

a tender regard for the feelings of others, and was always thoughtful for their comfort and convenience. He was kind even to the bores that haunted his office and house, consuming his precious time by their idle discourse. To the poor and the unfortunate his heart and his purse were ever open. As a guest in other homes he was a great favorite. Children were drawn to him by an irresistible attraction. His conversation,

though generally serious, often sparkled with wit and fun."

Mr. Garrison's wife died several years ago. Two of his children, a son and a daughter, died in infancy. The others, five in number, four sons and one daughter, still live, and all ministered to him in the last hours which closed the life of one of the most remarkable men America has produced.

### DO ANIMALS BLUSH?

I REMEMBER that John Neal, in one of his novels, describing the fine sensibilities of his heroine, says "she blushed from head to foot," an assertion by no means startling to women conscious of a glow over the whole person at some experience likely to cause a rush of blood to the cheek; but the critics made themselves merry at the expense of the author, and now that science has taken the blush in hand, Darwin, from extensive observation, inclines to the opinion that the blush is mostly limited to the *face and neck*; that it is hereditary, and confined to the human being.

We can not prove that animals do or do not blush, from the reason that the face being encumbered generally with hair or feathers, conceals the fact; but we all know that the eye changes with emotion, and the whole expression also, as under the blush, so that many a lover of a fine dog is aware that the blood must recede or rush to his face when his eye glows, or sinks aside at the emotions of delight, or the presence of pain. If the blush is the expression of self-consciousness, or is wholly allied to it and some moral consciousness, I do not see why the germ of it may not exist in the inferior animals, just as we find the germ of many of our moral ideas in them—such as honor, fidelity, reverence, and most discriminating affections. If shyness, shame, and modesty produce the blush, as Darwin argues; a sense that others are looking at us and estimating us in some way, and this consciousness has caused the blush to come down to us with all its complications through eons of existence, I do not see why it may

not have made expression upon the face of inferior creatures, though in a less degree. It seems to me that this beautiful banner cast over the countenance, which is at once charm and protection, must have arisen coeval with the dawn of observation and reason, and unless purely moral in character, must have been evolved with the earliest steps of intelligence, whether in brute or man.

I once wrote an apologue in which I imagined our mother Eve weeping with combined awe and love over the birth of her first daughter; remembering the lost joys of Paradise, and the forbidden fruit first plucked by her own daring hand, she trembled at the destiny of this reproduction of herself. Suddenly the Angel of the lost Eden stood before her, and asked what gift she would have for this new, lovely creation.

"Something," exclaimed our ancient mother, "that shall be both a shield and warning—that shall speak like an inward voice at the approach of evil."

"That thou hast already in the monitor, Conscience," returned the Angel.

"True, but even that may be silenced, and even that may be blind and ignorant."

"Thou hast well spoken," said Raphael. "Thou wilt behold on the cheek of thy daughter that which hath never mantled thine own."

He took his departure, and years passed away before Eve comprehended the gift; but when her daughter merged from childhood into the graces of maidenhood, then she learned that the Angel's gift was the Blush.

Sir C. Bell says the "Blush is not acquired; it is from the beginning." Dr. Burgess believes "it was designed by the Creator in order that the soul may have sovereign power of displaying in the cheeks the various internal emotions of the moral feelings; a check upon ourselves, and a sign to others that we are violating rules that ought to be held sacred." Gratiolet regards it as the natural sign of the high perfection of man.

These regard the blush as the natural endowment of man when he was first made in the image of his Creator; but all this is in a fair process of expurgation by the scientific process of evolution, which would have it that the blush is an emotional expression making its way through untold impediments, by heredity, and men and women getting better acquainted with themselves. It has now become an immense capital in the hands of novelists and poets, even the ideal and sublime Milton making his angel blush "Celestial rosy red, Love's proper hue." The beautiful Circassian commands a higher price in the slave market when addicted to the blush. Laura Bridgeman, though blind and deaf, is well known to blush.

Dr. Darwin says, "Blushing is the most peculiar and most human of all expressions. It would require an overwhelming amount of evidence to make us believe that any animal could blush."

Monkeys redden with rage or pleasure; the wattles of the turkey redden in their courtships; the bills of the canary grow bright, or turn pale with emotion; the eyes of albinos, which have the retina red, turn more red when they blush—why is not this akin to the lustrous eyes of the dog when he greets the return of his master? and why are not these appearances the first steps toward the blush?

I had for fourteen years, a pet macaw—a fine, large, gold and green bird, very intelligent, and most affectionate of nature. The face of Montezuma, or Monté, as we called him, was not covered with feathers, but was prettily marked with exceedingly small feathers, that had the appearance of cords or lacings to a helmet, while otherwise his face was bare. He had not been long in

my possession before I learned that emotional expressions might be as clearly read in his face as in that of a human being. Monté would redden with delight, grow pale with fear, and a sort of gray, ashen hue come to his face under disappointment. "See how Monté blushes!" was a common exclamation in the family. He was a creature capable of choice, attaching himself to few, but no sooner did he see myself or my son Edward approach, than his face would redden up, and he would begin to make a sound with his bill that passed for a kiss.

Now, whether this kissing was a trick of his brought from the forests of Central America, or was learned by companionship with the family, I am unable to determine, but he expressed affection in this way, and also by taking our fingers one by one and drawing them through his bill, his eye bright, and face all aglow. He was very fond of children, not because they coaxed him with cakes and candies, for these he often dropped on the ground, at the same time that he had a comical way of seizing the back of his head with his great black claw, and wondering to himself, as much as to say, "That is not what I am thinking about," and then he would shake out his feathers and dance with delight, and scream with the noisy children to be heard nearly a mile away, for Monté had by no means that "excellent thing, a voice gentle and low."

No sooner did Monté see the baby laid in his cradle, than down he came from his perch, and mounting the side, would explode kiss after kiss, his cheeks red, and eyes fixed upon the sleeping child. I wonder what ideas were passing through his poor brain? Human beings blush from emotions of pleasure, and blush when alone and in darkness over remembered incidents—why should not my bird blush? and why should we not call it a blush? and who shall say that in their native wilds the macaws do not scream and blush with their fellows? and who shall say that these memories did not work in my poor bird's brain, and that the baby, nestled in down, did not remind him of a lovely nest shelter-

ed in the dense green of the mahogany tree and aromatic with the citron and banana?

Monté was neither caged nor chained, but allowed to wander at his own sweet will, often exercising this freedom in hunting over house and grounds to find me if I were long away from him, and then when found, he would blush and kiss and scream "Mamma," "Mamma," with delight. I had a hammock stretched under the oak trees; no sooner did Monté see me taking my book or paper to enjoy this lazy luxury, than I would hear him talking, suspiciously and critically, to himself (for I more than once caught him not altogether reverent in language), and he would make his way over the green, up the bole of the tree, follow the rope down to the side of the hammock, and there sit and rock, sometimes with head behind his wing, with a dreamy human sense of comfort. He certainly dreamed at these times, for he would start up and look about him as if expecting something that never came, and then he would kiss my fingers as the best substitute he could obtain, and then drop away to sleep, doubtless imagining himself back to his old haunts. I had many misgivings about his exile among us, and misdoubted whether his superior attainments could compensate him for the loss of old associations.

Monté was not heroic, his plane of existence did not comprise the hardier virtues: a wasp or a bee would cause him to turn deathly pale, and forthwith he uttered a great scream and took to flight. At one time his perch had been incautiously placed near a lilac hedge in which some cat-birds had built a nest. Whether Monté had been satisfying his curiosity by peeping into the nest, or whether the cat-birds were the aggressors, can never be known, but he set up such a tremendous succession of screams and yells that I made haste to see what could be the matter. There was Monté ingloriously on his back, claws grappling with the air, bill distended, and face pale with terror, while two feathered imps of darkness were worrying the life out of him by pouncing down, first one and then the other, aiming mercilessly their

sharp beaks at the face and eyes of my favorite.

Monté was not a great talker—he called me "Mamma," and "Madam" when ungentle in spirit. Edward was the only name he pronounced, and this he uttered as distinctly as human lips could do, and with a tender intonation quite touching. We do not half appreciate the sensibilities of our partially dumb friends, the depth of their social affections, and the consequent depth of their sufferings, when familiar companions are taken from them—the assurances of reason indicated by many of their acts, and the germs of a moral sense implied by demonstrations poorly understood by us.

Edward had been in the habit of taking Monté upon his shoulder while studying, and rambling the woods with Monté and his books, and no sooner did the latter see his friend, book in hand, than he fluttered his wings, and blushed and kissed, and called "Edward" coaxingly for his accustomed privilege; but in the course of time his gentle companion, the soul of all sweet sympathies, went away never to return, crossing the dark river, and leaving us only the memory of what had been, and the hope of what might be. Monté sensibly pined, grew silent and sat mopingly upon his perch, breaking out every now and then with a deprecating cry of "Edward, Edward," as if he would reproach him for neglecting his old familiar friend, and thus it passed on for five years, and he never entirely recovered his old life and buoyancy, though his affection for me assumed more of concentrated devotion.

I might fill pages with testimonials of his intelligence and sensibilities.

I held him in my arms all night as I saw he must leave me. He allowed me to wrap him in flannel, and laid his head upon my breast like a sick child; sometimes he would faintly kiss me, but he was deadly pale and weak, and took little notice. As the morning dawned he suddenly shook off the flannels, fluttered to his feet—the blush glowed upon his face, and crying "Edward, Edward," he fell back—dead.

Who shall say that this half-reasoning bird, this creature so replete with tenderness, did not see his beloved, his long lost friend in this his hour of departure?

ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.