows of the room where he was were open, delighted to whistle for the cabmen, who, not once or twice, but many times, have come driving round to the point whence the sound issued, only to hear the parrot

laughing and crying out, "Come again, come again! Well done, well done! Cabby, here's your fare!"—a formula made up of various bits of remark she had heard on different occasions. One afternoon, at Polly's call, a four-wheeler and a hansom arrived from different sides at the same time, Polly knowing the difference of whistle needed for each. The way in which the two drivers looked at each other when they found how they had been "done" by the parrot was something to see, said my friend; and poor Polly came in for sundry maledictions not untrue to the cabby character, perhaps, though not fit to be plainly recorded here. If Polly did not enjoy the results of her tricks, her appearance very much belied her.

Another friend of mine who has a fine grey parrot has told me that though the bird can so imitate the various calls and whistles of the different members of the family to their dogs, that even members of the family are often taken in and fancy another member with his dog is in another part of the garden. The dogs are never so taken in, and Polly has a particular delight, and shows it by her laugh, when she manages to make one person thus call out, supposing another to be near or to go in search of another in a distant part of the garden.

Humour often springs from situations developed out of strange and what may seem even unnatural friendships formed between pets. Here is a very good illustration from "Half-hours with the Animals":—

"A warm friendship was formed for a large otter-dog by a raven, which was kept in the same yard. At first the bird merely hopped about the dog's kennel, and picked up occasionally a scrap from the dog's pan when he had finished his meal. By degrees the acquaintance improved, and the bird became a constant guest at meal-times, taking up his position on the edge of the dish, and helping himself to the best bits. Often the bird would snatch up a piece of meat almost from the very mouth of the dog, and running beyond the reach of his chain, would thus tantalise him, ending, however, generally in a good-humoured surrender to his friend. This intimacy was terminated at last by a mischievous



"PROCEED TO OVERT ACTS OF ANNOYANCE" (p. 287).

boy, who killed the poor raven by suddenly throwing a stone at it."

Did our readers ever hear of a pulpit parrot—a parrot that could not only talk, but follow the example of its decanal master all too closely, in such circumstances, too, as made it very laughable? If not, this anecdote of Dean Stanley's parrot will be welcomed:

One day Polly managed to open her cage and get away, to the consternation of the whole household. After a great search, someone found Polly in the garden on the top of an apple-tree. The welcome news was communicated to the dean. With the whole of the inmates, he rushed out at once, accompanied by Dr. Vaughan, who, with some other friends, was then on a visit to the dean. Polly was found swinging herself on a topmost branch, but when she discovered the large audience below her, she looked gravely down at them, and said, "Let us pray."

As a further illustration, with comic elements of its own, we may be allowed to give the following account of what we may call a "Scholastic Jackdaw," given by W. F. in "The Animal World" of January, 1874:

"Living as I do in the country, and being an ardent lover of God's so-called 'lower' creatures, it has been my happy fortune to possess, at various times, numerous pets. These have been to me a source of great amusement and pleasure during moments of leisure and rest, snatched from onerous and often wearisome duties. Among my dumb companions, my chief favourite has long been, and still is, a tame jackdaw, Sambo by name, who, by his waggish, winsome ways, and his unmistakable proofs of strong affection for me, has won his way to my heart. Sambo is also a great favourite with my pupils, from the youngest to the oldest. His private residence is a small wooden hut in a barn on the school premises. Here, however, he only spends the nights. Each morning his house door is regularly set open, and he at once comes out for his bath and breakfast. These over, he invariably makes his way to the schoolroom, and locates himself upon the ledge under the dominie's chair of state, where, by special and extraordinary privilege, Sambo is permitted to abide during school hours. In his earlier experiences of school life, he would occasionally amuse himself during 'recess' by turning a few ink-



"MOCKING AT THE SAILORS AS HE SAT ON THE FIGURE-HEAD" (p. 287).

wells upside down, emptying their contents over the desks, and was several times found guilty of petty theft, sundry penholders, etc., having mysteriously disappeared from their proper places. By judicious discipline, the erring Sambo was ultimately taught 'good manners,' but even now he occasionally 'brings down the house' by calling aloud 'Adsum!' in response to the name of some absentee during the roll-call. At the dismissal of school, Sambo quits his perch and struts complacently forth among the boys. He has been seen on frequent occasions slyly to approach some boy who was quietly observing the sports of his comrades, and, to the astonishment of his nerves, give him a tremendous "dig" in the calf of his leg, instantly retreating at his utmost speed. Even though overtaken and captured by his smarting victim, Sambo generally escapes from punishment, a rub of the poll, which he always enjoys, being the sign of forgiveness. As a remarkable instance of the bird's sagacity, I may mention that though liberated on Sundays as on other days, he never attempts to make his way to the schoolroom, which is unoccupied on that day. He never seems so thoroughly happy as when school duties are in full operation. During the vacation the poor fellow approaches the school door once every day at the usual time, gives it a melancholy peck or two, and then retreats to the barn, where he mopes most of his time away till the return to school of his dear boys."

Of course, among monkey lore we could find as much illustrative of our point as would fill volumes. Here is one story from the late Lady Verney's pleasant pages, which tells how a monkey could be humorous in the most dangerous position, and play a fine trick upon its rescuers, in the very moment of escape from danger :—

"A monkey on board a queen's ship fell overboard in very bad weather; the sea was so high that the captain refused to allow a boat to be lowered, but the feeling of the sailors was so great for their pet that at last he gave way. They rowed round and round in vain, and were returning sadly up the ship's side, when they saw the monkey, who had climbed up by the chain of the rudder, mocking and grinning at them for their useless pains as he sat on the figure-head."

Some tricks of monkeys on the crocodile illustrate the risks which these animals will run for the sake of fun and play.

Thus a French traveller, M. Monhot, speaks of amusing scenes he has witnessed between the monkeys and the crocodile :—

"The latter will be seen lying half-asleep on the bank of a river, and is espied by a crowd of monkeys, who inhabit the trees on the bank. They seem to

consult, to approach, to draw back, and at last to proceed to overt acts of annoyance. If a convenient branch is within reach, a monkey will go along it, will swing himself down by the end of it, hanging by a hand or a foot, till he can reach to deal the crocodile a slap on the nose, instantly scrambling up the branch, so as to be far out of the enraged brute's reach. Sometimes, if the branch be not near enough or sufficient, several monkeys will hang to each other, so as to form a chain, and then, swinging backwards and forwards over the crocodile's head, the lowermost monkey will torment the creature to his heart's content. Sometimes the crocodile is so far irritated as to open its enormous jaws, and make a snap at the monkey, just missing him. Then one heard screams and chatterings of exultation among the monkeys, and great gambols are executed among the branches."

Here is another story, told by the Misses L. & J. Horner in their well-known book, "Walks in Florence" :—

"In the Borgo dei Tintoro, beside the garden of the Friars of Sta Croce, at one time there lived a painter, Il Rosso, a disciple of Michael Angelo. Vasari relates that Il Rosso possessed an ape, which became a great favourite with one of his apprentices, called Battistoni, who employed the animal to steal the friars' grapes, by letting him down by a rope into the garden, and drawing him up again with his paws full of fruit. A friar, who missed the grapes, set a trap for rats, but one day catching the ape in the fact, he took up a stick to thrash him; a struggle ensued, in which the ape had the best of it, and contrived to escape; the friar, however, summoned Il Rosso to appear before the judges, and his favourite was condemned to have a weight fastened to his tail. A few days afterwards an opportunity occurred for revenge; the friar was performing mass in the church, when the ape was made to climb the roof of his cell, and, in the words of Vasari, he 'performed so lively a dance with the weight at his tail, that there was not a tile or vase left unbroken, and on the friar's return a torrent of lamentation was heard, which lasted three days.'"

The anecdotes of monkey fun that might be cited are enough almost to make one seriously adopt the view so cleverly expressed by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in "Blackwood" thus :—

"I hae a half-notion that they (monkeys) are just wee hairy men, that canna or that winna speak plain, in case they may be made to work like ither folk, instead of leading a life of idleness."

Perhaps Professor Garner's experiments with the monkey language will show that they can speak more plainly than we think.

